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# The Argonaut.

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The common school has long been considered one of the important foundations of American citizenship, the usefulness and purity of which has been jealously guarded by the people. The school of to-day, however, has marvelously developed in its scope and methods over the schools of our fathers and grandfathers. This fact is well brought out in an interesting article in the *Review of Reviews* for December, written by the editor, Albert Shaw.

Mr. Shaw's article is entitled "The School City—A Method of Pupil Self-Government." The writer traces at some length the growth of school work from the original narrow limitation, which was merely to impart a more or less perfect knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, to the inculcation of methods based upon practicality. The practical arts and trades were long preserved by transmis-

sion from father to son, until manual training was taken in charge by associated tradesmen, who assumed to furnish such practical education through their guilds. Subsequently, the idea became thoroughly familiar and successful through the establishment of numerous manual training schools in various parts of the country. The school city is a step in advance in the same direction, and is showing signs of taking root in our school system.

The plan originated in the mind of Mr. Watson L. Gill, and was first put into practice in New York, where he resides, although an earlier attempt of somewhat similar nature was made by the establishment of a boys' commonwealth in Freeville, N. Y., under the name of the George Junior Republic, by William R. George. Following out the plan of practicality to the logical conclusion of Mr. Gill, that if it is highly important that the school life of a child should be spent in molding its character for successful entrance upon the responsibilities which would face it at maturity, no more vital advantage could be gained than to train the child to the knowledge and duties of citizenship—that is, to train the child in the art of self-government. Outside of text-books there are at least three important functions of the school. One is to teach the principles of practical ethics, with a view to building character. A second is the use of tools, so that the school may turn out intelligent and skilled craftsmen. A third is to inculcate a practical knowledge of the duties and obligations of citizenship, combined with instruction in the art of self-government. There is no way in which self-government can be so thoroughly learned as by its practice. The point, then, is to elaborate a method of teaching which gives the pupil the actual practice. This has been done by Mr. Gill's plan. The school is organized upon the model of the government of the city in which it is located, with all of the departments and political machinery which can be duplicated in the school-room. The children elect one of their number a mayor. To do this they proceed regularly through all the forms and details of a municipal election, with polling-places and returning-boards. With the mayor is associated a body of councilmen who enact the regulations for the miniature city. A police system is established in the interest of good order, and discipline is effected by the installation of a court and judges, who try those whom the police arrest for infractions of rules, and who sentence those convicted, with real fines and penalties.

The plan thus briefly outlined is not entirely new and untried. Besides its establishment in various schools of New York City, it has attracted wide attention among educators in all parts of the country. Schools organized into a school city are flourishing in Philadelphia, Chicago, Omaha, Milwaukee, Denver, and in many other towns both west and east. The reports from many of these schools indicate that the school city has probably come to stay. Those who have been concerned in establishing and conducting them are enthusiastic on the subject of their practical value and results. It is found that the school which is turned over to its own pupils for self-government under the direction of wise teachers is most liable to be the best-conducted school. The children learn to control the lawless among themselves, as their elders aim to do in actual life. It encourages self-respect, in that no self-respecting pupil will do those things which will bring him up for judgment before a tribunal of his infant peers. Honor is brought to a higher standard among them, giving a bigger tone to individual character. It is also found that the children of a school city take a deeper interest in the actual government of the city in which they live. The election of a mayor and city officers enlists their keenest interest. It is natural for children to play at the more serious affairs of men and women, and in directing this play to practical ends the child unconsciously trains himself to take an effective part in those affairs which his citizenship will call him to assume when he comes of age.

The New York school was put into practice first in the summer of 1897. At that time Colonel Roosevelt was president of the police commissioners and Colonel Waring, who died recently from his efforts to introduce sanitary methods into Havana, was at the head of the street-cleaning depart-

ment. The school established its police and cleaning departments in imitation of the greater city, and received the help and advice of the gentlemen named, as well as the encouragement of Mayor Strong. The results have shown that children can be taught in school to manage nearly all of the departments necessary to the successful government of a modern city.

That the plan is growing is evidenced by the fact that so many and such large schools are now in successful operation. One Chicago school has fifteen hundred pupils, another has eight hundred, and one of the Chicago teachers estimates that about fifty thousand children are now being taught and governed under this system in various parts of the United States. In these days, when people are crowding into the centres of population and rapidly building up great cities, and when the questions of municipal government are absorbing numberless minds, it would seem to be eminently timely and proper that some such forward step should be taken which would prepare the growing generation to step into the places of those who will soon have to yield to them the practical control of government. No better work can present itself to our professional educators in view of the fact that "the principal business of our generation is the training of the next."

This country has had its experience with the Chinese. It knows—and no part of it so well as the Pacific Coast—that the invading hordes of the Orient are more to be dreaded than an army coming with banners. Hostile battalions could be repelled, but the insidious industrial foe, attacking the very fabric of economic life, its arrival stealthy and unannounced, its influence wide-spread, and its hold tenacious, may only be driven out by the most determined effort. The struggle against the unrestricted importation of Chinese was a struggle involving the prosperity of the Western portion of the continent, and yet the East, blind to the reality, raised against it the cry of persecution. In its ignorance of the facts, in its prejudice against seeing the truth, it proclaimed that the Chinese were being wronged, and it had influence to stifle the cry of the West for relief. Restrictive measures were voted down by Congress, or reaching the executive, killed by his disapproval, while zealots applauded. The history of the contest is familiar, stretching through three decades, and at last resulting in a measure effective except as Chinese cunning and official knavery may be sufficient to evade it.

The result of this law, as made clear by figures, affords an interesting study. Its beneficence in the betterment of trade conditions is beyond estimate. From 1851 to 1860 there were 41,397 Chinese immigrants; from this period up to 1889 there had been an increase to 277,789, a startling growth, justifying almost any measure in restriction. In 1850 the local Chinese population was 758. After that it gained by leaps and bounds. In 1860 it was 35,565; 1870, 63,042; 1880, 104,468; 1890, 106,688. And all these thousands, brought in by the selfish greed of corporations who discerned profit either in their transportation or their presence, found their way into employments to which white men and women had a natural right. The wrong was grave in principle and disastrous in practical outcome. The Chinese, with their faculty of imitation, quickly learned to be domestic servants, to make shoes, to do the gardening. They opened cigar factories, breeders of disease, that left the white craftsman with nothing to do. They learned how to make clothes so cheaply that they feared no competition. In whatever they undertook they succeeded, because they lived with no more regard to the proprieties and comforts than the rat of the sewer. It was upon realization of this that outraged labor began to wage a contest for existence. In this it was upheld by every element of unhampered intelligence.

Immigration by years was large, but subject to fluctuation. In 1887 it was 22,781; in 1880, only 5,800; in 1881 it was 11,890. The record was broken in 1892, when, in anticipation of the repressive statute



enacted, it reached 39,578. August 6, 1883, was the date for the statute to be of force, and by that time the additional Chinese for the portion of the year numbered 6,613. During the rest of the year there were 1,500 more. Then came a most welcome change. From 1884 to 1889, inclusive, 279 was the greatest total for a year, this being in the first year. Only 10 were admitted in 1887. The average admissions for nine and a half years prior to August 6, 1883, had been 15,563. The average admissions for six and a half years following fell to 308, and this was due largely to the latter part of 1883, when the incoming tide had not been adequately checked.

The inference is fair that the Chinese problem, as a while ago it had to be faced by the labor and statesmanship of the West, had been solved. But present conditions revivify it, add to its potency, and call for the promptest and most decisive means to meet it in its new form. To the Chinese have been added all the mongrel races of our new island possessions. They are now citizens under the flag of the United States. So far as any legal provision is concerned, they have the unquestioned privilege of landing here, and here taking up abode. Pure Malay or hybrid, our ports are open to them now. They are, in theory, as free to land at San Francisco as an American to sun himself on the Lunetta of Manila. They have not yet learned the extent of their opportunity, but they will not long be kept waiting. The agents of the steamship lines will carry them light and information as to this land of promise and low figure of the fare hither. They will be encouraged to come in swarms. They will man every steamer of every Oriental line. They will drive the Caucasian from the fore-castle of the trader. Once here, they will be worse than the Chinese, for they are closer to actual savagery, they have no national traditions, no Confucius of their race ever uplifted them. Yet, as other Orientals, they are ready in imitation, and can live on a wage that would mean starvation to a civilized workman with ambition above that of a beast of the field.

There might be doubt that capital would be so wantonly wicked as to misuse a situation which, while perhaps of temporary advantage within limited lines, would work the entire country an injury beyond repair, but the test has been made. It would import Malays as willingly as it imported Chinese, and would care nothing if it were to cause, as of yore, riots at the docks, and mobs of idle men, discontented and violent, for having had to surrender to the Malay the chance to earn bread.

To prevent the fruition of possibilities is so plainly the duty of Congress that no room for argument appears. If the Malay has been adopted, he should be kept where he can do no harm. Provided the constitution imperfectly covers the case, it may be recalled that it imperfectly covered the taking of distant territory by conquest. An elasticity marked enough to fit a contingency the makers of the constitution never thought would arise, ought to adapt itself to a consequent and inevitable contingency about which a single sentiment must obtain among all thoughtful men. There has been one Oriental invasion; let there be no more.

The extension of the rural free-delivery system is one of the most important of recent developments in the Post-Office Department. The system began three years ago with a modest appropriation of \$40,000. This was sufficient to enable the authorities to establish 44 experimental routes, the average cost of each being therefore less than \$1,000. The experiment was successful, and led to the extension of the system. There are now 383 routes located in 40 States and one Territory. Last year the service cost \$150,000 for delivering and collecting 9,212,927 pieces of mail matter; 7,567 square miles of territory were covered by 397 carriers, and 273,604 people were served. The total length of routes was 8,927 miles, and the cost per capita of people served was 86 cents. This year the appropriation is \$300,000, or double what it was last year, and this will enable the authorities to establish 243 new routes, serving 180,000 persons who are now without free delivery.

This is one of the triumphs of the Post-Office Department, since with its development will come a saving to the farmers of the country of millions of dollars in time and in wear and tear of horse-flesh, vehicles, and harness now expended in going to and from neighboring towns for their mail. As one newspaper, in commenting upon the report, further points out, it will have a good effect in breaking up the sense of loneliness and distance which has hitherto been the burden of life on the farm. It is right that this service should be extended as far as possible, and that appropriations should be increased for this purpose, but it is not right that the Post-Office Department should not be self-supporting. Last year there was a deficit of \$6,632,000. The theory of the postal service is that the government does certain work for the individual because the governmental machinery can

do the work better than a private company can. But equity demands that the person receiving the service should pay for it, and should pay in proportion to the service received. When there is a deficit it must be made up by the entire body of the people, and they pay for a service that somebody else has received.

The cause of the deficit which recurs annually is the abuse of the law concerning second-class matter. This includes newspapers, periodicals, and matter exclusively in print, regularly issued at stated intervals to subscribers or to news-agents. The rate of postage on such matter is one cent a pound. The purpose of this provision is to enable subscribers to legitimate publications to receive those publications at a nominal cost for postage. In practice, however, it has not been confined to such periodicals; in fact, the greater part of the second-class matter sent through the mails consists of the so-called "libraries"—dime novels and standard publications in cheap form which practically have no subscribers at all, but are sold singly in the book and stationery stores. There has also grown up an immense circulation of a class of publications that are in reality nothing but advertising circulars.

How extensive this abuse has become may be gathered from the figures presented in the annual report of the postmaster general. During the year, 128,518,000 pounds of first-class matter—letters, etc.—was sent through the mails, bringing in an income of \$66,000,000 in postage. At the same time, 352,700,000 pounds of second-class matter was carried, upon which was paid \$3,527,000. About one-twentieth as much income was received for carrying nearly three times the amount of matter. As the railroads receive eight cents a pound for carrying the mails, there is a loss of seven cents a pound on all the second-class matter carried, and the more it grows in amount the greater the loss is. Last year the loss was \$14,000,000—an amount that more than covers the deficit in the post-office department.

Last year a bill proposed by Congressman Loud and intended to check this abuse was introduced in the House. It was based upon the recommendation of Mr. Gary while he was Postmaster-General. It passed the House but failed to receive favorable action in the Senate. Congress should see that it becomes a law this year.

There has been in recent years an increased interest in the development of children, with a view to making the most of their mental qualities without overtaxing the physical. The study of the intricate problems involved has been reduced to a scientific basis, even if not to an exact science. Its beneficial effect has been felt in the public school and in the home, but there has been one class, born under a handicap, that until lately has seemed to be overlooked. This class is made up of cripples, those unfit, without special training, for the battle of life. There had been no provision for them. States generously set aside funds for the blind, the deaf, the epileptic, and the insane, but forgot those who, but for some weakness affecting alone the power of locomotion, might be fitted not only to care for themselves, but equipped for careers of comparative activity.

There has been a change. More than a year ago a crippled girl wrote to a Minnesota legislator, asking him to remember the class to which she belonged, and calling attention to the fact that others so unhappy as to have been born under conditions unfitting them for self-support were regarded as wards of the public. The legislator took the hint, and, as a result, an appropriation was made under such terms that in a hospital at St. Paul there are a number of crippled children kept at the expense of the State, and given every advantage open to their able-bodied brothers and sisters. Minnesota has been the pioneer in this regard, but as good examples are apt to be followed, there is a likelihood that the benignity of the Minnesota statute will yet rest upon children far away.

The most splendid effort in the direction indicated has been made by A. B. Widener, a citizen of Philadelphia, to whom all honor. Mr. Widener has announced that he will establish, at an approximate cost of two millions of dollars, a home, school, and hospital for crippled children. For this purpose he has purchased thirty-seven acres upon which will be erected a dozen buildings. Here there will be the benefit of the highest surgical skill, of schooling in the ordinary branches and along industrial lines, particularly adapted to individual needs, and all the while the comforts of a home where comparative luxury and elegance will be the rule. Mr. Widener has been broad in the limitations he has set. The institution is to be open to any crippled child without regard to "creed, color, sex, or nationality." Neither does he specify that the inmates are to be drawn from any particular locality, and so there is hardly a doubt that from the moment the doors shall be opened there will be no vacancies.

That the pattern set by Mr. Widener will be a force, there

can hardly be doubt. The world, despite aspersions, is generous, and upon the showing that by a little care those who now go through life burdens, either to themselves or others, can be made independent, there will be laudable haste to afford the opportunity.

It is a generally accepted doctrine that the game of bluff is a distinctly American institution, yet Great Britain seems to be equally fond of adopting it when opportunity offers. The main difference appears to be that the English are not successful in making the bluff good. The Hon. Joseph Chamberlain's attempt with President Krüger is a recent and familiar example of such failures. Now the British Government is trying the same game with this country, and the failure is likely to be even more dismal.

The facts in the present case are as follows: Having found the Boers a far more difficult problem than had been expected, the British are striving in every way to weaken them without risking the loss of any more men by fighting at the present time. With this end in view the British have been casting longing eyes upon Delagoa Bay, which, though in Portuguese territory, is the route through which the Transvaal is receiving its supplies. Recently the British seized three American vessels bound to Lourenço Marquez on Delagoa Bay, and loaded with flour consigned to Portuguese merchants.

Authority for these seizures Great Britain claims to find in the treaty between that country and the United States, negotiated by Lord Granville and John Jay in 1794. The essential part of this treaty provides that whenever provisions become contraband of war according to the existing law of nations, such provisions shall not become confiscated, but the owners shall be indemnified. It will be recalled that in 1793, during the Napoleonic wars, the British admiralty ordered the seizure of all vessels laden with corn, flour, or meal destined for French ports. Whatever may have been the case with regard to the seizures under these earlier orders, it is clear that under the existing law of nations the present contention of Great Britain can not be maintained.

The first question that arises is, when provisions are to be treated as contraband under international law. The doctrine of the English courts at the beginning of this century was that, generally, provisions are not contraband, but may become so under special circumstances. In 1885, during its war with China, France declared rice bound for ports north of Canton to be contraband; and this declaration Great Britain contested strongly. France contended that the interference with the supply was necessary to put stress upon the non-combatant population, and Great Britain refused to be bound by any such doctrine. The accepted principle by modern writers on international law now is that supplies consigned directly to the enemy's fleet, or to a port where the fleet is lying, they being in the latter case such as would be required by the ships, or intended for use in land military operations, can be stopped. The detention of provisions bound even to a port of naval equipment is, however, unauthorized by usage. Even when provisions are intended for military or naval use, that fact must be clearly proved.

Apart from this there is another rule that conflicts with the contention of Great Britain. It is a general rule of law that a consignor in delivering goods ordered to a common carrier delivers them to him as agent of the consignee, and therefore the title vests in the latter from the moment of delivery. In time of war this rule has been strictly insisted upon by the English and American courts; but evidence is required that the consignee, being an enemy, is actually the owner, and that the consignor has no power to reclaim them. In the present case the consignees were not belligerents but neutrals, and the consignors also had the same character. Even admitting the fact that flour consigned to merchants of the Transvaal could be considered as contraband, the facts show that this was not the case. It was the property of neutral Portuguese merchants carried in neutral American ships, and would therefore not have been subject to seizure as contraband even though it had been munitions of war instead of flour. It is not sufficient that England suspected that the Portuguese merchants were merely agents of unknown Transvaal merchants, or that it suspected that the flour was ultimately intended for shipment to the Boers. Such facts would have to be proved before seizure could be made.

It seems hardly necessary after showing that the flour could not be considered contraband, and, further, that not being enemy's property or carried in enemy's ships it could not be seized even if it would have been contraband under any circumstances, to point out further the futility of Great Britain's claim. There is one other point that should not be overlooked. The property was consigned to Lourenço Marquez, a neutral port in Portuguese territory. It was neutral property in neutral ships sailing from a neutral port to an-



other neutral port. It is difficult to imagine a more complete case for exemption from seizure. Even were the treaty between this country and Great Britain open to the construction that the latter seeks to put upon it—which it is not—it would still not apply to the recent seizures, since, under the rule of law already stated, the title to the property vested in the Portuguese merchants as soon as it was placed on ship-board, and their property rights could not be affected by any treaty to which Portugal was not a party. The fact is that Great Britain is attempting a game of bluff by which it is hoped to detain supplies from the Boers while the discussion lasts, and thereby to embarrass them. This country has declared its neutrality in the South African struggle; it is not to be forced to side with England by any such attempt as that now being made.

Frequently the fact is impressed upon the community that control of the water front should be taken from the State and turned over to the city. The hoard of harbor commissioners is a body employed not for the benefit of the public, but so constituted as to be used to enable the governor to pay his political debts. Appointment is never on merit, and the appointee never deems that he is there to serve the people, but only to do the will of the official who named him for a place he is usually unfit to fill.

The harbor commission is a great patronage mill. Its pay-roll is filled habitually with the names of men whose principal duty is to draw unearned salaries. A private concern would carry on work of equal magnitude with half the employees. The record of the commission was given in these columns last week in enough detail to make clear that the conduct of its affairs has always been marked by incompetency or corruption, and uniformly by extravagance. The receipts have been diverted so that work long ago planned, and that before now ought to have been completed, is untouched. Shipping is continually injured and all commercial interests annoyed by the lack of accommodations, for the absence of which there is no valid excuse.

Control of the police department is about to pass to the municipal authorities, where it properly belongs, and control of the water front should go the same way. Under the charter there will be a board of public works, which shall take charge of wharves belonging to the city. If permitted to supersede the present expensive and cumbersome commission, there would be immediate reduction in cost amounting to twenty-five cent. of the present expenditure, this saving being in the reduction of the swarm of employees alone. Doubtless other abuses would also be corrected. There would be a better class of employees, for appointment would be by a merit system.

The particular incident calling attention to the unworth of the present governing body is the arbitrary and unjust manner in which its members have declined to comply with the request of the people of Marin county for accommodations in the ferry depot. At the time bonds were voted for a ferry-building the scheme was liberally sustained by the citizens of Marin. Here a digression is permissible for the purpose of stating that the erection of the structure was characterized by scandal, that grave charges of corruption, never disproved, were repeatedly made, and that the charges constituted ample grounds for sending certain members to prison for fraud, or certain editors there for criminal libel, a test of the matter being eagerly sought by the latter. When the structure was complete, the terminals of the North Pacific ferry and the California Northwestern were duly installed. A little later the Santa Fé demanded a part of this space. The demand was presumptuous, and yet in eagerness to comply with it the harbor commissioners did not hesitate to order these two established lines to move, and, in forced compliance, the North Pacific was relegated to an abandoned shed. In vain were protests made. The commissioners would listen to naught but the big corporation, although it will land only hundreds here where the North Pacific will land thousands.

Representative citizens of Marin, including persons prominent in business circles on this side of the bay, and officials of the roads thus sought to be imposed upon, met the commissioners by invitation. They thought to accomplish something by a plain statement of facts and a calm argument, but they found their hosts fortified not by justice but in a prejudice too strong to be shaken. Their minds had been made up, and the invitation to a conference was nothing but a new instance of bad faith. They had determined that the two roads must move. They could not even be satisfied with placing the North Pacific outside, and letting the Santa Fé take the vacated slip, but they must put the California Northwestern to the inconvenience of changing quarters so that the new transcontinental line might have the location of its choice. President Kilburn and Harney of the commission were perturbed when an exposure of their illogical claims was made, but in no whit inclined to yield. When they were informed that the Santa Fé would bring in at the

most three trains daily, against the score or more of the North Pacific, and that 2,500,000 passengers would come by way of Sausalito while 36,000 were coming by the Santa Fé, they were defeated in theory, but they clung as stubbornly as ever to a position wholly untenable.

It is not to be understood that residents of San Francisco have any but the kindest feeling for the Santa Fé, but they wish to see fair play. The new road is more than welcome, yet, nevertheless, it should have taken its chances. For it to have accepted the slip to which the North Pacific must go would have been the only proper course, and it could have done so without injury to itself or imposition upon its patrons. For the most part its passengers will land a single time, while those from Sausalito will come daily, month after month. Still, the action of the harbor commissioners is no surprise. They are not in place as servants of the public, but are creatures of partisan favor, arrogating to themselves powers to which they have no legitimate right. The day of their abolition will be a time for congratulation.

Such reformatations as occur in social relations are not brought about directly by example, but by development of character, and this must be the outcome of individual effort. Precept is often wasted and patterns set in vain. Tolstoy acknowledges that his efforts have resulted in failure. He admits that self-sacrifice in endeavor to better the world must be futile because the task is too vast, too wide the chasm separating the rich and poor, while ingratitude and utter lack of appreciation constitute the usual reward. There were others, not so wise as Tolstoy, who could have told him all this before it had been impressed upon him by an experience not devoid of bitter.

Tolstoy preached self-abnegation, and austere practiced it. He did not stop at advocating charity, but divided his possessions with the peasants on his estates. Clad in the coarse raiment of the former serf, he toiled by the side of the laborer who in intelligence was little above the heast of the field. He had a hope that this laborer would be elevated, but it was a groundless hope. The philosopher could break black bread with the stolid lump whose portion was squalor and whose ambition had not been horn, but at the end the philosopher was weary and the clod, untouched, unthrilled, a clod still. He was designed for humble station, had too little brain to fill any other, and the slow process of evolution was not to be hurried by a Tolstoy.

The complaint made by Tolstoy is one common to all who desire to re-make the social fabric, and to do it in a day or a life-time. Disgusted with the lack of gratitude on the part of the masses, astounded at the stupidity which refuses to accept their counsels, at last they give up a thankless task. The Russian serf would never be uplifted by seeing a Tolstoy come down to his own level. He does not respect a man who is able to eat white bread, but chooses to eat black; who might live in luxury, but turns to the rigors of poverty. If he had power to think, the serf would regard this man as a fool. Human nature is not to be changed by mandate nor decree. There is no method by which the coming of the millennial dawn may be visibly hastened.

This world contains many people who would not understand good government if they had it. All lovers of humanity would gladly see such people won over to the ranks of the enlightened, but only the more optimistic believe that the process can be hastened by Tolstoy methods. There will be first a change of conditions, and gradually the warped and tardy mental powers will adapt themselves to a new and finer environment. To go down into the life of the serf and become a part of it will be far less effective than to construct a new plane, eliminate old phases as fast as may be, and permit the serf to rise.

The division of agriculture of the twelfth census is to make a special investigation of the facts relating to irrigation and the arid lands of this country. The investigation will not duplicate or interfere with others now being conducted, but will rather supplement them and round them out. This is particularly the case with regard to the inquiry of the geological survey under the direction of Mr. F. H. Newell, who will also conduct the investigation for the census. In order to make the inquiry as complete as possible, a schedule is being sent out to obtain the names of corporations and individuals owning canals and ditches. This schedule is merely preliminary, and will be followed by the principal schedule which will be mailed to all the owners whose names and addresses have thus been obtained, asking them for further data. The value of the information thus secured can not be over-estimated; it is essential as the basis for any comprehensive system of irrigation, whether undertaken by the State or the federal government. For this reason all persons to whom the preliminary schedule is addressed should fill it out, in accordance with the instructions, with as complete information as they can obtain.

## CUBAN CHARACTER.

A Few Good Traits and Many Vices and Defects.

When you have said that the Cubans, as a people, are strictly temperate in the use of intoxicating liquors; that they are easily managed if treated with justice and tact; that they are kind to their families, as well as courteous and hospitable to strangers; that they are enthusiastically, if not wisely, patriotic; and that they work, as a rule, quite as hard as free men can be expected to work in a tropical climate—you have said about all, I think, that can justly be said in their favor (remarks George Kennan in the latest number of the *Outlook*).

To offset the good traits and habits of the Cuban people, there is, I am sorry to say, a long list of vices and defects. Leaving out of consideration, for the moment, a few exceptional individuals and classes, I may sum up these vices and defects as follows: The Cubans generally, or at least a majority of them, are untrustworthy; untidy, not to say unclean, in their personal and social habits; uneducated; destitute, or nearly destitute, of artistic perception and mechanical ingenuity; selfish, or at least unsympathetic and inconsiderate in their treatment of one another; irreligious, if religion be regarded as a spiritual force controlling conduct; excitable and prone to act on unconsidered impulse; and almost wholly lacking in steadiness, stability, and thoughtful self-control.

If strict moderation in the use of intoxicating liquor be put at the head of the list of Cuban virtues, untrustworthiness, in word and deed, must certainly head the list of Cuban vices. . . . It would be easy to furnish well-authenticated cases of the use by Cuban merchants of false weights and measures; of the sale of Red Cross supplies to groceries at less than their market value in New York; of the procurement of such supplies on false and fraudulent pretenses; of the placing of fictitious names by Cuban foremen on pay-rolls of street-cleaning gangs; of corrupt and fraudulent identification of sham soldiers by Cuban army officers in the distribution of President McKinley's three-million-dollar award; of attempts made by Cubans to bribe administrative officers of the United States; of the arrest of Cuban mayors for selling to shops food intrusted to them for distribution among the poor; of the sale by Cuban army officers of cloth and clothing given them by the Red Cross for the use of their half-naked men; of the procurement by Cuban planters of Red Cross supplies which they said were for starving *reconcentrados*, but which they afterward issued to their own laborers, and charged against such laborers' pay; and of fraud, deception, embezzlement, and untrustworthiness among all classes and in infinitely varied forms.

In a familiar discussion one day with regard to the character of the Cubans, the sanitary inspector of the United States Marine Hospital Service at the largest and most important port in Cuba said to me: "I have been here, Mr. Kennan, a number of years. It is part of my duty, at certain seasons, to keep yellow fever and small-pox out of the United States, and in the discharge of that duty I require every Cuban who leaves here for an American port to furnish me with satisfactory evidence that he has had yellow fever and small-pox, or, in the case of the latter disease, that he has been vaccinated. At first I began to accept as evidence the certificates of reputable Cuban physicians in this city. I soon discovered, however, that I was being imposed upon, and that certain doctors furnished Cubans with certificates that were false. Then I began to keep a black-list of Cuban physicians whose certificates were not to be trusted. This list kept constantly growing, until finally it became so long that I abandoned it altogether, and began to make a white list of the few physicians that I thought I could trust. I pledge you my professional word, Mr. Kennan," he added in conclusion, "that if you were to take fifty *centenares* [five-dollar Spanish gold-pieces] 'and go to fifty of the best-known and most reputable Cuban physicians in this city, you could bribe forty-five of them, with a *centenne* apiece, to give you a certificate that you had had any disease you chose to name, and at any time that suited your purposes."

If well-known and nominally reputable Cuban physicians deal in this way with sanitary matters involving issues of life and death, what protection are our Southern cities likely to have when we withdraw from the "Pearl of the Antilles" altogether and leave Cuba to the Cubans? How soon will yellow fever be stamped out on the island, when Cuban hoards of health, composed in whole or in part of such physicians, take charge of sanitary work in the city of Havana, and sell false health certificates to all comers at the rate of five dollars apiece? . . . And what will be the attitude of the Cuban people toward sanitary reform when we withdraw wholly from the island and leave them to work out their own destiny? Will they keep the cities of Santiago and Havana as clean as General Wood and General Ludlow have made them? Are they likely to spend in Havana the ten or twelve millions of dollars that Colonel Waring estimated it would cost to construct a proper system of modern sewerage? Finally, is there any reasonable probability that they will ever stamp out that smoldering fire of the tropics—yellow fever—which, from first to last, has cost us Americans far more in life and treasure than the Spanish-American War? My own answer to all of these questions is, unhesitatingly, "No!" What, then, are we to do about it?

It seems to me that, in view of the sacrifices we have made, the blood we have spilled, and the money we have spent to free the Cuban people, we are at least equitably entitled to demand that Cuba shall be put, and henceforth kept, in such sanitary condition that yellow fever, from that source, shall never again menace our Southern coast. If the Cubans will not do this work, we are fully justified in doing it ourselves at their expense; and if we withdraw from Cuba without reserving and asserting our right to take supreme control of sanitary work on the island, if it be found necessary to do so in order to protect ourselves, we shall make a serious as well as a foolish mistake.



## JANET AND THE DEVIL.

A Weird Scotch Tale of Witchcraft and Demonology.

The Rev. Murdoch Soullis was long minister of the moorland parish of Balweary, in the Vale of Dule. A severe, bleak-faced old man, dreadful to his hearers, he dwelt in the last years of his life without relative, or servant, or any human company, in the small and lonely manse under the Hanging Shaw. In spite of the iron composure of his features, his eye was wild, scared, and uncertain; and when he dwelt, in private admonitions, on the future of the impenitent, it seemed as if his eye pierced through the storms of time to the terrors of eternity. The manse itself, where it stood by the water of Dule, among some thick trees, with the Shaw overhanging it on one side, and on the other many cold, moorland hill-tops rising toward the sky, had begun at a very early period of Mr. Soullis's ministry to be avoided in the dusk hours by all who valued themselves upon their prudence; and gudemen sitting at the ale-house shook their heads together at the thought of passing late by that dreary neighborhood. There was one spot, to be more particular, which was regarded with especial awe. The manse stood between the high road and the water of Dule. The house was two stories high, with two large rooms on each. It opened not directly on the garden, but on a causewayed path, or passage, giving on the road on one hand, and closed on the other by the tall willows and elders that bordered on the stream. And it was this strip of causeway that enjoyed among the young parishioners of Balweary so infamous a reputation. The minister walked there often after dark, sometimes groaning aloud in the intensity of his unspoken prayers; and when he was from home, and the manse door was locked, the more daring school-boys ventured, with beating hearts, to "follow my leader" across that legendary spot.

Many, even of the people of the parish, were ignorant of the cause of the minister's strange looks and solitary life. Fifty years before, when Mr. Soullis came first into Balweary, he was still a young man, full of book-learning and grand at expounding it, but, as was natural in so young a man, with no experience as a pastor. The younger sort were greatly taken with his gifts and his talk; but old, concerned, serious men and women were moved even to prayer for the young man, whom they took to be a self-deceiver, and the parish that was like to be so ill-supplied. There was no doubt, anyway, but that Mr. Soullis had been a long time at college. He was careful and troubled for many things beside the one thing needful. He had a great number of books with him—more than had ever been seen before in all that presbytery; and hard work the carrier had with them, for they were all like to have stopped behind in the Deil's Hag, between Balweary and Kilmakerlie. He desired to get an old, decent woman to keep the manse for him, and see to his dinners; and he was recommended to an old crone—Janet McClour, they called her. There were many advised him to the contrary, for Janet was more than suspected by the best folk in Balweary. Long before that she had had a child to a dragon; she had not come to communion for may be thirty years; and boys had seen her mumbing to herself up on Key's Loan in the gloaming, which was an unusual time and place for a God-fearing woman. However, it was the laird himself that had first told the minister of Janet; and in those days he would have gone a great way to please the laird. When folks told him that Janet was sold to the devil, it was all superstition, he said. When it got about the village that Janet McClour was to be servant at the manse, the folks were fairly mad with both him and her; and some of the women had nothing better to do than get round her door-steps and charge her with all that was known against her, from the soldier's child to John Tamson's two cows. Up she got, and there was not an old story in Balweary but she made somebody smart for it that day; they couldn't say one thing, but she could say two to it, till, at last, the gudewives caught hold of her and clawed the clothes off her back, and pulled her down the road to the water of the Dule, to see if she were a witch, and would sink or swim. The hag shrieked till you could hear her at the Hanging Shaw, and she fought hard. There was many a gudewife bore the mark of her next day and many a long day after; and just in the hottest of the hubbub, who should come up but the new minister.

"Women," said he (and he had a grand voice), "I charge you in the Lord's name to let her go."

Janet ran to him—she was fairly wild with terror—and clung to him, and prayed him, for Christ's sake, to save her from her tormentors; and they, for their part, told him all that was known, and may be more.

"Woman," says he to Janet, "is this true?"

"As the Lord sees me," says she, "as the Lord made me, not a word of it. Saving the child," says she, "I've been a decent woman all my days."

"Will you," says Mr. Soullis, "in the name of God, and before me, his unworthy minister, renounce the devil and his works?"

Well, it would appear that when he asked that, she gave a groan that fairly frightened those who saw her, and they could hear her teeth grind together in her jaws; but there was nothing for it but the one way or the other; and Janet lifted up her hand, and renounced the devil before them all.

"And now," said Mr. Soullis to the good women, "home with you, one and all, and pray to God for his forgiveness."

And he gave Janet his arm, though she had little on her but a shift, and took her up the road to her own door like a lady of the land; and her screeching and laughing was a scandal to be heard.

There were many solemn-faced people long over their prayers that night; but when the morning came there was such fear felt upon all Balweary that the children hid themselves, and even the men folk stood and peeped from their doors. For there was Janet coming down the road—she or

her likeness, none could tell—with her neck disjointed, and her head on one side like a body that has been hanged, and a look on her face like an unburied corpse. By and by they got used to it, and even looked at her to see what was wrong; but from that day forth she could not speak like a Christian woman, but stuttered and stammered, and the name of God never came on her lips. Sometimes she tried to say it, but it might not be. Those that knew her best said least; but they never gave that Thing the name of Janet McClour, for the old Janet, they thought, was in the deepest hell by this time. But the minister was neither to hold nor to bind; he preached about nothing but the cruelty of the people that had given her a stroke of the palsy; he punished the children that tormented her, and he had her up to the manse that same night, and dwelt there all alone with her under the Hanging Shaw.

About the end of June there came a spell of weather the like of which was never known before; it was close, and hot, and breathless; and yet it was gusty, too, with gusts of wind that whistled through the glens, and bits of showers that moistened nothing. Mr. Soullis could neither eat nor sleep, and when he was not writing at his weary book he would be roaming over the country-side like a man possessed, when everybody else was glad to keep cool within the house.

Above the Hanging Shaw, in the bend of the Black Hill, there is a bit of inclosed ground with an iron gate, at one time the church-yard of Balweary, and consecrated by the papists before the blessed light shone upon the kingdom. It was a great resort of Mr. Soullis's; there he would sit and consider his sermons. Well, as he came over the west end of Black Hill one day, he saw first two, then four, and then seven black crows flying around and around above the old church-yard. They flew low and heavy, and squawked to one another. He was not easily startled, and went straight up to the walls; and what did he see but a man, or the appearance of a man, sitting in the inside upon a grave. He was of great stature, and black as hell, and his eyes were singular to see. Mr. Soullis had heard of black men many times; but there was something forbidding about this black man that caused him to start. But up he spoke, for all of that, and said: "My friend, are you a stranger in this place?" The black man answered not a word; he got upon his feet, and began to walk to the wall on the far side; but he still looked at the minister, and the minister stood and looked back, till suddenly the black man was over the wall and running for the shade of the trees. Mr. Soullis, he hardly knew why, ran after him, but he was wearied with his walk, and the hot, unwholesome weather; and run as he would, he got no more than a glimpse of the black man among the trees, till he got down to the foot of the hill-side, and there he saw him once more, going hop-step-and-jump over Dule water to the manse.

Mr. Soullis was not pleased that this ill-looking creature should make so free with Balweary manse, and he ran the harder, but no black man was there to be seen. He stepped out upon the road, but there was nobody there; he went all over the garden, but saw no black man. At last, and it is feared a little timidly, as was but natural, he lifted the hasp and went into the manse, and there was Janet McClour before his eyes, with her broken neck, and none too pleased to see him. And he then remembered that when first he set his eyes upon her he felt the same cold and deadly shiver.

"Janet," said he, "have you seen a black man?"

"A black man!" quoth she. "Save us all! You are not in your right mind, minister. There is no black man in all Balweary."

But she did not speak plain, you must understand, but champed like a pony with the bit in its mouth.

"Well, Janet," said he, "if there is no black man, I have spoken with the Evil One."

And he sat down like one with a fever, and his teeth chattered in his head.

"Pshaw!" said she; "think shame to yourself, minister!" And she gave him some brandy, which she always kept by her.

Soon Mr. Soullis went into his study among his books. Down he sat, and thought of all that had come and gone since he was in Balweary. The more he thought, the more he thought of the black man. He tried to pray, but the words would not come to him; and he tried, they say, to write at his book, but he could not do anything at that. There were times that he thought the black man was at his side, and the perspiration stood on him cold as well water; and there were other times when he came to himself like a Christian child and minded nothing. The upshot was that he went to the window, and stood looking over Dule water. The trees are rather thick, and the water lies deep and black under the manse; and there was Janet washing the clothes, with her skirts gathered about her waist. She had her back to the minister, and he, for his part, hardly knew what he was looking at. Suddenly she turned around and showed her face. Mr. Soullis felt the same cold shiver as twice before on that day, and it reminded him of what people said, that Janet had died long since, and this was a demon in her clay-cold flesh. He drew back a little and scanned her narrowly. She was washing the clothes, singing to herself; and, oh, God guide us, but it was a frightful face! Then she sang louder, but there was no man born of woman that could tell the words of her song. And at times she looked side-long down, but there was nothing there for her to look at. There went a shudder through the flesh upon his bones, and that was heaven's warning. But Mr. Soullis just blamed himself, he said, to think so ill of a poor, old, afflicted creature who had not a friend but himself. And he offered up a prayer for himself and her, and drank a little water—for his heart rose against the meat—and went up to his bed in the gloaming.

That was a night that has never been forgotten in Balweary, the night of the seventeenth of August, 1712. It had been hot before, as I have said, but that night it was hotter than ever. The sun went down among uncouth-looking clouds; not a star nor a breath of wind. You could not

see your hand before your face, and even the old folk cast the covers from their beds and lay panting for their breath. With all that he had upon his mind, Mr. Soullis was troubled; the good, cool bed that he got into scorched his very bones; he slept and awakened; he heard the time of night, and a dog howling up the moor, as if somebody was dead; he thought he heard devils shouting in his ears, and saw ghosts in the room. He must, he thought, be sick, and sick he was—little he understood the sickness.

At last his mind got clearer, and he sat up on the bed-side, and fell to thinking once more of the black man and Janet. He could not well tell how—maybe it was the cold to his feet—but it came in upon him, like a flash, that there was some connection between the two, and that either or both of them were demons. And just at that moment in Janet's room, which was next to his, there came a scuffle of feet, as if men were wrestling, and then a loud bang; then a wind went rustling around the four quarters of the house, and then all was once more as silent as the grave.

Mr. Soullis was afraid of neither man nor devil. He got his tinder-box and lit a candle, and made three steps toward Janet's door. It was standing ajar, and he pushed it open, and walked boldly in. It was a big room, as big as the minister's, and filled with grand, old, solid furniture, for he had nothing else. There was a four-post bed with old tapestry, and a broad cabinet of oak, that was full of the minister's divinity books, put there to be out of the way, and a few clothes of Janet's lying here and there about the floor. But no Janet could Mr. Soullis see, nor any sign of contention. In he went (and there's few that would have followed him), and looked around and listened. But there was nothing to be heard, neither inside the manse nor in all Balweary parish, and nothing to be seen but the little shadows turning round the candle. And then all at once the minister's heart fluttered and stood stock-still, and a cold wind blew among the hairs of his head. What a weary sight was that for the poor man's eye! For there was Janet, hanging from a nail beside the old oak cabinet; her head lay on her shoulder, her eyes were bloody, the tongue projected from her mouth, and her heels were three feet clear above the floor.

"God forgive us all!" thought Mr. Soullis; "poor Janet's dead."

He came a step nearer to the corpse, and then his heart fairly leaped in his breast. For, by what magic it would ill-beseem a man to judge, she was hanging from a single nail, and by a single worsted thread for darning hose.

It is an awful thing to be alone at night with such a prodigy of darkness, but Mr. Soullis was strong in the Lord. He turned and went his way out of that room, and locked the door behind him, and went, step by step, down the stairs, heavy as lead, and set down the candle on the table at the stair-foot. He could not pray; he could not think; he was dripping with cold sweat, and nothing could he hear but the thumping of his own heart. He may have stood there an hour, or may be two, he minded so little, when all of a sudden he heard a low, unusual rustle up stairs, and a foot went to and fro in the chamber where the corpse was hanging. Next the door was opened—though he had minded well that he had locked it—and then there was a step upon the landing, and it seemed to him as if the corpse was looking over the rail and down upon him where he stood.

He took up the candle again, and, as quickly as he could, went straight out of the manse and to the far end of the causeway. It was still pitch dark; the flame of the candle, when he set it on the ground, burned steady and clear as in a room; nothing moved but the Dule water, seeping and sobbing down the glen, and the unholy footstep that came tolling down the stairs inside the manse. He knew the footstep well, for it was Janet's; and at each step, which came a little nearer, the cold got deeper in his vitals. He commended his soul to Him that made and kept him; "and, oh, Lord," said he, "give me strength this night to war against the powers of evil."

By this time the foot was coming through the passage for the door. He could hear a hand feeling along the wall, as if the fearful thing was feeling its way. The branches tossed and moaned together; a long sigh came over the hills; the flame of the candle was blown about; and there stood the corpse of Thrawn Janet, with her gingham gown and her black shawl, with the head still upon the shoulder, and the frown still upon the face of it—living, you would have said; dead, as Mr. Soullis well knew—upon the threshold of the manse.

She did not stand there long. She began to move again, and came slowly toward Mr. Soullis where he stood under the trees. All the life of his body and the strength of his spirit were starting from his eyes. It seemed she was going to speak, but wanted words, and made a sign with the left hand. There came a gust of wind, like a cat's-paw; out went the candle, the tree-tops moaned like human beings, and Mr. Soullis knew that, live or die, this was the end of it.

"Witch, beldame, devil!" he cried, "I charge you, by the power of God, begone! If you be dead, to the grave; if you be damned, to hell!"

And at that moment the Lord's own hand, out of the heavens, struck the horror where it stood. The old, dead, desecrated corpse of the witch-wife, so long kept from the grave and hustled around by devils, flashed up like flaming brimstone, and fell in ashes to the ground. The thunder came, peal on peal, followed by the pouring rain, and Mr. Soullis leaped through the garden hedge and ran, with leap upon leap, for the village.

That same morning John Christie saw the black man pass the Muckle Cairn as he was striking six. Before eight he went by the inn at Knockdow; and not long after Sandy McLellan saw him go slinking down the road from Kilmakerlie. There's little doubt but it was him that dwelled so long in Janet's body. But he was caught at last, and since then the devil has never troubled Balweary.

But it was a sore dispensation for the minister. Long, long he lay raving in his bed, and from that hour to this he was a changed man.



## EMPEROR WILLIAM IN ENGLAND.

Reception of the Imperial Guests at Portsmouth—Family Party at Windsor Castle—The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough Entertain the Kaiser.

Since the declaration of war against the Boers there has been no event of more importance than the visit of the German emperor. The significance of his friendly call at this time was recognized by all, and even before the royal visitor had landed the irritation caused by that imperial deliverance of the past—the congratulatory message to President Krüger at the time of the Jameson trouble—had been completely smoothed away. It was felt that the Kaiser was not indifferent to the regard of England, and his wish for an amicable feeling met with a ready response. Not that England had cause to fear his attitude at this time. Pleasing as the prospect of a combination of the powers against the English might be to some of the sovereigns of Europe, there is little danger of such a coalition. France, Italy, and Holland would welcome such a consummation, and Russia would have even a greater interest in the movement, but there are too many conflicting interests, too many unharmonious elements to permit a reasonable assurance of successful issue. Beyond this, the undoubted friendship of the great nation across the sea, earned during the recent war from which America emerged with new and overpowering glory, is a possession which can not be regarded carelessly. How much this last consideration had to do with the emperor's attitude and action is a matter for speculation only; the fact remains that he has shown his cordial friendship and sympathy at a critical juncture, and it has warmed the heart of every loyal Briton.

For a long time the Kaiser was a yearly visitor. He came first in 1889, the year after his accession, and regularly after that until 1896. His first visit was remarkable for the enthusiasm and favor with which he was met. He was made an admiral of the British fleet, and in return the queen accepted an appointment as colonel of a regiment in the German army—the Queen of England's Own. When the royal visitors arrived last week on the imperial yacht, *Hohenzollern*, the finest yacht in the world, the emperor was received with the honors of an admiral, and the naval show at Portsmouth was brilliant and inspiring. A flotilla of torpedo-boat destroyers met the royal yacht at the lightship, and accompanied her in shore, the procession passing between imposing lines of proud battleships and cruisers. There was booming of cannon from the time the vessel came in sight until she reached the dock, the salute being taken up from one to another of the welcoming ships. The emperor stood on the bridge of the *Hohenzollern* dressed in full admiral's uniform and acknowledged the greetings. The empress and her two younger sons were on the deck. Arrived at the dock, the Duke of Connaught, who represented the queen and wore the uniform of the German Hussar regiment of which he is colonel, went on board and welcomed the visitors. After the emperor had inspected the large body of soldiers and sailors assembled, the party entered the special train, and were soon on their way to Windsor.

From the first intimation of the journey it was known that the emperor desired his visit to be of a private character, but invitations poured in from all sides, and splendid receptions would have been tendered him at various places, in London and Oxford especially, had it pleased him to accept them. During the stay at Windsor the guests included the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Victoria of Wales, Prince Arthur and Princess Margaret of Connaught, and Prince Albert and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. The queen and her imperial grandson drove in the park in the afternoon sun, and were much together. In the evening the family party enjoyed the music made by its members, the emperor himself singing to the accompaniment played by the Princess of Wales. The sons of the emperor probably enjoyed the visit more than any other members of the party, for their pleasures were not interrupted by ceremonies of state. Among their most delightful excursions was a trip to Eton with the Marquis of Lorne, who took pleasure in showing the boys about the college and its play-fields.

On Friday afternoon the emperor went to Woodstock, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, and was met at the station by the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, whose invitation to Blenheim he had accepted. That the royal visitor is really interested in the charming personality of her grace, the duchess, there can be no doubt, but that as an American her position and connections have added interest in his eyes is as certain. When it is understood that this one call outside the royal family was the only one made, and that the Duchess of Marlborough was especially honored by the emperor, few will hesitate to ascribe to the incident more than its real importance. The village was profusely decorated with bunting, and German and American flags predominated. On the way to the palace crowds of people lined the road, and to their cheers the emperor responded graciously, lifting his hat many times and bowing. The Duke of Marlborough, mounted on a white horse, rode beside the imperial equipage, and the Prince of Wales occupied a carriage with the duchess. Luncheon was served at the palace, and afterward the emperor drove through the park and planted a pine-tree in the private gardens. By direction of the Duke of Marlborough, no newspaper correspondents were received on the occasion, and this fact caused some criticism among that usually favored class. It is known that the Kaiser is not averse to attention paid the royal party by newspaper men of good intentions, and it was believed that the order of the duke was not to his taste.

The Prince and Princess of Wales received the royal guests at Sandringham on Saturday, and there the emperor enjoyed one of his favorite sports. He is an enthusiastic

sportsman and made a good record with the shooting parties. In spite of the fact that he can use but one hand well, he manages his gun with ease and is a remarkably good shot. The bags made were not record-breakers, but were large enough to prove that the sport was good. On Sunday the royal party attended divine service at Sandringham church. Before the arrival of the emperor, the death of Lady Salisbury had occurred, and this clouded what otherwise promised to be a completely happy visit. The death of the Princess of Leiningen came later, and saddened the party at Windsor. The princess had been an especial favorite with the queen. Memorial services were held Friday morning, and the sorrow of the occasion kept the empress from joining the party that went to Blenheim.

On Tuesday morning the imperial guests had farewell to Sandringham, and at Port Victoria embarked on the *Hohenzollern* to return to Germany. Among the objects which Emperor William achieved by his visit was a promise made by the queen that some time next spring she would pay a visit to the Prussian court. At Potsdam or Coblenz the emperor and empress will receive her majesty, and it has been made one of the conditions of the visit that there shall be no reviews or wearisome functions of court life. It was at Potsdam that the emperor received the Czar, and, pleasing as that meeting was, it is to be doubted if it held more gratification than the coming visit of England's sovereign promises him.

LONDON, December 2, 1899.

## OLD LAND AND YOUNG LAND.

The Young Land cried, "I have borne it long,  
But can suffer it now no more;  
I must end this endless inhuman wrong  
Within hail of my own free shore.  
So fling out the War-Flag's folds and let the righteous cannons roar!"

It was a quick, rash word, for the strong Young Land  
Is a land whose ways are peace;  
It weareth no mail, and its keels are manned  
With cotton, and corn, and fleece,  
While lands there are that are cased in steel, and whose war hammers never cease.

And these, when they saw the Young Land gird  
Its loins to redress the wrong,  
Whispered one to the other, "Its heart is stirred,  
But its hosts are an undrilled throng,  
And its bolts yet to forge, so quick let us strike before that it grows too strong."

And they said to the Old Land: "Surely you  
Will help us to foil its claim?  
It waxeth in strength, as striplings do,  
And it girds at its parent's name.  
Take heed lest its overweening growth overshadow your fading fame."

Then the Old Land said: "Youth is strong and quick,  
And Wisdom is strong but mild;  
And blood than water is yet more thick,  
And this Young Land is my child.  
I am proud, not jealous, to watch it grow." Thus the Old Land spoke and smiled.

"And look you," it said, "at the Young Land strike  
For Freedom and Freedom's growth;  
And that makes twixt us twain, though unsigned by hand,  
A bond strong as lovers' troth.  
So 'ware what you do, for, if you strike, you will strike not one, but both."

Then they fretted and chafed; for, though shod in steel,  
Their war tread stops at the shore,  
While the Old Land's breath is the salt sea gale,  
And its music the wave-wind's roar.  
Then they hated the Young Land's youth and strength, but they hated the Old Land more.

Now the Old Land, in turn for Freedom's Cause  
Speeds her sons to the Southern zone,  
They shout, "Let us clip the Lion's claws,  
The Lion that lives alone;  
And barry her lair, and spear her cubs, and sit on the Lion's throne."

And the Young Land laughs: "With her coursers fleet,  
I guess she's a match for you all.  
She has saddled the sea, and more firm her seat  
Than yours, that would ride for a fall,  
If you put all your fighting force afield, and charged at her watery wall!"

"But if ever, hemmed in by a world of foes,  
Her sinews were sorely tried,  
By the self-same blood in our veins that flows,  
You would find me at her side,  
So long as she strikes for the Cause for which her sons and my sons have died."

Now thus let it be until wrong shall end,  
This bond strong as lovers' troth,  
'Twixt Old Land and Young Land, to defend  
Man's freedom, and freedom's growth,  
So if any should bend against either now, they will meet, not one, but both.—Copyrighted 1899 by Alfred Austin.

Dwight Lyman Moody, the famous evangelist, died at his home in East Northfield, Mass., December 22d, aged sixty-two. His career was a remarkable one, as there is no doubt that during his lifetime he spoke before more and larger audiences than any man of his generation. Mr. Moody was born in Franklin County, Mass., lived on a farm until he was sixteen, and then went to Boston to work as a clerk. In that city he became a professor of religion, and, on his removal to Chicago, devoted his evenings and hours for leisure to missionary work among the poor. He was soon induced to give up his place as salesman in a shoe store and take up religious work in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association. His ability as a public speaker was recognized at once, and he was soon a prominent figure at religious conventions. During the war he worked with the Christian Commission, caring for the sick and wounded of both armies. Later he established an independent church in Chicago which flourished, but the building was destroyed by the fire of 1871. In 1873, with Ira D. Sankey, he went to Great Britain on an evangelistic tour lasting two years. His church in Chicago was rebuilt and is now large and prosperous. He established in Northfield, Mass., two schools, one for young women and one for young men, and also one in Chicago, known as the Bible Institute.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Pope Leo inaugurated the holy year on Sunday last at the Vatican by performing the impressive ceremony of opening the Holy Door of St. Peter's.

Sir Charles Nicholson, who has been called the "Grand Old Man" of Australia, has entered on his ninety-second year. He emigrated to Australia in 1834 and is now the sole surviving member of the first Australian Parliament.

Marie Tempest has resigned from Charles Edwardes's London company, in which she scored big hits in "The Artist's Model," "The Geisha," and "The Greek Slave," because he insisted that in "San Toy" she should wear knickerbockers instead of tights.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, whose head is just now the target for public scorn in England because of his alleged niggardliness in conducting the financial part of the Boer war, is the chancellor of the exchequer, and his fingers hold the purse-strings of the United Kingdom. He is not over-popular with his countrymen, many of whom call him in contempt "Mike, the Marplot." He has held his present cabinet position since 1895.

Lord Armstrong, the famous gun-maker, has just entered on his ninetieth year. It is forty years since he was knighted for his invention of the Armstrong breech-loading gun. But as the inventor of the present system of hydraulics he has attained even greater fame than his gun has given him. His old age has been devoted to the publication of abstruse scientific works and to the restoration of Bamburgh Castle—where he now lives—to something of its former glories.

When Lord Beauchamp, the governor-general of New South Wales, assumed the duties of his office he made himself unpopular with the people by referring in a public address to the ancestors of the present colonists—a subject which is strictly avoided, as New South Wales was a penal settlement. Now he has stirred the Congregational Union to wrath by using Sunday for sight-seeing instead of going to church, and a protest against his conduct has been sent to the queen.

Bellamy Storer, United States Minister to Spain, telegraphed to the State Department a fortnight ago that the Spanish Government had forwarded to the United States drafts for about sixty thousand dollars, covering the arrears of interest for the years 1898 and 1899, payable to this government under the treaty of 1834, which provided for the payment of claims of American citizens arising from losses suffered by them through Spanish aggressions on the high seas and illegal blockades of South American ports. This treaty, with others, was denounced by the Spanish Government at the outbreak of hostilities, in April, 1898, and Spain's voluntary resumption of the payment of the interest on the indemnity constitutes notice that she considers the treaty of 1834 to be still in force.

Theohald Chartran has returned to this country, bringing with him a large historical painting which is to be hung in the Capitol at Washington. It was ordered by Henry C. Frick, of Pittsburgh, before Chartran left this country last spring. The artist went to Washington and studied the character and faces of the men who figure in the group. President McKinley, William R. Day, Secretary of State at that time, Jules Cambon, the French ambassador, M. Thiebaut, his secretary, and Messrs. Moore, Adee, and Cridler, of the State Department, will be seen in a group which represents the signing of the Spanish-American peace protocol in Washington. If the picture is not hung in the Capitol, it will be presented to President McKinley. Mr. Frick paid twenty thousand dollars for the painting, which is to be exhibited by M. Chartran at the Paris Exposition.

M. Georges Michel's life of the late M. Léon Say has just been brought out in Paris. Some of the economist's letters are reproduced in the volume, and among them is one addressed to his wife describing the reception by Bismarck at Versailles of the war fine of eight million pounds that Paris had to pay. M. Léon Say was one of the commissioners sent with the money in bank-notes to hand it over to German commissioners in Bismarck's presence. The eight millions were counted on a hilliard-table. When this was done, a receipt was shown to M. Say, and then placed in an envelope which was to be sealed. The seal failing to bite into the wax, Bismarck impatiently said to the secretary: "You do not know your business." He snatched the seal from him, rubbed it for a short time on the hair of his head, and then said: "Try now." The result was a clear impression.

The name of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar, who goes to South Africa in supreme command of the British army there, is a household word in England. He was born at Cawnpore in India, in September, 1832, and entered the Bengal Artillery in the service of the East India Company in 1851. He served with distinction throughout the mutiny, and won the Victoria Cross for bravery in the field in 1858. In the Abyssinian campaign of 1868 he served as assistant quartermaster-general to Lord Napier, and had control of all the arrangements for the reëmbarkation of the British army at the conclusion of the war. In the Afghan War he commanded the Luram field force, and subsequently had chief command of the army in Afghanistan. In 1879 he reoccupied Kabul, and in 1880 made the celebrated march to Kandahar, from which he took his title, and relieved that fortress, besieged by Ayooohkhan, the pretender to the Afghan throne, on whom he inflicted a crushing defeat. He subsequently became commander-in-chief of the Indian army. In 1881 he was sent to Natal to succeed General Colley, killed at Majuba, but found that peace had been concluded before his arrival, and he returned to India. In 1886 he commanded the Burmese expedition on the death of Sir H. MacPherson. More recently he has been commanding the troops in Ireland.



## M. JEAN STILL KING.

The New Tenor, Alvarez, Has Not Disenthroned De Reszké in the Affections of New York—Opening Performance of the Opera Season.

Alvarez, the new tenor of Mr. Grau's Metropolitan Opera Company, must be feeling very uncomfortable this morning. He has been the idol of the Grand Opera in Paris for half a dozen years and more, and Boston received him with acclaim. But the true test of his greatness lies in his ability to conquer the New York public, and that task is still before him. He made his first appearance in this city last night in "Romeo and Juliet," the opening performance of the season, and was accorded a fair meed of applause. But he did not oust Jean de Reszké from his place in the affections of our opera-goers, either fashionable or musical. He was accorded a respectful hearing, and his good points were duly appreciated, but the universal opinion was that he was not nearly M. Jean's equal as the passionate lover of Gounod's opera. If he is to conquer New York, it must be in some more robust and dramatic rôle.

It was on this point that the main question of the performance centred. That the season is to be an assured success was a settled fact long before the curtain was rung up. The subscriptions topped those of last year by nearly one hundred thousand dollars—in spite of the fact that the season begins later, and is several nights shorter—which means that there can be no doubt of its success financially and socially, and the list of singers is almost the same as that of last year. Jean de Reszké alone among the big singers is absent, and Alvarez and Saleza are here to take his place. But whether they can fill it remains to be seen. M. Jean has taken such a hold upon the hearts of New Yorkers as no other singer ever did, and it will take a great tenor indeed to make us forget the handsome presence and strong, sweet notes of the belated bridegroom, whose wife or his liver keeps him on the other side of the big pond.

To give "Romeo and Juliet" on the opening night emphasized the absence of M. Jean. He was heard in it for the first time on the opening night, when Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau assumed the management of the Metropolitan Opera House in 1891, and he has sung the same rôle on the initial night of each season since, with two exceptions, and in one of these two he made his first appearance of the winter in it. Naturally his absence from the cast was very noticeable last night, but the management's choice of the opera was a wise one. The first night of a season is always a fashionable rather than an artistic occasion. The enthusiasts in the top galleries are seldom present then in large numbers, and the brilliant audience in the lower part of the house has come to see and be seen rather than to listen. It wants an opera that it knows, one that will not distract its attention from the important business of seeing who is there and what the women wear. For that reason, too, it does not pay much attention to new artists. Still it paid enough attention to Alvarez to make sure that he was not up to Jean de Reszké's standard as Romeo.

In the first place, Alvarez was nervous in the opening scenes. The parterre boxes were not occupied until after half-past nine, and meanwhile he was trying to warm up a house in which there were many empty spaces. The impression made by his appearance, too, was against him when one recalled the romantic grace of De Reszké. Alvarez is stocky and inclined to be fat, and, with his blonde beard, made a rather mature-looking Romeo. His action, however, is spirited and evinces the passion of a strong man rather than the poetic tenderness usually ascribed to Romeo. He came out well in the ball scene, in the duel, and in the balcony scene, and showed that in more dramatic rôles he would be far better placed. His natural voice is a fine one, but it has not been properly trained. He flatted several times last night, though this, as well as his faults in phrasing, may have been due to nervousness. His lower register is throaty and the transition from high to low badly made. But the upper notes are clear and sonorous, of surpassing sweetness, and apparently of inexhaustible strength. His defects, in fact, are the defects of his school and are not ineradicable.

Eames, of course, was the Juliet, and showed improvement in the rôle. The beauty of her voice and of her face has not diminished, and there was a new vivacity and tenderness in her tones and action. Edouard de Reszké was the same overwhelming Friar Lawrence, "little" Mlle. Bauermeister the same delightful Nurse, Pol Plançon the Capulet, Jacques Bars the Tybalt, and Mlle. Olitzka put much spirit into the small rôle of the page. Mantelli wielded the baton in his usual magnetic manner, and the chorus was admirable.

By ten o'clock the audience presented a more brilliant spectacle of its kind than one could see anywhere else in the world. The auditorium of Covent Garden is not arranged so as to afford such a display, and in Paris the exhibition of wealth and luxury would be smaller. But nothing is too good for New York women to wear to the opera, and they were in their bravest last night. The black coats of the men served merely to accentuate the brilliant gowns of the women, and the jewels that gleamed in blonde or raven tresses, sparkled as they rose and fell on snowy shoulders, and scintillated from the bodices of low-cut gowns would be worth a king's ransom.

Few of the familiar faces were absent, except those of the Vanderbilt connection, including the Sloans, the Sheppards, and the Twombles, who are now in mourning. Mrs. Astor came in fashionably late and enthroned herself in her box with all the majesty due to her position as head dragon of New York society. Her gown was of pansy-purple—a most royal color—and besides her famous diamond stomacher she had four ropes of diamonds about her neck, and a number of smaller stones and five huge pearls in her tiara. With her were her son, Colonel John Jacob Astor and his wife, and Mr. Harry Lehr, of Baltimore. Mrs. John Jacob

Astor, in shimmering gray satin, ornamented with silver, and with diamonds about her throat and in her coronet and comb, was the most beautiful woman in the house.

But there were many other beautiful women present. Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, who was Miss Irene Langhorne, of Virginia, was the guest of the Stanford Whites, and wore a black gown that set off her blonde beauty wonderfully well. Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, in the old Ogden Golet box, now occupied by Mrs. General and Mrs. Samuel Thomas, maintained her reputation as one of the best-dressed women in New York with a particularly stunning gown of pale-blue satin and chiffon, with a diamond tiara gleaming in her black hair. Mrs. Baylies, Mrs. Watts Sherman, and Lady Colebrooke were among the married belles, and there were quantities of *débutantes*, among whom Miss Mary Crocker attracted much attention. She was in the D. O. Mills box, with Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills and Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.

NEW YORK, December 19, 1899.

The famous manifestation of ten years ago at the Paris-Lyons railway terminus, when General Boulanger quitted Paris on an engine with the stoker to take his command of the "Pioupiou d'Auvergne," was the work of three hundred Camelots, and cost a little short of one hundred and thirty dollars. But later the Camelots raised their tariff; and for an escort supplied to the "Brav' General" in La Somme Department he had to pay no less than four thousand dollars. The Parisian Camelots are the *fine fleur du paré*; and they possess a thousand clever tricks in reserve, as was proved by one of them who, during the Boulanger craze, played "One of the Poor People." "When there was a crowd around the general's equipage," says he, "I wearily ascended the foot-board; Boulanger had his carriage stopped, and at the same time caressed me, bidding me tell my parents not to despair and that things would very soon be greatly improved; then he kissed me amid frenzied applause. Some of the crowd actually wept!" During M. Félix Faure's official life there was an "enthusiasm service" officially organized to shout the *vivats* during the presidential journeys. This service acted especially in the small railway stations. As there was a certain distrust regarding the natural timidity of the peasants which would have prevented their uttering a satisfactory number of *vivats*, a little before the passage of the train groups of people, dressed in blue blouses, took their places on the platform at the station or in the environs. Nobody knew them; but they gave the signal for the cheering. Such is nowadays the secret working of the popularity or unpopularity of every French question or personage.

The supreme court of Idaho, in denying a petition for a writ of *habeas corpus* for Paul Corcoran, who was convicted of murder in the second degree, committed while a member of the mob that destroyed the Bunker Hill Mine, expressed its opinion of those who have assailed the legal authorities of the State. The statement of the court concludes:

"It seems to be one of the methods of this organization known as the Miners' Union, whenever an attempt is made to bring them to account for their unlawful, barbarous, and murderous acts, to at once commence an attack upon the legally constituted authorities, who are endeavoring to enforce and maintain the law, and by their false clamor seek to excite sympathy for the malefactors, and such action, by virtue of the recognized freedom of the press in this country, always finds echo and too frequent indorsement with that portion of the press whose moral principles are governed and controlled by what is for their gain. Thousands of miles from the scene of the transactions they assume to judge and criticize. These leading journals of civilization hesitate not upon no other authority than the lurid reports of their 'scoop fiends,' based upon the statements of known malefactors and their advocates and defenders, to assail indiscriminately the legally constituted authorities of a community and State for their efforts to maintain the law and protect persons and property within their jurisdiction. In keeping with this custom and rule both the executive and judiciary of the State have been assailed in terms of unmeasured vituperation for simply doing their duty under their oath of office."

The rural telephone service is said to be most advanced in north-eastern Ohio, and particularly in Geauga County, which is strictly an agricultural county. Not only is there an office in every township, but hundreds of farmers have telephones in their homes. One of the companies in the county named is strictly a farmers' company, it being operated by eight farmers, who own everything from franchise to switchboard. The primary object in constructing the lines was as a help in the transaction of business, and to give the families some of the social privileges that are too often lacking on the farm. The rental price of a telephone is only twelve dollars a year in advance, or one dollar and twenty-five cents by the month, and this entitles the subscriber, his family, hired help, and guests to the free use of the lines and those with which the company has reciprocity contracts.

The first Mormon woman to enter polygamy died recently in Salt Lake. Her name was Mrs. E. D. P. Young, and she was the widow of two prophets. She was born at Painesville, O., in 1824. She married Joseph Smith, the first Mormon prophet, at Nauvoo, Ill., with the consent of Smith's first wife. This was shortly after the revelation commanding polygamy was handed down. After the death of Joseph Smith she married Brigham Young. She was one of George Q. Cannon's several mothers-in-law, and died a firm believer in the divine origin of latter-day polygamy.

W. E. Metford, the inventor, whose system of rifling was applied in the Lee-Metford rifle, died recently at Bristol. He received thirty thousand dollars from the British Government for his inventions, but always complained of having been inadequately rewarded.

This year's famine in India covers an area of three hundred and fifty thousand square miles, on which is a population of thirty million souls.

## RECENT VERSE.

## Threefold.

Our love wakes with the morning unafraid  
To meet the little worries of the day.  
And if a haggard dawn, dull-eyed and gray,  
Peers in upon us through the window shade,  
Ere long, love's finger, rosy tipped, is laid  
Upon its brow, and gloom departs straightway.  
All outer darkness melts before that ray  
Of inner light, whereof our love is made.  
Each petty trouble and each pigmy care,  
And those gaunt-visaged duties which so fill  
Life's path by day, do horror of love's grace.  
Though he be dear away, and debonair  
In the bright morning, best he proves his skill  
Lending his lustre to the Commonplace.

Our love looks holdly in the noon's hold eyes.  
He has no thing to hide, no thing to fear.  
And if the world stands far or hurtles near  
He walks away, serene, without disguise,  
Naked and unashamed beneath the skies.  
He does not need dark backgrounds to appear  
Radiant, for even through the broad day's clear  
Effulgence his supernal beauties rise.  
Oh, there he loves that hide till day is done:  
Nocturnal loves, like silent birds of prey:  
Secretive loves that do not dare rejoice.  
Ours is an eagle that can face the sun,  
A wholesome love that glories in the day,  
And finds a rapture in its own glad voice.

Our love augments in beauty when the night  
Shuts in our world between four sheltering walls.  
Fair is the day and yet its splendor palls.  
Dear are the shadows that obscure the light,  
And dear the stars that tiptoe into sight.  
And when the curtain of deep darkness falls,  
Then heart to heart in clearer accents calls,  
And the whole Universe is Love's by right.  
There is no vexing world to interfere,  
No sorrow save the all too rapid flow  
Of time's swift river sweeping on and on.  
We two are masters of this silent sphere.  
Love is the only duty that we know—  
Our only fear, the menace of the dawn.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the Criterion.

The Foster-Mother.  
(After the French.)

Sleep, little one! Again I feel the thrill  
A babe's soft hand can in my breast awaken.  
Hide in my bosom, thou art not forsaken:  
Sleep, little one! thou hast a mother still.

My lips I press to thy sweet brow anew;  
Sleep, little one! I am thy mother too.

Mine to protect, to cherish, and to rear;  
Why should the baby hand, the flaxen hair,  
Set me a-dreaming of a bygone care,  
And make a far-off sorrow seem so near?

Wake, little one! Too much am I beguiled,  
Too near, too close, the little hands are wrestling,  
Too soft, too warm, the little head is nestling,  
For I am not thy mother, O my child!

Wake, little one! Thy mouth too sweetly smiled,  
For I am not thy mother, O my child!

Yet do not wake,—sleep on,—full well I know  
God, in my heart maternal love renewing,  
Intendeth not for my poor heart's undoing,  
Nor builds again a joy to lay it low.

Sleep, little one! 'Tis sweet to feel the thrill  
A babe's soft hand can in my breast awaken.  
Hide in my bosom, thou art not forsaken:  
Sleep, little one! I am thy mother still.

—Edwin H. Keen in the Outlook.

## Childless.

Ah, barren! to go barren to the grave!  
Have I not in my thought trained little feet  
To venture, and taught little lips to move  
Until they shaped the wonder of a word?  
I am long practiced. Oh, those children mine,  
Mine, doubly mine, and yet I can not touch,  
Hear, see them! Does great God expect that I  
Shall clasp his air and kiss his word forever?  
And the eternal budding cometh on,  
The burgeoning, the cruel flowering!  
At night the quickening splash of rain, at dawn  
The call of the young bird, finds out my heart,  
And any babe tossed up before my eyes  
With ripples of wild laughter pierces me.  
Still I, amid these sights and sounds, starve on.  
Barren! to go down barren to the grave!  
Omitted by the casual dew! Still I  
I with so much to give, perish of thrift—  
Spectator of life's feast, a looker-on!  
They say, those other women, in my ear:  
"Much you are spared, for cruel are the young:  
The streaming face, the sob with pillow choked,  
The certain swiftness of young strength to sin,  
The burning blushes, the unanswered prayers;  
To none is God so deaf as unto mothers."  
Spared! to be spared what I was born to have!  
I am a woman, and this very flesh  
Demands its natural pangs, its rightful throes,  
And I implore with vehemence these pains.  
I know that children wound us and surprise  
Even to utter death; that they can wear  
The silent nerve beneath the sun away  
Until we walk the garden with white head,  
Turn from the human face to quiet flowers.  
Have I not heard and known? But this my heart  
Was ready for these woes, and had foreseen.  
Oh, but I grudge the mother her last look  
Upon the coffined dead,—that pang is rich,—  
Envy that shivering cry where gravel falls.  
And now these maimed thoughts and foiled desire,  
Eternal yearning answered by the wind,  
Have dried in me belief and love and fear;  
My thwarted woman hopes have inward turned,  
And the vain milk like acid in me eats.  
I am become a danger and a menace,  
A wandering blight, a disappointed force,  
More cruel from a love that might have been.  
Oh, 'tis such souls as mine that go to swell  
The childless cavern-cry of the barren sea,  
Or make that human ending to night wind.  
Ah, barren! to go barren to the grave!

—Stephen Phillips in January Century.

Smoking is almost unknown in Abyssinia, and is punished as a crime when practiced. French explorers have to smoke their cigarettes in secret.



## SARTAIN'S REMINISCENCES.

London under George the Fourth—The Practice of Flogging in English Schools—Anecdotes of Macready—A Pen-Picture of Edgar Allan Poe Just Before His Death.

"The Reminiscences of a Very Old Man" is the quaint title which the distinguished engraver, the late John Sartain, gave to the attractive volume which occupied the last year of his busy and useful life, extending from 1808 to 1897. He had a distinct remembrance of the peace jubilees in London that followed the first crushing defeat of Napoleon Bonaparte in 1814 and his ultimate overthrow at Waterloo in 1815. In his childhood there was no Regent Street at all, and on Albany Street, now a thickly built up thoroughfare, he once saw a frightened hare running in from the country toward the heart of the town. One quiet evening in 1820 he saw a steamboat for the first time, anchored in the Thames, and the very next day he witnessed in St. James's Park the curious occurrence which he thus commemorated:

The carriage of the king, George the Fourth, was passing along the road between Carlton House and the arched gate of the Horse Guards, preceded by a small troop of horse soldiers, while a similar troop followed in the rear. But close alongside the carriage moved a group of women, uttering loud groans and hisses, waving clenched fists above their heads and yelling execrations against the royal occupant within, who was invisible because the blinds of the carriage were close drawn. As the cavalcade neared the building of the Horse Guards these Amazons dropped off. What surprised me was that the guards did not interfere, but kept on at a gentle trot, scarcely faster than a walk, looking neither to the right nor the left, as if unconscious of what was going on close to the carriage they were supposed to be guarding. In explanation of this surprising sight I was afterward told that the general unpopularity of the king was just then intensified by the procedure he had caused to be instituted against his queen, which also accounted for the sex of the little mob.

"During nearly ninety years of my life," says Sartain in his chapter on "The Rod," "no greater progress has been made in any direction than in the methods employed in teaching and training children." His earliest schooling was obtained under the rule and rod of a feminine teacher, whom he calls Mother Ward. Here is his account of the tortures the infantile pupils of her school suffered:

We little ones sat in a row on a bench without a supporting back, and were ordered to sit upright. If, after prolonged sitting, fatigue of the spine caused the weaker ones to droop in the least, down came a sharp cane-stroke on the poor little knuckles without word of warning, and a keener pain diverted for a time the attention of the sufferer from the dull ache of the weary back. The dame's vulture eyes glared over the top rim of her spectacles, and all the eyes of Argus could not equal the detective vigilance of hers. I frequently experienced this exquisite agony and wondered in what I could have transgressed. It was probably inflicted on the then prevalent principle laid down by King Solomon, and certainly the rod was not spared with or without cause.

He was next promoted to a school kept in the top story of a tall house in Brewer Street, opposite Bridle Lane, and at the corner was a coal and wood store kept by a famous man, Tom Crib, the pugilist, a brute greatly venerated by high and low as the champion of England:

On my first day at this academy I saw a little friend of mine, who was very dear to me, standing on a form with a chain attached to a band around his slender ankle, and at the end of the chain a wooden block. The chain was carved out of wood and the links were large. What this punishment was for I did not know, but I saw that he had to walk the length of the bench a few times back and forth, dragging the block after him. . . . The surprise and indignation I felt made me regard this school as worse than the other, and I determined I would not go to it. Next day I refused to return, so I was carried there. I remember going upstairs beels foremost, borne ignominiously by four of the school-boys, each taking a quarter of me. As soon as I was forced into the room, I was marched to a dark closet and bolted in. I don't remember learning anything at this school.

His third and last experience was with a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Williams by name, by character a savage:

This brute was thin, had a keen, sharp, black eye, and wore his hair powdered, the pendant queue behind making the collar of his black dress-coat white with the hair powder; he had knee-breeches, black silk stockings, and large silver buckles on his shoes. These shoes were thin-soled so that you never heard him when he came up behind you and began to slash your head, ears, and shoulders with the cane which he always carried about with him, ready for instant use. One morning when I was intent on my writing copy, "all of a sudden miserable pain surprised me," and the wretch was lashing me over the head furiously with his stick—what for I never knew. Naturally I threw up my hands over my head, and they received part of the punishment. I made no complaint at home, but my mother noticed great welts on the backs of both little hands, and having learned the cause went to see the reverend gentleman about it.

So acute had been his sufferings under his first three tyrants, and so intense his disgust at the whole school system, that in a little over two years after his father's death his mother allowed him to leave the detested *régime* for good and all. "For good it proved," he says; "from the time of my emancipation, at the age of ten years, I became diligent in study for the love of it, and have so continued all my life since."

Sartain adds some instances as to flogging in school even after his time which are full of interest and of a certain grim humor. The best story of all is that supplied by an Englishman as late as 1870. This gentleman, who describes himself as a bachelor, sent his eighteen-year-old niece to a large school in a town on the Thames for a course in English literature. One morning a lecturer attributed the line

"We mortal millions live alone"

to Tennyson. The niece corrected the lecturer, and reminded him that the line was from Matthew Arnold. At the close of the lecture she was ordered into the school-room. To her amazement and indignation, she found that she was to be hunched for impudence to a teacher. Her pleas and protests were all in vain:

You can imagine my indignation at such an outrage to a modest young lady, who is actually engaged to be married. My resolution was soon taken. That evening I consulted the wives of three of my friends, who approved of it. With much difficulty I induced my niece to return to school on Monday. Luckily it was not long to Christmas, and she escaped any further insult except the occasional chaff of one or two younger girls. Early in January I wrote a polite note to the lady principal, asking her to lunch at my house and receive the amount due her. She came to lunch at my house and receive the three married ladies above mentioned awaited her. Causing her to be seated I told her my opinion of her conduct, observing that for my niece's sake I desired to avoid the exposure attendant upon legal proceedings, and added that with the approval of the ladies present I should punish her as she had punished my niece. Of course there

was a tempestuous scene, but she had to submit. I had ridden over to Eton and got a good stout birch from the man who makes for the college. It is only necessary to add that she was treated as my niece had been in the matter of apparel, and that I gave her twenty strokes, whose severity the state of her cuticle plainly attested. She was well able to bear them, being forty years old, unmarried, a tall, strong, stout woman. My niece declined to be present at the punishment, but I compelled the woman to apologize humbly to her afterward. I have since heard a rumor that she intends to give up the school and leave the neighborhood.

Sartain's life-work began when he was twelve years of age. He found employment in the laboratory of an Italian—Signor Mortram—who made fire-works for public celebrations and theatrical performances. His master confided to him "the department of steam, smoke, and fire at Charles Kemble's Theatre Royal, Covent Garden," where he became a "powder monkey," ready to fire the roman candles. At that time (1821) Macready was a member of Kemble's stock company, but the highest position was then held by Charles Young. Sartain remembers that his manner was generally serious and dignified, with some approach to discontent:

Once, and once only, I saw in his face an amused expression. The play was "Virginius," and Macready was in the wing with Virginia both waiting their cue, and to her he was addressing some sneering remarks about Abbott, who held the stage in the character of Iulius. I stood where I could see the faces of both, and it was clear from Abbott's restlessness, and the quick, annoyed glances out of the corner of his eye that he divined the nature of the conversation going on at his expense and the enjoyment of Macready at his vexation.

David Edwin, the eminent Philadelphia engraver, was engaged by Mr. Warren, of the Chestnut Street Theatre, after he was compelled by his failing sight to discontinue the use of the graver, and he was often the messenger to the actors. He told me that on one occasion he went to Macready, who was then in Philadelphia, stopping at Head's Hotel, in Third Street, above Spruce (originally the Bingham mansion), to take him a balance due on account of his engagement. The actor looked at the money which Edwin placed on the table as if it would be a degradation to touch it, and then, raising his eyes to the face of the messenger, gazed at him solemnly for a minute. Putting his finger in the pocket of his vest, he then drew forth with great deliberation a Mexican half-dollar, and, holding it by the edge between finger and thumb horizontally, like a plate for charity, he advanced a step and offered it to Edwin, who with equal dignity declined it, saying, "Sir, Mr. Warren pays me." And Macready raised his eyelids slightly, as if surprised, and returned the silver to his pocket without a word.

We find here the first inkling of Sartain's art instinct and how he utilized it:

One morning, while the new scenery for the pantomime of "Harlequin and Mother Bunch" was being rushed through, I was engaged in sticking unreluctantly upon the artist's touches of glue, to represent the glitter of the castle of polished steel in the moonlight, when a lively controversy arose as to who should go to sketch the "White Horse Cellar" in Piccadilly, at that time the starting-place of the stages going west. A view of it was wanted for the piece. One man could not go because what he was about must be done immediately, and another the same, and so on through the group. At last one of them cried: "Look here, Mortram, can't you send that boy of yours? You say he draws." No sooner proposed than settled, and I was dispatched with a stiff cardboard, two sheets of paper, and directions to make a kind of map of the house-front, with the sign-boards of their relative size and proportion, and another drawing of the signs on a separate sheet large enough to show their working. I accomplished my task sufficiently well to enable them to paint the scene from my diagram, adding, however, in the foreground a crowd of stage-coaches.

Fortune, however, favored the lad, or rather his particular skill helped him. Mr. William Young Outley having seen one or two pieces of Sartain's line work, thought that he might use the lad to help in the engraving of a work called "The Early Florentine School." Sartain began work on the plates in 1823 and kept on at them for twenty months. Tomaso Piroli, who had begun certain plates, left them incomplete, and Sartain finished fourteen of these. To Outley's gallery came many eminent men, and among them were Sir Thomas Lawrence, president of the Royal Academy; Samuel Rogers, the poet-banker; Thomas Roscoe; Charles R. Leslie, R. A.; Thomas Frognal Dibdin, the bibliographer; Francis Douce, the antiquary; the Rev. William Long; Frazer, Lloyd, and others.

On the fourth of July, 1830, Mr. Sartain and Mrs. Sartain left London, took shipping, and in a little over eight weeks were landed in Philadelphia. Sartain's reminiscences of New York and Philadelphia some sixty-eight years ago are of singular interest. The success of *Graham's Magazine* about this time was immense. But the publisher went into many speculations and failure came. In 1848, magazine, newspaper, shares, and all were sold to satisfy creditors. Then, in connection with Graham, Sartain's magazine was begun.

Perhaps the most striking chapter in the book is Sartain's description of a visit which Poe made to his engraving-room in Philadelphia just before his death. Says the writer:

The last time I saw Poe was late in that same year, 1849, and then under such peculiar and almost fearful conditions that the experience can never fade from my memory. Early one Monday afternoon he suddenly entered my engraving-room, looking pale and haggard, with a wild and frightened expression in his eyes. I did not let him see that I noticed it, and, shaking him cordially by the hand, invited him to be seated, when he began: "Mr. Sartain, I have come to you for a refuge and protection; will you let me stay with you? It is necessary to my safety that I lie concealed for a time." I assured him that he was welcome, that in my house he would be perfectly safe, and he could stay as long as he liked, but I asked him what was the matter. He said it would be difficult for me to believe what he had to tell, or that such things were possible in this nineteenth century. I made him as comfortable as I could, and then proceeded with my work, which was pressing. After he had had time to calm down a little, he told me that he had been on his way to New York, but he had overheard some men who sat at a few seats back of him plotting how they should kill him and then throw him off from the platform of the car. He said they spoke so low that it would have been impossible for him to hear and understand the meaning of their words had it not been that his sense of hearing was so wonderfully acute. They could not guess that he heard them, as he sat so quiet and apparently indifferent to what was going on, but when the train arrived at the Bordentown station he gave them the slip and remained concealed until the cars moved on again. He had returned to Philadelphia by the first train back, and hurried to me for refuge.

I told him that it was my belief the whole scare was the creation of his own fancy, for what interest could those people have in taking his life, and at such risk to themselves? He said, "It was for revenge."

"Revenge for what?" said I. He answered, "Well, a woman trouble." Now and then some fragmentary conversation passed between us as I engraved, and shortly I began to perceive a singular change in the current of his thoughts. From such fear of assassination his mind gradually veered round to an idea of self-destruction, and his words clearly indicated this tendency. After a long silence he said, suddenly, "If this mustache of mine were removed, I should not be so readily recognized; will you lend me a razor, that I may shave it off?" I told him that as I never shaved, I had no razor, but if he wanted it removed I could readily do it for him with scissors. Accordingly I took him to the bath-room and performed the operation successfully.

After tea, it being now dark, Sartain saw him preparing to go out, and, on asking him where he was going, he said: "To the Schuylkill!"

I told him I would go, too, it would be pleasant in the moonlight later, and he offered no objection. He complained that his feet hurt him, being chafed by his shoes, which were worn down on the outer side of the heel. So for ease and comfort he wore my slippers, which he preferred to my shoes as less ill-fitting. When we had reached the corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets, we waited for an omnibus some minutes, which were passed in conversation, and among the many things he said was that he wished I would see to it after his death that the portrait Osgood had painted for him should go to his mother (meaning Mrs. Clemm). I promised that as far as I could control it that should be done. After getting the omnibus, we rode to its stopping place, a little short of Fairmount, opposite a tavern on the north side of Callowhill Street, at the bend it makes to the north-west to reach the bridge over the river. At the spot a bright light shone out through the open door of the tavern, but beyond all was pitchy dark. However, forward into the darkness we walked. I kept on his left side, and, on approaching the foot of the bridge, guided him off to the right by a gentle pressure, until we reached the lofty flight of steep, wooden steps which ascended almost to the top of the reservoir. There was a landing, with seats, and we sat down to rest. All this time I had contrived to hold him in conversation, except while we were laboring breathless up that long, break-neck flight of stairs.

There he told Mr. Sartain his late experiences, or what he believed to be such, and the succession of images that his imagination created he expressed in a calm, deliberate, measured utterance as facts. These were as weird and fantastic as anything to be met with in his published writings. A faint idea of his wild descriptions can be gained from the following extract:

"I was confined in a cell in Moyamensing Prison," said he, "and through my grated window was visible the battlemented granite tower. On the topmost stone of the parapet, between the embrasures, stood perched against the dark sky a young female brightly radiant, like silver dipped in light, either in herself or in her environment, so that the cross-bar shadows thrown from my window were distinct on the opposite wall. From this position, remote as it was, she addressed to me a series of questions in words not loud but distinct, and I dared not fail to hear and make apt response. Had I failed once either to hear or to make pertinent answer, the consequences to me would have been something fearful; but my sense of hearing is wonderfully acute, so that I passed safely through this ordeal, which was a snare to catch me. But another was in store. An attendant asked me if I would like to take a stroll about the place, I might see something interesting, and I agreed. In the course of our rounds on the ramparts we came to a cauldron of boiling spirits. He asked me if I would not like to take a drink. I declined, but had I said yes, what do you suppose would have happened?" I said I could not guess. "Why, I should have been lifted over the rim and dipped into the hot liquid up to the lip, like Tantalus." "Yes," said I, "but that would have killed you." "Of course it would," said he; "that's what they wanted; but, you see, again I escaped the snare. So, at last, as a means to torture me and wring my heart, they brought out my mother, Mrs. Clemm, to blast my sight by seeing them first saw off her feet at the ankles, then her legs to the knees, her thighs at the hips, and so on." The horror of the imagined scene threw him into a sort of convulsion.

When he alluded to his mother, which was always with feelings of affectionate devotion; it was not his own natural mother, who died when he was in his infancy, but Mrs. Clemm, his mother-in-law. I suggested that that as it appeared we were not to have the moon we might as well go down again. He agreed, and we descended the steep stairway slowly and cautiously, holding well to the hand-rails. Being down, I kept this time, on our return walk, on his right side, and did not suffer the conversation to flag. On arriving at the omnibus waiting for passengers at the tavern-door, I pressed gently against him, and he raised his foot to the step, but instantly recollecting himself drew back. I urged him in, and, being seated beside him, said: "You were saying?" The conversation was resumed, I got him safe home, and gave him a bed on a sofa in the dining-room, while I slept alongside him on three chairs without undressing.

On the second morning he appeared to have become so much like his old self that Sartain trusted him to go out alone. Rest and regular meals had had a good effect, although his mind was not yet entirely free from the nightmare:

After an hour or two he returned, and then told me he had come to the conclusion that what I said was true; that the whole thing had been a delusion and a scare created by his own excited imagination. He said his mind began to clear as he lay on the grass, his face buried in it and his nostrils inhaling the sweet fragrance mingled with the odor of the earth. While he lay thus the words he had heard kept running in his thoughts, but he tried in vain to connect them with the speaker, and so the light gradually broke in upon his dazed mind and he saw that he had come out of a dream. Being now all right again, he was ready to depart for New York. He borrowed what was needed, and I never saw him again.

In about a month from this, Poe lay dead in a Baltimore hospital:

In those few weeks how much had happened, and how hopeful seemed the prospects for his future? He had joined a temperance society, attended lectures, resumed friendly relations with an early flame of his, Mrs. Sarah E. Shelton, and became engaged to her. Dr. John J. Moran, who attended the poet in his last moments, says that Poe parted from her at her residence in Richmond at four in the afternoon of October 4, 1849, to go north. She states that when he said "good-bye," he paused a moment, as if reflecting, and then said to her: "I have a singular feeling, amounting to a presentiment, that this will be our last meeting until we meet to part no more," and then walked slowly and sadly away. Reaching the Susquehanna, he refused to venture across because of the wildness of the storm-driven water, and he returned to Baltimore. Alighting from the cars, he was seen to turn down Pratt Street, on the south side, followed by two suspicious-looking characters as far as the south-west corner of Pratt and Light Streets. A fair presumption is that they got him into one of the abominable places that lined the wharf, drugged him, and robbed him of everything. After daybreak, on the morning of the sixth, a gentleman found him stretched unconscious upon a broad plank across some barrels on the sidewalk. Recognizing him, he obtained a hack and gave the driver a card, with Mr. Moran's address on it, and on the lower right-hand corner the name of "Poe."

With some reluctance Sartain engaged in the publication of the magazine which bore his name. He gives the expenses of the literary department for 1849, which were \$7,174, including editors' salaries. Among the contributors were Longfellow, Lowell, Bayard Taylor, Harriet Martineau, W. Gilmore Simms, Frederika Bremer, Lydia Maria Child, Poe, John Neal, Willis, Boker, Leland, Mary Howitt, Thomas Dunn English, Grace Greenwood, and many others. Longfellow received \$50 for "each of his numerous articles"; Poe \$45 for "The Bells." In 1852 *Sartain's Union Magazine* went out of existence.

The volume is beautifully illustrated with reproductions of rare old prints of London scenes in the first quarter of the century, together with American portraits and pictures, which have a lasting historical interest.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$2.50.

Ferdinand de Lesseps's colossal bronze statue set in place at Port Said and dedicated.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Daughter of the Horse-Leech.

"Cornelia was born to improvisation" and "her gift turned mischievous in loneliness and the lack of sympathetically social intercourse." In those final phrases Eleanor Stuart has epitomized the story she has told in "Averages." It is the story of a beautiful and brilliant woman who, having married a man with no idea above fancy waistcoats and fashionable title-tattle, seeks the consolation dear to the *femme incomprise* and, being surrounded by men of honor, ends in a smash-up that is entirely of her own contriving.

This woman, Clara Burnham, craves admiration as a wanderer thirsts in the desert. Despising her husband, and possessing the means to surround herself with every luxury, her life is an empty one. She yearns to exercise her undoubtedly great powers of fascination, but, fortunately for her, she comes up against the deadwall of masculine honor. A physician, the husband of her dearest friend, and a Jewish journalist are the two men whom she most desires to subjugate, and with the first she fails ignominiously. The second, too, withstands her so long as her husband lives, but what happens between them in her young widowhood the story does not go on to tell. It leaves her the broken victim of her "gift of improvisation."

The woman's craving for admiration leads her to employ her fine abilities in other ways. Her charities and kindnesses are all born of the desire to please, and it was for fame that she wrote her problem-novel of the workingwoman, "The World's Woe." But she had printed this over a pseudonym, and when her friend, the doctor's wife, holds the unknown author up to Mrs. Burnham's admiration, the latter for the fun of it refrains from revealing her identity with the champion of her oppressed sisters. From this deception comes her undoing, for the doctor's wife corresponds with the mysterious novelist, presently so confidentially as to ask advice regarding Mrs. Burnham's flirtation with her husband, and these letters falling into the doctor's hands, the fascinator's duplicity is revealed.

In the opening pages the constant flow of epigrams and smart phrases seems a trifle forced, but the reader presently comes to enjoy them, and at last to acknowledge that the book is very cleverly written. Mrs. Burnham is an admirable study of a not uncommon but elusive type, and the other characters are all drawn with sure strokes. "Averages" is a book that will repay reading and provoke discussion.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## A Boy Among the Pilgrim Fathers.

"Soldier Rigdale," by Buelah Marie Dix, is not quite what its name, taken in connection with the fact that its author wrote that stirring romance, "Hugh Gwyeth: A Roundhead Cavalier," would lead one to expect. Its hero is not a soldier at all, but merely little Miles Rigdale, who is told by Captain Miles Standish that "Miles" is the Latin word for "soldier" and determines to live up to his name.

His opportunities for achieving this ambition are limited, so far as this story goes, for he is only a boy of eleven when we first meet him, and his adventures as set forth in the book cover little more than a twelvemonth. And there is little soldiering for him to do, for he is one of the Pilgrims who came over in the *Mayflower*. But there are other deeds that call for courage and fortitude, and Miles shows that he has the true soldier spirit in him.

The life of the Pilgrim Fathers, and consequently of the children who accompanied them to the bleak coast of New England, was one of patient suffering rather than of exciting incident, but Miles Rigdale's experiences are none the less interesting. He manages to be on hand during all the notable incidents of the little colony's history in its first year, and, indeed, he was the central figure in the most exciting of them, for the only armed expedition sent out during the year was that which went to search for Miles and his little sister, Dolly, when they ran away into the forest and were captured by the Indians.

The story is a good one for boys to read. It presents a vivid picture of the people who founded the colony of Massachusetts and of the hard life they led, and in its young hero it holds up a mirror of the best boyish traits.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Mr. Howells's New Novel.

The celebration of a silver wedding serves as the initial and impelling idea of Mr. Howells's latest story, which appears in two solid volumes, bound in gray with silver ornaments, and with silver paper wrappings. "Their Silver Wedding Journey" introduces some characters whose acquaintance has been made in earlier volumes. Mr. and Mrs. Basil March are the central figures, Mr. March being a magazine editor who is invited by his publishers to take a holiday. A trip to Europe furnishes the scenery for the story, and sketches of character take the place of exciting incident. However, Mr. Howells has written with much of the charm of those earlier volumes of foreign impressions, and the story is even more than gently amusing at times. The people are real, and

their impulses move on natural lines. The illustrations are numerous, many of them from photographic views of interest, and all are attractive.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$5.00.

## Pleasant Memories of Famous Americans.

In his latest volume, "Contemporaries," Colonel T. W. Higginson has brought together a number of biographical sketches, most of which have appeared in various periodicals in former years, but even those who read them all on their first publication will welcome the collection, for there are many reminiscences in its pages that one would wish to have at hand for frequent reference. Colonel Higginson has delighted more than one generation of readers with his essays and reviews, and some of his most entertaining work is in this volume.

There are studies of Emerson, Alcott, Theodore Parker, Whittier, Lydia Maria Child, Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne, Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, and others, and a genial ray of sympathy that often kindles into enthusiasm illuminates every subject.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

An important hook of biography, which is to be published soon, is "Letters and Reminiscences of Robert E. Lee," by the son of the late commander of the Confederate forces, Captain R. E. Lee. Captain Lee has worked upon the volume for several years.

Richard Harding Davis is at work on a novel to be entitled "Captain Macklin, His Life and Adventures, by Himself." It will probably not be ready until next fall, or even later. He is also at work on a comedy to be brought out next February by Sothern.

Owen Wister is writing a brief biography of General Grant.

The four-hundred-thousandth mark has been passed by "David Harum." The Messrs. Appleton report 400,250 to December 18th. From the first to the eighteenth of December about 35,000 copies were sold.

Richard Le Gallienne's new hook, "The Whisper of the Image: A Tragic Fairy Tale," is to be brought out immediately.

Egerton Castle has finished a picturesque story of the eighteenth century entitled "The Bath Comedy," which will first appear as a serial.

It is rather surprising to learn that Mrs. Frances Burnett's novel, "That Lass o' Lowrie's," attained a sale of only one hundred thousand copies. The work has been on the counter these twenty-two years, which makes the average annual sale less than five thousand copies. On the other hand, her "A Lady of Quality" in three years reached a sale of one hundred thousand copies.

Ignatius Donnelly has just brought out another superfluous volume dealing with his Bacon folly. He calls it "The Cipher in the Plays and on the Tombstone."

Richard Whiteing, the author of "No. 5, John Street," has left the ranks of journalism in London and intends to devote himself altogether to the writing of books.

Francisque Sarcey's library brought pretty low prices at the sale in Paris, the total receipts being \$75,000 for the 60,000 volumes. The best prices were obtained for illustrated *éditions de luxe*. Voltaire's "Zadig," with pictures by Garnier, Rops, and Robaudi, brought \$216; Diderot's "Jacques le Fataliste," with Maurice Lelion's illustrations, \$41; Théophile Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupain," with Toudouze's pictures, \$64; Stendhal's "Le Chartreuse de Parme," \$54; Guy de Maupassant's "Contes Choisis," \$74; Baudelaire's "Fleurs du Mal," \$78. Many three-franc paper-covered books brought forty, fifty, or sixty francs on account of the author's autograph inscribed on them. About's "Mariages de Paris" brought \$18 and Rostand's "Les Musardises," \$31.

George Iles is writing a book in which will be described man's industrial progress from the first discovery of fire to the latest achievements of electricity and photography. Mr. Iles's work had its origin in an article by him entitled "Why Progress Is by Leaps."

## The Author of "Richard Carvel."

"A Day with the Author of Richard Carvel" is the title of an interesting article in the *National Magazine*, by Joe Mitchell Chapple. The writer furnishes the following description of Mr. Churchill's personal appearance:

"He appeared a fashionably attired young man of twenty-eight, displaying a most fastidious taste in every detail of his costume, combined with the courtly grace and dignity of colonial times. A typical college man, smooth-shaven, with heavy black eyebrows that join above dancing and gentle brown eyes; with a manner that inspires goon nature and good cheer, and in suggestion of a thorough course in athletics; there you have the author of 'Richard Carvel.' A solid, rugged type of genuine American manhood, with that love of dash and spirit which means 'go!' in our national life."

Further on in the article Mr. Churchill utters sen-

timents which read like literary heresy to the more conservative mind:

"No, sir; I have no patience with literary cant. Writing, it appears to me, is a business and a direct means to a direct end. If people read, they want to read for their own entertainment or instruction, and not to serve the author's pleasure or hobby. The lawyer prepares his brief to secure a verdict; so must the author. The judgment must be passed from a standpoint entirely apart from that of the author. Yes, I make writing a business.' He continued, after a sip of black coffee and a whiff of smoke: 'Action and atmosphere, hone and blood, are the things I try to put into books.'"

Whatever special motive may have inspired Mr. Churchill, the fact remains that the public likes his work, and that his publishers, the Macmillan Company, announce that two hundred and sixty thousand copies have been sold since June 1st.

## MAGAZINE VERSE.

## Put Up the Sword.

I have sung of the soldier's glory  
As I never shall sing again;  
I have gazed on the shambles gory,  
I have smelled of the slaughter-pen.

There is blood in the ink-well clotted,  
There are stains on the laurel-leaf,  
And the pages of Fame are blotted  
With the tears of a needless grief.

The bird is slaughtered for fashion,  
And the beast is killed for sport;  
And never the word compassion  
Is whispered at Moloch's court.

For the parent seal in the water  
Is slain, and her child must die,  
That some sister or wife or daughter  
Her hearty may heartily.

And the merciful thought we smother—  
For such is the way of man—  
As we murder the useless mother  
For the "unborn astrakhan."

But a season of rest comes never  
For the rarest sport of all;  
Will His patience endure forever,  
Who noteth a sparrow's fall?

When the volleys of hell are sweeping  
The sea and the hattle plain,  
Do you think that our God is sleeping,  
And never to wake again?

When hunger and ravenous fever  
Are slaying the wasted frame,  
Shall we worship the red deceiver,  
The devil that men call Fame?

We may swing the censor to cover  
The odor of blood—in vain;  
God asks us, over and over,  
"Where is thy brother, Cain?"

—James Jeffrey Roche in the *Century Magazine*.

## The Suicide.

Toil-worn, but trusting Zeno's mad belief,  
A soul went waiting from the world of grief:  
A wild hope led the way,  
Then suddenly—dismay!  
Lo, the old load was there—  
The duty, the despair!  
Nothing had changed: still only one escape  
From its old self into the angel shape.

—Edwin Markham in *Scribner's Magazine*.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A London Buck's Quixotic Quest.

"The Watchers," by A. E. W. Mason, starts in with a novel introduction that grips one's interest from the first—a convivial party in a gay young buck's rooms in London in the middle of the eighteenth century, with "Lieutenant Clutterbuck playing at ninespins down the middle with half a dozen decanters and a couple of silver salvers, and Mr. Macfarlane, a young gentleman of a Scottish regiment, practicing a game of his own"—golf, with a little paper ball and the fire-irons and Lieutenant Clutterbuck's sword for dubs.

It is a very Bacchanalian revel, and properly shocking, but Mr. Mason has chosen it well to show the way in which Stephen Berkeley, the narrator of the tale, was frittering away his life when a travel-stained country lad comes in upon the revelers with an appeal for aid to a helpless damsel, and so inspires Berkeley to the enterprise which forms the basis of the tale.

The enterprise is to rescue from some danger a young woman who lives on the Island of Tresco, in the Scillies, in a great stone house besieged by watchers. Who the maiden is, the nature of the danger threatening her, and why the stone house is watched, Berkeley has no faintest idea. He is merely weary of fashionable dissipation, and seeks adventure—a desire that is fulfilled to the uttermost before the tale is ended. The girl proves to be Helen Mayle, the adopted daughter of an old smuggler and pirate who, dying, had carried to his grave the secret of the whereabouts of a mighty treasure, and the watchers turn out to be old Mayle's piratical associates, who hope to extort the secret from Mayle's son, a young rascal then in hiding, but likely to return to the old stone house where his father had died and his adopted sister, Helen, is living.

Berkeley's adventures with the watchers are of the liveliest description; young Mayle has a trick of hypnotizing people and making them do the most unaccountable things; and, finally, Helen Mayle is a very personable young woman, and Berkeley promptly falls in love with her. Altogether, what with its distressed maiden and her gallant champion, its hidden treasure and its piratical seekers, and its bold villain and his uncanny arts, "The Watchers" possesses the essentials of an absorbing story, and these have been woven together into a most interesting plot, narrated with a literary skill that conceals the really sensational nature of the incidents.

Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

## A New Dictionary of the Bible.

More than twelve years ago Dr. William Robertson Smith began work upon his idea of a new dictionary of the Bible on critical lines, for the benefit of serious students, both professional and lay. He had contributed to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" more than forty articles on Biblical subjects, a large amount of matter illustrative of his subject, and he intended to republish all that might be found to have stood the test of time, and with new work treating the many points left untouched, to bring the whole up to the high level of the most recent scholarship. A long visit to Palestine was planned, much time was given to the examination of geographical problems, to the distribution of subjects, and to the preparation of minor articles. In these preparatory labors he was ably seconded by J. S. Black, his associate editor and intimate friend. But this long-cherished scheme was not to be carried out by its progenitor. In 1892 Dr. Smith realized that he was suffering from a malady that might terminate fatally at no distant time, and he was forced to consider the necessity of giving up his project. At this time Professor T. K. Cheyne was induced to take up the work, in conjunction with Mr. Black, and the result is now given to the world.

"Encyclopædia Biblica" is a survey of the contents of the Bible, as illuminated by criticism—a criticism which identifies the cause of religion with that of historical truth. The first volume of eleven hundred broad pages covers the first four letters of the alphabet, and includes articles from more than fifty distinguished scholars and critics. In elaborate treatment of detail and weight of critical knowledge the work undoubtedly will long remain unrivaled.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$5.00.

## Our Naval War with Spain.

Captain Alfred T. Mahan has collected a number of valuable articles which he contributed to *McClure's Magazine*, the *North American Review*, *Engineering Magazine*, and *Harper's Monthly Magazine* during the past year, and brought them out in book-form under the title "Lessons of the War with Spain." They do not in any sense constitute a series, and, as they were written for various occasions and at various times, there is in them no sequence of treatment, or even of conception, although, with the exception of the last—"Current Fallacies upon Naval Subjects"—they all have had a common origin in the war with Spain. Over half of the volume is devoted to a study of the lessons of the Spanish-American War—and incidentally some of the elementary conceptions of warfare in general and of naval warfare in particular—Captain Mahan having endeavored to present them in a

form as little technical and as much popular as was consistent with seriousness of treatment.

After an introduction on "Comprehension of military and naval matters possible to the people and important to the nation," he tells us "how the motive of the war gave direction to its earlier movements; of the effect of deficient coast-defense upon the movements of the navy; possibilities open to the Spanish navy at the beginning of the war; problems presented by Cervera's appearance in West Indian waters; the guard set over Cervera and Camara's rush through the Mediterranean and consequent measures taken by this government." Among the other topics discussed are "The Peace Conference and the Moral Aspect of War," "The Relations of the United States to their New Dependencies," and "Distinguishing Qualities of Ships of War." In speaking of the strategic value of Porto Rico, he says:

"It should never be lost sight of by us as long as we have any responsibility, direct or indirect, for the safety of the independence of Cuba. Porto Rico, considered militarily, is to Cuba, to the future Isthmian canal, and to our Pacific Coast, what Malta is or may be to Egypt and the beyond; and there is for us the like necessity to hold and strengthen the one, in its entirety and in its immediate surroundings, that there is for Great Britain to hold the other for the security of her position in Egypt, for her use of the Suez Canal, and for the control of the route to India. It would be extremely difficult for a European state to sustain operations in the Eastern Mediterranean with a British fleet at Malta. Similarly, it would be very difficult for a transatlantic state to maintain operations in the Western Caribbean with a United States fleet based upon Porto Rico and the adjacent islands."

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

## New Publications.

A youthful story of adventure on sea and land is "The Voyage of the *Avengeur*," by Henry St. John. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

"First Steps in Arithmetic," by Ella M. Pierce, has too many steps for its short journey. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston; price, 36 cents.

An excellent collection of stories, poems, and pictures for children is the "Little Folks' Illustrated Annual." Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

A thin, daintily bound volume is "The Burglar's Daughter," by Margaret Peourse, a story with a child heroine. Published by Jordan, Marsh & Co., Boston; price, 50 cents.

"Every Living Creature" is an essay by Ralph Waldo Trine, intended to teach the value and purpose of kindness to animals. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., Boston; price, 35 cents.

"Learning to Read," by Sarah Louise Arnold, is a small volume of suggestions to teachers of young children. It is hard to believe that there are teachers to whom the instruction offered would be valuable. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.

Among the notable books of the season are "The Poetical Works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti," in two volumes, with a portrait frontispiece. This is a reprint of the author's edition, first published in 1837, a year after the poet's death. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Edward Bicknell has prepared a historical review entitled "The Territorial Acquisitions of the United States," which has a timely interest. The author has aimed to avoid partisanship and controversy, giving facts without conclusions. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, 50 cents.

In the Eversley Edition of Shakespeare's works the latest issues are volumes eight and nine, the first containing "Julius Caesar," "Hamlet," and "Othello," and the second "King Lear," "Macbeth," and "Antony and Cleopatra." Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50 each.

A new process of printing from steel plates is used in producing the pictures ornamenting "A Chinese Calendar," and the result is notable, as the engravings have the clear outlines and delicate light and shade effects of "Velox prints." Published by the Art Publishing Company, San Francisco; price, \$1.00.

Howard W. Tilton, editor of the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil*, has written some thirty brief but meaty essays which make a volume under the title "Lay Sermons." The book is worth while, for there is truth and kindness in every chapter. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Ralph Bergengren has made "a book of pictorial and versified admonition," and presents it labeled "In Case of Need, These May Come Handy." There are some forty pictures, each a quaint conceit drawn with humor in every line, and a stanza of good advice accompanies each design. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

A sequel to "Tommy Anne and the Three Hearts" is offered in "Wabeno the Magician," by Mabel Osgood Wright, and the story is even more interesting than its predecessor. There are some sixty attractive illustrations, and the book will com-

mend itself to young folks. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A richly decorated edition of John Bunyan's "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman" is among the holiday offerings. The volume has twelve full-page illustrations, drawings by George Woollicraft Rhead and Louis Rhead, portraying the vices, and there are numerous ornamental pieces scattered through the text. Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$3.50.

Those who have desired to know something of Roumania and her Hohenzollern ruler, and there are many, will find a feast in "Reminiscences of the King of Roumania," edited from the original with an introduction by Sidney Whitman. The frontispiece is a fine portrait of King Charles, and a complete index adds to the value of the attractive volume. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$3.00.

A new and, it must be admitted, a less attractive exposition of the powers of the author of "King Solomon's Mines" is given in "A Farmer's Year," by H. Rider Haggard. The book is a diary of experiences and reflections on an English farm, and is minute in its accounts and of some value to all readers, but there was little room for imagination in the work. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$2.50.

The history of the Moors from the expedition of Hanno, the Carthaginian, in 500 B. C., to the present time, is well told in the bulky and handsomely illustrated volume, "The Moorish Empire," by Budgett Meakin, an Arabic scholar and for some years editor of the *Times* of Morocco. The work will undoubtedly take its place as a standard authority. It has a complete index and an extended bibliography. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$5.00.

The artistic and humorous conceits of F. Opper seem especially suited to the illustration of the immortal bard of childhood, and "Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes" with two hundred and fifty pictures by this artist is a treasure. Old readers will be surprised to find such a mass of acquaintances here and yet so much which had been forgotten. Happy those to whom it is all new. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.75.

Cyrano de Bergerac left thirty-four editions of his works, and from one of these his comedy, "Le Pédant Joué," has been rescued, and recently it was produced, for the first time on any stage, by the Cercle Français of Harvard University. Professor Bôcher has written a preface to the comedy, and H. B. Stanton, in an introduction in English, has given a good sketch of Cyrano's life, offering some new matter of his own discovery in France. Published by Jean de Peiffer, Boston.

## Lippincott's Losses.

Of late there is no making of books by J. B. Lippincott & Co., for the fire that lately visited their establishment ate up somewhere between three hundred thousand and five hundred thousand books, and then, its appetite only whetted from what it fed upon, it melted, twisted, warped, and wilted plates, and thus put a temporary ending to the making of books (says the Philadelphia *Press*).

"All is confusion so far," said E. V. Holloway, one of the readers for Lippincott's. "We can't tell what is left and what is not, what plates are ruined, what plates saved. Under tons of *debris* lie tons of plate—the 'Variorum' of Dr. Furness, Da Costa's 'Diagnosis' (just on the press), and thousands of others. Possibly many of the plates are as good as new; others that I know of are melted into a conglomerate mass."

"Fine sets of English books of which we were the American publishers have gone up in smoke. Superb editions of Lamb, Sterne, Coleridge, Thackeray, Dickens, books in sets of from three to fifteen, are hopelessly buried and ruined, or else only a mass of charred remains."

"One happy incident of the fire there was. Our dictionary, on which we have spent upward of ten years in compiling, and which is now about three-quarters finished, is saved. There are thousands on thousands of closely written sheets of paper descriptive of the words in our language, and these sheets of paper were in our building on Filbert Street and in the fire-proof safe."

"Many other manuscripts went up in smoke, however. Stories that we were reading with a view to publication could not be saved. Possibly about twelve of these were destroyed. One tale in particular, a novel, was about to be accepted, and I was reading it for the second time with a view to selecting certain passages for illustration. It was handwritten, and so, doubtless, the author did not have another copy. Who the author was I could not tell you."

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Love's Labor's Lost. Merchant of Venice.  
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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Curious Manifestation of Love.

"Love Made Manifest," by Guy Boothby, would be an excellent peg on which to hang a preachment against the making of many books. It is a long-drawn-out tale of a young man who makes a success as a novelist in London, marries an unconventional person who leaves him directly after the ceremony, finds an old flame richly but unhappily married and elopes with her to the South Sea Islands, and finally, to expiate the sin he has led her into, entombs her and himself in a leper colony from which death alone rescues them.

This theme might be made into a good novel, but it would take a master-hand to do it, and this Mr. Boothby does not possess. The novelist's wife, a super-conscientious young person, is driven from him by abhorrence of his irreligion, and yet it is fear of divine punishment that drives him to the lepers. It seems as if Mr. Boothby had asked himself, not what is the most natural future for the eloping lovers, but what would be the most startling, without regard to its possibility. The man, too, in other situations is stupid and irresolute. In fact, the story is a cheap pot-boiler.

Now why do publishers foist such books on the world? If Guy Boothby had not written "Dr. Nikola," or "The Beautiful White Devil," or something else that has already sold well, the manuscript of "Love Made Manifest" would still be coming back to him from the publishers' readers. Evidently "Love Made Manifest" is expected to sell on the strength of Mr. Boothby's name. But would it not pay the publisher better in the long run to let the dust gather on Mr. Boothby's laurels until he had done something worth the doing, rather than to cheapen his glimmer of fame by such trash as this?

Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

## England and Europe's Greatest Peril.

A story that has been told many times, but never before with the same marshaling of important figures under the brightest light, is well begun in "How England Saved Europe: The Story of the Great War, 1793-1815," by W. H. Fitchett, the first volume of the four which the work will fill being just issued. The historian begins his chronicle with the march of the Guards to Greenwich, three weeks after France had declared war, and describes the appearance of the troops, the sovereign reviewing them in the bitter February dawn, and the roll of the drums that was not stilled till after the tumult of Waterloo. The volume carries on the story to the defense of Acre, and the figures and events that intervene are drawn with a sure hand. The times of which he writes could hardly be described with nerveless prose, and in these pages there is no lack of interest though the style is never fanciful. Portraits, maps, and plans illustrate the chapters, and some of these are rare and all are worthy.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

## Stories of Southern Life.

Nine sketches of life and character in the sunny South are given in "His Defense," by Harry Stillwell Edwards, and each one is a study that displays the author's skill in portraiture and his power to treat humorous or touching situations with deftness and grace. The first of the stories—the one that gives the title to the collection—tells of a "man who cussed his mother-in-law," and was brought into court on the charge. Two well-known characters of Mr. Edwards's creation—Major Crawford Worthington and his *vade-mecum*, Isam—reappear in these pages, and they are as delightful as ever. There are other people, white and black, who will make friends, and their adventures will provoke many smiles, though tears are not always far away.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

## New Publications.

"Doce Cuentos Escogidos," by C. Fontaine, is intended as a Spanish reader for class use. It has explanatory notes and a vocabulary. Published by William R. Jenkins, New York; price, 75 cents.

A detective story for boys, with a sufficiency of ingenious schemes and counter-schemes, thrilling situations, and narrow escapes, is "Telegraph Tom's Venture," by James Otis. Published by the Werner Company, Akron, O.; price, 75 cents.

Two little books of practical value are "How to Be Pretty though Plain," by Mrs. Humphry, and "Successward," by Edward Bok. The first is for young women, the second for young men. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, 50 cents each.

"Stephen the Black," by Caroline H. Pemberton, is a story with an old motive in a new form, and it is well told. There is purpose and art in the book, and it will appeal to all who have a care for an oppressed race. Published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

"Spanish Peggy," a story of young Illinois, by Mary Cartwell Catherwood, has among its leading characters Abraham Lincoln and Richard Yates, who afterward became the governor of the State and the President of the United States. The scenes are vividly described, many of the incidents are

memories of the early settlers, and the whole is a thrilling story of adventure, with a girl heroine. The illustrations are particularly well done. Published by Herbert S. Stone, Chicago; price, \$1.50.

Photographic reproductions of twenty paintings by Robert Reid are presented in a volume entitled "In Summertime." All the subjects are portrayed with outdoor surroundings, and the title for the collection is in harmony with the scenes. The book is handsomely printed, as are all the art works from this house. Published by R. H. Russell, New York.

The latest volume in the Art Lovers' Series is "Saints in Art," by Clara Erskine Clement. This volume, like those that have preceded it in this series, is notable for its fine illustrations as well as for the interest of its text. Thirty-three engravings are given, all choice examples of the work of the masters from Correggio to Coticognola. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

Some old acquaintances appear in the latest issues of the Little Books by Famous Writers Series, but they are welcome. "Episodes in Van Bibber's Life," by Richard Harding Davis, includes that touching sketch "Her First Appearance"; "Good for the Soul," by Margaret Deland, is a story of humor and pathos and philosophy. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents each.

Seventy-one of the artist's best cartoons, each a full-page drawing, are given in "Hits at Politics," by W. A. Rogers, accompanied by a hundred miniature designs. The large pictures have appeared singly in *Harper's Weekly*, but are worthy of preservation as portraits colored by current opinion. There is no little history, impressively told, in the volume. Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$1.50.

Henry N. Dodge has written a long poem on the theme of the final triumph of good over evil, the victory of love supreme, with the title "Christus Victor." The poem is in many parts and in varying measures, from sonorous blank verse to the lightest of lyrics, yet the author's aim is never lost sight of. It is attractively bound in limp white leather, with embellishments in gold. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

During a number of extended visits to the land of Tell, the great number of legends connected with the history of the country impressed Mr. H. A. Guerber, and he began to collect them. The result is an entertaining volume, "Legends of Switzerland," presenting all the more notable stories of the past associated with places of interest. The book has eighteen fine illustrations. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Two educational works of real value are "First Steps in English" (price, 38 cents), and "The Essentials of Language and Grammar" (price, 62 cents). They are written and arranged by Albert LeRoy Bartlett, and appear in the Silver Series of Language Books. Professor Bartlett has attempted to make the study of language and grammar attractive, and his efforts will commend themselves to pupils and to teachers. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.

Professor John Dewey, of Chicago, in "The School and Society," states with earnestness his views of the serious problem of education and present tendencies. His thesis is simply that the child should be in actual touch with life; that the school should immediately interpret that life through the constructive activities of the child; that real discipline is the daughter of such constructive experience. Published by the University of Chicago Press, Chicago; price, 75 cents.

Still another volume of verse from the pen of the Hoosier poet is offered, and in this, as in the earlier books, there are many charms of melody and sentiment. "Riley Love-Lyrics," by James Whitcomb Riley, with life pictures by William B. Dyer, offers a number of the poet's songs that are well known, but they are favorites and equal to their newer companions. The pictures are notable reproductions of photographs. Published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; price, \$1.25.

"Peg Woffington" was Charles Reade's first novel, and it is one that touches the heart of every reader, for its heroine was a woman whose beauty, grace, and wit won friends everywhere. A new edition of the story, with an introduction and biographical sketch of the famous actress by Austin Dobson, and seventy-five spirited illustrations by Hugh Thomson, has been brought out for the holidays. The book is as admirable in dress as in contents, and to be coveted by book-lovers. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

The January number of the *Universal Brotherhood Magazine* comes out in a new and improved form. A number of notable articles will appear in the issue, among them "The Pith and Marrow of the Closing and Coming Century," and "The Purple and Gold of Life."

A fifteen-year-old English girl tried to drown herself in a Wimbledon pond because her mother insisted on her wearing corsets.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

## The Real Subject of Browning's Poem.

OTTAWA, Canada, December 19, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of December 11th, under the heading "Old Favorites," you publish by request Robert Browning's poem, "The Lost Leader," which your correspondent describes as a scathing poem on Tennyson upon his election to the peerage. I wish to correct your correspondent's mistake both as to the nature of the poem and the person to whom it refers. "The Lost Leader" appeared in 1842 among the lyrical ballads which formed the third series of "Bells and Pomegranates." As Tennyson was not raised to the peerage until 1884, forty-two years after the poem was written, it could not have referred to him. Whom it did refer to may be seen by the following letter, written by Robert Browning in answer to inquiries made by the Rev. A. B. Grossart, editor of Wordsworth's Prose Works:

"19 WARWICK CRESCENT, W.,

February 24, 1875.

"DEAR MR. GROSSART: I have been asked the question you now address me with, and as duly answered it, I can't remember how many times. There is no sort of objection to one more assurance, or rather confession, on my part, that I did in my hasty youth presume to use the great and venerated personality of Wordsworth as a sort of painter's model; one from which this or the other particular feature may be selected and turned to account. Had I intended more, above all, such a boldness as portraying the entire man, I should not have talked about 'handfuls of silver and bits of ribbon.' These never influenced the change of politics in the great poet, whose defection, nevertheless, accompanied as it was by a regular face-about of his special party, was to my juvenile apprehension, and even mature consideration, an event to deplore. But just as it is in the tapestry on my wall I can recognize figures which have struck out a fancy, on occasion, that though truly enough thus derived, yet would be preposterous as a copy, so, though I dare not deny the original of my little poem, I altogether refuse to have it considered as the 'very effigies' of such a moral and intellectual superiority. Faithfully yours,

"ROBERT BROWNING."

Respectfully, WARREN Y. SOPER.

## Mr. Maxim Was Misquoted.

18 QUEEN'S GATE PLACE, S. W.,

December 12, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I notice in your publication of the twenty-third of October last some allusion to myself. This article speaks of an interview that a London reporter had with me just before the commencement of the Boer War, in which it is said that I predicted the early crushing of the Boers, and indorsed the utility of armored trains. It further added that my hindsight was better than my foresight, and made various other attempts to show what an outrageous fool I was. Now, as a matter of fact, at the interview referred to, I said the exact reverse of what I am reported to have said by your journal. The London papers, as a rule, had the interview practically correct. In New York it was slightly perverted; in Chicago considerably transformed; and in San Francisco absolutely reversed. Now as San Francisco is about seven thousand miles from London, I take it that by the time the story crosses the Pacific, and is published in India, it will have worked round all right again.

What I really said was that the armored trains would be no good against the Boers; that the Boers were excellent fighters. When I was asked if they would be conquered, I said certainly. They are much like the inhabitants of the Southern States—excellent soldiers and splendid marksmen. The South had a very much larger army than the Boers, and still the South was vanquished, and the same thing will happen to the Boers in time. This view of mine was noticed in a Southern paper, the short comment being that "Maxim was evidently a fool." But they did not explain whether I had overrated them or the Boers.

In regard to the artillery, I said I did not think the Boers would be able to work theirs as efficiently as the English artillerymen, and this has been borne out by facts. The whole story calls to mind something that happened when I was in New York with my wife, about ten years ago. A little notice was published in the papers to this effect: "Mr. Maxim is a little, short man, with a red face. He is a great lover of tobacco, and has recently been married to a young wife." In replying to this, I said that I was considerably above the ordinary height, that I was a very large man, that my face was not particularly red, that I had never tasted tobacco in any form in my life, that I had not been recently married, and that my wife was no longer young—but that all the other statements were quite correct!

I saw no less than five caricatures of myself in a comic paper afterward, every one of which was decorated with a big cigar. Yours truly,

HIRAM S. MAXIM.

## Prosperity for 1900.

Indications everywhere point to great prosperity for the coming year. This is an invariable sign of a healthy nature. The success of a country, as well as the success of an individual, depends upon health. There can be no health if the stomach is weak. If you have any stomach trouble try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which cures dyspepsia, indigestion, and biliousness. It makes strong, vigorous men and women.

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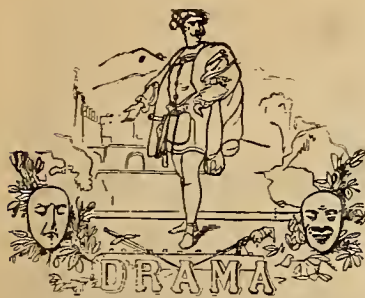
## What does "workable"

mean in galvanized iron?

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If John Storm is a sample Christian, the sooner we all become pagans the better. Seldom have we seen on the stage a more unpleasant and dangerous lunatic. Did common sense ever get an inning in stageland, John Storm would have been put in the nearest asylum and Glory would have become a second Lottie Collins, with Drake to pay the bills. But the great moral drama which is making so much money for Hall Caine & Co. would never have been indorsed by the clergy, nor drawn the pious flocks who now listen reverently to John Storm's ravings and follow with respectful attention the downward course of Glory Quale.

That people should seriously consider so openly commercial a piece of work, should show us, when it comes to questions of art and ethics, what an extraordinarily naïve lot we are. Here is a play as old-fashioned, meretricious, and insincere as the most sentimental efforts of Belasco's muse when it was in its rawest youth. We are appealed to as though we were children being amused at a Punch-and-Judy show. The author of the piece and the managers who have launched it on its successful career stand with their tongues in their cheeks, watching us as the Christianity of the crazy priest and the elevated sentiments of the music-hall singer throw us into transports of sympathy.

Had the play been simply put on as a good money-maker, honestly purporting to be no more nor less than an emotional melodrama, it could have gone on its way through one light season to an unlamented grave. But behind it stands an author of repute, with a cudgel in his hand ready to discipline any one who hints that he built his play more for the consideration of his purse than the moral elevation of his audience. Hall Caine has defended himself with the abandon of a true literary man against all such accusations. He is an admirable business man. Even Colonel Cody himself could not have hit upon a happier idea than that of inviting the clergy to a special matinee and getting their opinions of it in black and white. It is a suggestion that will be followed. Soon we will have the newest soaps and the latest complexion lotions and the last fashionable note-paper indorsed by bishops and recommended by rectors and curates. The dead-head clergy have a sense of gratitude not always observable in the dead-head critics.

Christianity is just now extremely popular on the stage and in fiction. That the professing Christian should have a feeling of sacredness about the God that he worships and the altar before which he bows is an idea that seems to have occurred to no one—even the professing Christian himself. If he can stand seeing a stage-play—with all the elements of the world, the flesh, and the devil mixed in—made on the solemn mysteries of his religion, no one ought to cavil at the author who writes the play and the manager who puts it on. There appears to be nothing that the average Christian more delights in than going to the theatre to witness a high-colored melodrama the motive power of which is his religion, surrounded by all manner of wickedness most attractively set forth. To be sure, the Christian influence and spirit always triumphs, but not before the most engagingly sinful things have been represented, with a frankness that would make Dumas and Sardou feel that they were getting behind the times.

The Christianity of "The Christian" is about as far from the Christianity that Christ taught as that of the modern church is. It is that dreadful form of selfishness which delights in the making and recommending of cheerless self-sacrifice. It has no apparent purpose but to create an atmosphere of wretchedness where both God and man seem to have intended all to be bright. The sanctimonious hypocrite, with his long face and plausible whine, is not more depressing than John Storm with his black robe and his pious pleasure in trying to be miserable. The life that Christ preached of—a cheerful, inspiring bravery—would have seemed to the dreary Anglican to be a thing of sinful selfishness, not to say frivolity. The only true course for the glory of God was to be as wretched as circumstances would permit. His sentiments were those of the Puritans, as Macaulay summed them up in his famous sentence about bear-baiting, which they discouraged, not because it gave pain to the bear, but pleasure to the spectators.

But the most amusing and irritating side of John Storm was the gravity with which he treated his own position. To say that he was priggish feebly describes his attitude of serene, complacent calm in directing his erring fellow-men. Now and then he loosened the tightness of the rein, and berated them

soundly. They needed it, for they were a bad lot, and no mistake, but it must have been hard to bear from John Storm. In his tirades to Glory, he was as oily as Aaron when he got so plentifully anointed, and it was no wonder that Glory found it impossible to give up the joys of the music-hall for a share of his crust and his cell. But where he really reached sublime heights of impudence was in his allusions to God, whom one would suppose he had on a private telephone wire, and from whom he was constantly receiving instructions as to the ultimate disposal of the sinners that thronged his path. I do not remember ever before on the stage seeing any one who seemed so complacently to regard themselves as the Lord's special instrument in making His wishes known to man.

When the play gets away from John—which it does every now and then—it brightens up somewhat and concerns itself with mundane things. It is a far cry from the Anglican's dismal vestry-room to the foyer of the Colosseum Music Hall. I do not know what the clergy thought of the society they met here, but it is unquestionably loud. The three quarrelsome singing ladies were not at all nice in either their manners or voices. As for Lord Robert Ure and Drake, they were not the kind of people that one would want to know. All the clergy could have wanted to know them for was to convert them, and this—in Drake's case at least—the author did in the last act. Lord Robert's conversion was a thing that even the bold spirit of Hall Caine could not compass, and he passed out of the play with all his imperfections on his head.

With less of Storm and more of Glory—less religion and more plot—"The Christian" would have made a much more lively and interesting play, for Glory is a human being full of color and life. The sketch of her character has spirit and charm. Obedient to the commercial instinct which controlled him in the making of his play, Hall Caine sacrificed sincerity to sentiment. Glory's naïveté and ignorance of the character of her associates and surroundings in the music-hall is absurd. She is represented as having gone through months of the uttermost hardships, the direst poverty, and of finally conquering success by singing in the Colosseum Music Hall. Yet here, rubbing elbows with a society that socially is of the highest and the lowest, she retains the delightful belief in the general kindness of woman and chivalry of man that was hers in her home on the Isle of Man. Had it not been for this the scene with Drake would have been impossible, and the author would have lost an opportunity for a sensational finale and the players a possibility of distinguishing themselves in a dramatic situation.

Despite its incongruities, this act is the best in the play. It is full of movement and glitter, and has the interesting quality which is often found in outside glimpses of the interior of stage life. Here, too, Glory's character, notwithstanding many inconsistencies, reaches its truest expression. All through the conversation with Storm she is extremely natural and attractive. In the hands of a more piquant actress than Effie Ellsler this scene would be deliciously humorous, charming, and yet tender. Compared to the heavy sombreness of the morose priest, the girl's bubbling high spirits and irrepressible coquetry are thrown into an even higher attractiveness than is naturally theirs. The humor in her which makes Glory Quale a really notable creation among modern heroines, comes and goes in sudden glints through the interview as it does nowhere else in the play. The innate, underlying levity of her character, which was at once her weakness and her charm, are indicated by means which may not be subtle, but are yet picturesque. One of the most characteristic is the way in which, lingeringly but irresistibly, she withdraws from the side of the denunciatory clergyman to the door, beyond which her disreputable but merry friends sit at supper. An actress dowered with a sense of humor and a mobile set of features might have made herself famous by the varying expressions that flitted over her face as she stood listening, shamefaced but struggling with inward amusement, to Lord Robert's song.

Glory, as Miss Ellsler plays her, is a merry, little, sprightly woman, who looks too simple and straightforward ever to have been a great music-hall star, or created such disturbances in her own or others' lives. The richness of temperament that made Glory a figure in the London that surrounded her, the splendid flow of high spirits, the rush and zest of life that carried her on unthinking and uncaring, are not indicated in the characterization. Glory Quale in the book is a real creation. In the play, an actress with sympathetic warmth and breadth could have given an impressionist study of her—the island girl, with the wild tang of the sea in her blood, swept along past pitfalls and over obstacles by her breathless interest in the magnificent spectacle of life, not ignorant of what passed about her, but too deeply possessed by the joy of the moment to stop and consider. This suggestion of an irrepressible spontaneity and ever-rallying optimism is not found in Miss Ellsler's Glory. Its good points are something winningly feminine, something cozy, and gentle, and lovable. She is a dear little Glory, if not the radiant one that Hall Caine drew.

The rest of the company is poor. Really, the companies that come here are day by day growing worse. The best to be said of "The Christian" people is that Mr. Emery looks the character of Lord Robert Ure, and as he makes no attempt to

act it, can not be said to spoil it. The others try to act, with results of varying degrees of failure. Mr. Colville's portrayal of John Storm is declamatory, and nothing else. The lean and pallid ascetic is, upon the whole, a fine, healthy-looking fellow, and to make us believe in the stories of fasting and prayer, he whitens his face to the most improbable hue, and tosses his hair upon his marbled brow. When attacked by the mob—there is a mob that howls and growls through two acts—he paints his face to such a degree of pallor that all you can think is that he is fainting with sheer fright.

GERALDINE BONNER.

#### STAGE GOSSIP.

##### A New Melodrama at the California.

The only new production at the theatres next week will be the Adelphi melodrama, "With Flying Colors," which the Frawley Company are to bring out at the California Theatre on Sunday night. This will be its first presentation in the United States, and, as it has been running in London since last August, it will doubtless score a hit. It is in sixteen scenes which call for elaborate stage settings, and there are over sixty speaking parts. The plot is based on the imposture practiced by James Strangeways, a forger, who kills a naval officer just returned from fourteen years' foreign service, and palms himself off as the murdered man, who, from papers found on him, is believed to be the fugitive forger. Of course his true identity is at last discovered, after many thrilling episodes, and virtue triumphs in the end.

On Monday evening, January 8th, Emma Nevada, the great *diva*, who has not been heard here for many years, will give one concert, and on Tuesday evening the Frawleys will resume their season in Pinero's famous social satire, "The Princess and the Butterfly."

##### "Little Bo-Peep" at the Tivoli.

The holiday extravaganza, "Little Bo-Peep" will enter on the second week of its run at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday night. It abounds in the latest songs, sentimental ballads, road jokes, and laughable situations, and offers excellent opportunities for Ferris Hartman, Alf C. Wheelan, Annie Myers, Anna Lichter, Tom Greene, Eloise Mortimer, and all the other favorites to appear to advantage, and closes with a dazzling transformation scene, "Butterflies," in Oscar Fest's best style. Among the novel ballets introduced are a clown-ballet, a Japanese ballet, and a rag-time ballet, in which a heavy of prettily costumed *coryphées* gracefully disport themselves.

##### Second Week of "The Christian."

That Hall Caine's dramatization of "The Christian" has caught the popular fancy of San Francisco theatre-goers is evident from the large audiences which have crowded the Columbia Theatre during the week, and it is safe to predict that it will enjoy great prosperity during the remainder of its stay in this city. The stage settings, notably that of the prologue, showing the ruins on the Isle of Man, are especially picturesque and effective.

The next attraction is to be the James-Kidder-Hanford company in an excellent repertoire of standard plays, including "A Winter's Tale," "The Rivals," "The School for Scandal," "Hamlet," "Othello," and "Macbeth."

##### At the Orpheum.

Billy Rice and W. Frillman, two well-known minstrels, who have but recently taken to the vaudeville stage, will head the bill at the Orpheum next week. They will present a new sketch entitled "A Deserted Mansion," which is said to be "a whirlwind of fun from start to finish." The Rosines, two clever acrobats; Dorothy Drew, a *chic* comedienne; and Douglas and Ford, two song-and-dance comedians, are also among the new-comers; while Fougere, the Parisian *café chanteuse*—who has recovered from her illness of early in the week—Thorne and Carleton, La Sylphe, the Averages, and the Biograph are retained from this week's programme.

##### The Races.

The racing scene again changes to Tanforan Park on Monday, New-Year's Day, and the third meeting will continue for three weeks. The principal event of the first week will be the Baden Stakes, to be run on Thursday next. It is a handicap sweepstakes for three-year-olds and upward, the value of the purse is \$1,200, of which \$200 goes to the second and \$100 to the third, and the distance is one mile and a sixteenth. On Thursday, January 11th, the San Bruno Stakes will be run for, while on Thursday, January 18th, the Belmont Stakes will be the special feature of the week.

All the members of the Dewey family, related to Admiral Dewey, will hold a reunion at the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York, in January or February. It is expected that at least fifteen hundred bearing the family name will be present.

##### Food for Babies

Must be nourishing and suitable, and by "suitable food" is meant a food which a child will properly digest and assimilate. Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for forty years has been the leading infant food. Book entitled "Babies" sent free,

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Commencing Sunday Night, December 31st. Two Matinees. Monday Afternoon—New-Year's Day—and Saturday Afternoon, Ending on Sunday Night, January 7th. The Tremendous English Success.

#### -- WITH FLYING COLORS --

Tuesday Night, January 9th, "The Princess and the Butterfly." Monday Night, January 8th, the Great Diva, Emma Nevada.

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Billy Rice and W. Frillman; the Rosines; Dorothy Drew; Douglas & Ford; Fougere; Thorne & Carleton; La Sylphe; the Averages; and the Biograph.

Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday. Special Matinée New-Year's Day.

### GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Special

Thursday Afternoons, Jan. 18th, Feb. 1st and 15th, and Mar. 1st and 15th, at 3:15.

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Orchestra of Sixty-Six Musicians.

Subscription Price for Series, \$5, \$4, \$3, \$2, and \$1. Sale opens at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Thursday, Jan. 4th, at 9 A. M., and closes Thursday, Jan. 11th, at 5 P. M. Seats for Single Concerts, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c, and 25c.

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## VANITY FAIR.

One of the great events of a New York girl's social life is her *debut* (says the *Basar*). It is then that her social obligations commence, and she becomes more or less personally responsible for her success. It depends entirely upon the girl herself whether she is a favorite or not. When society was smaller, and there was not such an immense field to conquer, it was different. There were distinctive belles then, but now a girl must stand more or less upon her own merits, as there are so many others who are just as well off, just as attractive, and dressed just as well. Good manners go for a great deal, and it is becoming more and more a fact in New York society that the girls who have the best manners, and who are the most unselfish, are by far the most popular. The first winter is a very busy one. There are balls, dinners, dances, receptions, and luncheons to attend, to say nothing of the paying and returning of visits, and of a thousand and one other social obligations. It is a very difficult matter to remember all the new faces, remember names, and make no mistakes, and for some young girls this means hard work mixed with pleasure. There are several different ways of bringing a girl out, each of which depends upon the length of the purse of her parents. Some girls are brought out at large private dances or balls; others at large receptions, which are given in the afternoon from four until seven o'clock, and are called "at homes"; and some are introduced at "days." These are given generally on four, three, or two consecutive days during the month, and are afternoon receptions on a smaller scale. A very pretty custom is the sending of flowers to the *debutante* on the day of her "at home." She receives cut flowers and bouquets from all her own best friends, and from many of her mother's as well. Some girls have been known to get as many as one hundred and twenty-five bouquets on the day they "came out," and cut flowers enough to decorate the tables and mantel-pieces in both dining and drawing-rooms.

The excitement of the *debut* over, the "rush" of the season begins. Invitations come pouring in; engagement-books are filled with something to do and somewhere to go every hour in the day early. The social side of the young woman's life has commenced, and before she knows where she is, she is caught in the whirl and must flow with the tide. One of the first things her mother does is to join and subscribe to the principal dancing-classes, series of dances, and assembly halls. This ought to be done the spring previous to the daughter's coming out, which is the time when the lists are made out and names sent in for the winter dances and entertainments. First on the list of swell dances in New York are the assemblies. The Patriarchs used to be the swaggers of the year, and shared honors with the assemblies. But they have been given up for a year or two, and the assemblies hold first place now. There are two of these balls given during the winter—the first one about the middle of December. It is at this one that the *debutantes* of the season are seen to all their splendor. The assemblies are all subscription affairs. Besides these series of dances are the dancing-classes, given, as all the others are, either at Sherry's, Delmonico's, or the Waldorf-Astoria. Each member of the dancing-class pays so much—from ten to fifteen dollars for the set of dances.

In addition to all these festivities, there are a great many private balls given in New York during the winter—many more than formerly, as large and handsome houses are nowadays built with ball and music-rooms attached. Of course, the "swellest" way to bring a daughter out is to give her a ball or big dance at one's own house, and many of them are introduced in this way. "Dinner-dances," though perhaps not quite so fashionable as they were a year or two ago, still come in, well up on the list of the *debutante's* engagements; and she enjoys them too, as they are not only a very complimentary way of entertaining her, but give her an opportunity of meeting people with whom she can talk as well as dance. For these dinner-dances invitations are sent out about three weeks beforehand. The dinners are served to as many as forty people, seated at small tables. Then at least forty or fifty more are asked to come in afterwards, for the dance—usually a short one, as the dinner-hour is invariably eight o'clock. There are a number of *debutante* dinners also given during the winter. Some girls have had as many as sixty or seventy invitations to affairs of this kind, from December to Lent; of course they can not accept them all, but it is safe to say they go to as many as possible. Dinner-parties are among a young girl's greatest cards, even if she does not always have a "wildly gay time." If her parents can afford it, they take a box at the opera, or share one with some one else. Many people have a box which they use for every other matinee and certain evenings in the week, sharing it in this way with another person, each one taking turns. If a girl has not been introduced, she is not expected to be seen at the opera in the evening. Girls' luncheons are the social school of the *debutante*. It is there she hears all the news and gossip—who is devoted to whom, and how much attention Miss So-and-So received at Mrs. Blanc's ball, and "Are you going here?" and "Did you go there?" The questions

and answers fly like shot and shell. The afternoons are taken up with paying and returning visits. Nearly every one has "days," and the social obligations of the young woman begin in earnest when she sees the long list before her of "visits owing." No one can say that the *debut* of a fashionable New York girl is one long dream of unalloyed bliss. There is a great deal of hard work attached to it, as well as an immense amount of pleasure and excitement.

White House and diplomatic circles are excited over the blackballing of Señor Quesada, the Cuban commissioner, by the Metropolitan Club of Washington, D. C. The Metropolitan is the most exclusive social club in the national capital, and contains a large percentage of members of the diplomatic corps, who are charged no initiation fee, and only pay dues during their residence there. Embassadors, ministers, *attachés*, and mere under-secretaries have been admitted with hardly the formality of a ballot, all of which, of course, only emphasizes the club's rejection of Señor Quesada. Before the outbreak of the Spanish war Señor Quesada represented the Cuban junta there. He received no official recognition, however, and was invited to no official functions. After the war was started Señor Quesada's status improved somewhat, and when the so-called Cuban government revoked his commission and denounced him as a "traitor" to Cuba he seemed to find even more favor with the administration. President McKinley appointed him a commissioner at a salary of five thousand dollars, to be paid out of the revenues of Cuba. While representing the Cuban junta Señor Quesada claimed that he received no salary. Recently the President appointed Quesada to be an assistant to Major-General Wood, the new governor-general of Cuba, and it was thought best before Quesada's departure for Cuba to have him obtain the social and diplomatic endorsement of admission to the Metropolitan Club. When his name was proposed, John Hay, Secretary of State, acted as his chief sponsor, and W. W. Rockhill, ex-Assistant Secretary of State and now Chief of the Bureau of American Republics, seconded the nomination. It was, therefore, a bewildering surprise even to most of the members of the club when it was found that he had been rejected.

To no South American state are classes more clearly defined than in Chile (says a Valparaiso correspondent of the New York *Sun*). The richer element of the population is, for the most part, composed of families who have inherited real estate from Spanish ancestors, and these form the oligarchy which for generations past has controlled the political destinies of the country and jealously maintained an attitude of exclusiveness in dealing with the remainder of the Chilean people. Attempts have been made from time to time to break the power of the aristocratic circle, notably so during the presidency of Balmaceda in the years from 1888 to 1891, when the president of the republic used every effort to bring to the front men of fair ability, but obscure origin and without family associations to support them in public life. This endeavor to oust the oligarchic aristocracy was unsuccessful then as on former occasions, and to-day the same names appear in all influential offices as was the case half a century ago, when the fathers and grandfathers of the present generation held the reins of power. Modern civilization has, of course, to some extent toned down the sharper angles of this aristocratic class, and many of the members of the old families are now to be found engaged in various branches of commercial business instead of being absolutely dependent on the rent derived from landed properties, or the income from official posts. By marriage or other chance circumstances a few of the middle class have become absorbed into this aristocratic element, but these are exceptions to the general rule, and as yet no means common at the present time. In this upper stratum of Chilean society there exists a great deal of narrow-minded method of thought, and this tends to retard the material progress of Chile in the direction of the adoption of models and manners in vogue in more advanced countries. The Roman Catholic Church has a real and increasing influence among the Chilean aristocrats, and it is through this part of the population that the church maintains a powerful hold over the political life of the republic. In private life the church is also working more actively than has been the case for many years past. Clerical interference crops out in somewhat startling evidence in the question of marriages between members of the rising generations. Mixed marriages between Roman Catholics and persons of any other faith are frequently made impossible in consequence of the refusal on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities to permit the marriage ceremony to be solemnized in a Catholic church.

A Chicago physician with a statistical turn of mind has been estimating the proper distance covered by a woman in dancing through the ordinary ball-room programme. An average waltz, the doctor estimates, takes one over three-quarters of a mile. A square dance makes you cover half a mile; the same distance is covered in a polka, while a rapid gallop will oblige you to traverse just about a mile. Say there are twelve waltzes, which is a fair average. These alone make nine miles. Three

galops added to this make the distance twelve miles, while from three to five other dances, at a half-mile each, bring up the total to from thirteen to fifteen miles. This, too, is without reckoning the promenade and the extras. "As a means of exercise," says the physician, "it will thus be seen that dancing stands at the head of the list. In golf, for instance, the major part of the exercise consists in the walking around the links, following up the hill, and yet, even in golf, not so much ground is covered as in an evening's dancing."

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, December 27th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	800 @ 110		109 1/2	
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	1,000 @ 116		117	
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	4,000 @ 112		112	113
Oakland Water 5%.....	1,000 @ 108			
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	1,000 @ 113 1/4		114 1/2	115 1/2
S. V. Water 6%.....	1,000 @ 113 1/2			
	STOCKS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	160 @ 74	74 1/2	73 1/2	74 1/2
Spring Valley Water.....	264 @ 93 1/2	94 1/2	93 1/2	94 1/2
Gas and Electric.				
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	678 @ 52	52 1/2	52	52 1/2
S. F. Gas.....	665 @ 3 1/4	3 1/2	3 1/4	4
Insurance.				
Fireman's Fund.....	5 @ 230		220	230
Banks.				
Bank of Cal.....	25 @ 400		400	
Street R. R.				
Market St.....	370 @ 58 1/2	60	59 1/2	
Powders.				
Giant Con.....	410 @ 90	95	94 1/2	95
Sugars.				
Hana P. Co.....	1,765 @ 8	8 1/2	8	8 1/2
Hawaiian.....	175 @ 88	90		89
Honolulu S. Co.....	750 @ 29 1/2	31 1/2	31 1/2	32
Hutchinson.....	1,515 @ 23 1/2	27 1/2	27 1/2	28 1/2
Makaweli S. Co.....	1,485 @ 41 1/2	44 1/2	44 1/2	44 1/2
Onomea S. Co.....	560 @ 25	27 1/2	27 1/2	28 1/2
Panama S. P. Co.....	2,375 @ 25	28 1/2	28 1/2	28 1/2
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.....	80 @ 116 1/2	117	117	
Oceanic Steam Co.....	50 @ 93 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2	95
Pac. C. Box.....	5 @ 138	140		

The sugar stocks were strong, and on sales of 8,600 shares advanced from 3 1/2 to 3 3/4 points, but at the close were mixed, Hawaiian selling down 2 points to 88 and Hana at 8. Oomea closed at 27 1/2 bid, being the only stock holding its gain. The advance in these stocks was made by the public demand to average higher purchases on the large rate of interest paid by these companies.

Giant Powder was strong, and advanced 5 points to 95 on the shorts trying to fill seller sales. This stock is strongly held, as it is known that the dividends will be increased in January.

Market Street was sold down to 58 1/2, but closed in good demand at 59 1/2 and 60.

The gas and electric stocks were quiet and weak on small sales.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-California Banks.

SIG B. SCHLOSS, A. W. BLOW,  
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.  
Tel. Bush 24. 238 Montgomery Street, S. F.

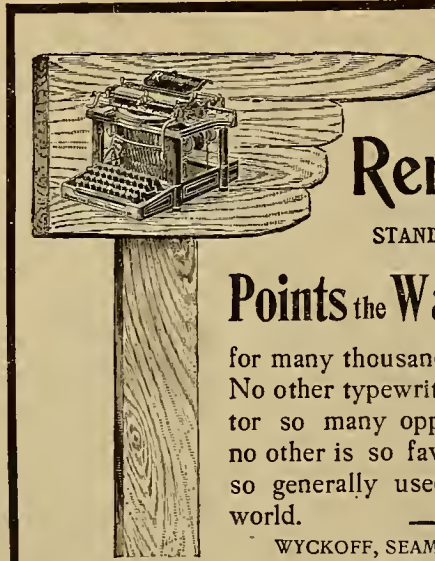
## Hawaiian Trust &amp; Investment Co., Ltd

Stocks and Bonds—We buy and sell strictly on commission all first-class Hawaiian Stocks and Bonds. Members of Honolulu Stock Exchange.

In General—We are prepared to look after property both real and personal, collect and remit incomes, and execute any business commission for persons residing abroad.

References—Messrs. Welch & Co., 220 California Street, San Francisco, Cal. Bank of Hawaii, Limited, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

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## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus..... \$2,187,617.90  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits June 30, 1899..... 27,656,513.03

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNAV; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.

Board of Directors—Jm. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, D. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1899..... \$24,920,395  
Paid-up Capital..... 1,000,000  
Reserve Fund..... 205,215  
Contingent Fund..... 442,763

E. B. POND, Pres., W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.

Directors—George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, Geo. Tabeira, E. B. Pond.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL..... \$2,000,000  
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000  
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT..... 2,365,968  
October 1, 1899.

WILLIAM ALVORD..... President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP..... Vice-President  
THOMAS BROWN..... Asst. Cashier  
S. PRENTISS SMITH..... Assistant Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON..... 2d Assistant Cashier  
ALLEN M. CLAV..... Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS:

New York..... Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.  
The Bank of New York, N. B. A.  
Baltimore..... The National Exchange Bank  
Boston..... The National Shawmut Bank  
Chicago..... Illinois Trust and Savings Bank  
Philadelphia..... Union National Bank  
St. Louis..... The Philadelphia National Bank  
Virginia City, Nev..... Agency of the Bank of California  
London..... Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
Paris..... Messrs. de Rothschild Freres  
Berlin..... Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft  
China, Japan, and East Indies. Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China  
Australia and New Zealand..... The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; CO., BANK

San Francisco, Cal.  
Cash Capital and Surplus..... \$6,250,000  
Jno. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager  
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst-Cashier;  
H. L. MILLER, Second Asst-Cashier.

Directors—John J. Valentine, Andrew Christeson, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Bermingham, Dudley Evans.  
Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,702,300; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,112,546.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.  
COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco,  
411 California Street.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In sentencing a prisoner to be hanged for the murder of a soldier, Lord Eskgrove dilated upon the crime as follows: "And not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propel the lethal weapon through the hillyhand of his regimental breeches, which were his majesty's!"

Buckle attributes the great success of Scottish men of science to their preference for *a priori* or deductive argument. The following story of similar trend was attributed to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. A Scotsman was asserting that all the great poets were of his nation. "Well, but," said one, "how about Shakespeare? You can't say he was a Scotsman." To which the other replied, "His talents would justify the supposition."

The homeliest man in Congress is Eddy, of Minnesota. He rather glories in the distinction of ugliness, especially as all his other characteristics are enviable. During his last campaign the enemies of Mr. Eddy charged him with being double-faced. He met the charge in a manner that disarmed all criticism. "Great heavens," said Mr. Eddy to his audience, "do you think that if I had two faces, I would wear the one I am showing you now?"

The humors of examination papers were illustrated by Dr. Haig Brown, who, speaking at the City of London College upon the responsibility which rested upon examiners in weighing fragments of knowledge, said that the question, "What are the Chiltern Hundreds?" once received the reply, "Small animals which abound in such great numbers in cheese." The inquiry "What is a cherub?" elicited, in its turn, the answer, "An immoral being of uncertain shape."

A solicitor in a Georgia court relates that he once overheard a conversation between his cook and a nurse, who were discussing a recent funeral of a member of their race, at which there had been a great profusion of flowers. The nurse said: "When I die, don't plant no flowers on my grave, but plant a good old watermelon vine, and when it gets ripe you come dar, and don't you eat it, but jes' huss' it on de grave and let dat good old juice dribble down through de ground."

The Boston Transcript tells a story of a man who has a class of hoys in natural history. One of the subjects which he took up was hutterflies and moths, and he told the children a good deal about the chrysalides and cocoons. After he had got the hoys well instructed, he showed one of the smallest of them one of the cocoons, and asked: "What hutterfly is this the cocoon of?" Then the little hoy looked up and said, slowly and respectfully: "My papa says that all cocoons look alike to him!"

When Henry Clay was stumping Kentucky for reelection, at one of his mass-meetings an old hunter of wide political influence said: "Well, Harry, I've always been for you, but because of that vote [which he named], 'I'm goin' agin you.' Let me see your rifle," said Clay. It was handed up to him. "Is she a good rifle?" "Yes," "Did she ever miss fire?" "Well, yes, once." "Why didn't you throw her away?" "The old hunter thought a moment and then said, 'Harry, I'll try you agin.' And Harry was elected."

Sir John Adaye, who was governor of Gihraltar fortress, always made himself closely acquainted with the work of whatever happened to be his department. Meeting a person once coming into the office late, the general asked him what time he was supposed to be on duty. "Oh!" was the reply, "I usually stroll in about eleven or twelve o'clock." "Stroll in?" said Sir John, in a rising tone; "then I presume you do not leave till late?" "Well, I usually slip off about two o'clock." "Slip off at two?" exclaimed the veteran, in his topmost note; "pray, may I ask what department you belong to?" "Oh," said the stranger, "I come every Saturday to attend to the clocks."

Here are three anecdotes from Sir Algernon West's "Reminiscences": "Lord Granville told us of D'Orsay's being at a dinner at Disraeli's which was not of a kind to suit the fashionable *gourmet*, and where everything had been cold. At the end of the dinner there was brought in some half-melted ice in a dish. 'Thank heaven!' said D'Orsay, 'at last we have got something hot.' When Lady Blessington sent D'Orsay to complain of some delay on the part of her publishers, Otley & Saunders, he used very strong language. A dignified man in a high, white neckcloth, who was listening to him, said: 'Count D'Orsay, I would sooner lose Lady Blessington's patronage than submit to such personal abuse.' 'There was nothing personal,' said the count; 'if you are Otley, then damn Saunders; if you are Saunders, then damn Otley.' Lord West-hury, on becoming solicitor-general in Lord Palmerston's government, was called upon by the committee of the Conservative club to resign his member-

ship. Before obeying, he presented himself and addressed them. He had a small and a mincing or finicky voice. Some one at the end of the room called out: 'Speak up!' 'I should have thought,' he said, 'that the ears of any one in this committee were long enough to have heard me.'

## HE OUGHT TO BE ELECTED.

A Candidate for Congress with Opinions Enough for the Whole House.

Senator John R. Reeves, of the Hardeman Free Press, is in the race for Congress, and he proposes making it lively for any one who may come against him.

"I have not formally announced myself," he said last night, "because it is too early to enter the fight, but I will do so later on."

"What will you do for Memphis?"

"If elected, a whole lot. I will get money from the government, dam up Wolf River a few miles out, have a pleasure lake with picnic islands and beer-gardens in it, and fish that will come to you when you call them. With the water precipitated over the dam I would turn huge turbine-wheels and generate electricity enough to light and heat the city and run all the machinery, including the street-cars and the police court. Power would be so cheap that factories would come and Memphis would be the Lowell of the South."

"Anything else?"

"Yes; I would compel every policeman to keep his wife with him while on duty, and I would pay her more salary than her husband receives."

"But suppose there were children?"

"Leave 'em all at the station-house and make 'Joe' Fitzgerald run a kindergarten."

"How are you on the temperance question?"

"You mean the water-wagon?"

"Yes."

"I'm not on it. The riding is too rough."

"You are not a Prohibitionist, then?"

"No; I favor more whisky, better whisky, and bigger barrels."

"Would you resist the transit of Venus?"

"I never resist a lady."

"What else would you do?"

"I would give every town in the district a lunatic asylum, so they would not be jealous of Bolivar."

"What do you think of the law of supply and demand?"

"I never read it, but it ought to be repealed. Government should protect the people. When a man has anything to sell he should get a good price for it. When he wants to buy anything he should be able to buy it cheap. First thing I do when I get to Congress will be to pass a law regulating this."

"Would you attack the abstract sciences—the multiplication table or the rules of long division?"

"I would. When it comes to favoring my friends, I would say twice two are ten, and when I came to dividing the spoils I would make the division so long that no one who ever voted the Republican ticket would get anything."

"What do you think of the money devil?"

"There is a coolness between us. He never liked me. I could never be on sociable terms with him. He avoids me, and I think somebody has been telling him lies on me that have prejudiced him against me."

"Are you opposed to trusts?"

"The big ones, yes. The little ones I rather like, when I have no change about me, but I can't find them."

"Do you believe in levees?"

"On both sides of the river, with a macadamized driveway in the middle."

"How are you on the question of expansion?"

"I believe we ought to expand until Columbia's skirts *frou-frou* against the uttermost rim of the world. I'm an anti-imperialist, also. You can't lose me."

"What is your theory of inehriety?"

"I have given the question much study, and I have come to the conclusion that there is a multitude of superinducing causes—conspicuous avatism—some ancestor was a hooze fighter and it breaks out in the descendant far beyond the fourth generation; a destruction of the equilibrium between the physical and mental forces by the undue exercise of either. Brain fog: where a man thinks he is thinking and gets tired. Temperamental infirmity: where a persoo's feelings are set on a hair-trigger, and will fly up to elation or sink to despondency in an instant. Habit: the feeling that something pressing is undone, and that there is nothing else to do. Structural defect in character: where a lacking or exiguity of moral or spiritual fullness is felt on meeting a friend, and when nothing else will fill the vacuum adequately, save the physical act of imbihing. This is usually called sociability. Sometimes ioheriation is continued because a sensitive man fears to thiook of the fool things he did while out with the boys. Sometimes he feels that he has been good so long that he ought to celebrate the event. Ordinarily it is pure cussedness, or the result of some mental obliquity, the result of abnormally developing one faculty while dwarfing the others."

"Can a man become intoxicated without drinking?"

"He cao. If a constant drinker goes without a

stimulant for a week or two the novelty of being soher will intoxicate him, and off he goes again."

"What is the cure?"

"Be horn again."

"Do you look for much of a scramble in your contest?"

"Yes; the place is worth scrambling for. There will be gouging and hair-pulling, but I like that."

"What do you think of the theory of Novalis that universal suicide might be justifiable?"

"I think that Dutchman was a hlamed fool."

"Are you in favor of a three-wire fence?"

"The fence law is a local question, as Hancock said of the tariff. I don't think Congress should interfere in our district affairs."

"What will you do first when you get to Washington?"

"Ask for an appropriation."

"And next?"

"Rent a wagon yard so I can take care of my friends who will come looking for places."

Senator Reeves returned last night and will soon open his campaign in Yum Yum.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal*.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Flight of Time.

A young lady much given to laughter,  
Woke the echoes from floor to raughter,  
When her hest beau  
Said at to he must geau,  
For 'twas then 45 minutes aughter.

—Chicago News.

## The Bachelor's Lament.

Returning home at close of day,  
Who gently chides my long delay,  
And by my side delights to stay?  
Nobody!

Who sets for me the easy-chair,  
Spreads out the papers with such care,  
And lays my slippers ready there?  
Nobody!

When plunged in deep and dire distress,  
When anxious cares my heart oppress,  
Who whispers hopes of happiness?  
Nobody!

When sickness comes and sorrow twain,  
And grief distracts my fevered brain,  
Who sympathizes with my pain?  
Nobody!

But I'm resolved, so help me fate,  
To change at once my single state,  
At Hymen's altar I will mate  
Somebody!

—Thomasville Enterprise.

## Love and Poker.

"My 'Queen,'" said he, "I'd like 'two pair' with you." The fair maid blushed, and said: "Now, Jack, I'd 'heat' you there, for, don't you see, I'm flushed?" "But that ain't 'straight,'" replied her "Jack"; (That "hand-sir" dimmed his lustre;) "Such 'play' (on words) you know I lack"—And then he "doubled hussed" her. "Please name the day; I would 'deal light' to even 'hoard' your 'ante,' I've 'table steaks'—give me a sight!—Shall I 'order cards'—or shan't I?" The "Queen" said yes; and now, grown hold, They "draw" their carriage wicker; On afternoons you'll "see" them stroll—It "holds up a little kicker!"

—T. L. Wilson in Titusville World.

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The Land of Sunny Days.

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## International Navigation Co.'s Lines

## AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, to A. M.  
St. Louis.....January 10 | New York.....January 24  
St. Paul.....January 17 | St. Louis.....January 31

## RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.  
Noordland.....January 10 | Friesland.....January 24  
Aragonia.....January 17 | Southwark.....January 31

## EMPIRE LINE.

To Alaska and Gold Fields.

Rates and Sailings for 1900 now ready. For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

## A Silver Safeguard

The value of your Silver consist not only of its intrinsic worth, but its beauty of finish or brilliancy. That is greater or less according to the material you employ for cleaning; upon that depends half its beauty—brilliancy—

SILVER  
ELECTRO-SILICON  
POLISH

a proper silver cleaner keeps your ware as it came from the silversmith, then half its charm to you was its brilliancy. A million housewives—by constant use—give silent proof that Electro-Silicon is the only proper silver polish.

At grocers or postpaid, 15 cts. in stamps.

Trial quantity for the asking.

The Electro Silicon Company,  
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OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1900.  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, Jan. 6  
Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Thursday, Feb. 1  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Feb. 27  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Friday, Mar. 23  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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Hongkong Maru.....Tuesday, January 16, 1900  
Nippon Maru.....Friday, February 9  
America Maru.....Wednesday, March 7

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

**OCEANIC** S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Jan. 10, 2 p.m.  
S. S. Moana sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8 p.m.

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For Alaskan ports, to A. M., January 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, February 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, to A. M., January 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, February 5, and every fifth day thereafter.  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., Jan. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Feb. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.  
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., January 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, February 4, and every fourth day thereafter.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., January 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, February 2, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.  
For Mexican ports, to A. M., seventh of each month. The company reserves the right to change without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing.  
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## SOCIETY.

## The Hayne-Bourn Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Maud E. C. Bourn to Mr. W. Alston Hayne, Jr., took place on Wednesday evening, December 27th, at the home of the bride's mother at 2030 Broadway. The bride is the daughter of the late William B. Bourn and Mrs. Bourn and the sister of Mr. William B. Bourn and Mrs. James E. Tucker. Mr. Hayne is the second son of Colonel and Mrs. William Alston Hayne, of Montecito, and a brother of Judge Robert Y. Hayne.

The ceremony was performed shortly after nine o'clock by the Rev. Watson L. Clark, of Benicia. The bride was given into the groom's keeping by her mother, Mrs. William B. Bourn, Sr. The maid of honor was the bride's sister, Miss Ida Bourn, and the bridesmaids were Miss Maizie Langhorne, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Margaret Hayne, and the bride's niece and namesake, Miss Maud Bourn. Mr. Hayne was attended by his brother, Lieutenant Arthur Perinot Hayne, Second Artillery, U. S. V., as best man. Only relatives and a few intimate friends were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayne left on Thursday for St. Helena, and in a few days will go to Mr. Hayne's ranch, near Santa Barbara, to remain through the winter.

## The Vogelgesang-Shepard Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Zenaide Shepard, daughter of Captain Edwin Malcolm Shepard, U. S. N., and Mrs. Shepard, to Lieutenant Charles Theodore Vogelgesang, U. S. N., of this city, took place at noon on Wednesday, December 27th, at St. Paul's Memorial Church, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y.

The bridesmaids were Miss Emily Kennedy, of Philadelphia, Miss Mary Tod, of Washington, and Miss Sackett, of New York, and the ushers were Lieutenant Montgomery M. Taylor, U. S. N., of Washington, Lieutenant William A. Moffett, U. S. N., of the *Pennsylvania*, Captain Thomas C. Treadwell, marine corps, U. S. N., of the *Brooklyn*, Lieutenant Arthur Cranston, Seventeenth Infantry, U. S. A., Mr. J. M. Blankenship, of Baltimore, and Mr. W. H. Chase, of New York.

## The Hopkins Dinner.

Miss Helen Hopkins gave a dinner-party at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, last Wednesday evening. It was in honor of Miss Clara Hamilton, whose engagement to Mr. George A. Martin was announced recently, but owing to the unexpected death of Mr. Martin's mother, Mrs. William H. Martin, on Wednesday, neither Miss Hamilton nor Mr. Martin was present.

Those at table were Miss Helen Hopkins, Miss Edna Hopkins, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Thérèse Morgan,

Miss Mary Scott, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. Samuel G. Boardman, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Clarence Follis, Mr. Gerald L. Rathbone, and Mr. Harry B. Houghton.

## La Jeunesse Cotillion.

The third meeting of La Jeunesse took place last Friday evening at Cotillion Hall. It was a Christmas cotillion, the hall being appropriately decorated with holly and Christmas greens. The members and their guests were received by the patronesses, Mrs. J. W. McClung, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. Phebe Hearst, Mrs. A. W. Foster, and Mrs. W. H. Mills—Mrs. H. E. Huntington and Mrs. W. A. McKittrick being out of town.

Among the young ladies in the first set were Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Nichols, Miss Poett, Miss Buelah Stubbs, Miss Shingleberger, Miss Lieb, Miss Kline, Miss Valentine, and Miss Knowles.

The next meeting, on January 26th, is to be the army and navy cotillion, being led by officers in both branches of the service and the decorations being of a military character. Inasmuch as twice as many persons are expected to be present as are at the usual meetings, it will be held in Native Sons' Hall.

## Notes and Gossip.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Helen Hopkins to Mr. Augustus C. Taylor. Miss Hopkins is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins. Mr. Taylor is the eldest son of Captain and Mrs. W. H. Taylor and is a brother of Mrs. George A. Pope. He is a member of the University Club and in business is associated with his father in the Risdon Iron Works.

The engagement is announced of Miss Augusta D. Evans, daughter of Mr. J. F. Evans, to Mr. Churchill Taylor, son of the late James M. Taylor, both of Oakland. The wedding will take place in January.

The marriage of Miss Mary Bell Gwin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Gwin, to Mr. James H. Follis, son of Mr. R. H. Follis, is to take place on Monday, January 1st, at the home of the bride-elect's grandmother, Mrs. William Gwin, 1490 Sacramento Street. Owing to recent bereavement in the Gwin family, the wedding is to be a very quiet one. There will be no attendants to bride or groom.

The marriage of Miss Mai Tucker, daughter of Mrs. Joseph Clarence Tucker, to Mr. Augustin Sylvester Macdonald will take place in St. Paul's Church, in Oakland, at eight o'clock on Monday evening, January 1st. It will be followed by a reception at the Hotel Metropole.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Sands Forman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sands W. Forman, and Mr. Arthur J. Brander, of London, will take place on January 10th. The ceremony, which will be

performed by the Rev. Father Varsey, president of St. Ignatius College, will take place at noon at the home of Mr. James V. Coleman, the godfather of the bride-elect, and the maid of honor will be Miss Lillian Spreckels. After a visit to Del Monte they will return to the Palace Hotel for a week, and sail on January 24th for Australia.

Mrs. Florence Blythe Hincley was married to Mr. Albert Alfonso Moore, Jr., of Oakland, at her home on Sacramento Street on Thursday afternoon, December 28th. The Rev. William C. Shaw performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by only a few relatives and friends. Mr. Stanley Moore was the best man, and there were no bridesmaids.

Miss Ethyl Hager's costume-dinner, which was postponed from December 21st, is to take place on January 3d, at her home at the south-west corner of Franklin and Sacramento Streets. It is to be a very novel affair, children's costume being *de rigueur*, and after dinner children's games will be played. Miss Hager's guests will number eighteen.

Miss Leontine Blakeman has invited a number of her friends to an informal gathering at her home on the afternoon of New-Year's Day.

There will be a concert at the Burlingame Country Club during luncheon on Monday, January 1st, and a polo game will be played in the afternoon.

Miss Edith Stubbs gave a dinner in honor of Miss Genevieve King at her parents' home, on Pacific Avenue, last Wednesday evening.

Miss Thérèse Morgan entertained a number of ladies at luncheon at the University Club on Thursday last.

## New-Year's Day.

One greeting more to one of noble fame,  
Our comrade since our birth; our fathers', too;  
Into whose springtime hopes our grandsires came  
Whose promises to them, for us came true.

What struggles and what gains have filled his day!  
What peerless triumphs of a mind set free!  
What stubborn shrinking, oftentimes, to pay  
The woeful birth-price of the is-to-be.

Hoary, sublime, deathless yet doomed to die,  
No other New-Year's dawning his shall be.  
Vouchsafe him, Time, such end that men shall cry—  
"Grand was thy passing, Nineteenth Century!"  
—E. S. Martin in *Scribner's Magazine*.

## The Return of Emma Nevada.

After an absence from this coast of nearly sixteen years Emma Nevada, one of America's most brilliant singers and greatest cantatrices will return to this city for a series of concerts week after next at the California Theatre. The great interest being evidenced in Mme. Nevada's return is to some extent indicated by the subscriptions, which, according to advance announcements, are the largest known here in years. On being interviewed the other day, by a New York daily, the popular *diva* said: "I was educated at Mills Seminary, California, and afterward went to Vienna and studied under Mme. Marchesi, who has made so many singers famous. My sojourn in Europe has been more than successful. I have, as I said, sung before every crowned head, with perhaps the exception of the King of Sweden, who came to one of my concerts one night, only to find that it had been postponed. Just before coming to America I sang before Queen Victoria, being received at Osborne privately. The queen was very kind, and conferred upon me the jubilee decoration."

The eight unmarried ladies who hold office as Victoria's maids of honor have some privileges. They are given the prefix of "honorable," and on marrying receive from the queen the gift of one thousand pounds. One or two maids of honor reside for a fortnight at a time at Windsor or Osborne, but her majesty seldom takes more than one to Scotland. The distinctive badge worn by maids of honor is a bow of scarlet ribbon on the shoulder, while the ladies-in-waiting wear a white bow with the queen's cameo portrait. The dowry of a maid of honor has been given for at least one hundred and fifty years, but is according to her majesty's pleasure, and in 1868 it was refused to one lady who engaged herself in marriage without the consent of her royal mistress.

St. Columbia's shrine, with the ruins of the cathedral on the Isle of Iona, has been turned over by the Duke of Argyll to the Scotch Presbyterians. He has handed it over in trust to the Established Church of Scotland, and in case the church should ever be disestablished, to three civil representatives of the nation. The duke apparently thinks disestablishment is near at hand, for he names the eventual lay trustees in the deed.

Roumania follows Russia's lead in the crusade against the corset. The minister of religion and education has issued a circular to principals of girls' schools ordering them to forbid the wearing of corsets because they are injurious to health.

The laws of Mexico provide that a Mormon who wishes to take a second wife must present a certificate signed by his first helpmeet to the effect that she is willing; and he must also have the express consent of the second wife and her parents.

## Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

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WHILE words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. MUMM & Co.'s EXTRA DRY in 1898 aggregating 86,855 cases, or 52,649 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

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sweet, creamy,  
delicate and  
crispy—is a joy  
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Powder improves  
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adds to the healthful-  
ness of all risen flour-  
foods. It renders the  
biscuit, bread and cake  
more digestible and  
nutritious.

Royal Baking Pow-  
der makes hot breads  
wholesome. Food  
raised with Royal will  
not distress persons of  
delicate or enfeebled  
digestion, though eaten  
warm and fresh.

Imitation baking powders almost invariably contain alum. Alum makes the food unwholesome.

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## SOCIETY.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels and Miss Spreckels are now established at Nice. They were recently members of a house-party given by Mrs. Holden at Easwell Park, in England, in honor of the Duke of Cambridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon have left their apartment in the Climp-Elysées, in Paris, and are spending some weeks on the Riviera.

Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick has returned from a six weeks' visit to the East.

Miss Kate Clement, who started some months ago on a long voyage in the South Seas with Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Fithian, of Santa Barbara, and Mr. George Loughborough, returned to her home in Oakland on Saturday, December 23d.

Mr. John G. Follansbee arrived from Chihuahua, Mexico, on Tuesday, and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. William H. Mills and the Misses Ardella and Elizabeth Mills will leave for Paris this month, intending to remain there through the exposition.

Mr. William Prescott Scott arrived on Sunday, December 24th, from Yale College, to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott.

Mrs. George A. Crux is now at the Richelieu, where she will be at home on Mondays.

Mr. and Mrs. George G. Carr went to Los Angeles on Thursday, where they will remain until spring.

Mr. and Mrs. George Davis Boyd, who have been visiting Mrs. Kittle at her residence on Pacific Avenue and Steiner Streets, returned on Friday to their home in San Rafael.

Mr. J. T. Agard was among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. S. B. Cushing, of San Rafael, was a guest at the California Hotel early in the week.

Mr. Walter Magee arrived in New York on Monday, December 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Gilman Brown are at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. Nicholas G. Kittle is up from Fresno to spend the holidays with his mother, Mrs. Kittle, at her home on Pacific Avenue and Steiner Street.

Mrs. Henry E. Huntington is visiting friends in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. W. A. McKittrick, who is entertaining a house-party at her home in Bakersfield, will return to town on Tuesday, January 2d.

Mr. Frederick A. Greenwood has returned from his visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. Lawrence Van Winkle left on Sunday, December 24th, for a short visit to Coronado.

Mr. George H. Mendel, Jr., has been in town for the holidays, but will return next week to Denver, Colo.

Mrs. H. R. Judah enjoyed a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

The Rev. Watson L. Clark came down from Benicia on Wednesday, and was a guest at the California Hotel.

Mr. Richard S. Heath returned on Thursday from Alaska.

Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Darnell, of Denver, made a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais this week.

Mrs. M. C. Seligman, of New York, has joined her husband at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Pullman were among the passengers who returned to New York on the White Star liner *Teutonic* on her last trip from Liverpool.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Cook, of Portland, Or., were among the recent visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Hymers, of Reno, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Isham, of Sacramento, Mrs. J. V. Smith, Miss Fern Smith, and Miss Robinson, of Palo Alto, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Lamping and Mrs. Mary E. Lamping, of Seattle, Mr. and Mrs. J. Doxey, of Belvedere, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Atkinson, of Santa Maria, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Ingram, of Dunsmuir, Mr. C. M. Prior, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Irish, Miss Irish, and Mrs. Robert Efeff, of Santa Cruz, and Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Peet, of Madera.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Grunsky, Mrs. W. W. Van Arsdale, Mr. Daniel E. Hayes, Mr. James F. Webster, Mrs. W. H. Payson, of Berkeley, Mr. C. A. Hjelm, of Gothenberg, Sweden, Mr. A. J. Holden, of Boston, Mr. L. G. Craig, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. D. Keefer, of Cincinnati, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilson, of New York, Mr. Hugh J. Call, of Glasgow, Mr. John F. Risley, of Oswego, and Mr. W. von Hoffman, of Salzuffin, Germany.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General Gilbert S. Carpenter, U. S. A., has been placed on the retired list, after thirty years' active service.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. M. J. Sanno, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., has been promoted to the colonelcy of the Eighteenth Infantry.

Commander John A. Hawley, U. S. N., is a guest at the California Hotel.

Major William H. Crowell, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as acting inspector-general of the Department of Texas, and ordered to this city.

First-Lieutenant Robert H. Allen, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as aid-de-camp to Brigadier-General Thomas M. Anderson, U. S. A., and ordered to duty in this city.

Lieutenant Milton L. McGrew, Sixteenth Infantry,

U. S. A., was a guest at the California Hotel during the week.

Second Lieutenant Howard Avery, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., is at his home in Sausalito, where he is rapidly recovering from his recent illness.

Lieutenant Walter L. Wilson, paymaster, U. S. N., is stopping at the California Hotel.

## Golf and Tennis Notes.

The qualifying round, 18 holes, nidal play, in the first tournament for the San Francisco Golf Club's Council's Trophy for men was played on the Presidio links on December 23d, 24th, and 25th. Twelve entered, but three withdrew, and the results were:

	First Round.	Second Round.	Total.
John Lawson.....	44	43	92
S. L. Abbott, Jr.....	47	50	97
Harry B. Goodwin.....	52	47	99
Charles Page.....	52	48	100
J. W. Byrne.....	49	52	101
A. B. Williamson.....	43	53	101
E. J. McCutchen.....	54	48	102
Major Hugh J. Gallagher.....	52	52	104
Leonard Cheney.....	55	51	106

The eight contestants making the lowest scores will compete in the first round, 18 holes, match play, of the tournament, which will take place on Saturday, December 30th. The semi-final round will begin on New-Year's Day at ten o'clock in the morning, and the final round will begin at two thirty o'clock that afternoon.

The winner of this tournament will have his name inscribed on the large silver trophy—which must be won three times by the same man before it passes into his possession—and he will also receive a small replica of the trophy, the runner-up in the tournament also receiving a handsome prize.

There will also be a consolation handicap tournament, 18 holes, medal play, open to all members of the club except the winner and runner-up in the Council's Trophy contest, on New-Year's Day.

Several handsome prizes, to be awarded in a ladies' competition, are now on exhibition in the club-rooms. Mr. J. W. Byrne has presented a tall vase of Bohemian glass for a putting contest, each contestant to put four balls from the four sides of each of the nine greens; Mr. W. B. Bourne gives a golf-club, full size but made of silver and intended for ornament rather than for use; and Mr. Peter McG. McBean gives a silver loving-cup. The events in which the two latter prizes are to be awarded are left to the discretion of the green committee. The date and conditions of the tournament have not yet been decided.

The Christmas tournament of the San Rafael Golf Club comprised several events, the results being as follows:

Men's bogie handicap, 13 holes—Prescott Ely, 2 up; R. Gilman Brown, 1 down; Baron J. H. von Schröder, 2 down; J. J. Crooks, 3 down; Robert J. Davis, 6 down; D. Spencer, 8 down; and W. A. Curtis, 11 down.

Ladies' bogie handicap, 13 holes—Mrs. R. Gilman Brown, 4 down; Mrs. Denis Donohoe, 14 down. No prize awarded, as bogie was not beaten.

Men's driving competition—J. J. Crooks, 153 yards; Baron J. H. von Schröder, 154 yards 2 feet; Prescott Ely, 149 yards 2 feet; C. N. Pomeroy, 146 yards 1 foot; R. Gilman Brown, 144 yards 1 foot; and Baron Alex von Schröder, 143 yards 1 foot.

Men's approaching contest—R. Gilman Brown, 8 feet 2 inches, 10.5, average 9.9½; Denis Donohoe, Jr., 6.11, 45, average 25.11½; Henry P. Sonntag, 38, 15.6, average 25.9; Carter P. Pomeroy, 24, 36, average 30; W. G. Curtis, 28.6, 39, average 33.9; Robert J. Davis, 40, 42.5, average 41.2½.

There will be a mixed foursome over 9 holes for silver trophies on the links of the Oakland Golf Club on New-Year's Day, commencing at half-past ten in the morning, and in the afternoon there will be a reception, with music and light refreshments, in the club-house from two o'clock until five. The committee in charge comprises Mrs. J. H. T. Watkinson, Mrs. William Pierce Johnson, Mrs. Frederick English Magee (née Mhoon), Mrs. Edson F. Adams, Mrs. John B. Mhoon, and Mrs. Harry East Miller.

The first home-and-home contest of this season between the San Francisco and Oakland Golf Clubs has been postponed until January 20th and 27th. On January 13th, the date originally set, the invitation tournament for professionals is to take place on the Oakland links. T. W. Tetley, of San Rafael, David Stephenson, of San Francisco, Alexander Smith, of Coronado, James Melville, of Del Monte, and Willie Anderson and Horace Rawlings, of Oakland, have signified their intention of competing, and it is expected that Way and Foulis will also enter.

The first doubles tennis tournament for the challenge cups of the California Lawn Tennis Club was finished recently, resulting in a victory for Robert N. Whitney and George F. Whitney, who defeated Paul Jones and H. E. Punnett, with a handicap of one-half of 30, by a score of 6-1, 6-3, 6-1. There will be another doubles handicap tournament on the club's courts at Bush and Scott Streets on New-Year's Day.

Women grooms to attend young persons when they ride are a recent London innovation. Propriety gains and a new occupation is provided for women.

Paris society has taken up the fashion of elaborately decorated and expensive visiting-cards.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## The De Pachmann Recitals.

Vladimir de Pachmann, the well-known European pianist, has given three concerts at the California Theatre during the past week. They took place on the afternoons of Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, and attracted very large and enthusiastic audiences. The programmes presented were as follows:

Sonata, op. 39. A-flat, allegro moderato con spirito ed assai legato, andante, menuetto capriccioso, rondo, C. M. von Weber; (2) Warum, (3) Grillen, (4) In der Nacht, Phantasiestücke, op. 12, Nos. 3, 4, 5, (5) Vogel als Prophet, (6) Jagdlied, (7) Abschied, Waldscenen, op. 82, R. Schumann, (8) Rondo capriccioso, op. 14, F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdi; (2) three preludes, op. 28, Nos. 6, 19, 23, (3) three études, op. 25, Nos. 2, 3, 6, (4) mazurka, op. 33, No. 4, B-minor, (5) valse brillante, op. 34, No. 1, A-flat, (6) third scherzo, op. 39, C-sharp minor, F. Chopin. (2) Sonata, op. 53. C-major, allegro con hrio, introduzione, rondo, L. von Beethoven; (2) seventeen "Variations Sérieuses," op. 54, D-minor, F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdi, (3) sonata, op. 22, G-minor, so rasch wie möglich, andantino, scherzo, rondo, R. Schumann; (2) nocturne, op. 62, No. 1, B-major, (3) étude, op. 10, No. 5, G-flat major, (4) two preludes, op. 28, No. 20, 24, (5) mazurka, op. 7, F-minor, (6) third ballade, op. 47, A-flat, F. Chopin, (7) "Invitation à la Danse," op. 65, D-flat, C. M. von Weber.

"Davidshändler-Tänze," op. 6, R. Schumann; (2) fantasie, F-minor, op. 49, (3) trois préludes, op. 28, Nos. 1, 3, 22, (4) nocturne, op. 37, No. 1, G-minor, (5) étude, op. 10, No. 12, C-minor, (6) impromptu, op. 29, A-flat major, (7) mazurka, op. 7, B-flat major, (8) valse, op. 64, No. 1, F. Chopin; (2) serenade, "Hark! Hark! the Lark," B-flat major, (3) "Valse Caprice," No. 6, Schubert-Liszt, (4) "Perpetuum Mobile," op. 24, (5) "Polacca Brillante," op. 72 (with an introduction), C. M. von Weber.

So successful have these recitals been that M. de Pachmann will return to San Francisco and give two supplementary recitals at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on the afternoons of Thursday and Saturday, January 4th and 6th, at three-fifteen o'clock. The prices of admission will be \$1.50 and \$1.00.

Prince Rudolf Lohkowitz, commander of the Fourth Austrian Army Corps, of which the headquarters are at Buda-Pesth, has become engaged to Baroness Edelsheim-Gyulai, the widow of his predecessor in the command. The baroness was a well-known actress at the Carl Theatre, Friederike Kronau, till she married General Baron von Edelsheim-Gyulai twenty-six years ago. He died in 1893, and a few years before his death fought a duel with Prince Lohkowitz, in which he was severely wounded.

The trip up Mt. Tamalpais on the Scenic Railway is especially delightful during these clear winter days. The accommodations at the Tavern are excellent and the outlook from the summit, is beautiful beyond description.

## Invitations and Visiting Cards.

Special care is given to all copper-plate engraving, and assurance is always given by Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, that all orders in this line shall be perfect in every detail.

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**MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN** Francisco, 33 Post Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1900. GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

**THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN** Society, 346 California Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on term deposits and three and one-third (3⅓) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1900. GEORGE TOURNEY, Secretary.

**SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101** Montgomery Street.—The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1899, at the rate of three and sixty one-hundredths (3.60) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three (3) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1900. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1, 1900. CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

**SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 222 MONT-**gomery Street, Mills Building.—Dividends for the half-year ending December 31, 1899, on term deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3.60) per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three (3) per cent. per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1900. S. L. ABBOT, Jr., Secretary.

## THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA,

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Has declared for the six months ending December 31, 1899, a dividend of twelve (12) per cent. per annum to class "A" stock, ten (10) per cent. per annum to class "F" stock, six (6) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and five (5) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits.

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*7.00 A.	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Knights Landing, and Sacramento	*7.45 P.
*7.00 A.	Shasta Express—Davis, Willows, Red Bluff, Portland	*7.45 P.
*7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	*6.15 P.
*8.30 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago	*5.15 P.
*8.30 A.	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff	*4.15 P.
*8.30 A.	*Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma	*4.15 P.
*9.00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	*11.45 A.
*9.00 A.	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville	*7.45 P.
*9.00 A.	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East	*9.45 A.
*9.00 A.	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno	*12.15 P.
*9.00 A.	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles	*6.45 P.
*10.00 A.	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations	*6.45 P.
*11.00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	*2.45 P.
*12.00 M.	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville	*4.15 P.
*1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	*8.00 P.
*3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	*5.45 P.
*4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	*9.15 A.
*4.00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville	*10.45 A.
*4.30 P.	Niles, San José, and Stockton	*7.15 P.
*5.00 P.	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	*10.45 A.
45.00 P.	Sunset Limited—El Paso, New Orleans and East	*10.45 A.
*5.30 P.	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno	*12.15 P.
*5.30 P.	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	*8.45 A.
*5.30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	*6.45 P.
*6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	*7.45 A.
*6.30 P.	Vallejo	*12.15 P.
*6.30 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden and East	*8.50 P.
*7.00 P.	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations	19.55 P.
*8.05 P.	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	*8.15 A.
COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)		
*8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations	*5.50 P.
*12.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations	*10.50 A.
*4.15 P.	Newark, San José, and Los Gatos	*9.20 A.
*11.45 P.	Hunters' Excursion, San José and Way Stations	*17.20 P.
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10.00 A. M.	12.00 2.00 4.00 6.00 8.00	10.00 P. M.
COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)		
*16.10 A.	Ocean View, South San Francisco	*16.30 P.
*7.00 A.	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	*1.30 P.
*9.00 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations	*4.10 P.
*10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations	*6.35 A.
*11.30 A.	San José and Way Stations	*5.30 P.
*12.45 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove	*10.36 A.
*13.30 P.	San José and Way Stations	*7.30 P.
*14.15 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations	*9.45 A.
*15.00 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations	*9.00 A.
*5.30 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations	*8.35 A.
*6.30 P.	San José and Way Stations	*18.00 A.
*11.45 P.	San José and Way Stations	*7.30 P.
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*Ida*—"She keeps her age well, doesn't she?"  
*May*—"Yes; she can't get rid of it."—*Chicago News.*

"How will young Hay rank in the State Department?" "He'll rank a long way below pa."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Why is Aguinaldo like a man who lives by his wits?" "I dunno." "He carries his capital with him."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

*Ned*—"I wonder if it amazes a girl when a fellow catches her under the mistletoe." *Ted*—"It must; she always seems to be rooted to the spot."—*Town Topics.*

"What is your occupation, my good woman?" said the examining attorney to the witness for the defendant. "O'm a washer-woman, sorr." "Where do you hang out?"—*Judge.*

Women in politics: "I read the President's message clear through to Henry." "You did?" "Yes; I knew I couldn't keep awake if he read it to me."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

*Maud*—"Tell me all about it." *Mabel*—"Well, when it began he was on his knees." *Maud*—"And how did it end?" *Mabel*—"In the end—er—I was on his knees."—*Town Topics.*

Her natural rights: *Mamma*—"I don't see where you get your red hair; you don't get it from your papa, and you certainly don't get it from me." *Little Dorothy*—"Well, mamma, can't I start something?"—*Puck.*

Demonstrative time-piece: "What a beautiful hall clock!" exclaimed the visitor. "Yes," said Mrs. Gaswell; "it cost us a pile of money. The penjulium oscillates just once every second."—*Chicago Tribune.*

*Mrs. Lash*—"What did you get baby for a birthday present?" *Mrs. Rash*—"I took four dollars and ninety-nine cents out of the little darling's bank and bought him this lovely lamp for the drawing-room."—*Boston Beacon.*

The doctor prescribes: *Jimson*—"Doctor, I am getting too stout for comfort, and I want your advice." *Doctor*—"Nothing reduces flesh like worry; spend two hours a day thinking of the unpaid bill you owe me."—*Tit-Bits.*

"Jaysmith fairly worships his wife," said Fosdick, "and yet he won't give her enough money to dress herself properly." "It isn't always the most devoted worshiper that puts the most money on the collection-plate," replied Keedick. —*Town Topics.*

*Mrs. Kelly* (one A. M.)—"How could yez get droonk widout a cint in your pocket?" *Mr. Kelly*—"Whoi, Rooney was talkin' war, Casey was talkin' politics, and Hogan was talkin' baby! All I hod to do was to kape nie mouth shut!"—*Puck.*

*Inquiring child*—"Father, there's a lot in this book about Othello. Who was Othello?" *Father*—"Othello I. Why, bless me, my boy, do you mean to tell me you go to Sunday-school, and don't know a simple thing like that? I'm ashamed of you!"—*Tit-Bits.*

*Parson New*—"Yo' expects me to move heah an' preach foh yo' widout salary? How does I lib?" *Deacon Snow*—"W'y, yo' gits youah libbin' de same as de rest ob us; hut bein' er preachah de fingah of suspishun doan nebbah point in youah direckshun."—*Judge.*

"Who is your favorite author?" inquired the young woman who is collecting autographs. "I don't know what his name is," replied Aguinaldo; "but the man who wrote 'He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day' certainly knew his business."—*Washington Star.*

A wise precaution: "What on earth are you bringing all those umbrellas in here for?" asked Mrs. Van Fashion, as Mr. Van Fashion puffed into their bedroom, with an armful of rain interceptors. "Why, I thought that reception was due to-night." "Yes; and you are afraid the guests will steal them, are you?" "Not at all; I am afraid they will recognize them."—*Life.*

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*Little Mike* (who has an inquiring mind)—"Feyther, phwere was Solomon's temple?" *McLubberty* (promptly)—"Solomon's temple, is ut? On the soide awahis head, av coorse."—*Judge.*

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For a long time it has been settled in the minds of a great many people, regardless of party, that a reform in the method of selecting United States Senators is badly needed. Not only is such a belief growing, but the reasons which make a change desirable and necessary are growing more prominent every year. There never was a time when the need was more apparent than it is now. Last winter we had the dismal spectacle presented of legislative deadlocks in at least half a dozen States over the business of selecting senators. Four of those States—Pennsylvania, Delaware, Utah, and California—never succeeded in breaking the deadlock, and those four States are now represented in the Senate by one-half their constitutional quota. Montana, another of the deadlocked States, succeeded in making a selection, but the aftermath of the long and bitter contest is a bribery scandal

which has caused the conviction and disharment of an attorney in Montana, and the senator elected has been followed by it to Washington in the form of charges of corruption and bribery which may yet cost him the seat he has gained. The charges of corruption were made with equal vehemence in all of the deadlocked States, and probably with equal truth. Such a condition is especially qualified to urge the matter of a reform upon the thoughts of the people. There are indications now that the Democrats would like to make it a party issue, but in that they are bound to fail, for the matter has been repeatedly urged by both Populists and Republicans, as well as Democrats, and the Argonaut has frequently voiced its own approval of a change.

The most pertinent question is not whether a change of methods can be had, for the evils of the present system make it apparent that the method now followed is unbearable and must be altered. The real question is from what quarter and in what shape will the relief be obtained. There was a bill providing for the election of senators by the people presented in the Senate and strongly urged during the last session, and another similar one is before the present Senate, but it is not probable that any immediate result will be attained, owing to the interest of senators themselves and to the proverbial deliberation and conservatism of that august body. The present method of election by State legislatures is provided by the constitution, and the most natural movement for reform would be toward the amendment of that instrument, but here again it will be seen that an amendment to the constitution requires an especial vote in Congress, and it has been the history of the country that to amend the constitution requires the approach to a condition which almost entails a popular convulsion. There have been but three amendments since the constitution was finally perfected by its original amendments, and those three were made possible only by civil war.

Granting then that the consummation devoutly to be wished is not promised by either of the suggestions noted; that years of senatorless States, bribed legislators, deadlocked legislatures, and official scandals may recur before the Senate would pass a curative form of legislation, or before the people would become sufficiently aroused to force an amendment to the constitution, what hope of relief is in sight? Fortunately, there is a promising growth of public sentiment going on which is evidencing itself in a demand that the selection of a senator shall be made by the people at their primaries, and that the choice so made shall be carried into effect by the constitutional, if perfunctory, action of the dominant party in the State legislature. Such a change would require no amendment of the constitution, and would be no more violent than the natural change which has come over the action of a Presidential electoral college. This latter body is supposed to meet and elect a President, but it has been long since it has done more than to record mechanically the popular will expressed at the polls, and this custom has become so well grounded that an electoral college which essayed to exercise its constitutional right to elect would have to answer to an outraged constituency.

It is not now too early to claim that the plan of selection by the voters in their primaries is no longer an experiment. The tests to which it has been already put—and they have been uniformly successful ones—has taken it out of the experimental stage. When a senator was to be chosen by the legislature of Pennsylvania to succeed Senator Cameron, the Republican party was divided, as it is now between the adherents of John Wanamaker and Senator Quay. The choice was submitted to the party voters in the primaries, and although the candidate favored by Quay received the highest number of votes, and was subsequently elected by the legislature, the plan was valuable in making an election possible and easy, and in avoiding scandal and corruption. The Democrats of South Carolina have adopted the same plan for some time. Senator Earle was thus chosen to succeed Senator John M. Irby, and when Senator Earle died soon after taking his seat and Senator Laurin was appointed by the governor to fill the vacancy, the appointment was ratified by the people in the same manner at the

especial request of Senator Laurin. Senator Sullivan, of Mississippi, was also chosen at the primaries previously to his election as senator by the legislature of his State. The Democratic State Convention of North Carolina has recently issued a call for primaries to be held at the time of the general election next November, and referred to the people the selection of a party candidate for senator to be chosen at that time. If carried out, as it probably will be, it will make the election of a United States Senator to succeed Senator Butler a very simple affair—satisfactory to the State and people and unsmirched by scandal.

If the plan works so well in States like North Carolina, South Carolina, and Mississippi, where one party is in supreme control, it should work well in any State. We bespeak for it a fair trial. Here in California, where we have been deadlocked and humiliated by the presence of corruption, any method which promises relief is worthy of trial. If it had been in vogue a year ago, we should not now be threatened by the senatorial ambitions of Dan Burns, or be placed in mortal fear of an extra session of the legislature.

Even for the sake of having colonial possessions, however exalted may be the right to proclaim them, this country can ill afford to risk the protective system that has permitted it to reach commercial importance of the first class. And that the ownership of islands, near and distant, constitutes a grave menace to this system is a fact that, while possibly slow in dawning, has shed a new and startlingly brilliant light upon benign assimilation. A question arises as to whether benignity, at its best, should not work both ways.

Practical men, patriots undoubtedly, but yet engaged in business, their hope being that the business may legitimately be made of profit, do not find in the circumstance that the Stars and Stripes are waving where they never waved before a source of unmixed joy. They are asking at whose expense the waving is to continue. For instance, that manufacturers of beet sugar have arisen to declare that the admission duty free of cane sugar from Puerto Rico and the Philippines means the ruin of men who have invested millions, whose enterprise gives employment to a civic army, and who entered upon large schemes of improvement because the protective tariff permitted them to do so with safety, is not a matter to be lightly considered.

The beet-sugar men do not stand alone. They are calling upon the producers of tobacco, rice, and semi-tropical fruits to make common cause against a new peril which threatens all. The industries mentioned can not withstand the unrestricted competition of the islands. Remove the tariff barrier and the coolie laborer becomes supreme. The toiler accustomed to decent wage will have to retire. The money locked up in many a plantation and many a mill will be lost. Now is the time to define the limitations beyond which the Asiatic toiler may not pass, and if no such limitations shall be set, the ardent expansionist, noting the havoc wrought, will be hard-pressed to account for the jubilation that is in him.

At a meeting recently held at Omaha, Mr. Herbert Myrick declared that domestic agriculture, as regards the branches mentioned, was on the point of having a fight for life. The immediate cause of his alarm was the report of the Secretary of War recommending that free trade be established between Puerto Rico and the United States, and that there be a reduction of duties on sugar from Cuba. In the opinion of Mr. Myrick, which seemed to be sustained by his hearers, if these concessions were made, farewell must be said to the beet-sugar industry, and to each of the industries which would thus be brought into direct competition with the coolie and with coolie wage—a competition that white men and civilized methods could not withstand.

Mr. Myrick urged as the only chance of averting the promised calamity the formation of a league, to embrace growers and manufacturers of sugar, tobacco, and rice. He would have this also include the truck farmer and the raiser of semi-tropical fruits, such as flourish in the



nia. This State is not ready to advocate a course that would sweep the orchards as a plague, render impossible the pursuit of horticulture here save as an expensive pastime, and make this change for the benefit of some colonial syndicate employing a grade of labor only a shade above the slave.

If the protective tariff is to be nullified, the course might as well be taken openly. Free trade is none the less free trade from being called something else and adopted as a mere incident of expansion. The New York Press, a strict Republican paper, friendly to the President, says that McKinley's admonition that tariff on imports from Puerto Rico be abolished is the "greatest victory for free trade since George M. Dallas, as Vice-President of the United States, gave the deciding vote for the adoption of the Walker tariff." It declares in later editorials that from McKinley has come the heaviest blow at the American tariff system that it ever received from a Republican, and predicts, as a result, wide-spread disaster to the party.

All these facts show that to acquire territory is something more than to place a flag on a pole. The constitutional law as it may apply to Puerto Rican and Philippine products, judged by available precedent, has swept aside the power of this government to collect an import duty. The situation is a trying one. With free trade between our islands and us, we lose the duty on \$200,000,000 worth of imports, chiefly of a character to injure California, and we use this mass of imports to smother home industries. If we discriminate in favor of American products we lose the right to seek the "open door," and if we do not discriminate there is no commercial advantage in ownership.

Immediate action by Congress is necessary. The United States annexed more than lands and people; it annexed a tariff problem of gravest importance, and the wisest statesmanship will be necessary in making laws for its solution.

The decisive vote by which all the bonding propositions were carried last week gives evidence of the fact that the people of San Francisco are ready to go into debt, not only for the acquisition of public necessities, but even for the acquisition of public luxuries. This fact is particularly significant from the indication it gives of future action. The sentiment in favor of municipal ownership of public utilities has been steadily gaining strength here for some time, and it has found expression in one of the articles of the new charter now in effect. Under this article the people will be called upon next November to decide whether they desire to build or purchase public utilities. The issue of bonds for the panhandle was opposed by many voters who feared that such issue would defeat or at least postpone municipal ownership. The fear was without cause. The two elections last week authorized an issue of bonds to the extent of eleven millions of dollars. Under the constitution the limit of bonded indebtedness is fifteen per cent. of the assessed valuation of property in the city. The present valuation would allow for an issue of sixty millions of dollars in bonds, or somewhat more than forty-eight millions in excess of what has already been provided for.

The article of the charter already referred to provides that the city engineer shall prepare plans and estimates for the construction of "water-works, gas-works, electric-light works, steam, water, or electric-power works, telephone lines, street railroads, and such other public utilities as the supervisors or the people by petition to the board may designate." At the same time the cost of acquiring existing plants must be ascertained. The proposition of building or acquiring must be submitted to the people within one year after the charter goes into effect, or before next January. Should the cost of the construction or purchase not exceed the amount that can be raised by the annual tax levy, a majority vote of the electors voting on the proposition is sufficient to carry it; should it be necessary to issue bonds to secure the money, an affirmative vote of two-thirds is required, as in the elections of last week.

This article of the charter also provides with regard to water-works, not only that the cost of the present plant shall be determined, but that plans and estimates be prepared for obtaining water from all the available sources of supply. These various sources of supply have been investigated, and have already been described somewhat at length in these columns, but a brief statement of their main features may be interesting. The Spring Valley Water Works has obtained control of all the water-sheds near to the city, including those in Alameda as well as those in San Mateo and this county. This by no means exhausts the available supply. Along the western slopes of the Sierra Nevadas are a number of places where abundance of pure mountain water for a city of one million inhabitants can be obtained. The cost of piping it to the city is not an obstacle, since practically all sources would admit of a gravity system to supply the highest points in the city, and the abundance of the supply would make it possible to supply interior cities along the

route, thus reducing the expense. The South Fork of the Yuba, which has already been utilized for mining purposes, the Middle and South Forks of the American, Lake Tahoe, the Blue Lakes, the Mokelumne River, the San Joaquin River, and Clear Lake are all available sources of supply. It would be proper to have new estimates of the cost of these various propositions, as prices have changed considerably since the former estimates were made, but these can easily be obtained.

The question of gas and electric plants would also have to be considered. The disputes with the gas company during the last year, and the fact that rates are higher here than elsewhere, point to the advisability of municipal ownership. Plans and estimates have been made for a public electric plant, but it is contemplated only for public lighting. While the original cost would be greater, it would be more economical in the end to combine commercial lighting and a power-plant with the public plant. The commercial income would help to defray interest charges and to sustain the sinking fund without materially increasing cost; the power-plant would enable the works to be utilized during the day-time, when they would otherwise be lying idle.

These questions will all come up to be decided by the people at the time of the Presidential election next November. It is well that they should be thoroughly discussed in order that the decisions may be wise.

Among the museums of the country that of Philadelphia, which made possible the recent National Export Exposition, is probably unique, and there is none other serving a purpose more useful. So quiet has been its growth that the knowledge of its magnitude and scope will come as a surprise to the people of this coast, who through a paper by Professor George Davidson may obtain a specific understanding of it. This paper appeared in the November number of the *University Chronicle*, and is well worth perusal, not only as a matter of interest in itself, but as a suggestion as to a future possibility here.

The institution is known as the Philadelphia Commercial Museum. The nucleus was obtained at the Columbian exposition, when some liberal and progressive gentlemen of Philadelphia secured as a permanent exhibit the products of many countries there on display. The collection was presented to the city of Philadelphia, and the good faith of the municipality was pledged to its proper care. This pledge has not simply been kept, but in the granting of appropriations there has been a steady liberality. The city council organized the museum on a formal basis, at the same time naming a board of trustees consisting of twenty high State and city officials and distinguished citizens. In addition to this is an advisory board, comprised of representatives of commercial bodies throughout this and neighboring countries. Not a single invitation to join this board has been declined, and it now includes delegates from two hundred and fifty foreign and one hundred and fifty domestic organizations. Diplomatic representatives at Washington were glad to join and hearty in cooperation.

As its name implies, the museum is devoted to the interests of commerce. While housed in suitable quarters, its possessions arranged so as to be viewed to best advantage, the material collected from all parts of the globe, a vast object-lesson, the department of statistics and information is no less important a feature. There are to be seen the raw materials, the partly finished product, the finished article, all classified. The observer learns the extent of output, the facilities for manufacture, the demand, the market. He learns the best method of treating, the opportunity for development and investment. The mere display is an impressive story of progress, and an inkling of that which the future is to see accomplished. It is, in fact, an industrial map of the world, an index of resource and a guide to capital.

From the beginning the work took on an international aspect. This has made necessary a bureau of information, to which falls the duty of gathering, classifying, tabulating, and circulating the knowledge of different countries. The manufacturer, merchant, producer, and shipping interests receive from this direct and specific benefit, of which all have shown themselves eager to take advantage. Foreign connections are numerous, a veritable web of correspondence having been thrown around the globe. This bureau keeps informed as to the standing of business houses everywhere, requirements, prices, methods of banking, systems of credits, tariffs, freights, and anything else that could have a bearing on commercial interests. It keeps in touch with enterprises abroad, so as to give notice when chances arise for the introduction of American goods, from groceries to locomotives, or for bidding on work of supply or construction. Especial pains are taken to give such prominence to American business houses that they shall be easy of access to foreign consumers. The cost to members is based upon the expense of compilation, and is not intended for the support of the

museum. For such services as may be obtained through the use of the museum itself there are no charges, and the service is thorough and impartial. Professor Davidson cites the record of a single week taken at random from the files. It shows that 138 inquiries were answered, of which 109 were domestic and 29 foreign. The latter were from 23 countries of Europe, Asia, North America, South America, and Australia. During the same period 415 reports were made to regular members, covering 83 topics.

Of the countless exhibits, scientifically arranged, the piles of papers and periodicals, the official reports, all bearing on the subject of commerce, there is no space for detailed notice, and, indeed, the rather exhaustive account by Professor Davidson could hardly more than give them mention. Supplementary to his article, and rendering it of particular value, is the suggestion by Carl C. Plehn for the establishment of a similar museum here, pointing out the wisdom of the course, and the growth that would be inevitable to a commercial museum as an adjunct and promoter of expanding trade on this coast.

There is no occasion for mincing words when speaking of the pension list tolerated by this government. That it fairly reeks with fraud has been mathematically demonstrated. That it contains the names of men who are entitled to no consideration, of deserters, pretenders; that there are upon it widows who were never the wives of soldiers, of orphans whose fathers never bore arms, of rich men who should scorn to accept charity, there can be no denial. The publication of the pension list has been advocated as a reformatory measure, and, much to the surprise of the unprejudiced public, the Grand Army resented this as an affront. The effect would have been to weed out the rascals and leave the worthy beneficiaries on a plane of unquestioned respectability. The pension given the old soldier is not begrudged. It is the pension paid to the confidence man that is an evil, and the feature that lays upon the whole department a burden of scandal.

Before considering the impetus to the growth of the pension list given by the war with Spain and the consequent embroilment in the Philippines, a glance may be taken at its status when there had for more than three decades been an unbroken peace. The Civil War placed in the field vast armies, those of the North, according to generally accepted estimates, comprising 2,063,391 men. Of this number 1,759,031 survived, 304,360 either being killed or succumbing to disease. By the census of 1890 it was shown that the survivors had dwindled to 1,034,073, augmented as a source of national expense by 145,937 widows. Since the census, and up to 1898, 218,546 of the survivors had died, while 10,560 widows had forfeited their pensions by remarrying, and 15,081 survivors and widows had for various causes been stricken from the list. There then remained 813,639 survivors or widows who might have been entitled to pensions, yet 854,114 were drawing pensions as survivors or widows, while nearly two hundred thousand more, urged on by legal sharks, and the prospect of obtaining something for nothing, were demanding to be placed on the rolls, and, in many instances, achieving success.

Much is said in the United States as to the curse of militarism in other countries, the hardship of maintaining great armies, and yet in the year that Germany paid \$110,800,000 and France \$118,000,000 for the support of their respective establishments, the United States paid \$141,000,000 for an army that had ceased to exist, had done its work, and been mustered out of service more than thirty-two years before. The anomaly and the injustice are too obvious even to require comment.

There had to be a limit to the ridiculous increase; the climax had been reached, and a start toward a legitimate basis made, when the war with Spain promised to more than overcome the gain, and carry pension figures beyond the greatest total they had attained. There was on file December 24, 1899, and daily accruing, twenty-five thousand applications for pensions placed by soldiers of the war with Spain. That most of these represented the malign activity of pension sharks has nothing to do with their efficacy, for the stupendous scope of the Civil War figures as they stand may be traced in great measure to the same source. These sharks watch the daily list of casualties, and report to relatives, urging action, and being content with the stipulated fee, when they can not get more. To get more is illegal, but this circumstance is no hindrance. That a great majority of pension attorneys should be in jail is a proposition so well sustained as to need no defense, but possibly not germane to the subject under consideration.

There have been called into action since the declaration of war with Spain less than 300,000 men. The applications, then, are from one in ten of these, with many more yet to make their desires known. It is a notable fact that most of the recent applications have come from members of regiments that never got outside the country, never faced danger



in the field, and met no hardship other than that incident to camp-life. The volunteers have been far ahead of the regulars in declaring their readiness to help keep the pension list up. The Tenth Cavalry, the body that saved the Rough Riders from absolute destruction and won a name for bravery, having many wounded and killed, has only between 25 and 30 names among the applicants. It is to be remembered that over in the Philippines there is an army of about 60,000 men which has been too busy in pursuit of Aguinaldo and in forwarding projects of "benevolent assimilation" to have let its claims on the national bounty be known. Doubtless it will in due time add to the noble bulk of the waiting, no inconsiderable mass.

That the country does not wish to deny to any soldier the pension he deserves may be repeated. The lesson of this truth is that the list should be purged, and none added to it who is not worthy.

Not only is war expensive, but it is difficult to cut down the expenses after the war is over. The Spanish-American War upon which we entered in April, 1898, was closed in August of the same year—now nearly a year and a half ago. When the Secretary of War made his annual report at the assembling of Congress in December, 1899, the United States army consisted of 63,768 regulars and 115,418 volunteers, or, in other terms, an aggregate of 7,540 officers and 171,646 enlisted men. Upon the ratification of peace the volunteers were entitled to discharge, and the law contemplated only a peace footing for the regulars of 26,610. But there was still need for troops in the various islands, and Congress authorized a temporary increase of the regular army to 65,000 men and the enlistment of 35,000 volunteers. Under that law the regular army now numbers 64,247 officers and men, and the volunteer force has been recruited up to 34,574. The total force is now 98,821.

The greater part of this army is at present employed away from home. In the Philippines, or on the way to the Philippines, are all of the volunteers and 31,473 of the regulars—a total of 66,047; in Cuba there are 11,130; in Porto Rico, 2,942; in Hawaii, 465; and the balance of 18,527 are scattered about the United States and the continental territories. According to the law increasing the forces, the extraordinary levies, which include all the volunteers and all the regulars, except 26,610, must be disbanded on July 1, 1901. It is questionable whether when that date arrives we shall be in a position to take care of our dependencies with that small number. The present Secretary of War thinks we will not. He believes that there should be some increase in the permanent force of the regular army, and that such portion of it as may be employed away from home should be supported at the expense of insular revenues.

The expenses of the War Department for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1899, aggregated \$269,457,160.79. The appropriations for the present year, ending with next June, are \$124,679,371.71. The estimates for the following year, ending June 30, 1901, are set down at \$185,903,551.03. The appropriations for the present year were made before the increase we have noted, so that there will be a deficiency of about \$51,000,000 to be supplied. Of this, \$35,000,000 will be available from the unexpended balance of the funds appropriated for the Spanish war, and the balance of about \$16,000,000 must be provided by Congress.

How long these enormous expenses, entailed by the late war, will be necessary it is impossible to predict. Soldiers will be needed in Cuba until a stable government has been established in that island and its people sufficiently educated to maintain and continue it. How many years that will require is quite beyond the power of simple guessing. Neither is it possible to say when the disturbances in the Philippines will come to a definite end, and when, if ever, those islands can be governed in peace and security, without the presence of a large body of United States soldiers. Thus the cost of the war is continuing indefinitely, and it may well be questioned whether, with our dead and wounded, our expenses and our increased pension roll, we are not paying too high for our glory.

Some curiosity has been excited by the appointment of Mr. Adelbert S. Hay as United States Consul to Pretoria. Mr. Hay is the son of Secretary of State Hay, and is barely past boyhood. However, the reason is not difficult to find. The State Department has been much embarrassed by the conduct of Consul Macrum, recently representing this government at Pretoria. He was charged with the duty of representing British interests there during the present war. This was one of the results of the flirtation which sprung up between the American and British Governments (it has not yet extended to the American and British peoples). The McKinley government felt under obligations to the British Government for its friendly attitude during the Spanish war, so the

thankless task of representing England's interests in her war against the Transvaal Republic was accepted with alacrity. United States Ambassador Choate made fulsome speeches at British dinners. Secretary Hay said nice things about Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain said nice things about Secretary Hay. The entire British press praised President McKinley and his foreign policy, and likened it to that of England in South Africa.

But here the administration bark ran against a snag. It is always unwise for an American minister to praise Britain and British institutions too highly. It is always inexpedient for an American President to be too popular in Great Britain. So Mr. McKinley took alarm. The passages in his message squinting toward Anglo-American alliances, "blood is thicker than water," and all that sort of thing, were at once blue-penciled; some luke-warm expressions of tepid friendship for Great Britain were substituted; while Mr. McKinley with a passionate outburst, like that of Juliet, flung himself into the arms of Romeo of Deutschland—much to the astonishment of that unsuspecting war-lord. Thus does our President diplomatically indicate that his passionate love for Great Britain has cooled.

It was high time. Nothing could be heard from Consul Macrum. He had cabled, asking for leave of absence; to cables from the State Department urging him to remain at his post he vouchsafed no reply, except that he was coming home. No one could tell what Macrum was going to do or say. He might fire the American heart with tales of crushed republics, and seriously interfere with the coming campaign. Furthermore, the American people were getting restless. They had never enthused much over an Anglo-American alliance. They were looking cross-eyed at the shipments of hay from New York and mules from New Orleans to the British in South Africa. The ungrateful Irish-Americans, forgetful of Mr. McKinley's kindness to Roman Catholics, and apostolic ablegates and Papal delegates to our new Roman Catholic possessions, were holding pro-Boer mass-meetings, and denouncing the administration for its British sympathies.

Something had to be done, and that quickly. Hence the sudden cooling toward England in Mr. McKinley's message. Hence the sudden appointment of Secretary Hay's son as consul to the Transvaal, for it might be necessary to act with great circumspection at Pretoria. It might be necessary for the American consul there suddenly to blossom out as an ardent friend of the Boers. No man of mature years and force of character could be intrusted with the peculiar weather-cock instructions necessary for the new consul. So Secretary Hay unselfishly offered up his infant son on the sacrificial altar of devotion to the administration. There he will not have to use his consular discretion, but will only act as the other end of a wire.

In short, Mr. Adelbert S. Hay, United States Consul to Pretoria, will be merely a State Department telephone.

The problem of reducing the number of disputes between labor and capital, and of providing a remedy other than the exhaustion of one or the other party to the dispute, has occupied the attention of social students for a number of years. The evils that result from strikes and lock-outs are by no means confined to those who take part in them, but affect the whole community. Industry is disturbed, affecting prices of the commodity involved; the expenditures of both the capitalists and the laborers are reduced, affecting the sales of those with whom they deal. When the struggle is protracted the capitalist is embarrassed, but this he can endure; the laborer, who has little or no surplus at any time, soon sees starvation for himself and for his family staring him in the face and becomes desperate. He resorts to force and is eagerly assisted by the lawless elements of the community; thus large property values are destroyed.

The favorite remedy proposed has been arbitration; but arbitration has its difficulties. When the dispute has reached a point where the parties themselves can not reach an agreement, there is a feeling of suspicion that leads each side to fear that the other would not abide by an adverse decision rendered by arbitrators voluntarily selected. It is true that the courts of Louisiana decided in a case between two merchants, some years ago, that an agreement to arbitrate was a contract that would be enforced by the courts, but the laborers could not respond in damages should they refuse to carry out their contract, and an arrest for a refusal to work is impossible in this country. In some States, courts of arbitration have been instituted, to determine cases where the parties can not voluntarily come to an agreement, but as they have no power to enforce their decisions, they have attained no success. A similar method was employed in France in 1884, to settle the labor troubles in Paris and Auzon, but with no better results.

It is in New Zealand alone that any degree of success has been attained by governmental interference in labor disputes. New Zealand is probably the most advanced coun-

try in the world in what may be called experimental legislation in the line usually regarded as socialistic. It is cutting up large estates into small farms; the unemployed are taken off the streets, small tracts of land are deeded to them, and they are given small sums of money for development in addition to what they can earn on government works in the neighborhood; there is government life insurance; the state acts as trustee for widows and minors; progressive land taxes and progressive income taxes are enforced. The compulsory arbitration law was enacted in 1894, following the great maritime strike in 1891 and when an extensive railroad strike was impending. The first case under it arose in 1896, and since that time, with one insignificant exception, there has been no strike or lock-out in New Zealand. This is certainly a strong indorsement of the efficiency of the law.

The law contemplates a resort to voluntary arbitration, with no publicity in the first instance. If this fails, the dispute is referred to a state tribunal, one party suing and the other being sued, as in the ordinary courts. The state can not intervene on its own motion, but the decrees of the court are enforced by the state with all necessary force. The act contemplates the organization of both employers and employees into separate associations. The law can not be invoked for or against any non-union laborer, though individual employers may be sued. In each of the six districts of New Zealand there is a board of conciliation, before which the dispute must first be tried. If an agreement can not be reached, the case then goes to the court of arbitration. Upon both of these tribunals employers and employees are equally represented by men of their own choice. The court of arbitration is presided over by a judge of the supreme court.

The procedure is made as simple as possible, the parties being represented by men of their own class, and experts being called in to represent both sides and to act as members of the board or court. All legal technicality is excluded, and the decision must be based upon common sense and equity. Neither side can stop work while the proceedings are going on or to evade an award after their close, and, if a strike or lock-out has begun, the court will, upon motion of the aggrieved party, order a resumption of work. During the three years that the law has been in operation about fifty cases have arisen under it; two-thirds of the cases have been appealed from the boards of conciliation to the court of arbitration, but most of the awards of the former have been sustained.

It is evident that much of the success of such a system depends upon the good sense of the boards and the court. A few of the decisions rendered will indicate why the law has put an end to labor troubles in New Zealand; disputes there have been, but no strikes or lock-outs, and industry has not been suspended. The court insists that, wherever possible, union men shall be employed instead of non-union men, in recognition of the advantages of organization, but laborers of the latter class are not to be discharged because of a failure or refusal to join a union. When work grows slack, it is not to be given to a few, but shall be divided up among all. In giving employment, residents are to be preferred to outsiders. A minimum wage-rate is fixed, but men who are incapable of earning so much may be employed at a less rate. In order to prevent a general cutting of wages, however, it is provided that, where a less rate is paid, appeal may be had to the board of conciliation.

The justification of this law is to be found in the fact that labor troubles necessarily affect the community, and it has a right to protect itself. So long as it is only a dispute between employers and employees, the outsiders have but an indirect interest; when it threatens to interrupt industry, or to degenerate into force, the state may rightfully interfere. The law is worthy of study by the legislators of this country.

The domestic virtues of the German housewife, with a contention that her more radical sisters regard as stupid, have been sung in verse and in prose. The New Woman does not thrive well in Germany; nevertheless, she has penetrated there, has invaded the universities, and has, apparently, not created a favorable impression. Laura Marholm, a German author, has given her views on her progressive sisters in a book recently translated into English. Her classification of the woman of to-day is interesting. She is placed under three categories: the *dértaquée*, the *grande amoureuse*, and the *cérbrale*. Of these three she says:

"The *cérbrale* is the woman who tries, as well as she can, to think with her own brain. Why does she do this? Because she has no man with whose brain she could think; or because she deems herself above the man whom she has. In consequence, love has become less and less a blind instinct, and is no longer a compelling force. The cultivated woman is saturated with all sorts of man's ideas, and has imbibed men's criticisms of their fellows. On the other hand, the *dértaquée* is hysterical, unbalanced, wantonly curious, cold but piquante. She has a fascination for men, but she is incapable of giving happiness. In marriage she is restless, dissatisfied, and rebellious. The *grande amoureuse* is passive, faithful, ardent, and devoted. The modern men are not attracted by her."



## IN THE EYES OF INNOCENCE.

The Court, the Sentence, and the Victims.

As the posse of stern, grim-visaged men, with the prisoner in their midst, climbed the slope to the squalid mining-camp, Scotty veered to the left, and cantered to a hut that stood off by itself in an unsocial seclusion. Dismounting at the back door, with the reins over his arm, he rapped sharply. A woman peered out, then slipped through, and, closing the door, stood looking at him expectantly.

After waiting a few seconds for the question that did not come, Scotty inquired: "Is the kid here yet, Liz?"

"Of course. Where else would she be? Didn't you leave her here?" the woman replied, impatiently.

"Certain," he assented, then added, apologetically: "But she's such a restless midget that I thought she might have got away from you, Liz, and I wouldn't have her down there now for all the dust in the camp!"

"Then you've got him!" she exclaimed.

"They've got him," he corrected with emphasis.

"And they'll—!" She broke off and leaned against the door for support, her face blanching to a ghastly white, her shaking hands straining at the collar of her dress as if it choked her.

He looked at her pityingly as he said, "That's their intention. 'Devil-may-care Dan' has got to the end of his rope in more senses than one, I'm afraid."

"It's not fair!" she panted. "There's so many of you—all against him—and he's alone. He's had no chance for his life!"

"I did my best, Liz, as I promised you," he pleaded. "But nothing's any use now. They're dead set on it. He was warned, you know, Liz. He knew what to expect."

"When?" she demanded.

"Well, they won't risk his getting away again," he said, evasively.

"When?" she repeated, bending toward him, her eyes blazing out of her white face like live coals.

"'Bout sundown, I believe," he replied, reluctantly.

"Oh, heaven! Not one night more! Not even one night more!" and, turning, she threw her crossed arms against the side of the house and buried her face upon them, shuddering and moaning.

"Don't, Liz," he begged, brokenly; "don't take it so hard, Liz! It isn't as if he'd been what he'd ought to be to you, or—"

She stopped him with a fierce, backward gesture, heedless alike of his clumsy attempts at consolation and his tender distress at her pain.

"Does he want to see Judy?" she faltered at last, as he waited in silence.

"No, nor you either, Liz. He says it would do no good, and he wants Judy kept close. He don't want her to know that he's ever been back at all. I'm to take her to her mother's folks when it's—!" he hesitated, awkwardly.

"But I'm to have her! Always I was to have her! He promised me!" she cried.

"He's fickle, you know, Liz, and it's his orders now. I couldn't refuse to do it the way he put it."

Inside a little fist pounded on the door and a child's voice, shrill with impatience, called: "Pappy! Pappy! Is that pappy, Liz? Let Judy out! Judy wants her pappy!"

"Shan't I send Granny up to see to her, Liz?" he inquired. "You won't want to be bothered with her teasing."

"No, I'll take care of her myself," she answered, ungraciously, and went inside, slamming the door and throwing the hasp down over the latch as if to shut out his unspoken sympathy with the intrusive neighbors.

Judy fell on her immediately with clamorous demands for liberty and her "pappy." "Let me out, Liz," she screamed, beating the hands that held her in a firm and gentle grasp.

"Judy must stay with Liz. There's bad men down at the saloon. See, Liz has fastened the door so they can't get in. To-morrow Judy can run about as she pleases."

Ah! That to-morrow! And all other to-morrows that would dawn on a world desolate to her forever! How should she live through them?

With a choking cry Liz threw herself on the floor in such a passionate outburst of grief that Judy hushed into silence and regarded her with round-eyed wonder. What was the matter with Liz? Nobody had shut her up and kept her from going to "pappy." Forgetting her own grievance she curled down beside the prostrate form, and finding her childish efforts at comforting unnoticed, softly cried herself to sleep. The westerling sun streaming in at the window roused Liz at last and she sat up, perceiving, with a leap of the heart, how short his time was growing.

"I must see him! Whatever he says—whatever happens—I must see him once more!"

She carefully lifted the sleeping child and laid her on the bed, sluiced her swollen face with cold water, pulled her sunbonnet over her eyes, and slipped away, leaving her little charge safely locked in.

Rude jests, bursts of merriment, fumes of whisky, and smoke from a score of pipes filled the "Hall of Justice" in the rear of the saloon, into which Liz stole silently to wait for word or sign from the doomed man. Though his death was scarce three hours off he sat in careless ease, watching with interest the game that was to decide who should be chief executioner. An impatient oath broke from him when his eyes finally fell upon her.

"You, Liz—you! What are you doing here? Where's Judy?"

"She's asleep," Liz replied, coming swiftly to his side, "and I had to come, Dan—I couldn't help it. I had to come. Oh, Dan"—she laid a hand on his shoulder—"oh, Dan, don't take Judy away from me! I'll be so—"

"Curse it, do you think I'd leave her with a thing like you?" he interrupted, coarsely.

Liz quivered and shrank as from a blow, the scarlet flame surging over her face.

"You hound! Haven't you a decent streak in you?" Purdy looked up from the cards to remark.

"And whose fault is it that you can say that to Liz, anyhow?" Wickshaw drawled.

Then a turn in the game absorbed all attention, and under cover of the confusion, unmindful of his brutality, Liz pleaded with him desperately for the child, her idol next to him.

"Oh, Dan, I can't let her go, and you promised! You promised! I'll take such care of her—I'll raise her right—I swear I'll take her away and raise her good and true, just as we were going to do when we were married, Dan."

"When we were married!" he mocked, with a jeering laugh; "yes, I guess so. When we were married!" He gloated over her misery. "I tell you no! No! No!" his voice rising with each repetition. "Judy's going to decent folks, as I always meant she should."

"Then she'd have left her dad behind," Scotty sneered.

Cries of "Purdy! Purdy!" rang out, as the game ended and the cards were pitched into a heap. "Purdy's the man! It's his funeral!"

"Yes, it's my funeral," Purdy assented, springing up, "but first we'll have a wedding. Here, squire!"

It took instantly. Every one crowded close in, grinning appreciation of the proposition.

"Stand up, you two," the squire commanded.

Dan braced himself and hurled a defiant, blasphemous refusal.

With an oath Purdy grasped his coat-collar and shook him to his feet:

"Now then, squire!"

But turning furiously on Liz, Dan raised his manacled hands, shouting, "By the gods, I'll brain her first!"

"Oh, no, I guess not," Purdy said, pleasantly, jerking him backward and motioning a man to each elbow; "and considering the little time you have left for the honeymoon, don't you think you're making too big a racket over it, Dan?"

"Yes; a blamed sight too big," Dan answered, laughing, with the swift change of temper characteristic of him. "Take off these things for the ceremony. I'm in with you," and he held out his hands.

Without a word, Purdy unlocked the handcuffs, glancing at the crowd of armed men around them. Dan laughed again sarcastically, following the glance, then reached out to the cowering, white-faced woman.

"Come on, Liz, old girl! Let me make an honest woman of you, and leave a widow to mourn my untimely end."

And almost before the yells that greeted this ghastly sally had died out, the squire had rapidly mumbled the legal form, ending with, "and in accordance with the law of," etc., "I now pronounce you man and wife."

"And what God hath joined together let no man put asunder," Dan quoted with mock solemnity, looking about with a wink, and echoing the roar that followed.

"Allow me to congratulate you, Mrs. Wilkins," he said to Liz, who held his hand, gently rubbing the red mark on the wrist, and laying her cheek against it in a spasm of grief.

"Here's the kid, come to wish ye bappy!" and, indignant but triumphant, Judy was handed along, and flung herself with a scream of delight into her father's arms.

"Judy come to pappy. Liz locked the door, but Judy crawled out the window and come to see pappy, too," she exclaimed, patting his rough face and kissing him after her own impulsive little fashion.

Dan's lips quivered a moment; if there was anything on earth he loved it was this child; he had meant not to see her and so spare himself the unnerving pang of a farewell. He held her so closely that Judy cried out against it, and commanded him to come straight home to supper with her and Liz.

"But pappy can't go home with Judy to-night," he remonstrated, gently.

"Why? Why can't you, pappy? Judy wants you. Do, pappy, do," she coaxed, laying her pink cheek against his.

The crowd turned its back and coughed, the squire slunk into the saloon, Scotty looked out the window with dim eyes, and Purdy muttered an oath deprecatory of things in general.

"Pappy's got to go away again pretty soon," Dan explained to the child's entreaty. "Pappy's just got to go, Judy."

She looked at him intently, struck by some new tone in his voice, and after considering a moment seemed to accept his departure as an inevitable fact. "Is that what made Liz fall down on the floor and cry so? Liz cries all the time," she declared, without waiting for an answer. "What you goin' for this time, pappy?"

"Oh—" and he hesitated, then laughed with his old bravado. "Oh pappy's going to get a new collar, going to have a new one, Judy, a brand-new one."

Liz moaned and hid her face. Judy surveyed her with disdain. Liz cried all the time. Then she turned again to her father with a new demand.

"Take Judy with you, pappy."

"No, no, not this time. Judy must go home now, and wait till pappy comes back," and he attempted to unclasp the little arms, but Judy clung the closer, reiterating over and over her determination to go, too.

"See, pappy will give Judy his watch," and he pulled it off, and emptied his pockets into the little apron.

Judy spurned the offering, and resisted with all her strength when they tore her away and put her in old granny's arms, to be borne out screaming and scratching.

"You little cat! Set there and watch for yer dad," and granny dumped her on a bench beside her own door, mumbling something about "the big oak, where the new collars growed," with a toothless chuckle.

The big oak! Judy knew where that was, and quieted instantly into a submissive, deceitful calm; she would slip away and follow when granny's purblind eyes were else-

where. And so Dan, looking back from the turn, saw the little, watching figure, and waved a gay good-by.

"I leave my bride to you, Scotty," he said, standing with unflinching firmness while they bound him for the last act. "I bequeath to you my kids. Be good to them; be a father to them, my son, in place of the parent so suddenly taken away," and he laughed in enjoyment of Scotty's crimson confusion.

"Blamed if it ain't almost a pity, he's so gamey!" Wickshaw exclaimed, in regretful admiration.

It was done. The hardened wretch, pitiless himself, had been pitilessly drawn up, and dangled, a writhing mass, surrounded by his executioners, who pitilessly and calmly awaited the end.

A rush, a struggle with detaining bushes, a clear, little voice calling "Pappy! Pappy!" and Judy burst among them, and fastened a shrinking, fearful gaze upon the thing still swinging to and fro by its own spasmodic movements.

A horror fell upon them and turned them to stone images, and not a hand was raised to stop her as she ran and clutched the bound, convulsive feet, wailing: "Oh, my pappy, my pappy!"

Suddenly she sprang back, and for an instant lifted to them a piteous, accusing, terrible face—the face of a child whose innocent eyes have looked for the first time upon a dastardly crime—then, with wild shriek after shriek, fled blindly from the presence of these monsters who had just murdered her pappy.

For a blank moment they stood, none caring to meet the eye of his neighbor, till suddenly, remembrance seizing Scotty, he dashed after her, crying, "My God! She will be over the cliff!" Then, in mad haste, they hurled themselves after the shrieking, flying figure.

Scotty was nearly upon it, his eager hands outstretched to grasp it, when with a frenzied backward glance it slipped from sight. With muttered words stilled on their lips they gathered on the brink, raging helplessly at each other's helplessness; listening sblunderingly while sounds like dull blows swept up to them as the small, soft body bounded from projecting rock to rock.

In Liz's hut a new-born babe wailed feebly a brief space, then mother and child together sank into a white, untroubled sleep. LOUISE J. STRONG.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1900.

## TRUMPET AND FLAG.

The last bugle's dying echoes falter down the narrow valley

The doubtful battle tarried in so long:

As turning from their headlong charge the scattered horsemen

rally.

The chiming rocks repeat that fading song.

From the heights where eagles hover, day-dark clefts the huck

leaps over,

The thousand giant voices of the crag,

In reverberating chorus speed the musical, sonorous

Silver summons of the Trumpet to the Flag:

"Awake! awake! your splendid robe outstake!

Float proudly, lovely Sister, for your mighty Brother's sake!

The unanswered guns have spoken; we have conquered; they

are broken,

As the mists of morn before the morning break."

With a mountain ash for neighbor in a chasm thunder-rifted,

Struck in sudden turf beneath a stormy sky

Rose the Flag, round whose encumbered staff the uncounted dead

were drifted

Who died to set its haughty folds so high.

But she trailed her drooping vesture with a mourner's heedless

gesture,

Murmuring: "Yea, and should my 'roidered skirts be spread,

When the children of my glory lie about me rent and gory:

All the faithful ones who followed where I led?

Alas! alas! their faces in the grass,

The breezes lift their draggled plumes to flout them as they pass.

O, thou cruel mighty Brother, thou didst cry them on each

other

With the breath that fills thy throat of thrilling brass!"

Then swift upon those tender tones of womanly compassion,

Like sword from sheath the ringing answer sped:

"Who flies the kiss of steel shall find his end in worse fashion,

A straw death, strangled slowly on his bed.

Let the slave, the sot, the coward, by ignoble fears devoured,

Count each measured heart-beat, spare their hoarded breath,

Yet the traitors shall be hunted by the fate they never fronted:

These thy children may not taste that second death.

Away! away! to seek some noble fray,

From pleasant crimes of genial peace, that soul and body slay;

From the sin that still deceives you, till the sated demon leaves

you,

And the clay-begotten brute goes hack to clay."

He said, and straight his loud last word a score of pipes set

playing

To bid the victors close their ranks again.

And, growling as old soldiers growl, but sulkily obeying,

The muttering drums took up the deep refrain.

While the banner, in the vaward, spread her wings to waft them

forward,

By many a stuhhorn combat stained and torn,

On the opal sky of even, ere she vanished in clear heaven

To fresher fights by younger warriors borne.

And lone and chill the night wind swept the hill,

When o'er the yet unburied slain that strange dispute grew still:

The old feud our kind inherit of the warring soul and spirit;

Man's heart, and man's indomitable will.

—Edward Sydney Tylee in the Spectator.

A fire alarm recently invented is a combination of the graphophone and telephone. In the use of the talking alarm one of the graphophone machines is placed on each floor of a building and connected with the telephone fire-alarm system. For each machine a record is prepared. For instance, the graphophone on the second floor of a building would contain the record, "There is a fire on the second floor," etc. This record is then adjusted so that these words are repeated into the telephone by the expanding of a thermostat whenever a fire occurs. In this way the origin of a fire is located immediately and automatically. The alarm also lights the electric lights in the building, set a red light blazing in front of the building to guide the fire men, and sounds the alarm into the street through a giant megaphone.



## TRANSVAAL WAR LETTERS.

Elandslaagte and Its Echoes—Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking During the Siege—Boer Prisoners at Simons Bay—Dust-Color for Officers and Men.

Letters from many correspondents, printed in various English journals, give accounts more in detail of the British victory won by General White's troops when they sallied out from Ladysmith to rescue two parties of their comrades :

"The Battle of Elandslaagte originated in the capture of a train by the Boers. It appears that the train was divided into two parts before leaving Ladysmith, the first part having a number of passengers, including an officer and a small guard in charge of one of the trucks. As this portion of the train reached Elandslaagte, about thirty mounted men were noticed riding over the ridge of a kopje. Seeing the train enter the station, the Boers rode down at a hard gallop until stopped by a wire fence. Several of them dismounted and, breaking through, came on toward the station, with the evident intention of capturing the train. The engine-driver accordingly put on full steam, and the Boers, seeing the train move out, commenced firing, some of them dismounting in order to take better aim. Others galloped hard to get near the engine, and the shots fired were all directed at the engine-driver, who, however, escaped unhurt. One of the soldiers in the train returned the fire and a mounted Boer was seen to swerve in the saddle and fall to the ground as a result. The second half of the train, which left Ladysmith soon after the first part, was captured by the same party of Boers."

Major-General French immediately left Ladysmith with a force which, as the Boer position was a strong one, was gradually increased by road and rail :

"By a reconnaissance it was discovered that a Boer force was greater even than anticipated, and occupied a position of great natural strength, which they had strongly entrenched. The Boers commenced the fight by artillery fire from an advanced position, but quietly fell back to their main positions as the British troops advanced in battle formation. The attack was then developed, the British artillery engaging the guns of the enemy, which were well concealed and very bravely served, the gunners being beaten away from them and returning again and again. The charge of the Gordon Highlanders won the day. The Boers were beaten and driven from a strong position of their own choosing. The evening and the night were very dark, and a heavy rain was falling during the engagement. A number of Boer prisoners were taken, among them being General Kock and Commandant Schiel. The wounded were brought back to Ladysmith in hospital-trains, and cared for in the Town Hall and in a church previously fitted up as a hospital. A large number of horses and tents were also taken by the British."

Here is a bit about the battle from the *London Chronicle* :

"The remnants of them were struggling to get away in the twilight over a bit of rocky plain on our left. There the Dragon Guards got them, and three times went through. A Dragon Guards corporal who was there tells me the Boers fell off their horses and rolled among the rocks, hiding their heads in their arms and calling for mercy—calling to be shot, anything to escape the stab of those terrible lances through their backs and howels. But not many escaped. We just gave them a good dig as they lay, were the corporal's words. Next day most of the lances were bloody."

The following portion of a private letter from Pietermaritzburg Hospital, dated November 1st, is from a wounded officer to his mother :

"I lay where I fell for about three-quarters of an hour, when a doctor came and put a field dressing on my wound, gave me some brandy, put my helmet under my head as a pillow, covered me with a Boer blanket which he had taken from a dead man, and then went to look after some other poor heggars. I shall never forget the horrors of that night as long as I live. In addition to the agony which my wound gave me, I had two sharp stones running into my back, I was soaked to the skin and bitterly cold, but had an awful thirst; the torrents of rain never stopped. On one side of me was a Gordon Highlander in raving delirium, and on the other a Boer who had had his leg shattered by a shell, and who gave vent to the most heart-rending cries and groans. War is a funny game, mother, and no one can realize what its grim horrors are like till they see it in all its barbarous reality. I lay out in the rain the whole of the night, and at daybreak was put into a doolie by a doctor, and some natives carried me down to the station. The ground was awfully rough, and they dropped me twice; I fainted both times. I was sent down to Ladysmith in the hospital-train; from the station I was conveyed to the chapel (officers' hospital) in a bullock-cart, the jolting of which made me faint again. I was the last officer taken in. I was then put to bed, and my wound was dressed just seventeen hours after I was hit. They then gave me some beef-tea, which was the first food I had had for twenty-seven hours."

A pathetic incident at Elandslaagte is described in a letter from one of the hearer company :

"We were out looking after the wounded at night when the fight was over, when I came across an old, white-bearded Boer. He was lying behind a bit of rock, supporting himself on his elbows. I was a bit wary of the old fellow at first. Some of these wounded Boers, we've found, are snakes in the grass. You go up to them with the best intentions, and the next thing you know is that the man you were going to succor is blazing at you with his gun. So I kept my eye on the old chap. But when I got nearer I saw that he was too far gone to raise his rifle. He was gasping hard for breath, and I saw he was not long for this world. He motioned to me that he wanted to speak, and I bent over him. He asked me to go and find his son, a boy of thirteen, who had been fighting by his side when he fell. Well, I did as he asked me, and under a heap of wounded I found the poor lad, stone dead, and I carried him back to his father. Well, you know I'm not a chicken-hearted sort of a fellow. I have seen a bit of fighting in my time, and that sort of thing knocks all the soft out of a chap. But I had to turn away when that old Boer saw his dead lad. He hugged the body to him and sobbed over it, and carried on in a way that fetched a big lump in my throat. Until that very moment I never thought how horrible war is. I never wanted to see another shot fired. And when I looked round again, the old Boer was dead, clasping the cold hand of his dead boy."

The Boers are in easy view of the besieged forces at Ladysmith :

"On the sixteenth of November the day was deliciously fine. The Boers dried their clothes and then began a languid bombardment, their rate of fire being presumably kept down by the difficulty of carrying ammunition to the high summits on which their guns were placed. One unlucky shrapnel killed a railway guard, and wounded three civilians and two natives. The day before a shrapnel bullet took a volunteer who was asleep in his tent in the spine, and killed him instantly. The same morning a shell burst under a room in which several officers, including Colonel Frank Rhodes, were about to breakfast. One floor plank was blown up and stuck in the ceiling. The crockery was smashed. Nobody was there, but the officers had breakfast five minutes later. The latest eccentricity of the enemy was the firing of three rounds from a howitzer at half-past seven o'clock last evening. The second missile pierced the roof of the Royal Hotel. Mr. Stark, a naturalist, who was preparing a book on 'The Entomology of Natal,' was standing in the doorway. He was hurled into the street, both his legs being torn off. He said: 'Look after my cat,' and then died."

The situation at Kimberley is much the same :

"The diamond centre has for some time been in a state of siege, which from every point of view, however, it is regarded as being well able to withstand. The Boers are now shelling the town. With the object of hitting the electric light they fired at the Premier Mine, but their shells fell harmlessly. They then moved their guns forward, and were seen to throw up intrenchments near Alexandersfontein, with the

object evidently of attacking Beaconsfield, a suburb of Kimberley. They also opened on the Kimberley reservoir, but their shells, falling fifteen hundred yards short, the Royal Artillery in Kimberley disdained to reply. The attempt of the Boers to bombard Newton was a dismal failure. They apparently fired from an old siege gun at an extreme range—over six thousand yards—none of the shells taking effect. The children ran about picking up the shells after each explosion, many of these being almost intact. Later there was a brisk artillery duel between the Premier Mine and two parties of Boers. The natives were kept down the mine for safety. One of the Boer shells struck the embankment in front of the fort, another entered the compound and struck the cooking-pot, but none did any damage. The Royal Artillery plunged a shell right among the Boers, knocking over the gunners and disabled the gun. There was a brisk market for fragments of the injured cooking-pot, choice specimens as mementoes readily fetching one pound apiece. New barricades have been formed and additional sentries posted. Mr. Rhodes, who is in Kimberley, was recently stopped and refused permission to pass without a permit. There have been three weddings in the town since the commencement of the siege."

Matters have been pretty lively, also, at Mafeking, though with little loss :

"Colonel Baden-Powell has been keeping the Boers on the move day and night, and has taken every precaution, not only to prevent the town being rushed by the Boers, but also to render as small as possible any damage resulting from the Boer bombardment. The night attacks of the British appear to have worried the Boers considerably. Although the latter have shelled the town day by day, but little damage has resulted, the British casualties having been but few. Commandant Cronje has brought all his guns to bear on the town, and halted shells in its direction for hours. His pieces, however, appear to have been light field guns, and have proved singularly ineffective. The humor of it is that Commandant Cronje, at a loss what next to do, wrote to Colonel Baden-Powell requesting him to surrender Mafeking to 'save further bloodshed.' In reply, Baden-Powell asked when the bloodshed was to commence, and Cronje, greatly annoyed, sent to Pretoria in haste for heavy field-guns, keeping up a light bombardment in the meantime just to show that he was in the neighborhood."

Bennet Burleigh, writing from Estcourt, agrees with many critics at home and abroad, that Natal is "the least suitable of countries for armored trains," and proceeds to say :

"Besides, those who have been poorly extemporized affairs, though the best, perhaps, that could be done in a hurry. Imagine a few five-eighths-inch boiler-plates placed round the engine, and flat bogie trucks hoxed round seven feet high with similar sheets of iron or steel, and roughly loop-holed—the whole painted khaki—and you have the armored train. There being no doorways, to get inside one of those oblong iron boxes, which are quite uncovered at the top, you have to clamber up as best you can, gripping the loop-holes and exterior fastenings. Egress has to be made in the same manner. They are all right against rifle-fire, except when in a cutting or passing under a hill, when an enemy might have you at his mercy by firing down into the open-topped trucks. It is a well-known lesson, also, that an armored train, except in an absolutely flat country, is unsuited for scouting or attack, unless backed and flanked by a friendly force of cavalry and guns. Our armored trains here are unprovided with Maxims or cannon."

Many records of love and loyalty have been made, and among them this deserves a place :

"A young officer of the Manchesters, wounded in one of the first engagements, lay on the hillside, expecting to die through the night, which had already fallen, bleeding from a bad wound in his thigh and shivering with cold, when there stumbled over him a 'Tommy' of his company named Rodgers.' This 'Tommy' quickly whipped off his own overcoat, placed it around the boy-officer, and lying down put his arms around him, and for the rest of that long, cold night kept him 'beautifully warm.' And there are now being told many such incidents."

Courage of the highest has cheerfulness, too, in the most trying situations :

"The character of the Dublins, Private Kavanagh—that day one of the stretcher-bearers—chaffed and encouraged his comrades, telling them the Boer shells could hit nothing. He it was who, at Dundee, after the long day's battle, being asked if he was hungry and did not wish for something to eat, said: 'No. How can I with my mouth full?' 'Full,' said his officer; 'what do you mean?' 'Why, my heart's been in it all day, sir,' replied Kavanagh, with a grin. And so the 'hard case' of his battalion shouted and joked, walked about amid a tempest of bullets, and stirred the gallant, glorious Dublins to shoot well and true."

Prisoners taken by the British have been taken to Simons Bay, and put on board the prison-hulk *Penelope* :

"The friends of the prisoners at the Cape take full advantage of the permission accorded them, and there is quite a crowd of visitors each day to the *Penelope*. At the stern of the vessel floats the white ensign, and on the fore and aft bridges a couple of blue-jackets are on sentry with loaded rifles. The deck presents a motley scene. The prisoners and their friends stand about in groups, absorbed in conversation. Those who have no friends lounge about the decks smoking. Some are playing quids, while others are busy making purchases from the Indian hawkers, who drive a thriving trade. The prisoners are dressed in a variety of costumes; many of them are smartly attired in well-tweed suits, while others, with their clumsy garments, ungainly *veld-schoenen*, and broad slouch hats, present the appearance of hailing from the back-veldt, although, as a matter of fact, nearly all of them come from the Rand or its immediate vicinity. Between themselves and their friends conversation is carried on in Dutch, but, on accosting them in English, one is astonished to find how large a proportion of them not only speak English, but speak it fluently and with a less pronounced accent than is to be heard among Afrikaners in Cape Colony, and even in Cape Town itself. Generally speaking, the prisoners by no means convey the idea of the back-veldt Transvaal, although here and there are to be seen men who have evidently come straight from the country."

Julian Ralph, of the *London Mail*, writing from Orange River on November 16th, recurs to the subject of khaki color :

"South Africa looks now as if it were the dust-bin of creation. Its ground is loose dust. Its air is flying dust. Its vegetation, animals, and insects are nearly all of different shades of dust-color. As I write, the men are dissolving mud in their pails and dipping brushes in it to paint their white straps mud-color. Every pouch, and strap, and cloth-covered water-bottle that would show white or dark is undergoing this treatment. And the drummers are doing the same with their drums—painting the white tightening-cords with mud, muddying over the golden lions and unicorns and the gaudy regimental mottoes, so that everything shall look like the *veldt*—so that we shall be as dusty as the country. While 'Tommy' is wholly and solely earth-like in tone, his officers differ from him in wearing shiny buttons, stars, crowns, and sword-hilts, and pipe-clayed belts and straps. In this difference has lain the danger of all in battle in this campaign, and from it has come the death of far too many. All alike recognize this, yet how differently they discuss the proposal to have the officers' dress like the men. The 'Tommys' are all in favor of the change, though it would greatly increase their own danger and losses. They are enthusiastic for having the officers doff swords, carry light carbines, and do away with their ornaments. They discuss the mortality above the ranks with bated breath as a thing altogether awful. With the officers the subject is differently treated. Some discuss the prospect of disguising themselves as if it were a thing to be considered only for the sake of receiving an unfair fee, and gaining a point that way. Others indignantly spurn the idea as undignified and unworthy."

Since this was written Lord Methuen settled the question in the common-sense way, and now his officers are no longer glittering targets for the Boers, even their swords being replaced by carbines.

## A GOULD WINTER.

George of That ilk and His Handsome Wife Entertain New York's Swell Set—Their House-Party at Georgian Court Sets the Pace for the Season.

The social prophets are predicting that this is to be a "Gould year" in the fashionable world. Certainly the opportunity is ripe for it, and a most auspicious beginning has been made. The house-party at George Gould's country-home, Georgian Court, at Lakewood, began last Thursday with an entertainment that has eclipsed the waning memories of the famous Vanderhilt and Bradley-Martin halls in the social annals of New York, and with a *musical* in town announced for next month and visions of other hospitality looming large in the future, it looks as if George Gould and his pretty wife were destined to lead the festivities of the gay set during the present winter. With the Vanderhilt and Goelt families in mourning, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and Mrs. John Jacob Astor to be abroad, and Mrs. Astor little better than an invalid, the outlook for the season was not brilliant. There were to be the usual assemblies and big balls, but few houses could be relied on for the jolly dinners and vaudeville entertainments that are as the breath of life to the smart set.

Into this breach the Goulds stepped, and their advent was hailed with delight. They made their first appearance in fashionable society some five years ago under the chaperonage of Mrs. Paron Stevens, but on her death, shortly after the marriage of Miss Anna Gould to Count Boni de Castellane, they dropped back again, apparently of their own volition, into the quiet of domestic life. On the completion of Georgian Court they moved thither, and George Gould went in for outdoor sports, hunting with the Lakewood set, but the building of his now famous casino—of which I wrote you some months ago—indicated that the future held more for him than the quiet life of a country gentleman. It is a big structure, with a tan-hark oval in the centre larger than that in Madison Square Garden, and about this are arranged racket and tennis-courts, billiard-rooms, howling-alleys, a swimming-pool that measures sixty feet by twenty-five, Turkish baths, and a "bachelors' hall" containing accommodations for twenty-five men. Such liberal provision for the hestowal and entertainment of guests bespoke future hospitality on a large scale, and the beginning of this was made last week.

The great day was Thursday. At half-past two that afternoon a number of New York's most fashionable people went over to Jersey City and there hestowed themselves in a number of private cars attached to the Jersey Central train, which soon deposited them at Lakewood. With the guests already staying at Georgian Court they made up a party of one hundred and twenty-five. Every room in the Gould home was filled, as many men as it would hold were stowed away in the bachelors' apartments in the casino, and the remainder of the party were accommodated at Laurel-in-the-Pines, a hotel at Lakewood, where they had an entire wing of the building to themselves.

Mrs. Gould did not receive her guests on their arrival, nor did she preside at the early dinner on Thursday, pleading the need of rest preparatory to the private theatricals in which, later in the evening, she was to make her first appearance on the stage since, as Edith Kingdon, she had left the late Augustin Daly's theatre to become Mrs. George Gould. This was perhaps a wise move, for Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont received in her stead, giving the affair from the start the *cachet* of the swell set of which they are the leaders. The dinner, which was over by half-past eight, was served in a private ball in Laurel-in-the-Pines at two large tables, seating twelve each, and sixteen smaller ones, and was made particularly brilliant by the large number of men in scarlet hunting-coats. At its conclusion the entire party was driven to the Gould's carriage-house, where a temporary theatre had been erected. It was as perfect in every appointment of stage, scenery, lighting, properties, dressing-rooms, and so on, as any metropolitan play-house, and the auditorium, with a seating capacity of one hundred and twenty-five, was a little gem of its kind, the decorations being in red and gold.

There were three one-act plays on the programme, the first being the well-known farce, "A Pair of Lunatics," the two rôles being taken by Bijou Fernandez, a professional actress, and Sidney J. Smith. Then came a comedieta, "The Marble Arch," played by Everett J. Wendell, Walter Hale (professional), Miss Greta Pomeroy, and Miss Emily Key Hoffman, who made such a hit at the Strollers' performances with her Spanish dance. Lastly, a one-act play, "The Twilight of the Gods," by Mrs. Edith Wharton—who was known in her own set in Newport as Miss "Pussy" Jones—in which Mrs. Gould had the rôle of a misunderstood wife, Mr. Wendell that of the husband, and Boyd Putnam (professional) that of a former lover who has been the wife's ideal, but who now shatters her dream by revealing the earthy nature of his love. When the curtain fell on the last words, and the applause had died away, the company once more took carriage back to Georgian Court, where an unusually elaborate supper, served by Delmonico, was enjoyed. Finally came the cotillion, led by Elisha Dyer, Jr., who had Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish as his partner. As a preliminary to this, a sturdy Santa Claus came in hearing a large white hall, which, on being deposited on the floor, opened and revealed a little girl, dressed as a fairy, who stepped forth and took upon herself the distribution of the favors, consisting of gold borse-shoes, golf-sticks, and other hits of jewelry, quaint toys, and ingenious electrical devices. The dancing was kept up until nearly four o'clock in the morning. Most of the guests returned to town next day, but a large number remained as a house-party until after Christmas, spending their days in hunting, golf, swimming, and other sports, and their evenings in music and dancing.

NEW YORK, December 27, 1899.



## THE PARISIENNE'S NEW POSE.

Neo-Byzantinism the Fashion in Paris—Anything Old, Romantic, and Vague Is in Favor—All Languid Affectation—Result of the Automobile Craze.

Passing strange are the ways of woman. And of all the women of the world probably the Parisienne is the one whose ways are most unaccountable. She is all pose, the fair Parisienne. "Politeness, paint, and pose," pronounced, the other day, an alliterative Americo-Parisian diner-out.

The winning courtesy of the Parisienne, ah, there is nothing more delightful. The poise of the head, seeming by some strange art to express an infinite interest, the beam of the bright eyes full of laughing welcome, the graceful, calculated gesture of the little hand, the wonderfully skilled use of the voice, trained to every sympathetic modulation—certainly there is nothing more stimulating to one's self-respect, nothing that makes one think one's self a more agreeable fellow, nothing, either, that "draws one out" to more advantage. "Not very sincere, all this play of half-affectionate admiration," your stiffer non-Parisian is apt to mutter to himself. But he very soon submits himself to the routine; a little later feels its charm; a short time after that is half in love with half the Parisiennes he has met, and is astonished to find himself putting on for his own daily wear—and wearing with ease and grace and self-satisfaction—a gallantry of speech and manner quite new to him. And he begins to find, too, that all this is in himself quite sincere enough. It is sincere for the moment; a horn of a sincere desire to please people whom he sincerely, if not profoundly, likes; it is dramatically if not actually sincere. And as he finds his own character opening like a flower under the treatment he has undergone, his ideas flowing in an easy, half-cynical, half-sentimental stream, his words taking an interesting color and a fresh force, his wit brightening—why, he is forced to admit that the winning ways of the Parisiennes, however "put on" they may be, have their social uses and their justification.

As for the paint—well, the verdict "guilty" is inevitable. The Parisienne does undoubtedly paint much more than her sisters in other countries. The *jeune fille*, of course, does not know the use of the paint-pot; but just as soon as she is married she sets gayly to work to daub her face with white, and red, and blue-black as though all this fresco-work were a sign of her honorable matronhood. For the last couple of seasons, it is true, the paint-pot has been rather in the background; used, indeed, but not, so to speak, brandished in the face of the public. A few discreet touches here and there to bring out a good feature or disguise a slight defect, but not the *repoussé* designs of other days.

This season there comes a return to the old manner—though under a new inspiration. The ever-existing, ever-changing pose of the Parisienne requires pounds of paint this winter. For after a brief period of "natural nineteenth centuryism"—again a little phrase stolen from an after-dinner talker—we find ourselves plunged back into a sort of mystico-symbolico-pagano-Catholic archæologism. And it will be admitted that a modern Parisienne—whose father, probably, made all his money very modernly on the Bourse—needs a good deal of paint, or some equivalent thereto, when she is forced by the iron law of society to be all those formidable things at once. The healthy color acquired by a couple of seasons' cycling, and tennis-playing, and shooting, has got to be concealed by desperate means. You can not pose as a languid, mystic, world-weary matron of the date of the gorgeous Byzantine decadence if you wear on your cheeks the pink and white of a comic-opera milk-maiden. *Cà ne va pas.*

And Byzantine it is, or nothing, if you would be in the swim. That is to say, Byzantine more or less; anything old enough or romantic enough, and especially vague enough, will do on a pinch. People are not so cruel as to expect frivolous little modern heads to be encyclopedias of precise archæological information. It is enough that you spurn all modern things with scorn; that you say "la foule immonde," the unclean herd, by way of polite synonym for ordinary, every-day humanity; that you wear sombre-flowing robes of unmodern cut, with heavy, quasi-oriental jewelry plastered all over them; that you put into your eyes an expression of drowsy, half-mystic and half-savage, profundity; that you put into your voice a peculiar *timbre* that carries an impression of an absolute indifference—capable of being swept away at any moment by a sudden gust of high-pitched passion; that you put into your rooms things in deep gold and flaming red, with much old bronze and many curiously wrought, snake-entwisted symbolical candlesticks and lamps; that, finally, you put upon your letter-paper old designs taken from the Greek classic works of art, or from the Græco-Roman period, or from the hybrid decadence of the later Greek Empire.

Even with the wide latitude allowed, all this is not easy. But it is the pose; it is the law; there is no escape. The *salons* of this season has seen opened are framed on this plan. And if any one, greatly daring, presumed to say that this was not natural, not wholesome, that the bicycle and the tailor-made gown were better, and the fresh cheeks afterwards, and the ordinary evening-dress in cheerfully lit modern rooms—why, *voilà*, that man belongs to the *foule immonde*; he has no soul. Out upon him, for an intruder; what does he in the temple?

For the surprising thing is that all these good people apparently believe themselves quite sincere. They think they have, and always have had, Byzantine souls—whatever a Byzantine soul may be—and they seem quite persuaded that now, at last, they have found their predestined way. "It is the real expression of my ego," a Neo-Byzantine explained the other day, with a vague comprehensive gesture toward the brocade paraphernalia of her reception-room. They will never change again, they tell you. All that went before, all the healthy, open-air, combative, actual, foot-on-the-earth life of former seasons, all was but the transitional folly of

their undeveloped state. Pleasant to look back on as the inexplicable ways of childhood; good in their season, because nature, not to be blamed or even regretted; all that lay in the path of development; but not, certainly not, to be taken up again. From now even to the end of time it is to be the pallid, pensive face, the mystic, orientalized eyes, the semi-darkened rooms, where soft, red lights fall on red hangings, and where bronze lectures and cups and lamps gleam in the gloom.

"Ah, madame, next year you will be leading an expedition to shoot wild bulls in the Carpathians!"

"As if I could ever go back! No, I have *known* at last."

That is *textuel*, as the French say.

The other day I met at a gathering of journalists and other lively people in a certain *café*, where lively people can often be met, a well-known society doctor, a nerve specialist, who treats most of the fashionable nerves of the Parc Monceau and the Champs-Élysées. And I asked the man of science the why and wherefore of all this.

"Why, *mon ami*, nothing more simple. This Neo-Byzantinism is the lineal descendant of automobilism."

"Of automobilism?" I gasped.

"*Parfaitement*. The 'teuf-teuf' (Parisian for automotor) is the criminal. If we had never heard of auto-cars, we would all still be bicycling. And, bicycling, we would be well and active and sane. But the 'teuf-teuf' has given women a new sensation. Instead of pedaling up hill and down dale, working like those donkeys in the mills in Normandy, women have learned to sit at ease, in lazy luxury, flying through space with a superhuman disregard of ways and means.

"Study their faces as they whirl by you in the Bois or on the Champs-Élysées; they are not the same people. The meekest, mildest of womankind feels like a goddess when she is enthroned among her furs on these flying chariots; every pose, every line of her face and figure tells of a queenly pride; her lofty disdain for all walking and carriage-driving humanity is evident. There is a subtle fascination about the speed, something that intoxicates, exalts. No ordinary woman who has once tasted this savage pride and joy will ever pedal a bicycle up a hill again; she is spoiled for all healthy exercise—and for all ordinary, every-day views and ways. She wants to be a queen, to be a savage, to be a dreamer. And she combines all three in being 'Neo-Byzantine,' type of the mystic, gorgeous, savage—luxurious, brutal, highly polished, everything that is paradoxical, romantic, alien to our age. It is the new 'teuf-teuf' acting on the always latent mysticism that has caused this thing. Better, by the way, for the nerve-specialists than for the Neo-Byzantines themselves."

Thus the doctor. His theory—even for an after-dinner one—seems perhaps a trifle far-fetched. I offer it by title of its curiosity.

STEPHEN MACKENNA.

PARIS, December 8, 1899.

The bodies of the one hundred and fifty victims of the *Maine* disaster, brought from Havana by the battle-ship *Texas*, were buried December 28th with full military honors in Arlington Cemetery. The exercises, which were exceedingly simple, were conducted under the direction of Captain Sigsbee, now of the *Texas*, who was captain of the *Maine* when she was blown up in Havana harbor two years ago. President McKinley and the members of his Cabinet, Admiral Dewey, Major-General Miles and his staff, Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright and Lieutenant Bowers, both of whom were on the *Maine* when the explosion occurred, and many officers of the army and navy stationed in Washington, attended the ceremonies. All the army and navy officers were in full uniform. Despite the snow and nipping cold more than a thousand spectators pressed against the rope about the inclosure to watch the ceremonies. The Marine Band played a dirge, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," and then simple Protestant and Roman Catholic funeral services were conducted by Chaplain Clark, of the Naval Academy, and Father Chidwick, formerly the chaplain of the *Maine*, under a canvas-canopied shelter in the open space facing the square in which the coffins lay beside their open graves. After the religious ceremonies, a detachment of marines, in their spiked helmets, fired a salute of three flank volleys, and a bugler sounded "Taps." The ceremonies lasted barely twenty minutes. Among the sailors of the *Texas* present was Jeremiah Shea, who had a miraculous escape on the night of the explosion. He was blown out of the stoke-hole. He was introduced to the President by Captain Sigsbee. After the ceremonies the coffins were lowered into their graves.

The regular soldier of the British army owes his nickname of "Tommy Atkins" to a pure accident. Years ago Sir Garnet Wolseley, now commander-in-chief of the armies of Great Britain, published a little volume called "The Soldier's Pocket Book of Field Service." In illustrating the manner of properly filling out field reports, he happened to use the name "Thomas Atkins." "The Pocket Book" is the English soldier's military bible, and the name "Thomas Atkins" was at once adopted as his proper nickname. Later, Thomas was abbreviated to "Tommy," and the accidental name passed down into history.

Amateur photographers who expect to take "snap shots" at the Paris exposition in 1900 will have to pay for the pleasure. Cameras will be allowed on the exposition grounds only after a permit has been secured from the exposition authorities. A charge of ten cents will be made for this, and the applicant will be required to furnish his name, age, and other personal data, and residence in Paris, that he may be identified. After the permit is granted, exposures will be allowed only of public buildings and general groups. Photographs of individual exhibits will not be allowed.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Marie Taglioni's eldest son, Prince Franz von Windisch-Grätz, has been declared a bankrupt. He is thirty-two years of age and a doctor of laws of Vienna University.

Professor Röntgen, of Würzburg, the discoverer of the X-rays, has finally accepted a call to Munich University that was extended to him some months ago. There were certain conditions laid down by the scientist that have only recently been agreed to by the larger university.

Admiral von Diederichs, who was in command of the German warships at Manila at the time of Dewey's victory, has been appointed chief of the German naval general staff. Vice-Admiral Bendemann has been appointed to command the cruiser squadron, in succession to Prince Henry of Prussia, who is coming home from the Asiatic station.

The Duchess of Parma has presented her husband with a tenth child—a son, who has received the name of Luigi. The duke has made himself famous by being the father of the largest royal family in Europe. He has eighteen living children, and has had nineteen. By his first wife, a princess of Bourbon-Sicily, he had nine children, and the present duchess, who was a princess of the house of Braganza, has no fewer than ten. Of these eighteen children, ten are princesses, and none is married. The duke's eldest daughter was the late Princess Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who died last winter.

Some time ago it was pointed out in English newspapers that several portraits of Charles the First, by Van Dyck, showed the same fierce mustache which the Kaiser is so fond of. A German monthly now comes forward and observes that the "upturned mustache" was really invented at the court of Philip the Fourth of Spain. Charles the First, being Philip's brother-in-law, subsequently set the fashion in England, and thence it spread to Belgium, Germany, Sweden, and France. Louis the Thirteenth was practically the last monarch to wear this type of mustache, until its revival by William the Second.

Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister at Washington, is a social favorite because of his genial humor and companionable ways. At a little dinner the other night he had to answer a toast. He began with a complimentary allusion to American ways, but said there are a few things about Oriental civilization superior to our own. There had been some wretched weather that week, and he turned to Willis Moore, the Weather Bureau chief, who sat close by. "For instance," he said, fiercely, "we in China would long ago have cut off this young man's head." It dazed the company for a minute, but they soon grasped the playful allusion to the weather-maker and roundly greeted the remark.

It now appears that the hysterics in which the Boston newspapers have of late been indulging over the famous Mrs. Jack Gardner's reported intention to bring over the parts of an old Italian palace and restore it in the Hub city has little of foundation. Mrs. Gardner has been interviewed at length by the *Boston Journal*, to whose representative she declared that "she never read the newspapers," and stated that "even had she found in Italy a building whose artistic merit was great enough to render it worth while to undertake the enormous task of importing it to America, she would have been prevented from carrying out such a plan by the ridiculous tariff-laws enforced by the present administration at Washington." Mrs. Gardner further delivered herself of the following opinion: "Italy makes you pay to take pictures and statues of artistic value out of her borders—America makes you pay to bring them in. Italy is right in her theories; America is wrong, and very foolish."

By the death of the Duke of Westminster, who was England's richest peer, Viscount Belgrave succeeds to the title. He is now in South Africa, acting as an aid-de-camp to Sir Alfred Milner, and it is not likely that even the duke's death will bring him home, as he does not expect to return until the war is ended. Viscount Belgrave, who, it is said, will inherit a fortune of one hundred millions of dollars, is engaged to be married to the beautiful Miss Deila Cornwallis West, second daughter of the still beautiful Mrs. Cornwallis West, and younger sister of Princess Henry of Pless, considered by many the most beautiful woman in the world. The *fiancée* of Viscount Belgrave, now twenty-six, is four years older than the viscount, and the late duke was opposed to the engagement in consequence of the disparity in the young people's ages. It will be remembered that young Cornwallis West, the brother of the future Duchess of Westminster, was engaged recently to Lady Randolph Churchill, and that his family, including his sisters, were so violently opposed to the match that it has been broken off.

A public man in Russia has to be pretty circumspect in his opinions, or, at all events, in the expression of them. Senator Zakrevsky thought that the French had not behaved well in the Dreyfus matter, and said so in a letter to the *Paris Sicle*. The French Government, always exceedingly sensitive to Russian criticism of any kind, brought the subject to the attention of the Russian Government. M. Zakrevsky then explained, in another letter to the *Sicle*, that his reference was to a particular class of Frenchmen and not to the nation at large. Still the French Government was unsatisfied, and the senator, to relieve his official superiors of all embarrassment, tendered his resignation. This was accepted with great promptness and publicly announced, but the usual formula that the resignation had been accepted "at his own request" was omitted somewhat ostentatiously. The French embassy claimed this as a triumph of French diplomacy, but the Russian Government, in a semi-official statement, declares that the senator's dismissal was not on account of his views of the Dreyfus case. The general belief is that M. Zakrevsky, by his independence, had made himself obnoxious to the Russian bureaucracy, which was only too glad to find or to make an opportunity of getting rid of him.



## MODERN CHINA.

Mrs. Archibald Little's Experiences in the Orient—Anecdotes of the Army and Navy—The Deposed Emperor and the Powerful Empress-Dowager.

Mrs. Archibald Little's work on "Intimate China: The Chinese as I Have Seen Them," is written from a sympathetic standpoint, in much the same entertaining style as Mrs. Hugh Fraser's recently published "Letters from Japan," abounding in picturesque descriptions, charming personal adventures, amusing anecdotes, and a wealth of valuable information. Mrs. Little first landed in China in May, 1887, since which time she has seen much of the Orient and enjoyed especial opportunities for studying the government, customs, and chief characteristics of the Chinese, seeing them in their homes and at their dinner-parties, and "living long, oh! such long summer days among them, and yet wearier dark days of winter." To make the reader the more feel himself among the scenes and sights she describes, she has adopted various styles, sometimes giving him the very words in which she dashed off her impressions, all palpitating with the strangeness and incongruity of Chinese life, at others giving him the result of subsequent serious reflection.

Mrs. Little says the life of little children in a Chinese city is very pleasant:

There are the great festivals: the Chinese New-Year, with all its countless crackers; the Dragn-Boat Festival, when each district of the city mans a boat shaped like a dragon, and all paddle like mad, naked in the waist, and with a strange shout that must be very dear to the children. Then there are the visits to the graves, when all the family go out into the country together; and the long processions, when the officials are carried through the city in open chairs and long fur gowns, hundreds of umbrellas of gay colors going before them, and their retainers also riding in pairs and in fur coats of inferior quality. All the beggar children of the city have a high day then. With fancy dress of various sorts over their ragged clothes, they walk or ride or are carried round the city, sometimes as living pictures, sometimes representing conquered aborigines, sometimes even Englishmen in short square coats and tight trousers. In the spring-time a procession goes out to meet the spring, and sacrifices are made in the river-bed in its honor; and, strangely enough, the day in February on which this is done is always the most genial, springlike day, though after it is over winter sets in with renewed severity. At other times it is the image of the fire-god that is carried round, to show him the buildings he is honored to protect. Then, again, one evening there will be about four miles of little lanterns sent floating down the great river in honor of the dead. Or there will be the baking of the glutinous rice-cakes, accompanied by many curious ceremonies. And in it all the child takes his part; and his elders are very kind to him, and never bother him with cleaning up or putting on clothes to go out. He strips to the waist or beyond it in summer; then, as the winter comes on, puts on ever another and another garment, till he becomes as broad as he is long. At night-time, perhaps, he takes off some clothes; but they are all the same shape, all quite loose and easy. Then he never needs be afraid of breaking anything or spoiling anything; for most things are put away, and Chinese things are out like European: the shining black polished table, for instance, can have a hot kettle stood upon it, and be none the worse. No one ever tells the Chinese child to hold himself up, or not to talk so loud, or to keep still; so he snorts and wriggles in his heart's content. And European children grow like him in this respect; and when re-admitted to European houses, their feet are forever rubbing about, and their hands fidgeting with something which spoils, as European things will spoil.

It is a popular error to suppose that binding the feet of the women is a mark of rank in China. On the contrary, it is practiced by high and low, and has nothing to recommend it but the dictates of a senseless fashion:

The method of binding and the period of beginning naturally differ somewhat over the whole extent of this vast empire. In the west, binding seems generally to begin at six years old. In the east, it is generally from five to seven, or at the latest at eight years of age. In the east of China the bandage is said to be of stroog white cotton cloth, two yards long and about three inches wide; and I have generally seen a two-yrads-long bandage. The cloth is drawn as tightly as the child can bear, leaving the great toe free, but binding all the other toes under the sole of the foot, so as to reduce the width as much as possible, and eventually to make the toes of the left foot peep out at the right side, and the toes of the right foot at the left side of the foot, in both cases coming from underneath the sole. Each succeeding day the bandage is tightened, both morning and night; and if the bones are refractory, and spring back into their places on the removal of the bandage, sometimes a blow is given with the heavy wooden mallet used in beating clothes; and, possibly it is, in the whole, kinder thus to hasten operations. Directly after binding, the little girl is made to walk up and down on her poor aching feet, for fear mortification should at once set in. But all this is only during the first year. It is the next two years that are the terrible time for the little girls of China, for then the foot is no longer being narrowed, but shortened, by so winding the bandages as to draw the fleshy part of the foot and the heel close together till it is possible to hide a half-crown piece between them. It is, indeed, not till this can be done that a foot is considered bound.

Many people ask whether it is possible for women to unbind. Mrs. Little says it is not only possible, but many women have done so, and can not only walk now, but declare they are free from suffering:

It is, however, obvious that their feet can not regain their natural shape; and probably it is even in some cases impossible to dispense with the bandages. In all cases unbinding is a painful process, requiring much care. Cotton-wool has to be pushed under the toes; massage is generally resorted to; and not uncommonly the woman has to lie in bed for some days. But I have seen many women who unbound at forty, and none even at sixty. All these I have seen have done so under direct Christian influence; but I have heard of large groups of Chinese women unbinding quite apart from all foreign influence.

In her chapter on "The Position of Women," Mrs. Little tells of a remarkable case of filial piety which was brought to the attention of Li Hung-Chang:

An assistant deputy-magistrate in the Chihli expectant list had a daughter renowned for her docile disposition and her filial piety. In the summer of 1891 her father was deputed to look after some work in connection with the river embankments. While he was away, his wife became dangerously ill, and was most tenderly nursed by her daughter, who went the length of cutting off a piece of her flesh to make soup for the invalid, and who offered to give up her own life should that of her mother's be spared. When her elder brother proposed to go and inform the father of the dangerous state of his wife's health, she prevented his doing so by pointing out that her father had enough to do looking after his own work, and to add to his anxiety by conveying to him such news would serve but little purpose. Two days after Peng-chu's return his wife died, and the daughter refused to take any food for several days. Seeing by so doing she was causing great grief to her father, she forced herself to take a little gruel. Some time after he was ordered away on river-work, and during his absence she again refused to take any nourishment. While away he was taken ill, and asked for leave to return home. On his arrival he was met by his daughter, who informed him that she dared not die without first telling him, but that now he had come back she wished to state that it

was her intention to go and wait on her mother in the shades below. To spite of all entreaties she then resolutely abstained from all food, and died some days after.

In China a bride usually rides in a richly embroidered red sedan-chair, decorated with flowers, and hired for the occasion:

Not long ago in Canton city a man hired a chair to carry his bride to his home in the suburbs. The distance was great and the hour late. When the four chair-coolies and the lantern-bearers arrived at their destination, the chair containing the bride was deposited outside the doorway to wait the auspicious hour selected for opening the door to admit the bride, and the coolies adjourned to an opium-den; and, as they had traveled a long way and were tired, they soon fell asleep. How long they dozed they knew not; but, on awakening, they returned, and found the bridal-chair outside the doorway. They came to the not unnatural conclusion that the bride had already entered the household, and that the chair was left there for them to take back to the city. Since they had all received their pay in advance, they did not stop to make further inquiries, but hurried home with the chair, put it in a loft, and, rolling themselves up in their beds, slept the sleep of the just. In the meantime, the bridegroom heard the bridal party arrive, but had to wait the stroke of the auspicious hour before welcoming the bride. At last the candles were lit, incense-sticks were lighted, the omelets and viands for entertaining the bride were served, the parents-in-law put on their best suits, and so did the bridegroom, and, with much pomp and ceremony, the door was thrown wide open; but as far as the lantern's light would reach, no trace was not a trace of the bridal-chair, nor bride, nor a single soul to be seen. Great was their consternation, and it became greater still as they concluded that bandits must have kidnapped the bride, and would hold her for ransom. The district officer was amused, the case was reported to the village justice of the peace, and search-parties were sent out in every direction. The bridegroom, though distracted, had sense enough to rush to the city, and make inquiries of the chair-bearers. The coolies were dumfounded, and explained what they had done. Together they climbed to the loft, opened the door of the chair, and found the demure-looking bride, long-imprisoned and half-starved, but still appearing in her best advantage in her beautiful bridal gown. The bride appeared to have known that she was being carried backward and forward; but could not protest, because it is the custom for brides not to open their lips till the marriage ceremony is performed. Hence all the trouble.

During all the days of reception after the wedding she is supposed to stand up to receive each incoming guest, who may make what remark he pleases, even of the most personal nature, but never a word may she say; while attendant maids pull back her skirts to show how small her feet are, etc.:

At one wedding I saw the poor bride grow so painfully crimson under the comments of a very young man, that I took for granted he must be some rude younger brother, and without thinking said so, and found I had done quite the right thing; for the youth—when was so relative at an incontinentally felt, feeling he had overstepped the bounds of propriety. Besides not speaking, the bride is supposed not to eat. At the only wedding-feast I have attended—I have been to several receptions—the unfortunate bride and bridegroom had to kneel and touch the ground with their foreheads so often, that even if well nourished one wondered how they could live through it. The bride had to serve all the ladies with wine, the bridegroom to go round the men's tables and do likewise. When the size of the bride's feet is further considered, and the weight of the jewelry in her hair, one wonders a little to what frame of mind the poor bride ultimately approaches her groom. It must certainly be in an absolutely exhausted condition of body.

Mrs. Little admits that the Chinaman lies with marvelous ease and persistence, but she holds a far more favorable view of his general honesty than is held by many other writers:

That crime is not very rife in China is sufficiently shown by their having no police force. Foreigners are sometimes shocked by the severity of Chinese punishments, not realizing that it is our excellent police that enable us to mitigate our scale of punishments. But the Chinese are like women in this respect also. They afford an extraordinary small percentage of criminals to the world's criminal roll, and of these the most part are for petty theft. In business dealings, unlike the Japanese, the Chinese keep to their word, even when it is to their disadvantage to do so. And merely saying "Puttee book," without any signed and sealed written entry, held good as a legal transaction all through China, till, alas, an ill-established English firm, probably already foreboding the failure that afterward overwhelmed it, repudiated a transaction of which there was no further record than the till then two sacred words. Since then the Chinese, like other nations, have recourse to written documents; but so high always is the sense of business obligation among them that each China New-Year man meo, unable to discharge their obligation, commit suicide rather than live disgraced.

It was owing to the evil influence of the empress-dowager and Li Hung-Chang that the Chinese soldiers proved so inefficient during the late war with Japan:

No regiment was properly armed. If they had got the guns, they had not got the cartridges that fitted them; but, generally speaking, they had not got the guns. The men stolidly appreciated the situation, they made no complaint, but when they could they ran away, which was about the only thing they could do under the circumstances. . . . It is a question whether Chinese will ever stand against a European army. They have the greatest contempt for their own soldiery, call them by a title of contempt—"Ping Ting"—regard fighting altogether barbarous, and long ago were of the opinion now enunciated to the world by the Russian Czar. After the war was over, the poor soldiers were certainly as badly treated as they could possibly be. Their officers pocketed their pay, and then decamped, leaving their men in many cases completely destitute, not at all elbows, and far away from their homes.

Many comical incidents occurred during the war; as, for instance, when a company of Cantonese soldiers stopped for food and rest at a little village:

The villagers willingly disposed of food at good prices; and the soldiers were about to leave, when a village elder informed them that the Japanese were in the neighborhood, and he would advise them to leave their weapons and ammunition in the village; for if the Japanese saw them armed they would think they had come to fight, and would kill them all. This seemed good advice to the soldiers; so they requested that they might be allowed to leave their weapons in the village till some future day. The villagers consented, and the guns and cartridges were stacked together; but no sooner had the soldiers started on their way than the villagers seized the guns and commenced a deadly fire on the now disarmed braves. Many were killed, and all were robbed of everything about them, until their costume was scarcely as extensive as that usually worn by a Swatow fisherman.

Here is an amusing extract, showing the poor material out of which the German instructors were expected to fashion an army:

The German officer who had been acting as general at Woosung, close to Shanghai, up to the spring of 1893, gave a most amusing, though somewhat disheartening account of his banding over his command. The Chinese did not want to have German officers any more, so a Chinese general was to take command. And first he did not arrive, although the men were all drawn up under arms waiting for him, because he had suddenly found out it was an unlucky day; so he had had his boats moored up a creek, and was quietly waiting there. The German was indignant, and required him to come to fix his day. A Sunday was appointed, and the German sent to inform him that all the men would again be drawn up, and that when he saw the Chinese general riding forward he would give the order, "Shoulder arms! Present arms!" and then the command would be given over. "But, surely, I am not expected to ride? I can not possibly ride," replied the Chinese general. The German persisted he must ride. So, on the appointed day, there appeared the Chinese general huddled on to a very small pony, with two men holding it, one on each side, and a

third holding an umbrella over him, for it was raining hard. He at once shouted out his word of command, but as the previous order had not been given, it could not be followed. The German tried to explain this. "Oh," said the Chinese general, "I can not believe it does any one any good to be kept out in rain like this. Just tell the men they can go away. This will do for to-day." So the men dispersed, and the German cavalry officer felt that there was the end of his efforts for many years to uphold discipline.

Another story is told of the well-known Admiral Lang going off to a Chinese man-of-war to see if discipline were well maintained, and finding no sentry outside the Chinese admiral's cabin:

Going in to protest, he found the admiral and another playing dominoes. "Really, admiral," he began, "I thought you had promised me to maintain discipline. How is it, then, I find no sentry outside your door?" "Oh, well, I am very sorry," replied the Chinese admiral; "but I really was so dull, I just asked him to play dominoes with me."

Extortion, or "squeezing," as it is called in China, is practiced in every walk of life, and is considered perfectly legitimate from the Chinese point of view, only sometimes it is carried to excess:

It is not quite the same in official positions, because there the vicery of a province pays so much to get his post, and so do the lesser officials under him. The theory in China is that that superior men will always act as such, whatever their pay may be. Therefore a Chinese vicery of to-day receives theoretically the living wage of centuries ago. Practically he receives "squeezes" from every one with whom he is brought in contact, and has paid so much down to acquire the post that unless he holds it for a term of years he is out of pocket. The post of *taotai*, or governor of Shanghai, is one of the most lucrative in China. Tsai, who has made friends with all of us Europeans as *taotai* ever did before—dining out and giving dinner-parties, and even balls—Tsai is known to have paid so much in bribe to get the post as would represent all he could hope to get in every way during two years of office—about one hundred thousand dollars. He was dismissed from his post in November, 1893; but possibly may be able to bribe his way back. Li Hung-Chang and his two particular dependents of former days, the late vicery of Szechuan (degraded because of the anti-foreign riots there), and Sheng, chief of telegraphs and railways, etc., have all done this again and again. When English people were laughing over Li's yellow jacket and peacock feather being taken from him, certain eunuchs of the palace were growing rich over the process of getting them back again. The eunuch in the closest confidence of the empress is always said to charge about five thousand dollars for an interview, and till lately one could be obtained except through him. When a man has enormous wealth, and is degraded, every one naturally feels it a pity nothing should be got out of him, and he naturally is equally willing to pay much in order to be reinstated in a position to make more.

And yet some are even now:

Not only Chang-chih-tung, the incorruptible vicery of Hupeh and Huanan, who is constantly being invited to Peking, but—never goes. But others in subordinate positions are pointed out by Chinese: "That is one of the good old school of Chioamen. He takes no bribes, and is the terror of the other officials."

According to Chinese usage or unwritten law, the concubine of an emperor can never become empress-dowager; yet Tze Hsi, the concubine of the Emperor Hien Feng, has ruled over China in this capacity since 1871:

For a time she nominally shared the power with Tze Ao, the childless widow of the Emperor Hien Feng. In like manner for a while the youthful Kwang-shu, her step-sister's son, has been nominal emperor. But the ease with which she resumed the reins in September, 1883, sufficiently shows that she had never really let go of them. Tze, which was also the name of the late Empress Tze An, means "parental love," while An means "peace." Hsi, the second name of the present empress, means "joy," and is pronounced *she*. Tze Hsi is undoubtedly a remarkable woman. Besides having directed the destinies of China for twenty-seven years, without being in the least entitled to do so, she is said to be a brilliant artist, often giving away her pictures; and she also writes poetry, having even presented six hundred stanzas of her poetry to the Hanlin College. Some people suspect her of having been instrumental in causing the death of the Emperor Hien Feng, as also of his and her son, Tung Chih. She is more than suspected of having caused the death of her sister, the mother of the Emperor Kwang-shu. The two ladies had a violent altercation about the upbringing of the child, and two days after his mother died—of pent-up anger in the heart, it was announced. The beautiful Aleute, widow of her son Tung Chih, certainly died by her own hand, which is considered a very righteous act on the part of a widow; but had her mother-in-law, the Empress Tze Hsi, not thought that she might become a dangerous rival, probably Aleute would not have killed herself.

It is, of course, well known that Kwang-shu was not the natural successor of Tung Chih. He was simply chosen as emperor by his ambitious aunt, because he was the very youngest person who had any claim, and she thus secured to herself a longer lease of power. Her sister was nominally averse to it, and the little Kwang-shu was stolen by the Empress Tze Hsi from his cradle to bear the burden of an honor unto which he was not born. He was then four years old. His father was the poetical Prince Ch'un, who made nine great tours, and wrote a collection of poems on the novel objects he saw. . . . There were suspicious circumstances about his death, also.

Before the Japanese war Li Hung-Chang was the man the empress-dowager had most confidence in:

After the war Li Hung-Chang was discarded, and she seemed to repose most confidence in Prince Kung and Jung Lu. As a rule, however, she retains absolute control in her own hands. There is a sham eunuch in the palace, who has practically more power than any of the ministers. Li Luen-yen is the sham eunuch's name. He is a native of Chihli. Nothing can be done without first bribing him. All the viceries have got their official positions through bribing this man, who is immensely wealthy. Li Hung-Chang is not to be compared with him. Before she banded over the reins of government to the emperors, a year or two ago, the empress-dowager used to see many ministers, but since then she has only seen eunuchs and officials belonging to the inner department.

There was a pathetic story current in Peking that the deposed emperor contrived once to escape from his prison in the island at the Southern Lakes, Eho Park, where he has been confined by the empress-dowager since the *coup d'état* of September 22, 1898:

When he got to the park gates, the Imperial Guards, all creatures of the empress-dowager, shut the great gates in his face. A crowd of eunuchs, who dared not offer his person any violence or attempt to use force in preventing his walking to the park gates, followed him in a body, and upon the gates being closed they all knelt in front of the emperors, beseeching him with tears to have mercy on them and not attempt to escape, for it would mean the death of all of them as well as of the guardsmen at the gates were he to do so. The guardsmen also knelt and joined in the general prayer, while, on the other hand, they set one of their number to apprise the dowager-empress of the matter. The emperors finally took pity on his suppliant subjects, and quietly returned to his prison. To Europeans this may seem too strange to be true; in those who know China it is so Chinese as to seem probable. That an emperor should be moved by the tears of his subjects is what Chinese would expect.

The volume is beautifully illustrated with one hundred and twenty unusually clear half-tones, from pictures taken by the author, and is supplemented with an elaborate table of contents and a list of "dry statements."

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, price, \$5.00.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Three New Volumes of Verse.

The charm of Gertrude Hall's poems does not fade with their first reading. In her latest volume, "Age of Fairgold," there are lines and stanzas that linger in the memory and lure the reader again to the pages that hold them. Her errant fancy has many moods, but seldom seems inclined to rest in the shadow, and there is always melody in the song. This selection is not first choice among the sixty given, but it should not be missed:

## FAITHFUL SPRING.

Ah, worshiped one, ah, faithful Spring!  
Again you come, again you bring  
That flock of flowers from the fold  
Where warm it slept, while we were cold.

What shall we say to one so dear,  
Who keeps her promise every year?  
Ah, hear me promise! and as true  
As you to us, am I to you:

Ne'er shall you come and as a child  
Sit in the market piping mild,  
With dance suggestion in your glance  
And I not dance—and I not dance!

But you the same will always be,  
While ninety springs will alter me;  
Yet surely as you come and play,  
So surely will I dance, I say!

There is a strange thing to be seen  
One distant April, pink and green:  
Before a young child piping sweet,  
An old child dancing with spent feet.

One can forgive the faulty rhymes in this:

## EVEN MY HEART IS SAD.

Truly, sometimes my heart, even mine, is lead,  
But no one ever knows that I am sad.

I dare not tell my woe to those I love  
Lest they be shadowed by the gloom thereof,

And those that love not me, how should I dare  
To burden them with my despised care?

There is something like the air of lyrics of a golden age in this, and it is worthy of almost any of the singers of that time:

## THE RIVAL.

This is the harvest of my fate:  
She's better whom he doth prefer  
Than I am that he worshipped late,  
As well as so much prettier,  
So much more fortunate!

He'll not repent: oh, you will see,  
She'll never give him cause to grieve!  
I dream that he comes back to me,  
Leaving her,—but he'll never leave!  
Hopelessly sweet is she.

So that if in my place she stood,  
She'd spare to curse him, she'd forgive!  
I loathe her, but I know she would—  
And so will I, God, as I live.  
Not she alone is good!

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

There is much ambitious verse in "Beyond the Hills of Dream," by W. Willfred Campbell, and the sentiment is good and many of the lines are strong in the longer poems, but the songs will gain more friends. The poem "Bereavement of the Fields," in memory of Archibald Lampman, is the finest in the volume, but it is too long to be quoted here. In its stead the following is chosen as a fair specimen of Mr. Campbell's thought and art:

## LOVE.

Love came at dawn when all the world was fair,  
When crimson glories, bloom and song were rife;  
Love came at dawn when hope's wings fanned the air,  
And murmured, "I am life."

Love came at even when the day was done,  
When heart and brain were tired and slumber pressed;

Love came at eve, shut out the sinking sun,  
And whispered, "I am rest."

Next to the above one would choose this unassuming piece of verse:

## AFTERGLOW.

After the clangor of battle,  
There comes a moment of rest  
And the simple hopes and the simple joys  
And the simple thoughts are best.

After the victor's psalm,  
After the thunder of gun,  
There comes a hush that must come to all  
Before the set of sun.

Then what is the happiest memory?  
Is it the foe's defeat?  
Is it the splendid praise of a world  
That thunders by at your feet?

Nay, nay, to the life-worn spirit  
The happiest thoughts are those  
That carry us back to the simple joys  
And the sweetness of life's repose.

A simple love and a simple trust  
And a simple duty done  
Are truer torches to light to death  
Than a whole world's victories won.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

In among the four score poems in "Songs and Sonnets," by Juliette Estelle Mathis, it is not difficult to choose some that ring truer than others, though there are few whose beauty does not attract. The themes of love, joy, and faith are always before

the singer, and she finds words easily for her thought. Here is a pretty picture, in graceful lines:

## THE WIND AND THE WHEAT.

I heard the wooing lips of the wind low whispering  
to the wheat,  
Which rustled and trembled, swayed and howed beneath  
his caresses sweet;  
Which listened responsive and thrilled all through  
from golden head to feet.

Defiantly smiled and glittered in the face of the  
dazzling sun;  
The wheat knew well that his shining day to shadow  
would surely run,  
And loved the willful wind the best whose persistence  
bad favor won.

Not many of the sonnets are perfect in form, but there are poetic thoughts and fancies in all of them. This is not as stately as many of its companions, but it is as pleasing:

## LOVE'S GARDEN.

Love hath a garden all his very own;  
No other close wears such alluring grace  
As blossoms here in this supernal place;  
All thick with roses it is overgrown.  
If any wander here apart, alone,

He can pluck purple pansies, keeping pace  
With tender thoughts; eternal buds unblown  
By any speech the lips or hearing trace.  
For his devotion here is heliotrope;

Forget-me-nots abide in shadows sweet,  
Pale jasmine stars the vine-decked, dusky walls,  
And mignonette scents all the sunny slope;  
Blue marriage-myrtles lie about his feet,  
And here the voice supreme to each one calls.

Published by C. A. Murdock & Co., San Francisco; price, \$1.00.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Besides his "Life of Leo XIII.," on which he has been for a long time engaged, F. Marion Crawford expects soon to finish a hook on "The Rulers of the South," a companion volume to "Ave Roma Immortalis," which will treat of Italy south of the Papal States. In addition, he is doing this winter some writing on modern Rome for the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

"Tristram of Blent" is the title of Anthony Hope's forthcoming novel, a story of contemporary interest, with the scene laid in England.

In reply to a letter from a woman at New Haven, England, asking for a definition of the term "Absent-Minded Beggar," Rudyard Kipling's secretary writes: "Mr. Kipling desires me to say, in answer to your letter, that the term 'Absent-Minded Beggar' is one used by private soldiers themselves when they have forgotten any small duty, and beggar is a generic term of endearment."

The first part of Henryk Sienkiewicz's new novel, "The Knights of the Cross," translated by Jeremiab Curtin, is to be brought out immediately. The second part is as yet unfinished and is still running as a serial in Poland.

Josiah Flynt, the author of "Tramping with Tramps," in collaboration with Alfred Hodder is preparing a volume of ten very curious short stories, which will be entitled "Powers and Potentates of the Under World."

Andrew Lang, who is now at work upon a biography of Prince Charlie, will not publish the first volume of his "History of Scotland" until the close of the Transvaal war.

William Le Queux has just finished a new novel called "In White Raiment." He is spending the winter at St. Remo, and contemplates a visit to Palestine and the ruins of Palmyra in the early spring before starting to cross Siberia.

The appearance of the one hundred and fiftieth thousand of that fine historical romance, "When Knighthood was in Flower," was celebrated by the publishers by the publication of a new edition, printed from new plates on a new and heavier paper.

The future of Cuba and Puerto Rico, the Philippine question, financial legislation in the new Congress, Secretary Root's report, the British reverses in South Africa, and the recent progress of American municipalities are some of the topics editorially treated in the January Review of Reviews.

Colonel Richard Henry Savage has just completed a new novel entitled "Captain London," which will be brought out soon. The scene is laid in Rome, and the characters are American.

The concluding chapters of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "The Autobiography of a Quack" appear in the January Century Magazine. Another serial by Dr. Mitchell, entitled "Dr. North and His Friends," will begin in the March number.

M. Brunetière, the editor of *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, has brought an action for damages against M. Yves Guyot, who published in his paper, *Le Sicle*, and later in book-form, a series of articles criticising him. M. Brunetière has created quite a stir in Parisian literary circles by announcing that he will be represented by no lawyer at the trial, but will personally plead his cause.

Félix Gras's new romance, "The White Terror," which has just been published by D. Appleton & Co., is a story of the Midi after the French Revolution, showing the alternating triumphs and reverses of Whites and Reds.

## A Noted French Journalist.

Mme. Juliette Adam, who has just officially severed her connection with the *Nouvelle Revue*, the bi-monthly review which she founded, and, till comparatively lately, edited, is one of the most remarkable of living French women (says *Literature*). For many years past she has wielded a singular influence, both in the literary and in the political world. When very young she made an unfortunate marriage, and fled, with her only child, a girl, who is now the wife of a well-known surgeon, Dr. Segond, to Paris. Resolved to embark on a literary career, Mme. La Messine, as she then was, had the good fortune to attract the sympathy and even the affection of George Sand, who was then at the zenith of her fame. Probably her most successful work was "Le Mandarin," published in 1860, an amusing study of contemporary manners. After the death of M. La Messine she married M. Edmond Adam, a Republican of the old school and a man of real distinction, who took an active part in forming the Provisional government after Sedan. Indeed, it is always said that the republic was born in Mme. Adam's salon. After the war M. and Mme. Adam held aloft the flag of the old-fashioned theoretical republicanism, and it is now curious to remember that Paul Déroulède's wonderful "Chants du Soldat" were first introduced to literary Paris in Mme. Adam's drawing-room. M. Adam died in 1877, and two years later his widow founded the *Nouvelle Revue*. This enterprise enabled her to render what, in spite of her numerous published works, must be called her real service to literature—namely, in introducing to the world of letters such writers as Loti, Bourget, and the brothers Marguerite. Mme. Adam had an extraordinary "flair" for what was good in fiction. Lieutenant Viaud's manuscript of the book which was to become famous as "Le Mariage de Loti" went the round of the Paris publishers before Mme. Adam saw it. In the pages of the *Nouvelle Revue* it became an instant success, and Mme. Adam constituted herself the literary godmother of the shy young genius. He on his part has always been full of gratitude to her, and her house is practically the only one where he allows himself to be made into a lion. Mme. Adam has also introduced to the French public many distinguished foreign writers, notably Russians. Her friends, indeed, claim for her the largest share of any one in France in bringing about the Russian alliance, for which she worked for years with apparently little or no result. In view of the yeoman service rendered to the cause both by her, self and by her review, the pointed official neglect with which she was treated when the Czar and Czarina visited Paris was hardly creditable to the French Government. She behaved with great dignity in the matter, and without a word of complaint allowed others to reap where she had sown. There can be no doubt that her principal motive in working for the alliance was her desire for *la revanche*. Of late years, however, she has been more anti-English than anti-German, and it is to be feared that this note in the *Nouvelle Revue* was emphasized in order to please her Russian friends.

Sir Walter Besant's novel, "The Orange Girl," is being dramatized for presentation in England.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Trail of the Department Store.

To follow the old-time novelist's rule of abandoning the hero and heroine the moment they emerge a married pair from the church door, or even as early as their union becomes an inevitable fact, is well enough in love-stories, pure and simple, but Margaret Sherwood should not have held to it in the case of her new story, "Henry Worthington, Idealist." Her hero and heroine are two young firebrands who start in to reform the world, and it is a mistake, merely because they have found that they love each other, to drop them when they are both suffering a martyrdom that surely can not be the end of their aims and ideals.

Henry Worthington is a young professor in a college where his people have been students and teachers for generations, and when he learns that one Gordon has presented the institution with a handsome endowment, and hears at the same time that Gordon has made his money by dishonest methods that are still within the law, he begins a crusade against the acceptance of the tainted dollars. At the same time, Annice Gordon—Gordon's daughter—learns that her father is the proprietor of "Smith's," a big department store, and determining to investigate the condition of its employees, she leaves home during her father's absence and becomes a saleswoman at Smith's.

The two are brought together in these investigations, and a sympathy develops between them which leads to a pretty love episode. But it is merely an episode, and the main theme, or twin themes, of the book is the efforts of the two to arouse the college trustees to their responsibility in accepting endowments dishonorably earned, and to ameliorate the condition of the white slaves in the big department stores. Neither aim is accomplished, so far as the story tells, for the young professor is compelled to resign his chair and the girl is powerless to move her self-righteous father or to help his employees with his money. Yet one can scarcely believe that two such characters as Margaret Sherwood has created in Henry Worthington and Annice Gordon would abandon their ideals in such a slough of despond and settle down to lotus-eating.

But the book is not merely a sociological thesis. It is a novel, and an entertaining one, presenting a vivid picture of life in an Eastern college city. Several of the persons are very cleverly drawn types—merger who snubs the college tradition, and her dilettante who has a very sharp tongue, and her characterizations are some morsels.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Strange Tales of This and Other Worlds.

That a writer who possesses the training of a scientist and the imagination of a romancist can produce tales of rare fascination is abundantly demonstrated by the last new book by H. G. Wells, "Tales of Space and Time." The accurate reasoning and keen observation developed in the laboratory impart verisimilitude to the wildest flights of his fancy; and so real are his scenes that the reader seems to live as he wills among the hat-like denizens of Mars, away back among the man-animals of the Stone Age, or in the complex social machine of two hundred years to come.

There are five tales in the book, and each is in a different vein. The first, "The Crystal Egg," recalls Fitz-James O'Brien's wonderful tale of "The Diamond Lens," though it does not possess the older tale's poetic beauty. It is a story of an old curiosity-dealer in London, who sees in an egg-shaped crystal visions of the life on Mars. "The Star," too, deals with an astronomical theme, but there the resemblance ceases, for it is the story of a great terror that came over the earth's inhabitants when it was found that one of the fixed stars had come within our solar system and was careening through space at an incredible speed, and in an orbit that threatened our little globe with extinction.

"A Story of the Stone Age" harks back to fifty thousand years ago, when man stood above the brutes only by his knowledge and the possession of a system of rude gutturals that made the beginnings of a language. But even then man had the passions of love and hate and the greed of conquest, and his emotions and achievements, as set forth by Mr. Wells, are vastly interesting.

In "A Story of the Days to Come" Mr. Wells treats again of the future world he pictured in "When the Sleeper Wakes"—a world of vast material improvement, but in which the rich have grown richer and the poor poorer, leaving no middle ground of comfort for those who would step aside in the fierce race for survival.

The last story in the book, aptly termed "a pantomim in prose," is in a new vein for Mr. Wells, the comic. "The Man who Could Work Miracles," it is called, and the man is a poor little cockney who discovers that whatever he wills comes to pass. At the first he enjoys himself mildly, for his small soul will allow him no great feats; but presently he becomes involved in an increasing whirlwind of disaster, from which, at the same time resigning his strange power, he extricates himself and the rest of

the world by a wish that everything be as it had been before he discovered his fatal gift—thus completing the pantomim.

Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Choice Editions of Old Favorites.

The Old World Series is especially attractive to the book-lover who delights in the appropriate dress of beautiful thoughts. The latest four issues include "Monna Innominata," songs and sonnets by Christina G. Rossetti; "The Story of Ida," that touching memoir of a young Florentine girl, with preface and notes by John Ruskin; "A Child's Garden of Verses," by Robert Louis Stevenson; and that quaint romance of Bath, "The Tale of Chloë," by George Meredith. The books are printed on handmade paper, bound in Japanese vellum, and each volume is in a case.

Published by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Me.; price, \$1.00 each.

## New Publications.

"Peck's Uncle Ike and the Red-Headed Boy," by George W. Peck, has been published by Alexander Belford & Co., Chicago.

In the Temple Classics the latest issue is "Laxdæla Saga," translated from the Icelandic by Muriel A. C. Press. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

Young people will find many entertaining studies and stories of animals in "Madam Mary of the Zoo," by Lily F. Wesselroeff. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

A handsomely decorated edition of Kipling's "The Brushwood Boy" has been issued, with illustrations by Orson Lowell. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A story of the court of Charles the First and of the Protectorate is "Mistress Penwick," by Dutton Payne, a new author. There is much of promise in the book. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Rebel's Daughter: A Story of Love, Politics, and War," by J. G. Woerner, is a novel of nearly eight hundred pages that might well have been put in one-half the space. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

A call to independent thought is made in "The Art of Thinking," by T. Sharper Knowlson. The essay is clear and logical in its treatment of the theme, and offers instruction to be prized. Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

The Countess Puliga has labeled her volume, "My Father and I," a "book for daughters," and it may be commended to girls. It is a naïve memoir, presenting many attractive pictures of a revered parent. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

What seems to be a well-thought-out work is "Political Economy of Natural Law," by Henry Wood. It is comprehensive but not dogmatic, and is suggestive even where the conclusions presented are not immediately acceptable. Published in paper covers by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, 50 cents.

A coarse story of sea and shore, with a weak sentimental interest and no humor that is not forced, is "The Wreck of the *Conemaugh*," by T. Jenkins Hains. It purports to be the diary of an English baronet who went down with the ship. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

"The Successful Man of Business," by Benjamin Wood, is an essay on practical affairs written in an entertaining style. In addition to the sound advice given in the several chapters, there are many quotations, illustrations, and biographical sketches. The work has already reached a second edition. Published by Brentano's, New York.

George Gissing's latest story, "The Crown of Life," is not as lively as some that he has written. The characters talk too much and too seriously, especially the hero and heroine, who are quite superior to ordinary humanity. The arguments for and against peace as a religion are not profound. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Pamela Colman Smith has made a number of grotesque drawings of Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, which have been printed in colors and accompanied by a few pages of biographical and critical matter by Bram Stoker. The book is not a thing of beauty, in spite of the care given it by the printers. Published in paper covers by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

The somewhat matter-of-fact romance of a young woman who leaves a home of luxury to become a charity worker among the poor of Chicago, and there meets a workman who wins her love and marries her, makes the greater part of "Differences," by Hervey White. There is good character-drawing in the book, and vivid descriptions of scenes in the slums, with some too obvious moralizing about

differences in social station. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Three volumes of passing interest are "Knight Conrad of Rheinstein," by Julius Ludovici, illustrated by the author (price, \$1.50); "In Hampton Roads," by Charles Eugene Banks and George Cram Cook, a romance of the Civil War (price, \$1.25); and "In Satan's Realm," by Edgar C. Blum, a cool description of a heated subject, by an alleged newspaper reporter (price, \$1.25). Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

A volume of poems of love has been compiled by Grace Harshorne, and given the title "For Thee Alone." The selections represent not only American and English poets, but those of other lands, and few of the shorter poems of sentiment that merit preservation are missing. There are several illustrations, and in addition to a list of authors quoted, an index of first lines. The binding of the book is as attractive as its contents. Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

The latest addition to the International Scientific Series is "Evolution by Atrophy in Biology and Sociology." The work considers the universality of degenerate evolution, and its path and causes, and is the production of three scientists of Brussels—Jean Demoor, Jean Massart, and Emile Vanderelde. The translator is Mrs. Charles Mitchell, and her difficult task has been well done. The illustrations are numerous and of distinct value. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Pulmonary Tuberculosis: Its Modern Prophylaxis and the Treatment in Special Institutions and at Home," is the comprehensive title of the Alvarena prize essay of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia for 1898, by S. A. Knopf, M. D., of Paris. The volume contains, in addition to Dr. Knopf's interesting historical and scientific essay, descriptions of the most important sanatoria of Europe and America, with many fine illustrations and plans. Published by P. Blakiston's Sons, Philadelphia; price, \$3.00.

To give in one volume of medium size even a brief review of the important historical events of a hundred years, were the country considered one much less in size than the British Empire, would require ability of no mean order, and this C. W. Oman has demonstrated in his "England in the Nineteenth Century." The book is admirable in arrangement as well as in matter, and has valuable appendices and a complete index. The author, however, little dreamed that the last two years of the century, which he could not treat, would bring a great crisis before his country. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

## The Original of "A Madonna of the Tuhs."

The New York *Sun* tells a good story about one of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward's characters. It says that some visitors to East Gloucester last summer paid a special call upon the woman said to be the original of her famous story, "A Madonna of the Tuhs." Mrs. Phelps-Ward's summer home is in East Gloucester. The visitors found a typical New Englander, with a self-evident capacity for taking care of herself. "So you are the Madonna of the Tuhs?" said the visitors. "I am," said the New Englander. "And Mrs. Phelps-Ward wrote a beautiful story about you." "She did." "Did you ever meet Mrs. Ward?" "I have. After she'd wrote that story she came round here one day and hunted me up. She said as how she wanted to see me for herself." "How interesting!" murmured the visitors; "and what did you do?" "Do?" repeated the Madonna of the Tuhs; "what did I do? I sassed her well for writin' such a story as that about me. Such a pack o' lies I never read. Why, there wasn't one-half of it true. An' she had the face to come and see me afterward! Oh, I sassed her well, I did."

A reader of *Harper's Weekly*, finding the *Anglo-Saxon Review* described as a "gallus periodical," desires to know what "gallus" means. The "Century Dictionary" defines it as "reckless, dashing, showy," and says it is also spelled "gallows." A great many years ago there was a prevalent song about a certain George Henry, of whom it was told: "He was a gallus hoy, boys, and he was mighty fine, And he used to drive a mule team on the Denver City line."

There is, as appears in this quotation, a suggestion of sportiveness and decorative value in "gallus" which no seemlier word seems quite to convey. A good many slang words are effective, and convey valuable shades of significance to minds that are familiar with them. The trouble with them is that too many readers do not know them, and feel, justly, that they ought not to be expected to know them. That is where the fully authorized and accredited dictionary words have the advantage.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## When Britannia's Rule Was Broken.

It would take an A 1 seaman to appreciate fully the wealth of nautical knowledge displayed by Cyrus Townsend Brady in his romance of the War of 1812, "For the Freedom of the Sea," but the veriest landlubber can not but be thrilled by the daring adventures and brave sea-fights of its hero. From the beginning of the war until its end he is in the thick of the combat, now on the deck of the *Constitution* under Captain Hull, blowing the British *Guerrière* out of the sea, again cutting out a frigate in the teeth of a British squadron, and finally fighting an ocean duel to the death with a ship commanded by his English half-brother.

The scene opens on the Chesapeake shore of Virginia, where old Colonel Barrett is entertaining a company of American and English naval officers, among whom are Blakely Fairborn and his English half-brother, Richard Heathcote. Discussion runs high on the right of King George to impress sailors found under the American flag, and finally the half-brothers meet with pistols in the old dining-hall to fight for their countries' honor. The duel is not fought, however, for word is brought that seamen have deserted from the British to the American ships, and on the heels of this comes news of the declaration of war.

Behind the quarrel of the two half-brothers was a spur of jealousy, for they are smitten with the charms of Colonel Barrett's daughter and her fair cousin, and one of these young women is not above a bit of feminine coquetry sufficient to set the two young officers by the ears. But she is a brave and loving girl, and when young Fairford seizes a frigate and runs off down the bay, she rides a midnight race with death and waves the lantern that lights him to safety from his enemies. The fainting girl is taken on board, where by a strange fate is also her cousin, and these two young women go perforce on a many months' cruise, which finds its end in the destruction of Lieutenant Heathcote's ship after a fierce engagement with his brother's *Narragansett*. One girl bravely finds a watery grave with her dying lover, while the other remains to console the young American whom war has made a fratricide.

It is a lively tale, full of stirring adventure and fierce fighting, and it has much historical value in its pictures of the times. One of the most thrilling episodes is the punishment of two Americans, father and son, who having been pressed into service as British sailors, escape, and are retaken. The flogging with the cat-o'-nine-tails to which they are subjected is inhumanly cruel, the younger man becoming an irreclaimable wreck in mind and body, while the father, who had uttered no cry, though he fainted from the pain, is spurred by his son's suffering to wreak a swift and terrible vengeance on the captain who was their judge.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York: price, \$1.50.

## Dr. Furness's Variorum Shakespeare.

No lover of Shakespeare can open a volume of the Variorum Edition without wishing to possess it, and, as one turns the pages, more and more impressive become the effects of the scholarly insight, the conscientious care, and the unwearied industry of the editor, Dr. Furness. The twelfth volume of the edition is given up to "Much Ado about Nothing," and its four hundred and fifty large octavo pages hold enough of value concerning the comedy to satisfy the most exacting critic of the editor and reviewer.

The text of this edition is that of the First Folio, with all its oddities of antique letters and spelling, even to obvious errors of the printers in the mixture of italic and roman characters in a single word, and the misuse of capitals. But the text of the play is a rivulet in a meadow of annotations, and each word in every line is scrutinized and given attention in the notes where opportunity arises. The source, the date, and the history of the play are studied and the conclusions of many eminent critics presented, and, at the end, the appearances of the great actors in the leading parts are described, and many pages given to notices of their acting and peculiarities. The list of authorities quoted is a memorable one, and the index of weight-bearing words an addition of especial value. In no wise distinctive above the volumes which have preceded it, the work in every particular meets the high standard set for the edition.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$4.00.

## An Old Favorite in New Dress.

With the greater number of the admirers of F. Marion Crawford's many novels there is but one that contests first place with "Saracinesca," and, with the freshening of memory which the new and attractive holiday edition of that story will bring about, it is possible that "A Roman Singer" may be for a permanently into the ranks below. That "Saracinesca" is a thoroughly artistic creation none will deny, and the interest of the story is not lost in the wealth of description and interlude. The two volumes in which the story appears at this time are beautiful specimens of the bookmaker's art. There are a hundred fine illustrations by Orson Lowell, the print is large and clear, the paper creamy, soft,

but firm, and the binding ornate yet not over-embellished.

"Saracinesca" first appeared in 1887, and eight editions have been required since that time to meet the demands of an ever-increasing circle of readers. Mr. Crawford has written a new preface for the present edition, in which he says:

"If this book is still readable and widely read, the fact is due, in my belief, to the humanity of its story quite as much as to the conscientious care bestowed long ago upon historic and social details. The characters were neither wholly imaginary, nor altogether taken from real life."

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$5.00.

## LATE VERSE.

## Spartan Mothers.

"One more embrace I then, o'er the main,  
And nobly play the soldier's part."  
Thus speaks, amid the martial strain,  
The Spartan mother's aching heart.  
She hides her woe,  
She bids him go,  
And tread the path his fathers trod.  
"Who fights for England, fights for God."

Helpless to help, she waits, she weeps,  
And listens for the far-off fray.  
He scours the gorge, he scales the steeps,  
Scatters the foe,—away! away!

Feigned is their flight.  
Smite! again smite!  
How fleet their steeds! how nimbly shod!  
She kneels, she prays: "Protect him, God!"

The sister's sigh, the maiden's tear,  
The wife's, the widow's stifled wail,  
These nerve the hand, these brace the spear,  
And speed them over veldt and vale.

What is to him  
Or life or limb  
Who rends the chain, and breaks the rod!  
Who falls for freedom, falls for God!

And should it be his happy fate  
Hale to return to home and rest,  
She will be standing at the gate,  
To fold him to her trembling breast.  
Or should he fall,  
By ridge or wall,

And lie 'neath some green southern sod,—  
"Who dies for Country, sleeps with God."  
—*Alfred Austin in the Independent.*

## Ballad of Paco Town.

In Paco town and in Paco tower,  
At the height of the tropic noon-day hour,  
Some Tagal riflemen, half a score,  
Watched the length of the highway o'er,  
And when to the front the troopers spurred,  
Whizz! whizz! how the Mausers whirled!

From opposite walls, through crevice and crack,  
Volley on volley went ringing back,  
Where a band of Regulars tried to drive  
The stinging rebels out of their hive;  
"Wait till our cannon come, and then,"  
Cried a captain, striding among his men,  
"We'll settle that bothersome buzz and drone  
With a merry little tune of our own!"

The sweltering breezes seemed to swoon,  
And down the *calle* the thickening flames  
Licked the roofs in the tropic noon.  
Then through the crackle and glare and heat,  
And the smoke and the answering acclaims  
Of the rifles, far up the village street  
Was heard the clatter of horses' feet,  
And a band of signal-men swung in sight  
Hasting back from the ebbing fight  
That had swept away to the left and right.

"Ride!" yelled the Regulars, all aghast;  
And over the heads of the signal-men,  
As they whirled in a desperate gallop past,  
The bullets a vicious music made,  
Like the whistle and whine of the midnight blast  
On the weltering waste of the ocean when  
The breast of the deep is scourged and flayed.

It chanced in the line of the fiercest fire  
A rebel bullet had clipped the wire  
That led from the front and the fighting down  
To those who stayed in Manila town;  
This gap arrested the watchful eye  
Of one of the signal-men galloping by,  
And straightway out of the plunge and press  
He reined his horse with a swift caress  
And a word in the ear of the rushing steed;  
Then back with never a halt or heed  
Of the swarming bullets he rode, his goal  
The parted wire and the slender pole  
That stood where the deadly tower looked down  
On the rack and ruin of Paco town.

Out of his saddle he sprang as gay  
As a school-boy taking a holiday;  
Wire in hand, up the pole he went,  
With never a glance at the tower, intent  
Only on that which he saw appear  
As the line of his duty plain and clear,  
To the very crest he climbed, and there,  
While the bullets buzzed in the scorching air,  
Clipped his clothing, and scored and stung  
The slender pole-top to which he clung,  
Made the wire that was severed sound,  
Slipped in his careless way to the ground,  
Sprang to the hack of his horse, and then  
Was off, this bravest of signal-men.

Cheers for the hero! While such as he,  
Careless alike of wounds and scars,  
Fight for the dear old "Stripes and Stars,"  
Down through the years to us shall be  
Ever and ever the victory!

—*Clinton Scollard in the Criterion.*

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## New Publications.

Live boys of to-day will read with pleasure and profit "Ben Comee," by M. J. Canavan, a story of boy life with the Rangers in the savage wilderness during the French and Indian War. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

W. Clark Russell is the author of the latest novel in the Town and Country Series, entitled "A Voyage at Anchor," which is not a had sea story, though hardly equal to some of his earlier tales. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

The title tells the story of "On Fighting Decks in 1812," by F. H. Costello, but it may be added that the author has a vigorous style of his own, and makes something more than sketches of his pictures of life on a battle-ship. Published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Two hundred selections, prose and poetry, chosen from the works of half as many authors, make up "Moments with Art." The volume includes many favorite poems and some that are not well known, but all are appropriate to the theme. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00.

"Bandanna Ballads," by Howard Weeden, is a volume of musical verse of Southern life, often in the negro dialect. The illustrations, by the author, are notable. Joel Chandler Harris has written an appreciative introduction to the little book. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Entertaining and scholarly studies of great figures in the politics of England, from Chatham to John Bright, with a summing up and comparison of their aims and achievements, make C. B. Roylance Kent's recent volume, "The English Radicals," a book of value to the student of history. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$2.50.

In "A Century of Science, and Other Essays," the latest volume by Professor John Fiske, there are studies of E. L. Youmans, Sir Harry Vane, Francis Parkman, and E. A. Freeman, with chapters on such themes as evolution, liberal thought in America, the Bacon-Shakespeare folly, and Irish folk-lore. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

## The Races.

The accommodations for the public are so excellent at Tanforan Park, that, despite the rains during the week, the attendance was very good, especially on Thursday, when the Baden Stakes, for three-year-olds and upward, was run for. Patrons step directly from the railroad cars into the commodious grand-stand, glass-enclosed, where, comfortably housed in bad weather, they can enjoy an unobstructed view of the races. The San Bruno Stakes, a handicap sweepstakes for three-year-olds, over a mile course, will be the principal feature of next week's programme. It will be run on Thursday, January 11th.

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will be paid in cash. But no story will be considered at all unless it is sent strictly in accordance with the printed conditions, which will be mailed free, together with many of the names and addresses, as references, of the men and women in all parts of America who have received over \$30,000, cash, for BLACK CAT stories. If you or your friends can tell a clever story, write at once for particulars, as the contest closes in March.



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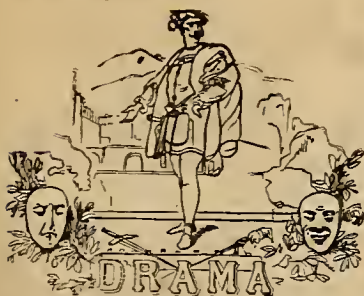
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## Dividend Notice.

OFFICE OF THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS and Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister, and Jones Streets, San Francisco, December 29, 1899.—At a regular meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3 1/4) per cent. per annum on all deposits for the six months ending December 31, 1899, free from all taxes and payable on and after January 1, 1900.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.





Large numbers of superior-looking people, whose faces bore that subtle but unmistakable stamp which tells of refined occupations and the habitual exercise of the intellectual faculties, have been assembling to hear De Pachmann, the pianist. There has been no stage display of brilliancy, color, costume, or setting to attract, yet his audiences have remained for several hours silent, motionless, with scarcely a whisper, or a rustle of restlessness—and all for what? A fat little man comes forward on a dainty lit stage, makes a fat little bow, seats himself on a fat little piano-stool, and then, with his trained and nimble fingers, he draws his listeners into a world of wonderful sounds, which speak

"The language one need fathom not, but only hear and feel."

It was to hear a master's interpretation in an art to whose pursuit he has devoted half a life-time that they had assembled—a rare happening in San Francisco, for artists of any kind are beginning to leave us out of their reckoning, and to abandon us to the cheap joys of our third-rate diversions. De Pachmann's auditors, save for the exclusively musical element, have been of the kind that formerly went regularly to the theatres in the halcyon days when leaders in the dramatic world came to San Francisco. Nowadays they have given it up, and the majority of our theatrical audiences is made of cheerful, unexacting youth, whose appetite for enjoyment is keen, and whose taste and judgment have not yet ripened. Gray heads in a theatrical auditorium are comparatively rare, and people, young or old, who have much discrimination, rarely go, for our great days are over.

More and more must we realize that, viewed from a theatrical standpoint, San Francisco is a provincial town, for whom second or third best is good enough. That busy young giant of the 'eighties, known as "Public Taste," who demanded only the best, has passed away, dooe to death by the prevalence of cheap theatres; or, rather, one might say, second childhood has come, and in place of good, strong, wholesome farce, the giant is a puling thing who contentedly feeds on the sickly, sentimental pap or the cheaply spiced condiments of our theatrical menus. Cheapness; yes, that is the key-note of our dramatic diversion of to-day—cheap rates of admission, cheap plays, cheap players, cheap humor, cheap seatime, a prevailing cheapness of standard on all points connected with the stage.

To those whose liking for dramatic entertainment triumphs over its deterioration, Frawley's numerous visits have remained something of a consolation. He has presented to us in the past quite a number of good plays, stale in the East, but novelties to us; sometimes they were only fairly, and sometimes very well acted. But Mr. Frawley seems to have desecrated upon us in a very lurid frame of mind, in this his latest visit. One rattling melodrama follows another, and all of his plays are crowded to suffocation with staggeringly improbable events, and conversely suffering from an entire famine in character-study. Aod to depict the play of human nature, unrelieved by spectacular splendor or exciting action, requires training, experience, intelligence, observation, study; in a word, art, with gleams of inspiration. Most of the actors that we see on the San Francisco stage dispense with all these adjuncts to their profession. They rush into a stage career, the women because they are pretty and wish the world to know it, the men because they are not actually bandy-legged and like to hear the sound of their voices in public. And they are accepted by the managers because they are cheap. Then perhaps some one of their number develops a pronounced dramatic gift, or has an attractive personality, or feels an honest enthusiasm and begins to study; he towers a few inches above his fellows and, presto! the insatiable East swallows him up and we know him no more. And so it is, that after a past rich with the records left by all the dramatic notabilities of the last half-century, San Francisco, in this year of 1900, sits side-tracked in her little dramatic rut, and hears the oations far off praising the famous few who never more turn their steps this way.

Yet Frawley has enough good stuff in his company to essay the production of plays of some literary merit and dramatic dignity—and such experience is an excellent thing for a stock company. It develops the dramatic capacity inherent in the players far more than the childish stuff which makes up the play of "Cumberland 61," in which Frawley himself, as the Indian half-breed, looked the very embodiment of the spirit of melodrama, with a low-browed wig to match its vacuity and a sunset complexion to match its hue. A life-and-death struggle on a

burning bridge makes up the big scene in the play, which pleasingly closes by the before-mentioned half-breed killing his wicked father, whose villainy and broad-ow moustache are alike of the deepest dye. The son, by a miracle of intention, opens the sixth button of the paternal waistcoat and discovers snugly nestled therein a signed paper which frees him from the slur of illegitimacy, and the curtain descends upon a scene of innocent happiness.

"With Flying Colors," one of the latest and most popular of plays from the Adelphi, is English to the backbone, melodramatic from pit to dome, and wildly, weirdly, exasperatingly interesting. It is hard to say whether it is because the villain is so intensely wicked that his ensanguined imagination is always rioting in schemes of gore and gain, or because we are transported through such a prodigious abundance of scenes that the drops are shivering and quaking like wine jelly throughout the evening, or because the society we find ourselves in contains a great many abrupt transitions from the lowliest to the loftiest, but certainly there is some uncanny spell in the thing that makes one sit it out.

Francis Byrne, who played the prize villain (for the wickedness of the second-best villain, although his sins were as scarlet, faded to quite a genteel rose-color in comparison), has a wild, hollow-toned, breathless way of speaking that makes him seem to have just blown in on a high wind. For such a very reckless and determined scoundrel, he was as timid as a chicken-thief, and shot furtively fearful glances at door and window every time one of the numerous army which made up the cast entered. This was about once a minute, as the management had evidently set its teeth and determined to get the play through before the dawn of the new day. Consequently, everybody sprinted through his or her part at a gallop, and the various scenes followed and dove-tailed into each other with breathless precision.

I think much valuable time would be gained if a neat and entire exercise were made of the scenes given over to Harry Belt, his "ma," and his Polly, the two newsboys, and the infant phenomenon who transfixed us all with a cold fear when she let loose the vagaries of Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar" on us. We resigned ourselves to hear all, even to the bitter end, but we were let off with two stanzas.

There are a great many exciting moments in the play, and I have rarely seen such realistically athletic encounters as take place in the fighting scene, the bank-robbing scene, the strangling scene, the love-maddened villain's embracing scene, and the escaped convict's murder scene. Quite a violent list, is it not? It makes one disposed to think that a new school of acting will be evolved for the future, in which character impersonation will quite sink into the background, and the ladies and gentlemen of the stage will be expected to master the details of the noble art of logging.

A Christmas spectacle is generally supposed to be gotten up more particularly for the juvenile population rather than for adults, and one should go to see this kind of play in an optimistic and uncritical spirit. So I thought, as I inspected a matinee audience at the Tivoli performance of "Bo-Peep," of which at least three-fourths were children. Looking at it from this point of view, the play began promisingly, with a scene of defiance between the spirit of good and evil, the former substantially incarnated in the person of Charlotte Beckwith, a tall, well-formed, exceedingly good-looking and artlessly self-admiring young person of the Trilby type, robed in rivers of gossamer stuff, glinting and gleaming with unnumbered yards of tinsel, yet with not an inch of her pretty outlooe concealed from the gaze of an admiring public. The dance of the heads was an amusingly grotesque conceit, novel and entertaining alike to children and adults, but from this point, on to the transformation scene, the rest was one loog, vulgar, commo, slangy rattle of dull, witless nonsense. As for the children, I feel convinced that their young brains must have become bogged up in a state of hopeless bewilderment. I can imagine an intelligent and well-bred little girl asking herself why the stern parental reins were loosed to the extent of taking her as a rare privilege, which was cheerfully paid for, to see and hear things which are usually frowned upon by the maternal hrow as reprehensible. Mother Hubbard, for instance, is in the play a most disreputable old drab, with a perfect passion for displaying her nether limbs and upsetting herself in a whirlwind of bedraggled petticoats. The three ragged, red-ooed gentlemen, who threw dice, planned hurglaries, and coovered in the latest and most luscious race-horse slang, were far from edifying and improving society for young minds, and there were other choice scenes in which rough-and-tumble horse-play, conjugal bickerings, and jocularly discordant singing constituted a delicately humorous and rarely novel charm.

One gleam of wholesome pleasure was gained in the fearful *farrago* of nonsense, when the taking little fox-terrier came on and, unconscious of and indifferent to his audience, refreshed us by a little bit of playful dog-nature. The lamb was a prematurely grave specimen of his kind, and ignored Bo-Peep so utterly, and gazed with such melancholy fixatedness at the side, that every kind heart there breathed a sigh of relief when he escaped.

But it is really sad to see the pretty, playful crea-

tions of child literature embodied in such coarse, unattractive guise on the stage. There are better, more enjoyable, more refined, more truly dramatic ways of staging many charming myths and fairy-tales loved by the children. Who that saw it has forgotten the Kiralfy production at the California Theatre, a number of years ago, of that fairy-tale of Grimm's of the twelve brothers bewitched by the wicked queeo into as many swan shapes. It was treated from a highly dramatic standpoint, and produced with such intelligently employed spectacular effect that the poetic and fairy-like spell of the tale was not broken.

As for humor, could anything be more ideally in spirit with the deliciously humorous whimsies of Lewis Carroll's brain than the production of "Alice in Wonderland," which a ooe-night audience was lucky enough to see at a recent Christmas festival in this city? Dramatized by amateurs, costumed, set, trained by amateurs, and acted with the utmost intelligence and sympathetic spirit by amateurs, some of whom were children, the bright little play gave keen and wholesome delight to children and grown people alike. But if it depended upon the favor of those who appreciate the delights of "Bo-Peep," it would never hold the boards, for it departed entirely from the line of tradition in humorous entertainment and was freshly, spontaneously, quaintly original.

But we theatre-goers are getting to be as heavily stereotyped in our appreciation of fun as the plays we go to see, and do not know whether to admire and enjoy unless the lioe is marked out for us. We know by experience that a coon soog, whether mumbled, croaked, or shrieked, is presumably music, therefore we listeo; that a kick-step ballet of the peculiarly violent kind presided over by the ever-smiling Miss Wyatt is supposed to be graceful, therefore we admire; and that a topical song, whether composed by supe or seer, is supposed to be funny, therefore we laugh and applaud.

Yet the little amateur play referred to made me realize what time results could be accomplished at the theatres if their limitless resources were drawn on by people of intelligence and high standards. They are not. Our higher emotions are taking a long vacation at the theatres, which make their appeals to a perverted sense of humor, blunted sensibilities, and the range of lower feelings generally. There has not, during the holiday season, been presented a single play in San Francisco which included within itself the important qualifications of refinement, originality, a truly literary flavor, absence of sensationalism, and a sincere adherence to the standards of genuine dramatic art.

JOSEFITA.

#### STAGE GOSSIP.

Pinero's "The Princess and the Butterfly."

On Tuesday evening the Frawley Company will present at the California Theatre, for the first time in this city, Pinero's "The Princess and the Butterfly," which scored such a hit at the New York Lyceum Theatre two seasons ago, with Julie Ott, Mary Manneriog, and James K. Hackett in the leading rôles. In England it was produced at the St. James's Theatre by George Alexander, and proved one of his greatest successes.

The play is one of the brightest that Pinero has written. It teems with smart sayings in its clever thrusts at the follies and foibles of modern London society, and has for its motto, "Those who love deeply never grow old." Its story is full of pathos and interest, showing how a woman of forty may happily wed a man of twenty-seven, and a man of forty-five may woo and win a girl of nineteen.

Last Week of "The Christian."

Hall Caine's dramatization of "The Christian" eoters on the third and last week of its engagement at the Columbia Theatre on Monday evening, and, judging from the large audiences during the past fortnight, it is safe to predict that there will be crowded houses during the last few remaining performances of this much-discussed play.

On Monday evening, January 15th, the James-Kidder-Hanford Company opens a limited engagement in "The Winter's Tale," which has not been produced in this country since Mary Anderson revived it just before she retired from the stage. The Eastern critics have praised the production highly, especially Miss Kidder's strog impersonations of Hermiooe, the grand matron, and Perdita, the romantic waif. "The Rivals," "Othello," "The School for Scandal," "Macbeth," and "Hamlet" are also to be given.

Third Week of "Little Bo-Peep."

The holiday spectacle, "Little Bo-Peep," continues to crowd the Tivoli Opera House at every performance, and on Monday evening it will enter on the third week of its prosperous run. Ferris Hartman is as popular as ever with his audiences, and his droll sayings, topical songs, and original stage-business win enthusiastic applause. Alf C. Wheelan also appears to advantage as a Hibernian Mother Hubbard, his make-up being especially grotesque. Annie Myers, Anna Lichter, Phil Branson, Tom Greene, and all the other favorites have congenial rôles. Among the best features of the production are the clown, Japanese, and rag-time ballets, which are

gracefully daoced by a bevy of pretty *coryphées*, beautifully costumed.

"The Idol's Eye," in which Frank Daniels appeared here some months ago, is to be the oext comic opera presented.

At the Orpheum.

At the head of the Orpheum bill oext week will be the Elinore Sisters, character comedienues, who will present George Cohan's langhable comedy, "Daogorous Mrs. Delaney." The other new-comers include Frank Latona, the famous musical tramp, John and Nellie McCarthy, who will appear in a oew sketch entitled "A Wall-Street Broker," and Charles A. Gardner, the Dutch comedian, who will introduce some new soogs and a budget of droll jokes and stories.

Those retained from this week's bill are Billy Rice and H. W. Frillman, the Rozinos, Dorothy Drew, Thoree and Cartloo, and Fougere, who enters on her last week.

Prince Metternich has decided to oo looger retain the control of the famous Johannisberg vineyards, and has obtained the Emperor of Austria's consent to their being leased. The real Johannisberg wine has been hitherto monopolized by the Metternich family, but the family feels poor and is trying to make mooe.

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Complexion faults, not by bleaching or peeling off the skin but by supplying it with the necessary nutriment to "create" and preserve a natural, youthful appearance.

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#### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.

We are Sold Out Nightly. Third Week, Commencing January 8th, of the Gorgeous Holiday Extravaganza,

-- LITTLE BO-PEEP --

Every Evening and Saturday Matinée. New Songs, Ballets, Jokes, Dances, etc. The Great Play for the Children.

Next Production—Frank Daniels's Greatest Success, "The Idol's Eye."

Popular Prices—25c and 50c. Telephone for Seats, Bush 9.

#### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning Next Monday. Last Six Nights and Saturday Matinée. Liebler & Co. Present Hall Caine's Powerful Play,

-- THE CHRISTIAN --

Last Performance Saturday Night, January 13th.

Monday, January 15th.

James-Kidder-Hanford Triumvirate

#### CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

The Popular House.

Engagement Extraordinary. Monday Evening, January 8th. Wednesday Matinée, January 10th.

Welcome Home the Peerless Diva,

-- EMMA NEVADA --

And Assisting Artists, including Louis Blumenburg, "Cellist, and Selden Pratt, Pianist.

Seats now on sale, \$3.00, \$2.00, \$1.00.

#### CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

The Popular House.

Beginning Tuesday Evening, January 9th. An Important Event. First Production in San Francisco of Pinero's Beautiful, Modern Comedy,

-- THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY --  
The Frawley Company. Debut of Miss Mary Scott. Same Popular Prices.

In Preparation..... "The Heart of Maryland."

**Orpheum**

Elinore Sisters; Frank Latona; John and Nellie McCarthy; Charles A. Gardner; Billy Rice and H. W. Frillman; the Rozinos; Dorothy Drew; Thoree and Cartloo; and Fougere.

Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinée Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

## Western Turf Association

### TANFORAN PARK

Third Meeting, Jan. 1st to 20th, inclusive.

Six high-class running races every week day,

rain or shine, beginning at 1:30 P. M.

The ideal winter race track of America. Patrons step directly from the railroad cars into a superb grand stand, glass-enclosed, where comfortably housed in bad weather they can enjoy an unobstructed view of the races. Trains leave Third and Townsend Streets at 9:00, 10:40, and 11:30 A. M., and 12:15, 12:35, 12:50, and 1:25 P. M., returning immediately after last race and at 4:45 P. M. Rear cars reserved for women and their escorts. No smoking. Valencia Street ten minutes later.

San José and way stations. Arrive at San Bruno at 12:45 P. M. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 P. M.

Rates: San Francisco to Tanforan and return, including admission to track, \$1.25.

W. J. MARTIN, Pres. F. H. GREEN, Sec'y.



## VANITY FAIR.

Gabriele d'Annunzio, the Italian poet, whose love affair with Eleonora Duse, the famous actress, is now the talk of Europe, is a most remarkable man. Duse's infatuation with this singular genius is one of those unfortunate adventures of the heart that should never be made public. The great Italian actress is now in Paris with an aching and breaking heart. There she was left only the other day by the poet, who brutally told her "had grown weary of the intellectual companionship of a woman much his senior." Her friends say they do not know when she will be able to resume her work, if ever. D'Annunzio's books have made a sensation. They are too immoral even for France, and only expurgated editions have been brought out in Paris. For the past ten years D'Annunzio has been the most prominent figure in the literary life of Italy—indeed, from the day when, a student at Prato, he published his first volume of dargling ermtic verse, he has been the centre of endless discussion. It was not, however, until 1894, when his "Trionfo della Morte" was issued, that he became known outside his own country. Signor d'Annunzio is not yet thirty-five. He is handsome, satisfied, and on the way to fortune, and he was invited to all the grand salons of Paris, while the members of the French Academy gave him a reception and paid him marked attention in various ways. He has at last returned to his native land, after having had the best of times in Paris. Every one raves about his charming manners and fascinating conversation. He has been the lion of all the salons and captivated the hearts of the Parisiennes by his delicate compliments. One of the current stories about him is that, at the first night of his play, "La Ville Morte," he asked leave to hold the hand of one of his fair admirers, who was sitting next him, during the performance, to encourage him! This is quoted as a new and very delightful idea. One of the plans formed by D'Annunzio and Duse jointly, it is said, was the foundation of a theatre in Italy for the revival of classic drama with unprecedented artistic setting, the theatre to be conducted for art's sake and not to make money. A wealthy gentleman had agreed to furnish the money to build, but we are not told who was to meet the recurrent deficits. Duse, instead of wearing her heart out at Paris over a faithless intellectual comrade, should thank heaven for escaping a far more heart-breaking fate. Better for her and her generation that she should lose D'Annunzio than that the stage should lose Leonora Duse.

The question of Sunday golf is still being earnestly discussed in various parts of the country, not without some uncertainty as to ultimate decisions (says the *Bazar*). About Boston there is some police interference, and more is threatened. On some noted links, as that of the Morris County (New Jersey) Club, Sunday golf is prohibited by the club. In most places it is tolerated so long as it is not too obnoxious. Some clubs allow golf on Sunday, but prohibit the employment of caddies—a limitation which has some reasonableness about it. The Staten Island Club recently arranged for a Richmond County championship tournament on Sunday, and encountered strong opposition. One of the three clubs interested refused, by vote, to participate, and the sentiment was fairly general that while golf for mere amusement and recreation was permissible on Sunday, the more strenuous exercise which championship competitions necessitate profane the Lord's day. It was objected to, and justly, that many good golfers would be restrained by their scruples from playing in a Sunday championship. The match was held, but it was not a satisfactory competition. Sunday-keeping is very much a matter of detail, and varies according to circumstances and localities. The questions that arise about it, and must turn, nearly as often on considerations of expediency as of religion.

Mrs. Walden Pell, who died a fortnight ago in Paris, had for a long time been a good angel to the young women of her own country who went to Paris to study art. Her house was always open to them if they came with proper introductions (says the *New York Sun*), and there they could meet the members of the American colony who could be of most use to them. They were also allowed to appear in her parlors under circumstances which attracted the most favorable sort of attention to them. Every European capital has some woman in its American colony who opens her doors to her country people. Berlin and Vienna possess such headquarters just as Rome and Paris do. Sometimes it is the home of an American family or of a widow like Mrs. Pell, or the hostess may be the American wife of a native. These houses all receive Americans and are different only in the way in which they receive them. Mrs. Pell received only the persons who would have been included among her guests if they had come to her home in New York. The traveling flotsam and jetsam of American society in Europe never found a place in her drawing-rooms. So it came to mean something to be taken up in Paris by Mrs. Pell. She had been accustomed in her own country to know only the best society, so it was natural that her doors should be opened to no other in Paris. Her world was not a small one because she chose to limit it. Emma Eames, from

the time her studies in Paris began, was a favorite of Mrs. Pell's, and a welcome guest in her house. Just before she came to this country a year ago, Mrs. Pell gave her a diamond necklace of great value and beauty. "I have always intended that you should have this after my death, and you might as well have the pleasure of wearing it now," she said. In Mrs. Pell's house in Paris frequently during the past few years, when her studies permitted, was Angela Anderson, of New York, her grandniece, who has been for some years a devoted student of the piano and first appeared publicly last summer in Paris. An older celebrity seen often at Mrs. Pell's house was Christine Nilsson, who had been her intimate friend for many years. Many other women in the eyes of the world were her acquaintances and gave interest to the volume published by her five years ago under the title "Recollections of a Long Life." The reminiscences told in very charming and refined fashion the story of a long career in society. American students in Paris will miss Mrs. Pell's influence, which had been during recent years greater than her actual deeds, as ill-health and failing sight occasionally interfered with the execution of her grand intentions, although her ample fortune was liberally dispensed for any purpose that appealed to her, and her position as the leader of the American colony socially, as well as the most interested person in the welfare of the art students from this country, made her influence in their behalf very puissant. In Mrs. Pell and Dr. Evans, two notable figures in Paris's American colony have recently disappeared.

According to Anne Morton Lane, there is a craze among a certain section of smart society in England for the use of slang that practically becomes a language all to itself. "We have the thieves' language, and the Rummy dialect, and various other methods of deforming the English tongue," she writes, "but surely the 'society slang' is the worst of the lot. I was given, the other day, a list of words that are quite new to me. All persons like the butcher, or your cook, or your coachman, or the milkman, are 'gempies' and 'ladnes.' Thus the dustman is the 'dust-gempie,' the butcher the 'meat-gempie,' a beggar a 'beggar-ladde' or a 'beggar-gempie,' while the postman is known as the 'postie.' A policeman, for no very obvious reason, is called the 'peaceman,' a brumhag is a 'cart,' and horses are, of course, 'gee-gees.' A piano is a 'prannie.' Medicine is 'mettie,' and when you go to bed, you go to 'bee.' No one who uses the society slang ever thinks of speaking of Kensington. They say 'Kenzie,' while Belgrave Square and Belgravia generally are called 'Belgy.'"

Some of the most distinguished members of the Paris clergy, presided over by the venerable Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, have been sitting in solemn conclave on a curious case of conscience (writes the *Pall Mall Gazette's* correspondent). French servants, more especially in the capital, have gradually established a system of perquisites that is now so generally recognized and submitted to as to be practically an accepted institution. This exacting is known as "the sou in the franc." When a cook, for example, purchases a joint for her master she expects the butcher to make her an allowance, which she puts in her own pocket, of a sou on every franc of the total cost of the meat. A sou being a twentieth part of a franc, the tax thus levied amounts to five per cent. on the purchases made. In the beginning this practice was doubtless resorted to by a few enterprising tradesmen who hoped in this way to attract custom by bribing the servants, and it is just possible that at this period it was the tradesman who supported the cost of his far from disinterested generosity. At present, however, almost every tradesman in Paris gives the sou in the franc, and they may be trusted to arrange their prices so that the money comes out of the pockets of the masters. Naturally, the masters have rebelled at being thus mulcted. They maintain that the toll levied by their servants is nothing less than a barefaced robbery. Still, in spite of the most strenuous efforts, it has proved as impossible to do away with the sou in the franc as to suppress tips or Christmas boxes. The matter has finally attracted the attention of the clergy, who have had to decide the delicate question whether the servants who take advantage of the tradesmen's "liberality" are guilty of a petty theft, or are merely accepting a legitimate profit. A rather lame decision has been arrived at, but perhaps not even ecclesiastical sagacity could do any better in the circumstances. In brief, the keepers of Catholic consciences admit that the practice is in many respects reprehensible, but they add that it is so universally followed that, at any rate in Paris, there is nothing to be done but to tolerate it. On the other hand, certain developments of the sou-in-the-franc system are condemned. For instance, ladies'-maids are forbidden to have substantial additions gratuitously made to their mistresses' dressmakers' bills with a view to pocketing the difference between the real charge and the doctored account. In short, pilfering by domestics would seem only to be wicked when carried out on an extensive scale.

At what age are bachelors and maids generally called "old"? This is a topic which has again come up for discussion. The *Chicago Times-Herald*

thinks it depends entirely on themselves. A woman is no older than she looks and a man no older than he feels. The fact is, people bring upon themselves the appellation of "old bachelor" and "old maid." As a rule it is not given to any one who retains a well-regulated mind, a disposition to enjoy simple pleasures, sympathy with the suffering of others, and fortitude to support his or her own pains. A bachelor who becomes small in his aims and pursuits, who is self-absorbed, if not selfish, who behaves in an unseemly way, who is easily provoked, who rejoices in iniquity—such as he is considered a miserable "old" bachelor. So, too, the term "old" maid is given soon and frequently to the harsh-voiced, abrupt-mannered, unmarried woman, who imitates man in dress, and tone, and bearing, who interferes with relatives and sets them quarreling, whose rudeness and selfishness make every one uncomfortable at the hotel or boarding-house where she, her cat, dog, and canary live. Very different is the old maid who may be described as a success—and there are such. She may not have an absorbing mission, but she puts every one into good humor, and is always desired. She is not soured by celibacy, but can think of and plan for the happiness of others. She is gentle, ready, helpful, and firm withal in sickness or any other emergency. Her eyes "are homes of silent prayer," and she is truly religious, but she does not talk much about religion.

An Elizabethan seal-top silver spoon weighing one ounce and a half was sold in London recently for one hundred and fifty dollars; that is one hundred dollars an ounce. This a record price for old silver.

## Prospective Mothers.

Preparatory Hints; Bathing; Clothing; Habits; Fresh Air; Second Summer, etc.; are some of the subjects treated in "Babies," a book for young mothers sent free by Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N. Y., who make Gail Borden Eagle Brand.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, January 3d, were as follows:

		BONDS.		Closed.	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra C. Water	5,000	@ 109		109	
Hawaiian C. & S.	1,000	@ 106 1/2			
N. R. of Cal.	7,000	@ 113		113	
Oceanic S. Co.	13,000	@ 104 3/4-108		104 1/2	105 1/4
S. F. & N. P. Ry.	3,000	@ 115		112	
S. F. & S. J. Ry.	2,000	@ 114 3/4-115		114 1/2	
S. P. R. of Ariz.	14,000	@ 110-113 1/4			
S. P. Branch	4,000	@ 123 1/2		123 1/2	
		STOCKS.		Closed.	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water	500	@ 74 1/2-76 1/2		75	75 1/2
Spring Valley Water	450	@ 92-93 1/2		92 1/2	93 1/2
		Gas and Electric.			
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Equitable Gaslight	50	@ 5		5	5 1/2
Pacific Lighting Co.	15	@ 40			
S. F. Gas & Electric	1,110	@ 49 1/2-52		49 1/2	52
S. F. Gas	50	@ 3 1/4		3 1/4	4
		Banks.			
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Bank of Cal.	30	@ 403-404		404	
Street R. R.					
California St.	10	@ 120		117 1/2	120
Market St.	285	@ 60-60 1/2		60 1/2	
		Powders.			
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Giant Con.	55	@ 94-94 1/2		93 1/2	94
Vigort	200	@ 34		3 1/2	3 1/2
		Sugars.			
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Hana P. Co.	1,090	@ 7 1/2-8 1/2		7 1/2	7 3/4
Hawaiian	155	@ 88-88 1/2		87 1/2	
Honokaa S. Co.	735	@ 31 1/2-32		31 1/2	
Hutchinson	605	@ 26 1/2-27 1/2		26 1/2	27
Makawell S. Co.	270	@ 44-44 1/2		44	45
Onomea S. Co.	370	@ 28-29 1/2		29 1/2	30 1/2
Pauhaui S. P. Co.	2,360	@ 28 1/2-30		28 1/2	29
		Miscellaneous.			
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Oceanic Steam Co.	260	@ 92-94 1/2		92	94

There were sales of 5,000 shares of sugar stocks on small gains, but at the close the market was quiet and prices eased off about a point.

Spring Valley Water sold down 2 points to 92, but showed some strength at the close, on quiet buying for investment.

San Francisco Gas and Electric sold off 2 1/2 points on small sales, and closed at 49 1/2 bid, 50 asked. Seller of stock was offered at 49 1/2. The market value of this stock has been reduced 50 per cent., and some careful investors are now coming into the market.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

SIG B. SCHLOSS, A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO. Tel. Bush 24. 238 Montgomery Street, S. F.

LESTER & McCARTNEY, Financial Agents, - Denver.

Care and sale of property for non-residents. Local reference, Edward Brown & Son, S. F.

## Hawaiian Trust &amp; Investment Co., Ltd

Stocks and Bonds—We buy and sell strictly on commission all first-class Hawaiian Stocks and Bonds. Members of Honolulu Stock Exchange.

In General—We are prepared to look after property both real and personal, collect and remit incomes, and execute any business commission for persons residing abroad.

References—Messrs. Welch & Co., 220 California Street, San Francisco, Cal. Bank of Hawaii, Limited, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. GEORGE R. CARTER, Treasurer, 409 Fort Street, Honolulu, H. I.

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# VIN MARIANI

(MARIANI WINE)

Gives power to the brain, strength and elasticity to the muscles, and richness to the blood. It is a promoter of good health and longevity.

MARIANI WINE is invaluable for overworked men, delicate women, and sickly children. It soothes, strengthens, and sustains the system.

Sold by all druggists.

Refuse Substitutes.

Mariani & Co., 52 W. 15th St., New York, publish a handsome book of endorsements of Emperors, Emperess, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops, and other distinguished personages. It is sent gratis and postpaid to all who write for it.

## THE LATEST STYLES IN Choice Woolens

H. S. BRIDGE & CO. MERCHANT TAILORS, 622 MARKET STREET (Upstairs), Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,187,617.90  
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits June 30, 1899.....27,656,513.03

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNAY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, D. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1899.....\$24,920,395  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve Fund.....205,215  
Contingent Fund.....442,763

E. B. POND, Pres., W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres. LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.

Directors—George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, Geo. Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000  
SURPLUS.....1,000,000  
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.....2,365,968  
October 1, 1899.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier  
ALLEN M. CLAV.....Secretary

## CORRESPONDENTS:

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.  
Baltimore.....The Bank of New York, N. B. A.  
Boston.....The National Exchange Bank  
Chicago.....The National Shawmut Bank  
Philadelphia.....The Philadelphia National Bank  
St. Louis.....The Boatmen's Bank  
Virginia City, Nev.....Agency of the Bank of California  
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Frères  
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft  
China, Japan, and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and New Zealand  
Australia, and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000  
Jno. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager; H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIFMAN, Asst-Cashier; H. L. MILLER, Second Asst-Cashier.

Directors—John J. Valentine, Andrew Christeson, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Berningham, Dudley Evans. Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,702,300; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,112,546.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. ROYD, Agent for San Francisco, 411 California Street.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Lumbago AND OTHER DISEASES CAUSED BY URIC ACID IN THE BLOOD positively cured. Send for Booklet. THE SWISS-AMERICAN CO. OR WINDSOB DENT. 408 BLOCH, DETROIT, MICH. U.S.A. CANADA.

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E. C. DAKE'S ADVERTISING AGENCY 64 & 65 Merchants' Exchange SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Last year, in Vienna, S. L. Clemens ("Mark Twain") sat talking with a Scotch barrister named Guthrie. "Do you ever smoke?" asked Mr. Clemens of Mr. Guthrie. "Yes, Mr. Clemens," replied Mr. Guthrie, "when I am in bad company." "You are a lawyer, aren't you, Mr. Guthrie?" "Yes, I am." "Ah," said Mr. Clemens, "you must be a heavy smoker."

Upon one occasion, at Vienna, a Bavarian oohle was uttering a philippic against the Hungarians spelling and orthoepy. Dr. Maurus Jókai, who was present, listened with grave attention until the oohle had concluded. Then he rose, bowed, and remarked: "We do spell badly, and pronounce even worse, but, your excellency, that is a part of our national courtesy; we do it to give foreigners an excuse when they try to speak in our beautiful language."

The following is told by the granddaughter of an old lady who lived in one of the Southern States, and had been known throughout the neighborhood as one who had a keen sense of the ridiculous. After a long illness her final hour was supposed to have come, and her children and grandchildren gathered round for a last farewell, when suddenly she opened her eyes, and, on seeing the mournful expressions of those about her, remarked with all her old-time vigor: "The watched pot never boils."

In the course of an address delivered one afternoon at Mount Hermon, Mr. Moody referred to a wooded elevation as "Temptation Point." One of the trustees remarked that he had overheard the spot called by that name before. "Neither have I," the speaker replied. "Why did you hit upon such a name as that?" came the inquiry. "Oh!" said Mr. Moody, "because I thought that some day some one might be tempted to erect a chapel for us on that point." The remark was duly repeated, and his wish has since been gratified, for a beautiful stone chapel now adorns the little hill.

An old farmer who was in the habit of eating what was set before him, asking no questions, dropped into a café for dinner. The waiter gave him the dinner-card and explained that it was the list of dishes served for dinner that day. The old gentleman began at the top or the one or rare and ordered each thing in turn until he had covered about one-third of it. The prospect of what was still before him was overpowering, yet there were some things at the end that he wanted to try. Finally he called the waiter and, confidentially marking off the spaces on the card with his index finger, said: "Look here, I've got from that to that. Can I skip from that to that and eat one to the bottom?"

General F. V. Greene, when he arrived in Manila with reinforcements, went on board the *Olympia* to pay his respects to Admiral Dewey. After the two men had exchanged compliments, Dewey said: "Come into my cabin, general. I want to show you my family." In one corner of the cabin was a great pile of photographs, dozens upon dozens, and each was the picture of a baby boy. There were fat babies and lean babies, pretty babies and ugly babies, sad babies and smiling babies. "What in the world are these?" asked General Greene, somewhat bewildered. "Why," said Dewey, "it's just the family of my namesakes. They are Jooseses, Smiths, and Jenkinsons, but every one's a George Dewey, and their parents want me to know it."

E. A. Sothern, of "Dundreary" fame, was once dining at Portsmouth at a regimental mess. After dinner one of the officers asked Sothern to give them a recitation. Now Sothern would not tolerate being treated as an entertainer when he was by way of being treated as a gentleman. He coldly declined. They pressed him. He hotly declined. Still they would take no denial. At last he said, in a manner which showed that he was nettled, hot yet yielding. "Well, if you won't let me off, I must. I'll give you the dinner-speech from 'David Garrick.'" He did. He had over acted it better. They were delighted until, springing to his feet, he made his wild tipsy exit, just as he did on the stage, and dragged the cloth off the table, and with it all the regiment's prized dessert china and decanters and glasses, etc. Thereupon he calmly resumed his seat, but thereafter Sothern dined no more with that regiment.

The late Timothy D. Crocker nearly thirty years ago was president of a lecture-course association, and on the list of entertainers was Mark Twain. It was the custom for the president to introduce the speakers, and then to announce the programme for the next entertainment in the course. On this particular evening Mr. Crocker and Mark came upon the platform and took their seats before a hall full of people. Twain waited for his opportunity and stole a march on the dignified president by stepping to the front of the platform and saying: "Ladies and gentlemen, the next lecture in the course will be de-

livered two weeks from to-night by Blankety Blank. I have the great pleasure this evening of introducing to you Mark Twain." Theo Mark paused a moment before he added: "I would always rather introduce myself, because then I am sure to get to all the facts." Mr. Crocker, rather embarrassed, was still sitting back in his chair, and the audience enjoyed the joke much better than he did.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## The Cry of the Hostess.

Oh, I am weary, heart and hand,  
Aod warped, and worn, and straided,  
So tired of entertainiog, and  
Of being entertained!

So prostrate is my weighted soul  
With diners, luocheos, teas,  
I'd build a house at the North Pole,  
To get away from these.

Aod with what joy I'd waltz about,  
In hourly growiog glee,  
If oo ooe came to ask me out,  
Or ever called oo me.

Oh, what delight to sit and gaze  
Over the wastes of snow,  
Quite sure oo form would cross the space,  
Either of friend or foe.

Feariog oor woman, man, oor child,  
Nor even the postmao's riog,  
The cards aod iovitations piled  
That he is sure to briog.

Yea, could I pay my calls, and see  
My list quite clear again,  
My score wiped out, my tablet free,  
My mind at ease . . . ah, then,

I'd ask of Fate, with grateful tears  
This dearest blessing shown—  
For the remainder of my years  
Just to be let aloe.

—Madeline S. Bridges in Life.

## Rhymes of a Spelling Reformer.

A fisherman sat on the quay  
Partaking of afternoon tuay;  
When a lady came by  
Who winked with ooe y,  
And whispered, "No sugar for muay."

A man was committed to gaol  
For stealing a teepooy oal;  
The judge was severe,  
And gave him ooe yere,  
Without any option of baol.

A grand old bootmaker of Hawardeo  
Used to spend the whole day to his gawarden;  
When his friends askt him why  
He lookt up at the sky,  
But only replied, "Beg your pawarden."

It is said that Nathaniel Ffiooes  
Lived wholly oo bread and broad hhieooes;  
Who invited to eat  
But a morsel of meat  
He answered: "Just thioik what it mmiennes!"

A thoughtful young hotcher named Mowll  
Had a teoder and sensitive shoop;  
When he slaughtered a swell  
He always would weep  
And pay for a funeral toll.

A sailor, who sported a queue,  
Was civil to all that he knueue;  
If he came under fire  
He used to retire  
And say, with a bow, "After yuene."

The Dowager Duke of Buccleugh  
Was famous for Irish steugh;  
When asked, "Do you use  
Any onions to stuse?"  
He cautiously answered, "A feugh."

A groom of the royal demesne  
Was the finest old man ever sesne;  
But he kept out of sight  
In a ditch day and night,  
For fear of annoyiog the quesne.

The amiable Commodore Haigh  
Set sail down the chanel ooe daigh;  
Who asked, "Do you know  
Which directioo to go?"  
He answered, "I'm feeliog my waigh."

One autumn the Marquis of Steynes  
Shot a partridge with iofinite peynes;  
Then he cried, "I'm afraid  
Of the havoc I've maid!  
See—only ooe feather remeynes!"

—Westminster Gazette.

## The Planter's Dependence on Good Seeds.

Without good, fresh, fertile seeds, good crops are impossible. It is, then, of the most vital importance that you should exercise the greatest possible caution in selecting the seeds you are to plant the coming season. Since you can not determine their fertility or freshness by sight, the only certain way to insure yourself against worthless seeds is to buy only those that bear the name of a firm about whose reliability there is no question. There are no better known seedsmen anywhere, and oone who have a higher reputation for integrity, than D. M. Ferry & Co., of Detroit, Mich. Ferry's Seeds have been a synonym for good seeds for many years. Thousands of gardeners who continue to plant them season after season, do so with the full confidence that they will uniformly be found to be of high vitality, and most important of all, true to name.

Ferry's Seed Annual for 1900 is fully up to the standard of former years and will be welcomed by all who have learned to regard it as a thoroughly reliable and practical guide to planting. A copy may be obtained free by addressing the firm as above.

## TAKING BABY'S PICTURE.

MOTHER—Now sit up straight!  
AUNT JANE—There, that's a dear!  
NEIGHBOR—Oh, isn't he too sweet!  
BABY—Goo!  
PHOTOGRAPHER—Just a little farther forward—here.

MOTHER—Come, baby, come!  
AUNT JANE—Yes, baby must.  
BABY—Ya-a-a!  
SISTER—Doo't cry, old tootsy-toot, and get all scowly-owly-owl!

NEIGHBOR—We'll oot let naughty strange man shoot.

MOTHER [*firmly*—He *never* set up such a howl.  
AUNT JANE—See, baby, see!  
SISTER—Bow-wow!

NEIGHBOR—Ba-ha-a!  
MOTHER—Oh, what a pitty picture-book!  
PHOTOGRAPHER [*jingling keys*—Here, baby!  
SISTER—What a darling!

BABY—Ya-a!  
AUNT JANE—Does baby want the hirdie? Look!

MOTHER [*triumphantly*—He's all right oow.  
NEIGHBOR—The little man!  
PHOTOGRAPHER [*wiping his forehead*—Please place him as he was before. You want him laughiog?

MOTHER—If we can.  
SISTER—Chick, chick!  
BABY—Goo-goo!

PHOTOGRAPHER—We'll try ocoe more.  
AUNT JANE—Hi-diddle-diddle!

PHOTOGRAPHER [*rattling keys*—Baby, see—Clink, clink!

NEIGHBOR—Toot, toot!  
AUNT JANE—Hi-diddle-day!

SISTER—He looks as solemo as can be.  
MOTHER—How queer! He *never* is that way!

SISTER—The precious dear!  
NEIGHBOR—The little judge!

BABY—Goo-goo!  
AUNT JANE—He knows!  
NEIGHBOR—Of course.

BABY—Goo-goo!  
MOTHER—Well, take him sober. He'll not budge. He's like his fath— [*Baby laughs. PHOTOGRAPHER snaps the shutter.*]

ALL THE WOMEN [*admiringly*—There! Baby knew! [*PHOTOGRAPHER wearily but thankfully wipes his forehead.*]

—Edwin L. Sabin in January Century.

## Mormonism.

This is a question that should interest every one. It is a blot upon our fair land—a symptom of governmental ill-health. The right laws would act as speedily upon it as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters does upon constipation or dyspepsia. They would quickly clear it out and restore healthy purity; and this is just what the Bitters does for the human constitution. It makes the stomach strong by curing indigestion, hilioussness, and liver trouble.

Old lady—"Didn't I tell you oever to come here again?" Up-to-date tramp—"I hope you will pardon me, madam, but it's the fault of my secretary; he has neglected to strike your name from my visiting list."—Ex.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS  
(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.

V V O  
Scotch Whisky  
Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

## HAWAII

The Land of Sunny Days.

Programme of Spring Tours free on application to

THOS. COOK & SON,

621 Market Street, San Francisco.

## International Navigation Co.'s Lines

## AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.  
St. Paul. . . . . January 17 | St. Louis. . . . . January 31  
New York. . . . . January 24 | St. Paul. . . . . February 7

## RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.  
Aragonia. . . . . January 17 | Southwark. . . . . January 31  
Friesland. . . . . January 24 | Westernland. . . . . February 7

## EMPIRE LINE.

To Alaska and Gold Fields.

Rates and Sailings for 1900 now ready. For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY. FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1900.  
Gaelic (Via Honolulu). . . . . Saturday, Jan. 6  
Doric (Via Honolulu). . . . . Thursday, Feb. 1  
Coptic (Via Honolulu). . . . . Tuesday, Feb. 27  
Gaelic (Via Honolulu). . . . . Friday, Mar. 23  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## Toyo Kisen Kaisha (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Hongkong Maru. . . . . Tuesday, January 16, 1900  
Nippon Maru. . . . . Friday, February 9  
America Maru. . . . . Wednesday, March 7  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC Steamship Company  
S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Jan. 10, 2 P. M.  
S. S. Moana sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8 P. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 357 Market St., San Francisco.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., January 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, February 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10 A. M., January 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, February 5, and every fifth day thereafter.  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., Jan. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Feb. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.  
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., January 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, 31, February 4, and every fourth day thereafter.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., January 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, February 2, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.  
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month.  
The company reserves the right to change without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing.  
Ticket-Office 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).  
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St. S. F.

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## AMERICAN SERVICE.

The New Twin Screw Steamship  
OCEANIC  
The Largest Vessel in the World.  
17,640 tons, length 704 feet, width 68 feet.  
28,000 horse-power.

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Twin Screw. 582 feet long.  
10,000 tons. 52 feet long.

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Twin Screw, 12,552 tons, 600 feet long, one of the largest steamships afloat.

## GERMANIC

Well known to ocean travelers, and now completely refitted.

Wednesday sailings from New York.

S. TENNEY FRENCH, G. W. A.,  
94-95 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER, 111 Market Street, or to official railway and steamship agent, Pacific Coast.



## SOCIETY.

## The Follis-Gwin Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Mary Belle Gwin to Mr. James H. Follis was celebrated at noon on Monday, January 1st, at the residence of the bride's grandmother at Sacramento and Hyde Streets. Owing to the recent death of the bride's brother, the wedding was a quiet one, the guests being limited to near relatives and friends. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. R. C. Foute, of Grace Episcopal Church. The bride was given away by her father, and the groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Clarence Follis, as best man. After the congratulations were over, a wedding breakfast was served in the parlors, at small tables.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. William Gwin, formerly United States Shipping Commissioner, and her grandfather was the late United States Senator of the same name. The groom is the son of Mr. R. H. Follis. He is a cousin of Mr. James L. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood, and partner in the Brooks-Follis Electric Company.

## The Macdonald-Tucker Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Mai Tucker to Mr. Augustin Sylvester Macdonald took place on Monday evening, January 1st, at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Oakland. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Robert Ritchie, and the bride was given into the groom's keeping by her mother, Mrs. Joseph Clarence Tucker. The maid of honor was Miss Wilhelmina Havermeyer, who had come on from Chicago especially for the ceremony; the bridesmaids were Miss Bernice Macdonald, Miss Bertha Dolbeer, Miss Elizabeth McNear, Miss Ida Belle Palmer, and Miss Davis; and the flower-bearers were three little nieces of the bride, Miss Ernestine McNear, Miss Albertine Detrick, and Miss Marian Miller. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Royal Macdonald, as best man, and the ushers were Lieutenant A. P. Hayne, Mr. George S. Wheaton, Mr. Robert M. Fitzgerald, Mr. Samuel Bell McKee, Mr. Andrew L. Stone, and Mr. A. P. Brayton, Jr.

After the ceremony the bridal party, and relatives and intimate friends, to the number of one hundred and sixty, were driven to the Hotel Metropole, where a wedding supper was enjoyed, after which the young couple departed on a brief wedding journey. On their return they will reside in the new Macdonald home at Linda Vista, Oakland.

## The Scott Theatre-Party.

A dinner-party was given by Mr. Lawrence L. Scott last Thursday evening at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, 507 Harrison Street. After the discussion of an elaborate repast, the party spent a pleasant evening at the theatre.

Mr. Scott's guests were Lieutenant Reginald Knight Smith, passed assistant-surgeon, U. S. N., and Mrs. Smith, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Isabel Kittle, Miss Alma McClung, Miss Bertha Sidney Smith, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Cora Smedberg, Mr. Karl Howard, Mr. I. Murray Orrick, Mr. Knox Maddox, Mr. Frederick H. Coon, Mr. Willard Drown, and Mr. Frank King.

## The Hager Costume Dinner.

A dinner was given by Miss Ethyl Hager on Wednesday evening, January 3d, at her home at the south-west corner of Sacramento and Franklin Streets, which was one of the most novel and enjoyable of the season. The invitations read "costume d'enfant de rigneur," and the hostess and her sisters, Miss Hager and Miss Alice Hager, were in school-

girl dresses. The guests' costumes varied from those appropriate to infants up to those of the hobbled-hoy age, and their appearance was very amusing.

After dinner there was a Christmas-tree in the large hall, from which gifts were distributed to the guests, and afterward "Pass in the Corner" and other childish games were played.

Miss Hager's guests included Miss Hager, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Therese Morgan, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Mary Grimwood Josselyn, Miss Beatrice Tobin, Mr. Edward Tobin, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. Addison Mizner, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. Clarence Follis, Mr. Bert Cadwalader, Mr. Willard Drown, and Mr. Julian Thorne.

## Reception at the Presidio.

A reception was held by the ladies at the Presidio last Tuesday evening, in the hop-room, in honor of Lieutenant James S. Parker, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Parker, who were married last month. Mrs. Parker was Miss Katherine Lemly, daughter of Captain Henry R. Lemly, Seventh Artillery, U. S. A. The hop-room was prettily decorated with American flags and regimental colors, and music was provided by the Third Cavalry Band from Angel Island. Dancing was enjoyed until a late hour.

## Notes and Gossip.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Helen Otis Thomas to Mr. Frederick W. Kimble. Miss Thomas is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas, of 2614 Pacific Avenue, and Mr. Kimble is from Los Angeles, but is well-known in this city. No date for the wedding has yet been set.

The wedding of Miss Cecelia Miles, daughter of Major-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., and Captain Samuel Reber, Signal Corps, U. S. A., will take place at St. John's Church in Washington, on January 10th. Miss Miles's attendants will include Miss Annie Hoyt, of New York, who will be maid of honor; Miss Reber, of St. Louis, a sister of the bridegroom; Miss Sherman, of Cleveland, O.; Miss Rosina Hoyt, of New York; Miss Jessie Gary, of Baltimore; Miss Lowery and Miss Kate Deering, of Washington. Mr. Max Reber will be his brother's best man. Among the ushers named are Captain Montgomery, M. Macomb, Seventh Artillery, U. S. A.; Colonel Francis Michler, Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A.; Captain George O. Squier, Third Artillery, U. S. A.; Major T. B. Mott, Seventh Artillery, U. S. A.; Mr. P. T. Sherman, of New York; and Dr. Patterson, of Philadelphia.

Miss Luita N. Booth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Booth, of Piedmont, was married to Mr. P. L. Sherman, of Ann Arbor, Mich., on November 24, 1899. The ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. Bishop Potter, of New York, in Hong Kong.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid will give a dance in honor of Miss Mary Crocker at her home in New York on the evening of January 12th.

The Friday Fortnightly Club held its fifth dance of the present season at Cotillion Hall on Friday evening. The members and their guests were received by Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, and the cotillion was led by Miss Aalea Keyes, who had as her partner Mr. Addison Mizner.

Miss Caro Crockett gave a dinner in honor of Miss Helen Hopkins and Mr. Augustus C. Taylor, whose engagement has just been announced, last Thursday evening at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett.

Mr. Harry M. Holbrook gave a theatre-party recently, taking his friends to see "The Christian" and afterward to supper at the Palace Hotel. Mr.

Holbrook's guests were Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Mamie Kohl, Mr. F. S. Kohl, Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., and Mr. Bowie.

An enjoyable luncheon was given by Miss Olive Holbrook at her parents' home on Van Ness Avenue on Thursday. It was chaperoned by Mrs. Alexander D. Keyes (née Salisbury), and the other guests were Miss Genevieve King, Miss Elmore, Miss Brigham, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Voorhies, Miss Loughborough, Miss Salisbury, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Leila Voorhies, Miss Spreckels, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Lilian Spreckels, Miss Mollie Thomas, and Miss Therese Morgan.

Mrs. Ernest La Montaigne, who was Miss Louise Catherwood, gave her first large entertainment in her new house at 114 East Thirtieth Street, New York, a few days ago. It was an afternoon reception, and her sister, Mrs. Morton Grinnell, assisted in receiving the guests, many of whom were members of the Long Island hunting set.

Mrs. John J. Valentine will be "at home" on Thursdays in January at "Cedarcroft," her home in East Oakland.

Mrs. Edward Putnam Danforth, of 1100 Sacramento Street, has issued cards for the second, third, and fourth Tuesdays in January.

A reception was held by the Sketch Club on New-Year's Day in its new quarters at 1308 California Street. The affair was in the nature of a house-warming, and Mr. Orrin Peck was the guest of honor. The hours were from two o'clock until ten.

## Golf Notes.

The first round, 18 holes, match play, of the San Francisco Golf Club's initial tournament for the Council's Trophy for men, was played on the Presidio links on Saturday, December 30th. Owing to the absence from town of Mr. John Lawson and Mr. A. B. Williamson, who had made the qualifying round in 92 and 101 respectively, Mr. Leonard Chenery and Mr. R. H. Gaylord, who had made it in 106, were included in the eight players entitled to compete. The result of the first round was as follows:

R. H. Gaylord beat J. W. Byrne, 3 up and 1 to play.

H. B. Goodwin beat S. L. Abbot, Jr., 4 up and 3 to play.

Charles Page beat Leonard Chenery, 4 up and 3 to play.

E. J. McCutchen beat Major Hugh J. Gallagher, U. S. V., 1 up on 20 holes.

The semi-final round was played on Monday, January 1st, resulting in Mr. McCutchen beating Mr. Goodwin 2 up and 1 to play, and Mr. Gaylord beating Mr. Page, 5 up and 3 to play. Owing to the inclement weather, the finals and also the consolation handicap match were postponed until Saturday, January 6th. In the latter event the entries include Mr. J. W. Byrne, Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mr. Andrew Carrigan, Mr. Peter McG. McBean, Mr. William B. Bourn, Mr. S. L. Abbot, Jr., Major Hugh J. Gallagher, Mr. Harry B. Goodwin, Mr. Charles Page, and Dr. Clark.

The ladies' putting contest for the prize offered by Mr. J. W. Byrne, a tall vase of green Bohemian glass, is to take place on the Presidio links on Monday, January 8th, each contestant putting one ball from each of the four corners of each of the nine greens.

There were no special events at the San Rafael links last Saturday or Monday, nor are any announced for Saturday, January 6th.

The mixed foursomes announced for last Saturday by the Oakland Golf Club was postponed on account of the rain, but a reception held in the afternoon was largely attended and proved very enjoyable.

The professional tournament announced for January 13th on the Oakland Club's links promises to come up to the expectations it has aroused. Those who have already entered are David Stephenson, of the San Francisco Club, T. W. Tetley, of the San Rafael Club, Willie Anderson and Horace Rawlins, of the Oakland Club, James Melville, of Del Monte, Alexander Smith, and John D. Dunn, of New York.

Kimberley, the centre of the diamond-mining district, was gay and festive almost up to the time that the Boers appeared on its outskirts. The chief occasion of the festivities was the opening of the new town hall, which was celebrated by a great fancy-dress ball. It is recorded that the mayor, R. H. Henderson, appeared as Henry the Eighth, in a magnificent suit of crimson velvet with white satin facings and gold braid, richly jeweled. His crimson velvet cap was surmounted by a flowing ostrich-plume, and his shoes, as became the mayor of Kimberley, were bright with diamonds. His wife, the lady mayoress, was beautiful as the "City of London by Night," and she not only wore many diamonds, but was made brilliant by real incandescent lights.

A loan exhibition of bronzes and vases is to be held under the auspices of the San Francisco Art Association at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art during the present month. The annual Mardi-Gras ball will probably be given on February 27th.

## Pears'

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No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and Miss Mary Crocker spent the holidays at Tuxedo.

Miss Eva McAllister, who is now in the East, will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. Frank G. Newlands, in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin, who spent the holidays in New York with Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and their daughters, will be the guest of Mrs. Stephen J. Field in Washington, D. C., for two or three weeks before she returns home.

Mrs. John W. Mackay has arrived in Paris from London.

Mr. and Mrs. Atherton Macondray made a visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mr. Raoul Du Val sailed from New York for Liverpool on the White Star liner *Teutonic* on December 27th.

Miss Nellie Hillyer, who has been abroad for the past eighteen months, has returned to town.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Robbins, of Sacramento, are guests at the California Hotel.

Miss Genevieve King, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, at their residence, 1001 Leavenworth Street, during the holidays, returned on Thursday to Smith College.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Reed and Miss Reed have taken an apartment at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bainbridge were among this week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Whitney came up from Santa Barbara early in the week and are guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. Douglas S. Cone, of Red Bluff, is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries and Mrs. Helen Hecht sailed from New York on January 4th for Europe, where they intend spending a couple of years.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Driffel and Miss Driffel are in town from Oxnard, and are guests at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson returned from an Eastern trip on Tuesday, and are at the Palace Hotel for the present.

Mr. W. C. Ralston arrived in New York last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip D. Armour, of Chicago, are now in Pasadena, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. E. C. Macfarlane, of Honolulu, is at the California Hotel.

H. Harmon and Miss Marion re from New York, enjoyed a Tamalpais during the week.

h S. Spear returned on Saturday from a two months' visit to New York and Washington.

Mr. John J. Valentine was in Berlin at last accounts.

Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt returned on Tuesday from a brief visit to New York.

Dr. H. E. Phillips, who has been stopping in town at the California Hotel during the holidays, returns to his home in Reno, Nev., on Saturday, January 6th.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Whitney arrived in New York on Wednesday.

Mr. John T. Griffith, of Los Angeles, is in town for a few days and is stopping at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Avery are in New York. They expect to return early next month.

Mr. Mark L. McDonald came down from Santa Rosa on Thursday, and is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Among the week's guests at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. John G. McKinney, of Los Angeles, Mr. W. S. Smith, of Portland, Or., Mr. G. O. Grey, of Seattle, Mr. John Williams, of St. Louis, Mr. Alfred Harmon, of London, and Mr. E. A. Cox, Mr. J. B. Brown, Mr. C. J. Hamilton, and Mr. J. Howard Smith, of this city.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel are Mrs. J. W. Mitchell, Mr. J. P. Mitchell, Mr. R. W. Husband, and Mr. E. M. Pease, of Stanford, Mr. W. D. Haslam, of Santa Cruz, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ford, of Niles, Mr. L. P. Lowe, of Los Angeles, Mr. F. J. Morse, of Yokohama, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Finney, of Modesto, and Dr. H. V. Murray, Mr. G. A. Davis, Mr. H. Bromley, Mr. S. A. Cutter, and Mr. S. C. Cutter, of Honolulu.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Colonel James M. Marshall, deputy quartermaster-general, U. S. A., has been ordered to Nevada for the purchase of cavalry horses, and Captain Frank West, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been sent to Ukiah on the same service.

Captain David J. Rumbaugh, adjutant, Third Artillery, U. S. A., and First-Lieutenant George H. McManus, Third Artillery, U. S. A., have been ordered to Fort Stevens, Or., and to Flagler, Wash., to conduct battery competitions of the Third Artillery.

Major Alexander Rogers, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., has, at his own request, been relieved from duty as military attaché at the United States Embassy at Paris and ordered to join his regiment in this country.

First-Lieutenant George W. Moses, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., was on December 27th granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to leave the department and to apply for one month's extension of leave.

Lieutenant Reginald Knight Smith, passed assistant-surgeon, U. S. N., and Mrs. Smith are here

on a visit to Mrs. Smith's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott.

First-Lieutenant Harry L. James, Third Artillery, U. S. A., is a guest at the California Hotel.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Symphony Concerts.

A series of five symphony concerts, under the auspices of Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst, will be given at the Grand Opera House on the afternoons of Thursday, January 18th, February 1st and 15th, and March 1st and 15th, beginning promptly at three-fifteen. The orchestra will consist of sixty-six musicians under the direction of Mr. Henry Holmes.

The programmes will comprise, among other works, the following:

Symphonies—"Eroica" of Beethoven, Schubert in C, Schumann in C, "Pathétique" of Tschai-kowsky, Haydn in D, and a symphony entitled "Fraternity," by Henry Holmes. Overtures—"Coriolan," Beethoven; "Manfred," Schumann; "Les Abencerrages," Cherubini; "Oberon," Weber; "Tannhäuser," Wagner; "Fingal's Cave," Mendelssohn; overture, fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet," Tschai-kowsky. Shorter orchestral works—Brahms's variations on a theme of Haydn; Schubert's symphony in B-minor (unfinished); Wagner's "Siegfried" Idyl; Vorspiel und Schluss (from third act of "Parsifal"); Wotan's Abschied von Brünnhilde und Feuerzauber, from "Walküre."

The prices of reserved seats for the series of five concerts will be \$5, \$4, \$3, \$2, and \$1, according to location. The subscription opened at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on Thursday, January 4th, at 9 A. M., and will close on Thursday, January 11th, at 5 P. M. Single reserved seat tickets for the concerts will range from \$1.50 to 25 cents. The sale of single tickets for the first concert will open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on Monday, January 15, at 9 A. M.

The Pachmann Recitals.

Two additional recitals have been added to the series Vladimir de Pachmann, the well-known European violinist, intended to give in this city. The first took place at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Thursday afternoon, January 4th, when the following Chopin programme was presented:

(1) Sonata, op. 35, B-flat minor, grave, doppio movimento, scherzo, marche funèbre, finale; (2) ballade, op. 23, G-minor, (3) barcarole, op. 60, F-sharp major, (4) étude, op. 25, No. 1, A-flat, (5) nocturne, op. 55, No. 1, (6) valse, op. 64, No. 2, (7) trois mazurkas, op. 56, No. 2, op. 67, No. 1, op. 63, No. 1, (8) berceuse, op. 57, D-flat, (9) grand polonaise, op. 23, A-flat major.

The second will take place in the same hall on Saturday afternoon, January 6th, at three-fifteen o'clock, the programme, also by Chopin, being as follows:

(a) preludes, op. 28, Nos. 1, 3, 6, 19, 20, 22, 23, 24, (b) impromptu, F-sharp, op. 36, (c) three mazurkas, op. 7, B-flat major, op. 7, F-minor, op. 56, C-major; (d) études, op. 10, Nos. 3, 4, 5, 11, 12, (e) scherzo, op. 31, B-flat minor; études, op. 25, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9.

Return of Emma Nevada.

The re-appearance of Mme. Emma Nevada, the famous California *diva*, in concert, at the California Theatre on Monday night, after an absence of nearly twelve years, will be quite a social event. Inasmuch as we are to have neither the Grau nor Ellis Grand Opera Company this winter, and Mme. Nevada is to be the only operatic star of note who will appear here this year, San Francisco music-lovers will eagerly flock to hear her. Mme. Nevada is to sing again on Wednesday afternoon, and those who desire to secure tickets should do so at once, as the demand has been very great, and her appearances are to be confined to these two concerts. She will be assisted by Louis Blumenburg, cellist, and Selden Pratt, pianist.

The next chamber-music concert of the Minetti Quintet will take place on Friday afternoon, January 19th, at three-fifteen o'clock. The quintet will be assisted by S. G. Fleischman, pianist, and the programme will include the Grieg quartet in G-minor, and a Smetana piano trio in G-minor, the latter given here for the first time.

The Lane Medical Lectures.

The eighteenth annual course of Lane lectures, free to the public, will be delivered on Friday evenings, beginning at eight o'clock, in the auditorium of Cooper Medical College, Sacramento and Webster Streets, as follows:

January 5th, "Hippocrates, and Some Things Which He Taught," Dr. L. C. Lane; January 19th, "The Prevention of Tuberculosis," Dr. William Ophüls; February 2d, "Appendicitis," Dr. W. F. Cheney; February 16th, "San Francisco's Water Supply and Sewerage," Dr. C. N. Ellinwood; March 2d, "Old School, New School, and Other Schools," Dr. Emmet Rixford; March 16th, "Crime and Criminals," Dr. A. M. Gardner; March 30th, "Physical Exercise," Dr. Stanley Stillman; April 13th, "Marion Sims and His Work," Dr. Clinton Cushing; April 27th, "Old Age and Its Hygiene," Dr. A. Barkan; May 11th, "Practical Use of the X-Ray," Dr. Joseph O. Hirschfelder.

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OLD FAVORITES.

The Deliverance of Leyden.

Long, long the Lord His counsel keeps,  
And long withholds His hand,  
While weary weeks and months go by,  
And sad-eyed watchers stand;  
But not in vain their yearning gaze  
Deliverance awaits;  
The winds and waves obey His will—  
The ships are at the gates!

Oh, fair at first old Leyden lay  
Upon the ancient Rhine,  
Whose willow-shaded waters mirrored  
All the lordly line  
Of bridge and boat and soaring spire,  
Proud home and crowded street,  
And, far above the Roman tower,  
The blue sky smiling sweet.

But all that fatal summer Leyden  
Languished in the grasp  
Of the stern and haughty Valdez,  
Ever tightening clasp on clasp;  
All about her frowned his ramparts,  
Scowled his cannon, thronged his men,  
Iron heel on fruitful garden,  
Spanish steel on Holland fen.

Within the walls the burghers' store  
Still faded day by day;  
Two months with food, another month  
Without, had passed away;  
Their meat and then their bread had gone,  
And every hope had failed,  
Save a four days' hoard of malt cake,  
And hearts that never quailed.

In darkness walks the pestilence,  
Destruction wastes at noon,  
In every house there lies one dead;  
All fear to follow soon;  
Starvation leers from many an eye,  
And famine sucks the breath  
Of tottering wife and dying child,  
And hero marked for death.

One only hope, one strong ally,  
For dying Leyden waits:  
The Prince's hand may yet command  
The massive ocean gates.  
The dikes! the outer dikes! he breaks  
Their walls, and bids the sea  
Go down the camps of Valdez,  
And the captive city free.

Two hundred boats he fills with food;  
The waters slowly rise;  
And joyfully and longingly  
Men watch the western skies.  
The swarming troops of Valdez  
Fear a more than human power,  
As they see the crawling waters  
Stealing upward every hour.

And now the mighty winds of God  
Spring fiercely from the sky;  
O'er moor and dike, on surging wave,  
The eager fleet rides high.  
At midnight, in the tempest  
And the terror of the sea,  
Half-drowned, beneath the blood-stained  
tide,  
The stricken Spaniards flee.

Long, long the Lord His counsel keeps,  
And long withholds His hand,  
While weary weeks and months go by,  
And sad-eyed watchers stand;  
But not in vain their yearning gaze  
Deliverance awaits;  
The winds and waves obey His will—  
The boats are at the gates!

—Charles F. Richardson.

Dickens would have been pleased with the title of the "Church of England Burial, Funeral, and Mourning Reform Association," which at its twentieth annual meeting has issued the following manifesto: "No darkened house, no durable coffin, no special mourning attire, no bricked grave, no unnecessary show, no avoidable expense, and no unusual eating or drinking."

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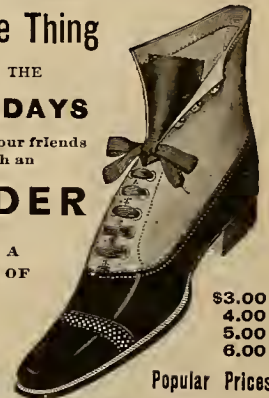
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*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P
*8.30 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*5.15 P
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marys- ville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma.....	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations. Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*11.45 A
*9.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*9.45 A
*9.00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*12.15 P
*9.00 A	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles.....	*6.45 P
*10.00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations	*6.45 P
*11.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	*2.45 P
*12.00 M	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacra- mento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P
*1.00 P	Sacramento River Steamer.....	*8.00 P
*1.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.	*5.45 P
*4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10.45 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Bar- bara, and Los Angeles.....	*10.45 A
*5.30 P	Sunset Limited—El Paso, New Ore- leans and East.....	*10.45 A
*5.30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*12.15 P
*5.30 P	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Bar- bara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*8.45 A
*5.30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	*6.45 P
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*7.45 A
*6.30 P	Vallejo.....	*12.15 P
*6.30 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden and East.....	*8.50 P
*7.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Sta- tions.....	19.55 P
*8.05 P	Oregon and California, Sacra- mento, Marysville, Redding, Port- land, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.15 A

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).		
(Foot of Market Street.)		
*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Fel- ton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*5.50 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	*9.20 A
*11.45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San José and Way Stations.....	17.20 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.		
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—		
*7.15	9.00 11.00 A. M., 11.00	*2.00 13.00
*4.00	9.00 11.00 P. M., 11.00	*6.00 8.00
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—		
10.00 A. M., 11.00	12.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 P. M.	


COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge).		
(Third and Townsend Streets.)		
*6.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco, ...	*6.30 P
*7.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.36 A
*13.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San José and Principal Way Stations	*10.00 A
*5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations	*8.35 A
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*8.00 A
*11.45 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P

\* For Morning. P for Afternoon.  
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*Young physician*—"When you have a case which baffles you, whom do you call in?" *Old doctor* (gruffly)—"The undertaker."—*Life*.

*Sightseer* (in the Senate gallery)—"So these are our national solons, are they?" *Guide* (amazed at such ignorance)—"Naw; them's the senators."—*Life*.

*Football: Mrs. Newcome* (her first game)—"Oh I isn't it awful? Horrible! Why, they will kill that man underneath!" *Her daughter* (an enthusiast)—"Oh! he doesn't mind it, mother; he's unconscious by this time!"—*Puck*.

*Clerk*—"What do you wish, ma'am?" *Mrs. O'Toole*—"O! want to see some mirrors fit to give as a Christmas gift." *Clerk*—"Hand mirrors?" *Mrs. O'Toole*—"No; some that ye kin see yer face in."—*Chicago News*.

*Ralph*—"Suppose a fellow's best girl gets mad when he asks for a kiss?" *Curtis*—"Take it without asking." *Ralph*—"Suppose she gets mad then?" *Curtis*—"Then he's got some other fellow's girl."—*Harlem Life*.

*Country doctor* (catechising)—"Now, little boy, what must we all do in order to enter heaven?" *Boy*—"Die." *Country doctor*—"Quite right—but what must we all do before we die?" *Boy*—"Get sick and send for you!"—*Judge*.

"This is murder!" cried the enemy, as the captain of marines opened with the ship's machine-guns from the top of the hill. "No, only a salt and battery!" we shouted back at them, thus deftly adding insult to injury.—*Detroit Journal*.

*Canvasser*—"I have here a work—" *Master of the house*—"I can't read." *Canvasser*—"But your children—" *Master of the house*—"I have no children" (triumphantly), "nothing but a cat." *Canvasser*—"Well, you want something to throw at the cat." He took the book.—*Tit-Bits*.

"Give me some familiar proverb about birds," said the teacher. Tommy Tucker raised his hand. "The early bird"—He paused a moment, and tried it again. "The early bird"—"Yes," said the teacher, encouragingly; "that's right." "The early bird gathers no moss."—*Chicago Tribune*.

A burglar who had entered a minister's house at midnight was disturbed by the awakening of the occupant of the room he was in. Drawing his knife, he said, "If you stir, you are a dead man. I'm hunting for money." "Let me get up and strike a light," said the minister, "and I'll hunt with you."—*Universalist Leader*.

As he was about to sink for the third time, he, of course, recalled everything in his past life. His countenance radiated with joy. "Ah!" he exclaimed; "since I now remember what it was my wife told me to get down-town to-day, I have no further occasion to drown." Accordingly he swam ashore.—*Detroit Journal*.

"Did you say this was a comic-opera war?" asked the Filipino soldier who came into camp with a flag of truce. "That remark has been made." "Well, our general says he's willing to take you at your word. He wants to know if you can fix the show up so there will be fewer marches and more dialogue."—*Washington Star*.

*Mrs. Stubb*—"John, I expect to attend the sewing-circle to-night." *Mr. Stubb*—"Well, Maria, what is the programme?" *Mrs. Stubb*—"We are going to discuss this man Aguinaldo." *Mr. Stubb*—"Absurd! What has he to do with sewing?" *Mrs. Stubb*—"A good deal; don't the papers say he is hemmed in and his temper is ruffled?"—*Chicago News*.

"I don't see why people growl so about the crowds of shoppers," she said; "I have had no trouble at all." "How do you manage it?" they asked. "I take my two boys with me." "And can they really help you?" "Can they really help me!" she exclaimed; "well, I should say so. One of them played right tackle on his college foot-ball team and the other is champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler of his class."—*Chicago Post*.

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# The Argonaut.

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The Argonaut's demands that American farmers and American workingmen be protected against the cheap labor and cheap products of our new colonies are already rousing the people.

The Chronicle is evidently growing apprehensive of the opinions of California producers concerning free trade with our new island possessions. Last week it had an article pooh-poohing the idea that Philippine competition could injure California beet-sugar interests. It endeavored to reassure the alarmed sugar-beet growers by telling them that the Philippine Islands raise more hemp than sugar; that hemp is more profitable to them; that no other part of the world produces hemp; that, therefore, the Philippines would turn their attention to hemp rather than sugar; and that they did not produce much sugar anyway.

This is scarcely the kind of argument to lay before sensi-

ble men who see their industries threatened. As a matter of fact, the Philippine exports of sugar and hemp are about equal in value—together forming about four-fifths of the normal exportations—and the exports of the Philippines in 1896 were \$33,481,484. These exports will be vastly increased now that the islands are American. American capitalists with Filipino coolies will raise the exports in a few years from scores to hundreds of millions. That has been the case in Hawaii, where foreign capital and coolie labor raised the exports of sugar in 1896, 1897, and 1898 to about double the exports of 1886, 1887, and 1888. These figures are taken from a monograph just issued by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics.

We would like to ask the Chronicle how it explains its attitude of encouraging the competition of Asiatic coolie-grown products with the products raised by free white labor on California soil. We think that journal will have a difficult task in making such explanations. It has persistently demanded that our new Asiatic possessions be made Territories and not colonies. This means the breaking down of tariff protection. This means that Philippine cane sugar raised by Asiatic coolies will compete with California beet sugar raised by free white American workingmen. This means that the Chronicle is recreant to the farmers and laboring men of California, and disloyal to the best interests of its State.

In its article on beet sugar, the Chronicle makes the weak plea that increased trade with our new island possessions will make up to California all that she may lose as the result of coolie competition. This would be ludicrous if it were not false. How can the gains of a few jobbers, shippers, and tradesmen in San Francisco recompense the farmers and viticulturists of California for a competition which will destroy their beet-sugar and semi-tropical fruit industries? How can such tradesmen's gains recompense California's white laboring men for the labor and the livelihood they lose through Asiatic coolie competition?

We predict that the Chronicle will be forced to abandon its advocacy of turning our Asiatic islands into Territories of the United States. It will have to abandon its advocacy of free trade between all of our new island possessions and this country. It will have to retract what it has said in favor of breaking down our American tariff wall and degrading our free American labor. It will have to swallow its own words. It will have to take the back track. And that right soon.

The Argonaut calls upon the Republican party, now in control of the Executive, the Senate, and the House, to pass laws at once protecting American workingmen of this country against the competition of the cheap labor of our new island possessions. We call upon our Republican President to execute the tariff laws, and we call upon our Republican Congress to maintain the tariff laws now protecting the producers of the country against the competition of these new island possessions. We call upon the Republican newspapers of the country to sustain us in these demands. And especially do we call upon the Republican newspapers of California.

During the campaign preceding the bond elections some objection was made on the ground that it would be better to spend the money for improving the streets, instead of for panhandles, boulevards, school-houses, or even sewers. That the condition of the pavements in this city has been and is

deplorable can not be disputed. In the business parts of the city, one hundred and thirty-nine level blocks still have the cobble-stone pavement of thirty or forty years ago. Besides these, there are seventy-four other blocks in this section of the city that require repaving. These streets should be repaved with modern pavements, and the Merchants' Association has taken up the matter in the practical and thorough manner that characterizes its work. A plan of improvement has been prepared, and is published in the January issue of the Review.

According to this plan it will be unnecessary to issue bonds for street pavements. The cost will be met by appropriations of about one hundred thousand dollars annually for five years. In order that no section of the city shall be slighted, the area is divided into six districts, and each annual appropriation is to be divided among these districts in proportion to the street area needing improvements. These districts are the business section bounded by Market and Kearny Streets and the Bay, the section west of this and north of Market Street, the North Beach district, the Western Addition, the Mission district, and the district south of Market Street. By this arrangement every section of the city will receive a part of the improvement each year.

The report further presents a schedule of the particular work to be done in each district each year, the kind of pavement recommended, the area to be improved, and the estimated cost. The business district, having the largest amount of work to be done and the heaviest traffic, receives \$50,000 for the first year, less than one-half of this for the second year, \$10,000 for the third year, \$6,000 for the fourth year, and \$30,000 for the fifth year—this last amount being for the pavement of Market Street from Second to the ferry building. The west of Kearny district receives \$7,000 for the first year, \$9,000 each for the second and third years, and \$14,000 for the fourth year, when its improvement will have been completed. The North Beach district receives \$7,000 for the first year, \$16,000 for the second year, \$15,000 for the third year, and \$21,000 for the fourth year. The Western Addition receives \$7,000 for the first year and \$47,000 for the fifth year. The Mission district receives \$10,000 for the first year, \$20,000 for the second year, \$26,000 for the third year, and \$20,000 for the fourth year. The district south of Market Street receives \$21,000 for the first year, \$34,000 for the second year, \$39,000 for the third year, \$42,000 for the fourth year, and \$11,000 for the fifth year. The work to be done annually in each district is well distributed through the district, but space will not permit an enumeration of the separate blocks.

The opposition to the report, if any opposition should develop, is likely to be against this portion of it. Some districts will feel that they have not been given their fair share of the appropriations, others that their improvements have been postponed to the advantage of other districts. Such objections are inevitable, but they should not be allowed to have weight. Were the division of the appropriations left to the districts, there would be unending friction, and in the end the appropriation would probably be defeated and the work not done. The Merchants' Association is an unprejudiced body, that has already amply proved its devotion to the advancement of every section of the city. The plan has been developed by experts only after a thorough examination of the subject, and after full consideration of all the interests involved. Those who may feel aggrieved should remember that public movements go forward only as a result of compromises, and that within five years they will get all they want. Five years is a short time to wait in comparison with the number of years they have endured the streets in their present condition.

With regard to the styles of pavements, many improvements are suggested. On the business streets, where the blocks are level, asphalt on concrete foundation is to be laid. This is more durable than bitumen, is smooth and noiseless. South of Market Street, however, where the heaviest traffic is found, and where it is liable to be heavier in the future, basalt blocks laid on a bed of concrete are substituted for asphalt on a number of streets. In the residence



bitumen is used, except on Polk Street, where the merchants have expressed a preference for basalt blocks covered with bitumen. On grades where asphalt and bitumen both would be too slippery, basalt blocks are provided for. Such pavements may require a somewhat heavier initial outlay than those being laid at present, but the difference will be more than compensated for by the longer life of the pavements and the decreased cost for repairs. It should be remembered that the durability of a pavement depends more upon the foundation upon which it is laid than upon the material with which it is surfaced. The report is a gratifying evidence of the civic spirit that has been developed by the association.

According to figures that have been compiled, the number of deaths from violence in this country is steadily decreasing. During 1899 there were 5,340 persons who took their own lives, as against 5,920 the year before, 6,660 in 1897, 6,520 in 1896, and 5,759 in 1895. Of the total last year, 4,155 were males and 1,185 females. Among professional men were 38 physicians, 9 clergymen, 7 attorneys, 7 bankers, 7 journalists, 2 college professors, and 2 actors. This classification is necessarily incomplete, and includes only those of prominence, but it is interesting as reflecting the tendency toward self-destruction among professional men. The preponderance of medical practitioners is striking, more than one-half of those enumerated belonging to that profession. Whether familiarity with scenes of death has lessened the feeling of horror with which it is regarded by average men or whether familiarity with fatal drugs has suggested easy means of release from the struggles of life, are questions that arise, but that can be answered only after more complete information is attainable. Classified according to cause, despondency is charged with 2,573 cases, insanity with 355, liquor with 127, ill-health with 225, domestic infelicity with 191, disappointed love with 146, business losses with 74, and 1,649 are attributed to unknown causes. This classification is so unscientific that no conclusions can be drawn from it. Despondency is a condition that must exist in all cases, save those where insanity is the cause, and four-fifths of the cases are attributed to this and to unknown causes. Divided according to means employed, 2,134 used poison, 527 hanged themselves, 302 cut their throats, 30 set themselves afire, 25 threw themselves in front of railway trains, 42 jumped from housetops or windows, 7 killed themselves with dynamite, and 4 starved themselves.

The murders of the year numbered 6,225, or nearly one thousand more than the suicides. Here again is a decrease, as shown by the following figures: 7,840 in 1898, 9,520 in 1897, 10,652 in 1896, and 10,500 in 1895. The tendency toward murder seems to be decreasing more rapidly than that toward self-destruction. The causes of these murders were: Quarrels, 3,309; jealousy, 173; liquor, 212; by highwaymen, 296; infanticide, 182; resisting arrest, 114; highwaymen killed, 83; insanity, 81; self-defense, 31; strikes, 29; outrages, 6; riots, 10; and unknown, 1,699.

The number of legal executions during the year was absurdly out of proportion to the number of killings. It is true that many of the latter were justifiable. In a number of the quarrels the man killed was undoubtedly the aggressor; those who killed in self-defense were justified, and those who killed the 83 highwaymen deserved the thanks of the community. Nevertheless, as compared with 6,225 killings, 131 legal executions indicate a failure of justice in a vast number of cases. This number shows a slight improvement, however, when compared with that of former years. There were 109 executions in 1898, 128 in 1897, 122 in 1896, 132 in 1895, 132 in 1894, 126 in 1893, and 107 in 1892. It is a notable fact that the greater number of legal executions were in the Southern States. Georgia had 19; Texas, 11; Alabama, 10; and in the other Southern States there were 32.

While the number of legal executions was small, that of lynchings was large enough to counterbalance it. There were 107 cases during the year, compared with 127 in 1898, 166 in 1897, 131 in 1896, and 171 in 1895. Of these, 103 occurred in the Southern States, Georgia leading with 28. The alleged crimes were murder, 44; complicity in murder, 11; rape, 11; alleged rape, 6; race prejudice, 5; robbery, 5; aiding criminals to escape, 3; arson, 1; inflammatory language, 1; rape and murder, 1; no offense alleged, 1; highway robbery, 1; arson and murder 1; mistaken identity, 1; unknown, 4.

When Andrew Carnegie retired from active participation in business last year, and announced his determination to devote the millions he had accumulated to philanthropic enterprises, there was an amount of discussion in the daily and periodical press concerning the use to which immense fortunes should be put and the duty that the rich owed to the communities in which they had accumulated their wealth. It

will be recalled that one phase of this question—a comparison of the public spirit of American and European capitalists—was discussed in these columns at that time. There has certainly been an increased realization on the part of the very rich of the fact that they are in a certain sense trustees during recent years, and larger and larger amounts are being donated for public purposes.

In this connection it is interesting to observe the list of gifts to the public during the year just ended. Anything like a complete enumeration is, of course, impossible; for many of the smaller amounts are unknown to any but the donors and the recipients. The larger donations have been exploited in the papers to a considerable extent, however, and these form the basis for a consideration of the trend of capitalistic sympathy. The list of donations exceeding \$100,000 in value includes no less than thirty-five names and ranges from \$28,000,000 to the minimum amount. Judging by this list, the cause of higher education is nearest to the heart, or to the brain, of the very rich. The donations to educational institutions number twenty-one, and aggregate \$44,775,000 in amount. Charity is next in popularity, having nine donations footing up \$5,200,000. Public libraries received three donations amounting to \$1,950,000; the city of Cleveland received \$225,000, and to the cause of religion \$100,000 was given, though to this might be added \$150,000 donated to a theological seminary and classed under the head of education.

When the minimum is reduced from \$100,000 to \$20,000, the number of donations to educational institutions is increased to sixty-five, though the forty additional donors gave only \$5,367,563 among them. It is interesting to note that the largest individual donors are both women and both Californians. Mrs. Stanford gave \$28,000,000 to the Stanford University and Mrs. Hearst \$10,000,000 to the University of California. The next largest donation was \$2,000,000, given by the estate of John Simmons, of Boston, for a female college. Among individual institutions the two universities of this State lead, followed by Harvard, which received \$2,300,000; Pennsylvania, with \$1,055,000; and Yale, with \$889,000. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology received \$450,000; Princeton, \$390,000; University of Chicago, \$389,370; Brown, \$362,000; Columbia, \$308,200. The colleges for women received \$2,269,000. Closely allied to these educational institutions are the public libraries, and here Andrew Carnegie stands prominent among the donors. His gifts to libraries for the year amount to \$2,582,700, given to twenty-one libraries in twelve States. Pennsylvania cities and towns received six donations for libraries from him, Texas four, and Ohio two. California received but one—San Diego—though Oakland will probably soon be added to the list.

It has been stated that all the remaining territories within the limits of the United States proper are applying for admission to Statehood in the present Congress. The statement should perhaps be qualified by the exception of Indian Territory, in which there is not yet an organized Territorial government. The applicants with claims to eligibility are therefore Arizona, Oklahoma, and New Mexico. If these three Territories are compared with a majority of the present States, when admitted, in commercial advancement and population, a very fair case is already made out in favor of awarding them the Statehood they ask. Arizona has important mining, industrial, and lumber interests. Its population in 1890 was 60,000, and is now estimated at 100,000. New Mexico had 153,000 inhabitants at the last census and now claims 285,000. The most rapid growth, however, is found in Oklahoma. The Territory claims an increase from 61,000 in 1890 to 375,000 at the present time. For comparison it may be noted that of the last group of States admitted, North Dakota came in with about 180,000, Montana with 130,000, Utah with 210,000, Wyoming with 60,000, and Idaho with 84,000. It is also recalled that neither of the States of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Arkansas, Florida, Oregon, or Nebraska had 75,000 population when admitted, and that Illinois was admitted with only 35,000 inhabitants.

There are other claims to State rank beside population, and in these the Territories make a good showing. According to the statistics of 1890, Arizona had 1,100 miles of railroads, produced 765,000 bushels of cereals, and is well known to be rich in minerals, in horticultural products, and live stock. New Mexico has more railroad mileage than many States, produces coal enough for its own use besides a large amount for export, and although the extent of arable soil is comparatively small and awaits the coming of irrigation, the Territory is prosperous in cattle-raising and horticulture, and is especially active in growing sugar-beets. Oklahoma, though a Territory of only ten years' standing, has planted 10,000,000 fruit-trees, has 700 churches, 75 banks, 10 daily and 122 weekly newspapers, and is building railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, as rapidly as any

State in the Union, while its stock-raising industry has reached large proportions.

Of the three, Arizona is most earnest in its demand for admission. The only objection to it that can be made is its lack of population, the Territory having much less than either of the other two applicants, although in view of the comparison made above this can hardly be a serious objection. The agitation for Statehood is least strong in New Mexico. Its population is large and its resources ample, but it suffers from the character of its inhabitants, a large proportion of whom use the Spanish in preference to the English language. The Mexican element is not as enterprising as the American, and but for this it is probable that the Territory might have been classed as a State as soon as Idaho or Montana. Although Oklahoma has the strongest case, there is in the Territory a difference of opinion on the subject; not as to the desirability of Statehood, but as to the time and conditions under which the Territory should enter the Union. An aggressive and impatient portion of its people want the Territory admitted now with its present limits, which comprise an area of 40,000 square miles, including the Cherokee Strip and No Man's Land, but there is also a conservative, far-seeing element which advocates delay until Indian Territory can be added to the present Territorial limits, making a State of at least 70,000 square miles of area and of about 700,000 white population, which would make the new State one of importance among its sisters, and vastly enlarge its scope for the future. Under these latter conditions the State of Oklahoma would rank in size with Missouri and North Dakota, and in population with Connecticut and West Virginia.

It is probable that the sentiment in Congress in regard to the admission of new States is changing favorably to the ambitions of the Territories. When the Territories of Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming were made States, with their comparatively feeble industries and sparse settlement, all good reasons for excluding the remaining Territories were fully answered by precedent. When the last group was admitted they were Republican in politics, and received the favor of that party, which was predominant. Four years ago or more, however, every one of them swung around on the question of free silver, and materially helped to reduce the Republican majority in Congress and endanger the party success in national elections. Naturally, Republican managers became soured on the subject of State-making. Now, however, when free silver has been discredited, when Bryanism is happily on the wane, when the party is united for sound money, and the recalcitrant States are gradually returning to their senses, the old feeling is dying out, and the time may be very near when the continental portion of the country will be in fact a union of States.

A stranger in San Francisco at the hour the old year was passing would have thought himself in contact with a new and most extraordinary community. At first he would have been amused, but he would have finished by being astounded and indignant. Likely he would have ascribed some of the enthusiasm to over-indulgence in strong waters, but, as a matter of fact, San Francisco does not, as an entity, get drunk, and the annual exhibition of rudeness is due simply to an excess of untamed hoodlumism. This is restricted to comparatively few, but it constitutes the little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump. It is sufficient to turn what might have been a pleasing and picturesque festival into a riotous orgy of ill-manners. Familiarity, under this influence, becomes insulting, and the gesture of salutation inflicts a sting.

Undoubtedly the local method of celebrating the new year is unique. It originated in its present form about four seasons ago. Then, for the first time, the main thoroughfares were at midnight the scene of an odd procession. Boys and girls, men and women, many of the latter of evident refinement, composed a dense and hilarious throng moving to the sound of tin horns, innumerable bells, rattles, or boards that clack with a penetrating report. The one object in view appeared to be the creation of uproar. Besides the active participants, thousands came to see and marvel, enjoying the torrent of clamor and the good-natured fun. Market Street was, all the evening, a sight worth coming far to see. The spectacle of ladies and gentlemen bearing a trumpet so large that it rested on the shoulders of half a dozen while one walked in the rear to blow into it all the power of his lungs, was certainly not elsewhere to be beheld. With the glare of lights and the display of color, the perfect camaraderie, the changing, shifting masses, all given to shouting and laughter, there was a veritable reign of the kingdom of joy.

Year by year the character of these celebrations has been changing. The latest one was not such as the police should have permitted, and the indications of it were that ultimately the custom would have to be legislated into perma-



ment disuse, which would be a pity. This year there was the usual noise, but, in addition, an unbridled tendency to bestow personal attention where not desired. Hundreds of young men had equipped themselves with branches of evergreen, and with these they would touch the face of each lady who passed, and in their anxiety to miss none would ply the branch with as energy far too great. The result was that many a fair face was made to smart, and more than one eye suffered from the thrust of a pine needle. Gentlemen acting as escorts naturally resented this treatment of those under their protection, and there was brought into the proceedings the ugly feature of acrimony. In some instances protests led to high words, and even to blows. Such incidents not only marred the occasion, but spoiled it. There could be no excuse for them, and they should be eliminated from the future affairs of this nature, or the annual programme radically changed. A new year would come and an old year depart on time even if unattended by the customary furor.

With regret the truth must be admitted that young San Francisco needs a lesson in manners, including particular drill on the distinction between liberty and license. The lower classes—and by this term is meant those who are deficient in education and culture—have learned that on New Year's Eve they have a privilege of equality that ordinarily is denied by circumstances, and they are making the most of it. They seem incapable of keeping within bounds, or of distinguishing the point at which good nature is at an end and ruffianism begins. There is no harm in donning a false nose, or a mustache subject to sudden and grotesque manipulation, for this leads only to mirth. The harm follows when ladies are greeted in such a fashion that the greeting is an assault, likely to cause bodily pain and mental distress.

The Mardi Gras at Rome is sometimes marked by excesses, but it is after the spectators have retired and the most disorderly of the participants have been left in full sway. It is, moreover, not merely an impromptu event, covering at the most a few hours, but requires elaborate preparations. Mardi Gras at New Orleans, a festival engaging the whole city, and characterized by the utmost freedom of action, does not fall to the level of placing an affront upon any observer. If the ladies of New Orleans were to be switched across their faces by a harsh branch of pine in the hands either of a hoodlum or somebody for the nonce successfully imitating a hoodlum, the anniversary would not be a time of pleasure and of pleasing memory, but would fall into disfavor.

The admission that the populace of New Orleans, where as here there is a strong foreign admixture, is better bred than the populace of San Francisco is one to be made only with hesitancy and regret. Perhaps it is not. It has been trained to festivities, and is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of observance. It does not abuse the freedom of the hour, and the lesson not to do so must be impressed here. If it can not be impressed in any milder way, better that the new year come unwelcomed of tumult and the old year go without vociferous farewell.

Probably next season will witness a repetition of the affair that has just passed. If it be within proper bounds, nobody will object to it, and many will enjoy it; if not within proper bounds it should be the last.

A month ago the *Argonaut* remarked that not a single daily newspaper in the United States had a correspondent in the field in South Africa; that all of them, without exception, were getting all their news by the simple process of stealing it from the London dailies.

This statement still holds good. It is true that the New York *World* claims Winston Churchill as its "special correspondent," but the assertion is not true. He is the special correspondent of the London *Morning Post*, which sells his letters to the New York *World*.

There are two American journals with specials in the field in South Africa, but they are neither of them dailies. *Harper's Weekly* is represented by Lester Ralph, and *Collier's Weekly* by Julian Ralph. Both of these journals deserve praise for their enterprise in silently distancing the boastful and windy dailies. Still it must be confessed that their correspondents have not accomplished much. At last accounts Lester Ralph was in Cape Town, hundreds of miles distant from the firing line, sending weird cock-and-bull stories about "Boer atrocities," of which he could know nothing of his own knowledge. Julian Ralph at latest dates was with the British army commanded by Lord Methuen. But his British environment is unfortunate. His letters consist entirely of prophecies of Boer defeats which do not take place, and of British victories which do not materialize. Read in the light of the later cables, his letters are almost ludicrous. In one dated November 13th, he says: "Any unfairness in the war thus far has been on the side of the Boers, who have been attacking the British from

strategic positions that gave them the advantage." [The italics are ours.] "But it is going to be different," writes Mr. Ralph, "once General Buller's army corps reaches here and begins to act on the offensive."

By the time his letter was printed, General Buller's corps had arrived, had "acted on the defensive," had attempted to cross the Tugela River, and had been repulsed with heavy slaughter and a loss of much of its artillery.

Mr. Ralph thus contrasts the Boer and British troops: "They (the British) have been under tents for years. They are so used to their rifles that they do not feel them. Marching in the sun, sleeping on the earth, obeying orders blindly, are all second-nature to them. The Boers are different. They are farmers. They all dress as farmers. Military life is irksome to them. They want their wagoons near them. They want to know where they are going every day." When these lines were printed, Lord Methuen's westerly column was so badly beaten by the Boers that it retreated to the Modder River, where it was—and perhaps still is—in danger of being surrounded. If Mr. Ralph thinks that farmers as fighters can not cope with British troops, he forgets the lessons of the American Revolution. And if the Boer farmers "want to know where they are going every day," it would be easy for their generals to tell them—they seem to be going after the British.

As to the British soldiers "obeying orders blindly," it is a military merit, doubtless, but it would be more effective if the orders were not apparently given as blindly as they are obeyed. No one can fail to admire the bravery of the British troops. But their leaders seem to have been out-generaled at every point by the oldest and simplest strategy known to the human race. This is the programme: The Boers attack, apparently in force; the Boers retreat, apparently in disorder; the British pursue the fleeing Boers recklessly; other Boer forces fall fiercely on their flanks; whole British regiments are captured, and the British retreat in dismay. This is the simple, successful strategy of the simple Boer. It is the ambushade—the strategy of primeval man.

It is not to be wondered at that Continental military experts are amazed at the British disasters. They speak in the highest terms of the bravery of "Tommy Atkins," but sneer at the tactics of the British leaders, and their sneers seem to be justified.

Julian Ralph's last letter was dated November 13th, and appeared in the number of *Collier's Weekly* dated December 30th. Mr. Ralph occupied about two columns in predicting British victories, and the editor occupied about the same space in recapitulating British defeats.

Each winter, with a regularity as precise as that of the season, the tramp problem presents itself to municipal authorities, and appeals to the charitable with pathos accentuated. The old story of want, the familiar accessory of rags, never seem to lose their potency. The broader question of economic conditions, making possible the swarms of nomadic idlers, or the cooession which is a hideous phase of city life, is for legislation to grapple, but the specific evil, in its details, can not be shifted. It must be met where its manifestations are acute. In general terms, the remedy is to be expressed in one word—work. The difficulty is two-fold, for the great majority of the men who have sunk to the tramp level do not desire work, but display great adroitness in avoiding the necessity of accepting it, while it is a truth not to be evaded that, in many instances, men anxious to labor can find no task at which to set their willing hands. The duty of providing work becomes imperative, and then follows the duty of forcing the deliberate vagabond to do his share.

During 1898 in the one city of Chicago there were housed at police-stations, sleeping for the most part on the floor, 139,578 vagrants, but in the same period only 8,361 were given shelter at the places provided by charitable organizations. The reasons for this difference are obvious and impressive. At the police-stations no service was exacted for the accommodations provided, while elsewhere there was required, as payment, a decent amount of work. A vast majority preferred a hard floor without work to a comfortable bed that had to be paid for, even with the means of payment made easily available. These facts have set the people of Chicago to thinking, and they have resolved not to encourage mendicancy. A determination has been reached to close the police-stations to the mob of applicants, and to have the city take charge of the outside facilities for feeding the hungry and bedding the homeless. These facilities will be taken from private control, and, with the station refuges shut, the tramps will be obliged to earn what they receive. Possibly they may view this as a hardship, but whether or not they do is a thing of the slightest consequence. Those among them who deserve assistance will not repine, and the more the others repine the better.

San Francisco is so situated as to be peculiarly the Mecca

of the tramp. Once the rover reaches this place he is a long way from any other place, and his tendency, if pampered, is to remain. Therefore the wisdom of greeting him with an invitation to work is plain. There are few who are of necessity idle here. It will be remembered that last fall there was a demand from the fields, orchards, and railroad camps of California for laborers, and in many cases resort had to be had to Chinese and Japanese. At that time the water-front was crowded with the unemployed, and men by scores were sleeping in the public parks. The winter is always worse, although the present is so busy that few have had the effrontery or the misfortune to assert the inability to find work. Civilization should afford even to the few no opportunity for this assertion.

Both in this country and in England are people who not only advocate an Anglo-American alliance, but seem to think such an alliance already in process of formation. That they are mistaken is made clear by a study of the facts. There is between the two countries a strong feeling of friendliness, but it is a calm respect rather than a tumultuous and overwhelming sentiment. It may be enough to start cheers at the sight of the Stars and Stripes entwined with the Union Jack, but it is not potent to guide diplomacy. The two countries have much in common, similar racial characteristics mold their opinions and designate their points of view, while they progress along parallel lines as to material interests, and the interests seldom conflict. Mutual amity is natural and seemly, but there is no occasion for indulging in the style of comment usually termed "gush." Chamberlain was guilty of the error of doing so; his severest critics have been those of his own land.

President McKinley's expression of adherence to the policy of keeping free from entanglements, and of mixing with no affairs not the direct concern of the United States, was, tacitly, a reply to Chamberlain's broad hint of an alliance, while a rebuke more direct was administered by the papers of London, notably the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*. The former held that if either nation had its back to the wall in a final fight for life, the other would come to its rescue. It resented the assertion that a definite agreement was either necessary or desirable, but stated frankly that America was not expected to do more, and ought not to do more, "for the British," it added, "like the American people, hate 'entangling alliances.'" The editorial continued with the statement that the English do not wish to make anything out of America, nor to use her in any way. If the truth of this be conceded, the dream fades, for nations do not bind themselves to nations unless from the hope of gain, a nation being but an organization of individuals, and, like individuals, subject to the domination of selfishness.

In its treatment of the matter the *Review* was more explicit, calling Chamberlain's remark "a deplorable indiscretion," and asserting that the result of it had been a direct snub. It added:

"We may repeat for the hundredth time that America will be friendly to us just so long as it suits her material interests to be. Hard-headed Yankees believe that our friendship for them will be of the same duration. The unsettled Alaskan boundary is proof enough that this view is correct. . . . A good understanding with America will grow up as we recognize the identity of our commercial interests in many parts of the world. We value American good-will, and precisely because we do value it we hope our enthusiasts will moderate a zeal which is rapidly making their country as well as themselves a laughing stock."

That the *Review* hit nearer the mark can not be doubted. There are still many Americans who do not feel kindly toward the British. There are English who either openly express their disregard for Americans, or know less about them than they do of the inhabitants of Swat. Notwithstanding this, there is between the better elements of the two countries an abiding esteem. This does not lead them into the belief that the white man voluntarily takes up another white man's burden, unless he gets a responsive lift for his own load. Neither one nation nor the other is in need of aid. Each is strong enough to stand alone, and, unaided, to meet its responsibilities. Each would be foolish to yield a measure of its independence for the sake of the other, or to agree to fight battles over differences perhaps not so much as remotely affecting its welfare. Therefore will there be no Anglo-American alliance, unless in the dim future, under stress of circumstances not now foreshadowed.

In Senator Mason's resolution expressing sympathy with the Boers in their war with Great Britain, the text was shrewdly taken from the Republican platform in 1896, substituting only the words "South African Republic" for "Cuban patriots." It read as follows:

"WHEREAS, From the hour of achieving their own independence, the people of the United States have regarded with sympathy the struggles of other peoples to free themselves from European domination; *Resolved*, That we watch with deep and abiding interest the heroic battle of the South African Republic against cruelty and oppression, and our best hopes go out for the full success of their contest for liberty."



## A BREVET-BACHELOR.

How Lieutenant Proctor Faced the Fair Foe of the Garrison.

There are more things in the service than brass buttons and dashing cavalymen, and dying at the post of duty, and the rest of the stock phrases of romance. There are a few fixed principles and some prejudices which it is just as well not to run up against, because the service can take revenge upon occasions. Ordinarily a moderate amount of tact and common decency will take you through until you have learned those things which are set down in neither the drill-manual nor the regulations. But Miss Hadley had only beauty and pure cheek. She came from somewhere down the southern way—Los Angeles, or San Diego, or something, to visit the Strong's at Angel Island. And from the moment she set foot upon the landing she began to make herself unpopular. She had had visions of stepping ashore among a group of kneeling lieutenants, rather after the fashion of the accredited paintings of the "Landing of Columbus" or the "Jesus Fathers." But the lieutenants were husy, or they were taking naps, or sitting on their front porches, with their feet on the railings. They crossed the hay to the city daily, and graced every cotillion and function worth speaking of, and beautiful girls were not new. They had never even heard that Miss Hadley was beautiful. They were in deep darkness concerning the local helles of—wherever it was, down south.

However, several of them met her at dinner that night, and the rest called afterwards, as is the custom. Miss Hadley did not know it was the custom. She thought it was all on her own account, and that the post was beginning to come to its senses, which made her yet more arrogant. Some dispositions thrive upon being made much of, returning courtesy with good coin; the latent meanness of others warms to life as the snake on the wood-chopper's hearth. As if there were not enough unattached men to occupy her, she turned her attention pointedly to La Roche, and when she saw his wife wince, she redoubled her energies.

La Roche was French, and flirtatious, and clever. And, whatever else was to be said of Miss Hadley, she was clever, too, in a worldly sort of way. But Mrs. La Roche was stupid, and blushing aware of her stupidity. Still, she was a good-hearted little thing, and had done a kind turn to every one in the garrison at one time or another, and it resented seeing her made jealously wretched, her pale eyes filling and her lips quivering, as the beauty drew La Roche to a remote corner and leveled her batteries upon him. Everybody was scandalized—and the feelings of the bachelors were hurt. It was just a little too insolent. So they sought a punishment to fit the crime, and this is what they devised:

There was one man who had not called that first night. It was Proctor, the adjutant. He had been over in the city at a dinner. When he came back by the first boat, in the morning, a deputation met him at the wharf and carried him off to his quarters, and told him what was expected of him.

"I'm not sure that I like the part, though, you know," said Proctor, when they had explained. They impressed upon him that the dignity of the service demanded it—also that it would be very good for the girl. Proctor said it would fall through at once.

"We only want it to last a day or two," said the deputation.

On that understanding he consented. "But I won't lie, you know," he told them. "You'll have to do any of that."

"It won't be necessary," they assured him. "If she asks—which is unlikely—we will say with one accord that you are a brevet-bachelor." You will not find the definition of that in the tactics.

So Proctor went over to the Strong's quarters, and found Miss Hadley, gotten up in the sort of a morning-robe that it is not customary to display to the gaze of several hundred soldiers, more or less, in a corner of the porch with La Roche. Proctor ousted him in about ten minutes. He fought openly, dwelling upon the charms of La Roche's four small children, the details of the cunning things they said, and of the last attack of croup of the youngest; how its "Da-da" had nursed it, and how the babies loved him. Miss Hadley laughed. That hurt La Roche's self-esteem, and he went home.

Then Proctor started in to do as he was hid. It was a pleasant game enough. Miss Hadley could be agreeable when she chose. She was the one-man-at-a-time stamp of girl, and for the nonce Proctor was the man. He stayed all the morning, also to luncheon, also all the afternoon. Part of the time they played together on the mandolin and guitar, and for the rest they talked. Then he stayed to dinner, and until some time after taps. When official duties called him off, he was back again surprisingly soon.

Of course there was the chance in this kind of thing that Miss Hadley might grow sick of him. But he took it. There was the better chance that she would be very much flattered, and Proctor believed that he was the sort of fellow who could be interesting for eighteen hours at a stretch.

"It's not fair," Mrs. Strong protested to her husband.

"You'd have thought it so, if it had been me instead of La Roche," he suggested.

"But it's not fair to Ella," she insisted, weakly.

"Ella will think it's a good joke, which it is. He has written her the whole thing. He told me so."

"But is it right of us? Miss Hadley is our guest."

"Oh! no she's not; that's a mistake. We are here on sufferance. You are useful to order the meals and I to guard her against intruders on their *l'le-a-l'es*." He reminded her of episodes in proof of this.

"Has she asked you about him?" Mrs. Strong wanted to know.

He said that she had. "And I told her that he was a brevet-bachelor. Proctor himself came in at the moment and she dropped it. Now you he still for a day or two and

let things take their course." And they took it, at a hand-gallop.

Miss Hadley might have guessed that one first-lieutenant could never have afforded all the fancy boxes of flowers and candies that came over for her, in Proctor's name, by about every boat. But she did not stop to reflect, probably; and she was mightily pleased, both with herself and him. Whereupon she was still more disagreeable to every one else.

But a tiny cloud began to float across her blue sky. The flowers and sweets were many and arrived regularly, and when they wanted Proctor at the adjutant's office they sent for him to the Strong's. And yet, though the week of her visit was drawing to a close, he was no nearer to love-making than upon the first day. She grew a trifle uneasy. It was not that she wanted Proctor, but that she wanted to know she could have him. So she condescended, in the dilemma, to speak to her host. "Mr. Proctor is a desperate flirt, don't you think?" she asked. It was meant to be light, but it was a shade anxious.

That would have been Strong's chance to have put an end to a joke that was going too far. It had gotten away from them, and the man to stop it refused to arise. Strong fumed. He looked mean, and said that he had never known Proctor to flirt. "He is swathed in red tape, as a general thing has notions of duty and the rest of it." Then he went off and swore at Proctor in his own breast. Which is human nature.

Proctor for his part swore at everybody else openly. "I'm so far in it now that I don't know how to get out," he said; and they grinned and suggested that he tell the truth and shame the devil.

"And feel more of a confounded ass than I do now."

"Consider—you are avenging us," cooed the bachelors.

He said rude things about them. They asked what he would like them to do.

"Shall we come in a hody the next time you are *en l'le-a-l'es* and explain, or shall we do it while you are absent and can't defend yourself? Any way you put it you will look a good deal of a cad, you know." They chuckled.

Proctor sulked. "Mrs. Strong has got to do it," he announced.

"Mrs. Strong won't. She feels about as small as you do. She goes around with the look of a stage conspirator. You might draw off gradually," they advised.

"I might make a qualified flat of myself!" said Proctor; "I've done it, as it is." He departed to keep an engagement to walk around the island with Miss Hadley.

When they started he made the solemn resolve that before they got to the quarantine station she should know all. But she swung into the post as blissfully ignorant as she had left it. He had fumed again.

And at this point Fate came to his aid. They sat on the steps of the Strong's quarters, resting, when an orderly brought a telegram for him and a box for Miss Hadley. The box contained violets. Proctor was pleased to think what those little attentions were costing the other bachelors, but he glanced at his own card, lying in the purple fragrance, with loathing. Then he opened the telegram, and put it hastily in his pocket.

Miss Hadley asked what it was. He said that it was from some one he had to meet at the train to-morrow.

"Which train?" said Miss Hadley.

"The train from the East," said Proctor.

She told him that she, too, was going to the city on the early boat, for a few hours. "We may strike the same one coming back."

He thought it would probably be his unmentionable luck.

And it came to pass as Miss Hadley had predicted. They struck the same boat. She came aboard hurriedly, just as the gang-plank was being drawn in, and she looked about for Proctor, calmly, possessively, as though he must, of course, be there. But he was not to be seen. So she stood and talked to a group of post people, as the boat swung out into the bay and the foggy wind blew stiffly about them. She was not sensitive, yet she was dimly aware that they were civil beyond their wont; even there seemed a vague sympathy in their manner. But she was husy and abstracted, watching for Proctor. He might be below-deck, or in the cabin.

At length he appeared, from the other side of the deck, walking with—another girl. The girl glanced at her with a half-smile. She was so pretty that Miss Hadley's lips set, and she forgot what she had been saying.

Proctor and the girl strolled to the stern and stood there. Then Proctor caught Miss Hadley's amazed eye, and he raised his hat. But she heckoned. It was assurance, to say the very least, but he went to her, leaving the other girl. The group would have been glad to melt away, but some way it couldn't.

Then Miss Hadley's admirable and perfect cool cheek reached its zenith. "Who is your pretty friend?" she asked. Brummell could not have been more superh.

There was a pause. Some one might have helped Proctor out, but no one did. A snicker came from the group and turned into a cough. Then the man in Proctor came to his aid, the realization that it was all everybody else's fault, anyway—Miss Hadley's, in particular. He looked at her in stern reproach. "She is my wife, Miss Hadley."

The very winds and the screw were hushed. In the silence Proctor's eyes began to shift. But Miss Hadley's own were on his face, and they never wavered. Somewhere in their limpid depths there was a twinkle. About the corners of her mouth there was an unmistakably amused twitch. She raised a bunch of violets to hide it. They were the ones that had come the day before. He moved uneasily and met the eyes peering above the flowers again. This time they held him.

"I wonder"—Miss Hadley's voice came slowly, with a distinctness that must have penetrated even to the stern—"I wonder whether it is I or you—all, who feels the most cheap? Take me to meet your wife, Mr. Proctor."

And he took her.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.  
SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1900.

## THE DOMESTIC MUSE.

"Hail, wedded love!"—MILTON.

Their Little Son.

Thou happy, happy elf!  
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)—  
Thou tiny image of myself!  
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)  
Thou merry, laughing sprite!  
With spirits feather-light,  
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin—  
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)  
Thou little tricky Puck!  
With antic toys so funnily hestuck,  
Light as the singing bird that wings the air—  
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)  
Thou darling of thy sire!  
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)  
Thou love of mirth and joy!  
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,  
Thou idol of thy parents—(Dart the boy!)  
There goes my ink!  
Thou cherub—but of earth;  
Fit playfellow for fays, by moonlight pale,  
In harmless sport and mirth—  
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)  
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey  
From every blossom in the world that blows,  
Singing in youth's elysium ever sunny—  
(Another tumble!—that's his precious nose!)  
Thy father's pride and hope!  
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)  
With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint—  
(Where did he learn that squint?)  
Thou young domestic dove!  
(He'll have that jug off, with another shove!)  
Dear nursing of the hymeneal nest!  
(Are those torn clothes his best?)  
Little epitome of man!  
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)  
Touched with the beautiful tints of dawning life—  
(He's got a knife!)  
Thou enviable being!  
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,  
Play on, play on,  
My elin John!  
Toss the light hall—bestride the stick—  
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)  
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,  
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,  
With many a lank-like frisk—  
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)  
Thou pretty opening rose!  
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)  
Balmy and breathing music like the South—  
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)  
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star—  
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)  
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove—  
(I'll tell you what, my love,  
I can not write, unless he's sent above!)

—Thomas Hood.

A Post-Nuptial Ode.

We used to walk together in the twilight,  
He whispering tender words so sweet and low,  
As down the green lanes when the dew was falling,  
And through the woodlands where the birds were calling,  
We wandered in those hours so long ago,  
But now no more we walk in purple gloaming  
Adown the lanes—my love and I—ah, me;  
The time has passed for such romantic roaming—  
He holds the baby while I'm getting tea.

We used to sit—with lamp turned low—together,  
And talk of love and its divine effects,  
When nights were long and wintry was the weather;  
Far nobler he than knight with knightly feather,  
And I to him the loveliest of my sex.  
Now, off when wintry winds howl round the gable,  
Immersed in smoke, he pores o'er gold and stocks,  
The fact ignored that just across the table  
The loveliest of her sex sits darning socks.—Anon.

"On the Landing."

An Idyl of the Balusters.

JOHNNY, ETAT 4½. BOBBY, ETAT 3½.

Bobby— "Do you know why they've put us in that back-room,  
Up in the attic close against the sky,  
And made believe our nursery's a cloak-room,  
Do you know why?"

Johnny— "No more I don't, nor why that Sammy's mother,  
What ma thinks horrid, 'cause he bunged my eye,  
Eats an ice cream down there like any other—  
No more don't I."

Bobby— "Do you know why nurse says it isn't manners  
For you and me to ask folks twice for pie,  
And no one hits that man with two bananas,  
Do you know why?"

Johnny— "No more I don't, nor why that girl whose dress is  
Off of her shoulders don't catch cold and die,  
When you and me gets croup when we undresses—  
No more don't I."

Bobby— "Perhaps she ain't as good as you and I is,  
And God don't want her up there in the sky,  
And lets her live, to come in just when pie is—  
Perhaps that's why."

Johnny— "Do you know why that man that's got a cropped head  
Rubbied it just now as if he felt a fly?  
Could it be, Bobby, something that I drop-ded,  
An' is that why?"

Bobby— "Good boys behave, and so they don't get scalded,  
Nor drop hot milk on folks as they go by."

Johnny (piously)— "Marbles would bounce on Mr. Jones's bald head,  
But I sha'n't try."

Bobby— "Do you know why Aunt Jane is always snarling  
At you and me because we tell a lie,  
And she don't slap that man that called her darling?—  
Do you know why?"

Johnny— "No more I don't, nor why that man with mamma  
Just kissed her hand."

Bobby— "She hurt it, and that's why  
He made it well; the very way that mamma  
Does it to I."

Johnny— "I feel so sleepy . . . was that papa kissed us?  
What made him sigh and look up to the sky?"

Bobby— "We weren't down-stairs, and he and God had missed us,  
And that was why."—Bret Harte.



## FIGHTING IN LUZON FORESTS.

Wrecking of a Train at Calulut by Filipinos—Arrival in Manila of Lieutenant Gillmore and His Comrades—Eight Months in Captivity—Hospital Needs.

The progress of the troops in the Philippines is not all wading through swamps. An attack on a train near Calulut is described by Harry A. Armstrong, in a letter to the *Chicago Record*:

"Captain A. W. Perry, of the quartermaster's department, had work to do at Angeles in the way of fitting up a building for the receipt of his supplies which were billed to come up the line later. He had with him about twenty native workmen and carpenters. Some were in box-cars and a few of them had got into the partially empty coaches. Major Jacob A. Auger, of the cavalry, and Captain P. G. Lowe, chief of the country's scouts, were passengers. Their object was simply to see the country and pay visits to friends in the commands at Angeles. Captain Lowe was accompanied by four of his scouts, with their carbines. They were sturdy men—Sergeant Walter Chamberlain, Sergeant Frank O'Leary, Corporal Hayden, and Corporal Lawton by name and rank—and they went out into the new country willingly. The train pushed past Calulut and rounded inward the curve. The car on the extreme end of the train from the engine was a flat, and it carried a gun-ammunition full of ammunition for one of the batteries commanded by Captain Andrews at Angeles, and behind this on the same car was a furage-cart. A box-car was next, and then came the passenger-coaches, and following them were the heavy freight-cars."

It was the first heavy freight-car that came to grief, though the passenger-coaches swayed and pitched and pounded:

"It seemed for an instant to be a natural spreading of the rails as the train crashed and became a wreck. Before the dust had fairly started from the crevices of the cars, however, came volleys from insurgent rifles. Captain Perry was wounded in the arm—an ugly gash that cut it in three places. This was done at the first volley and before the men could drop in the flume. There was a cry on the outside of the train that was taken up along the track. The insurgents swarmed up the bank, flourishing their *bolos*, or short swords, and shouting savagely. The train had not ceased its trembling before the shots came again, the *bolo*-men stooping to let the volleys go over their heads. Then they sprang up, while the fire seemed to be directed toward the locomotive. Ziman was killed at the first volley. As he fell it was with his face in the floor and his feet in the door. An insurgent cut him across the back with a *bolo*. The companion of Ziman sprang from the car and made a dash for cover. The engineer and fireman fled from the cab, taking refuge in the ditch alongside the track and creeping out into the grass."

Then the Krag-Jorgensens began to pop:

"Chamberlain had a slight wound in his leg that he received while in the car, and Hayden had another under the right arm. But they fought, and in the fighting drove the attacking party back for the time. Then the scouts rallied at the side of the track. Captain Lowe bound up the wound of Captain Perry. Conductor Messner tried to uncouple the two cars and the engine, but the hooks that held the cars together were taut. When the first fire came the officers, who were armed with revolvers only, threw themselves upon the floor in such a way as to cover the windows, and lay there expecting that the insurgents would make a dash for the cars. When this was not done they sprang to their feet and down to the side of the road-bed. The Krag-Jorgensens were sounding farther off then; evidently the scouts were fighting their way in Angeles. It was found that the engineer and fireman were gone. There were calls for volunteers to run the engine, and Coleman climbed up into the cab. He is not an engineer, but he tried the levers and found he could move the locomotive. He pushed ahead far enough to allow of the uncoupling. Then a call was made for all Americans to get aboard and go for reinforcements. The shots of the insurgents came at less frequent intervals. It was argued that help must be brought at once before the enemy discovered the weakness of the train and returned. Coleman started the engine, which had coupled to the one box-car and a flat. They saw the engineer and fireman by the side of the track, and stopped to take them in. The engine was unhurt, and got back in his cab gladly. Then he saw that the water-injector had been cut out by a bullet, and that the water was getting low in the boiler. That meant the ruin of the engine. But there is a pump, and he set this to work, and a catastrophe was averted."

As soon as a report of the attack reached head-quarters, action was taken:

"General Wheaton ordered two companies of the Twenty-Second Infantry and two of the Seventeenth Infantry to get ready at once. The two companies were swinging down toward the railroad track when the engine and cars came in. It did not take long to get that two hundred men on board. They filled the cars inside and out and climbed all over the engine. In less than twenty minutes from the time the word had been received that there was trouble the soldiers were on the scene. But no insurgents were there, except the dead ones. For the rifles of the scouts worked with telling effect, and right about the train the soldiers found and buried five of the insurgent dead. The Seventeenth Infantry skirted down until it struck the Mexico road. Captain Howland, of General Wheaton's staff, pointed out a party of Filipinos and a squad was sent after them. Four were taken prisoners. One was armed with a rifle and the rest carried *bolos*."

The steamer *Venus* came into Manila harbor January 6th from Vigon, province of South Hocos, with Lieutenant Gillmore and nineteen other Americans, including seven of Gillmore's sailors from the *Yorktown*, who had made their escape from the insurgents after eight months of captivity, having been taken last April, near Baler, on the east coast of Luzon. Their rescue at the last was made by Colonel Luther R. Hare, of the Thirty-Third Volunteer Infantry, and Lieutenant - Colonel Howse, of the Thirty-Fourth. Lieutenant Gillmore told of his escape as follows:

"The Filipinos abandoned us on the night of December 16th. We had reached the Abulut River, near its source, that morning, and the Filipinos rafted us over. We then went down the stream along a rough trail, guarded by a company of Filipinos. That night we were separated from the guard and another company, armed with Mausers, was put in charge of us. I suspected something and questioned the lieutenant in command. He said: 'I have orders from General Tinn to shoot you all, but my conscience forbids. I shall leave you here.' I begged him for two rifles to protect us from savages, adding that I would give him letters to the Americans, who would pay him well and keep him from all harm. He refused this, however, saying he would not dare to comply. Soon afterward he left with his company. We had seen some savages in war-paint around us, and we prepared to fight them with cobblestones, the only weapons that were available to us. The next morning we followed the trail of the Filipino soldiers, feeling that it was better to stick to them than to be murdered by savages, but we could not catch up with them. Then I ordered the men to build rafts in the bays of floating down the river. It was a fearful hope, but I knew the river must empty into the sea somewhere. I was so weak myself that I did not expect to get out, but I thought some of the men could."

In this extremity the unexpected approach of friends created an alarm that soon turned to joy:

"On the morning of December 18th, while we were working on the rafts, the Americans came toward us yelling. One of my men shouted, 'They are no us.' He was lashing a raft of bamboo. I, however, knew it was not the yell of savages, but the yell of Americans. The rescuing troops thought we had Filipino guards, and called to us in English to lie down, so that they could shoot the Filipinos. That was the finest body of officers and men I ever saw. The command spent

the day in making rafts. Colonel Hare thought me too weak to live through the trip, but there was no alternative. We shot many rapids, the men lashing all their efforts. Only fourteen out of thirty-seven rafts survived the first night's experience, and eighty men were practically unable to walk when Vigon was reached."

Describing the flight from Benguet when the Americans approached, Lieutenant Gillmore said:

"The Filipinos, completely terrified, left Benguet on December 7th. They hurried the prisoners from town to town, often retracing the trail, not knowing where the Americans would attack. After being almost without food for three days, they killed several horses, and we lived on horse-flesh for several days. I did not have a full meal from December 7th until I reached Vigon. Indeed, the rescuing party lived largely upon rice without salt. There was one day when I was reduced to chewing grass and bark. While we were in the hands of General Tinn's men, he issued an order that any person aiding an American by food or money should be treated as a criminal. One citizen of Vigon, Señor Vera, was probably killed for befriending us. We would have starved but for the kindness of some of the residents of the towns and some of the Filipino colonels, but others treated us brutally. Wherever there was a prison we were kept there. Where there was no prison, they would lodge us in a convent. We suffered greatly from want of exercise as well as lack of food."

The correspondent of the *Manila American* describes the crushing defeat administered by Wheaton's brigade to the Filipinos near San Jacinto early in November, in which engagement Major John A. Logan, Jr., lost his life:

"The Thirty-Third Infantry, under Colonel Hare, encountered a force of the enemy between San Fabian and San Jacinto, and brought on one of the sharpest engagements of the war, resulting in the death of more Filipinos than in any other fight since the beginning of the insurrection. The battle raged for two hours, and at its conclusion seventy-seven dead Filipinos were found in the trenches. Many wounded were found in the high grass and creek bottoms. It is estimated that over one hundred Filipinos were killed in the fight, from twenty to thirty being found dead together in several places. Twenty-nine prisoners and one hundred rifles were captured. The Americans lost one officer killed and six men wounded. The officer killed was Major John A. Logan, Jr., who was shot through the head at the first of the engagement, while at the head of his battalion, which formed an advance guard. He was in the act of assisting a wounded soldier, and was hit by a Mauser bullet, fired by a sharp-shooter concealed in the top of a cocoanut tree! He died a few hours later."

All sorts of expedients are resorted to by the Filipinos:

"Captain Wilhelm, of the Fourth Cavalry, besides his qualities as a fighting man with plenty of courage and cool nerve, is one of those whom some would call a 'dandy.' But dandies of his kind are grand things to have in the army. At a certain stage of the fighting, he saw four of the enemy running away at close range. He ordered his men to fire on them and bring them down. Just at the critical moment and just in time to save them, a native woman ran out and placed herself, with extended arms, immediately behind the fugitives, in the line of the fire. There was but one thing for Wilhelm to do, as an American gentleman, and he did it promptly. He ordered his men to reserve their fire, and moved on, while the hurrying Filipinos got as quickly as possible out of range, sheltered from harm by American gallantry and their guardian angel."

Among those who have just returned to this country from a visit to the Orient is Mrs. Schwichtenberg, who had charge of the White Cross Society work at Manila. She lived with the natives, was on the firing line at San Pedro Macati, went with General Bates to Jolo, touched at Guam, and visited Cebu. To a correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* the lady gave some interesting observations:

"The first step toward Americanizing the people she believes should be taken in the limitation of the religious organizations. The people, she says, are naturally very devout and religious, but are compelled by their priests to give up such a large share of their earnings that they must always remain poor. The people are ready to go to church at all hours and to remain there as long as the priest wishes, and this applies to all grades of people, from the rich who sit in the front seats down to the poor woman who, with only a thin rag to cover her, kneels with her head in some dark corner. As an illustration of the demands of the priests, Mrs. Schwichtenberg said that her maid, in whom she paid five dollars per month, felt compelled to give one dollar to the church. This explains General Wheeler's recent observation that in the towns he has visited, the church property seems to equal in value all other property combined."

Concerning the work of the hospital corps, Mrs. Schwichtenberg says:

"One of the greatest needs at Manila is more medical attendants in the hospitals—more physicians, helpers, and nurses. At one time fourteen hundred soldiers were in the hospital, with only thirty-six surgeons. This overcrowded condition is due in a large measure to the soldiers themselves. In spite of all warnings, they persist in drinking impure water and eating unseasonable fruit, and the result is that they become ill and need the attention of the hospital workers, who are already busily employed with the wounded."

Soldiers have not profited largely by their capture of Filipino towns, according to Mrs. Schwichtenberg:

"The stories of looting, she says, are greatly exaggerated, and she explained of what much of the so-called looting consists. On the approach of the American troops, the natives would hide in the church everything they considered of value, and would then burn the houses and join the retreating insurgents. Often these dwellings would be in flames when the soldiers arrived, and they would dash in, put out the fire, if possible, and take any article which they fancied. This action was not right, they admitted, but the excuse was that if they had not taken the article it would have been burned. But for genuine looting the Chinese bear the palm; they steal everything they can find."

In a letter to the *New York Evening Post*, a correspondent has this description of Tagal and Moro traits:

"There is one thing about these people which I greatly like. They can laugh. They seem quite a cheerful and jolly lot. Taken generally, the Tagals seem a solemn race. The Visayan is a bit more cheerful than the Tagal. The so-called Moro grins, chuckles, and mows. One of the lieutenants of the Twenty-Third has three monkeys and a little puppy as household pets. Yesterday they were all out in the park adjoining the house. Twenty or thirty Moros stood about with the American soldiers watching the antics of the animals. A Tagal group might have grinned a little. These fellows yelled and shrieked in the heartiest of enjoyment. Their glee was audible for a couple of blocks. They laugh easily, and evidently appreciate a certain firm of joke. If I go to the sword and spear market, and spend every penny in my pockets, declining further purchase on the score of 'no man's dinner,' that is a joke. It is an absurdity in them. It is ridiculous. They do not believe me. They have their laugh, feel of my pockets, and if they discover no weight or clink of coin, sober down for a moment. They realize that I have spoken the truth. They do not laugh at that. But they laugh again when they tell me to go to my house or my ship, where they are wholly satisfied that I or any other American can get *dinero* in endless quantity."

The Spaniards called these people Moros, probably through some confounding of them with the Moors of Northern Africa. No reason is apparent for it except that both are dark-skinned Mohammedians. But the name will probably stick to them as that of Indian has clung to the red man of North America.

The government has finally adopted "Puerto Rico" as the official spelling, and hereafter all official documents will adhere to that form.

## THE CLUBS OF GOTHAM.

The Conservative Old Union Joins in the March Up-Town—Its History and Standing—New Centre of New York Clubdom.

*E pur se muove!* The world does move, and at last that fine old bulwark of conservatism, the Union Club, has had to bend its venerable head and accept the inevitable. For nearly half a century it has held to its brown-stone home on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-First Street, while clubs, and restaurants, and other appurtenances of the luxurious side of life have sprung up about it, prospered, and moved on before the advancing tide of trade. But it has been another King Canute. The waves of commerce paid no more heed to its dignity than did those that threatened to engulf the ancient Briton's throne, and so the Union Club has decided that it must move.

The decision was arrived at, conditionally, a week before Christmas, and it was made absolute yesterday, the first business-day of the new year. On the Wednesday before Christmas, a resolution authorizing the governing committee "to purchase the site at Fifty-First Street and Fifth Avenue for a sum not exceeding \$700,000, if the same can be procured at that price," was passed by a vote of 235 members, as against 120 opposing, and yesterday it was announced that the deal had been made. The new site is on the north-east corner—part of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum block—and consists of a plot fronting 75 feet on the avenue and 100 on the street, with two adjoining lots, 50 x 100 feet in size, on the street. The purchase price is \$700,000, and though no appropriation for the new building has yet been made, work will probably be begun on it this summer.

The Union League Club is the oldest in New York, and is the most exclusive of the purely social clubs. It has always abstained from taking sides on political or other public questions, its founders and their successors holding to the idea that it should be "open to any gentleman." As a matter of fact, however, it is not so, for its limit of membership has almost from the first been full, and its waiting list is so long, what with "few deaths and no resignations," that as long ago as 1879 the Calumet Club was organized of men who were on that list and were tired of waiting for admission. Nowadays, when a member of the Union Club becomes the father of a son, he enters the boy on the waiting list, as soon as baptism gives him a name, in order that he may stand some chance of election before old age carries him off. Originally the membership was limited to six hundred, and no man under twenty-five years of age was eligible, but the former limit has gradually been increased to fifteen hundred, and the latter was decreased in 1874 to twenty-one years.

The objects of the club, as set forth somewhat quaintly in the preamble to the constitution, were "to promote social intercourse among its members and to afford them the conveniences and advantages of a well-kept hotel, in conjunction with a reading-room, library, and baths, in some proper house or apartments to be procured for the purpose, and in a manner combining elegance and comfort with order and economy." The founders were the Schuylers, Livingstons, Kings, Beekmans, Stuyvesants, Griswolds, Astors, Van Burens, and other patrician leaders of the time, and its membership has been made up of the same class to the present day. In the 44 years of its existence it has had only nine presidents: Samuel Jones, 1844; John C. Stevens, 1853; John A. King, 1854; Moses H. Grinnell, 1867; William M. Evarts, 1873; William Constable, 1881; John J. Townsend, 1883; Clarence A. Seward, 1890; and Edward Cooper, the present incumbent, 1898. Its first home was in rooms at 343 Broadway, and six years later it moved two blocks north to a house owned by William B. Astor at 376 Broadway, in another eight years it came up as far as 691 Broadway, opposite Great Jones Street, and since 1855 it has occupied its present three-story brown-stone structure at the north-west corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-First Street.

Most of the other clubs, the restaurants, and even the theatres, have joined in the upward march. The chief *raison d'être* of the Metropolitan Club, composed largely of Union Club members, was that they might have a suitable club within easy walking distance of the members' houses. This was as late as 1891, but long before that the up-town migration had begun. At Twenty-Seventh Street was the Reform Club, at Twenty-Ninth the Calumet, at Thirty-Second the Knickerbocker, at Thirty-Fifth the New York, between that and Thirty-Sixth the St. Nicholas, and at Thirty-Ninth the Union League. Then when the development of Forty-Third and Forty-Fourth Streets came with the establishment of the Berkeley Lyceum and Berkeley School in 1889, the clubs took another stride northward. At the beginning of the last decade of the century, the Century Association and the Racquet and Tennis Club opened their houses in West Forty-Third Street. Three years later the Lotos moved up above Forty-Second Street, and in another year the St. Nicholas and Harvard Clubs found new homes in West Forty-Fourth Street. The Bar Association put up a handsome structure running through from Forty-Third to Forty-Fourth Streets, and the New York Yacht Club secured quarters across the street on Forty-Fourth. Finally, the University Club moved into its new home on Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Fourth Street.

This, with yesterday's purchase by the Union Club, leaves scarcely a single club of any prominence below Thirtieth Street, except the Manhattan Club, which has deserted the Stewart house on Fifth Avenue and Thirty-Fourth Street for the former quarters of the University Club on Madison Square; the Players, which has distinctive reasons for remaining in the house at 16 Gramercy Park, given it by Edwin Booth; and the young Yale Club. The club centre is, therefore, just above Forty-Second Street, in proximity to the railroad depot, a convenience to non-resident members, and in close touch with the places of amusement.

NEW YORK, January 3, 1900.

FLANLEY



## WINNING FAVOR IN LONDON.

Methods That Have Made the Newest Daily Paper a Success—  
British Prejudice Overcome by Courage and Enterprise  
—War News in Startling Head-Lines.

From an English point of view the rise of the *Daily Mail* is phenomenal. Indeed, I do not know that it would not be thought so in any part of the world. Even in America, the land of "live" and "yellow" journalism, its career would be regarded as remarkable. It is just a little over three years and a half ago that it was started. No one thought there was room in London for another daily paper. And the idea that one worth reading could possibly be published and sold for a half-penny a copy was simply preposterous. So everybody thought, except Mr. Harmsworth, whose success with *Answers*, and high upon a dozen subsequent publications, gave him the experience, enterprise, and pluck necessary to encourage another risk in journalism. People who shook their heads and said it was not going to do, forgot (if they ever knew) that the same thing was done away back in the 'fifties, when Levy Lawson rehabilitated the *Daily Telegraph*, and sold it at a penny per copy.

Up to that time no respectable daily newspaper could be had for less than two-pence, to which price the *Times* had previously reduced itself, and at which figure it has stubbornly remained ever since. But just see what the *Daily Telegraph* became. For many years it has attained and maintained the largest circulation of all the London dailies. To-day it is without doubt the best daily newspaper published in London. Of course, the old fogies who love the *Times*, and would stand by it and stick to it and buy it if it were a shilling a copy, will not agree with me. To them nothing is worth reading, nothing can be depended upon that is not "in the *Times*." But the great reading and advertising British public know better than that. And everybody knows, too, that if you want to convey the idea that a man is a dyed-in-the-wool Tory of the antiquated school, all you have to say of him when you want to describe the sort of man he is, is "He takes in the *Times*." Mind you, it is take in when you thus refer to a newspaper—not simply take—why, I have never been able to understand. It is English English, that is all I can say for it.

Well, the *Daily Mail* started. Its send-off was not exactly what you might call a bewildering sensation. And its progress up to the summer of this year was not otherwise than a praiseworthy effort. Most men, with less money than Harmsworth, would, I fancy, have discontinued the publication long ago. It had a circulation, certainly. And you heard people ask for it at the railway-station book-stalls, and you saw them reading it in the trains. But they were people to whom the saving of a halfpenny was a matter of some concern, and not the sort of readers to give a paper the vogue which the proprietors of the *Daily Mail* hoped for, and which the paper has at last achieved. If its first three years' publication was done at a loss, its last six months—certainly three—has been at an immense profit. The first event to bring it into the prominent notice it holds to-day was undoubtedly the yacht-race for the America Cup. Its elaborate and enterprising cablegrams were altogether the best. Of course much that one had to wade through was very trashy and essentially vulgar before one got to the real matter in hand.

But people like it all the same, I am afraid. They pretend they do not, but they do. On the heels of the yacht-race came the war. And I think I may safely say that the war has made the *Daily Mail*. Quick, alert, and enterprising as the Harmsworths are, they at once saw their opportunity, and grasped it. The class of readers they had long been eager for were at last within reach. The best people in England would have relatives in the army sent out to fight the Boers, and a paper that would tell of their doings in the minute fashion of the *Daily Mail* would be sure to attract the attention of friends and relatives at home. And so it has proved. G. W. Stevens, the brilliant war-correspondent and author of "With Kitchener to Khartum," was immediately retained as the *Daily Mail's* chief correspondent at the seat of war in South Africa. And a numerous and able staff was engaged to write from different points of interest as the campaign progressed. Added to these was Julian Ralph. Stevens and Ralph are head and shoulders above any other two of the representatives of the London press. It is true that the *Morning Post* secured Winston Churchill, but fortunately for the other papers he soon got captured by the Boers. Stevens's letters are crisp and readable. They are also copyrighted. But there is a brilliance about them, even if fire-worky and frothy, that attracts the eye, and in these exciting times fixes the attention. And it is much the same with Julian Ralph. Perhaps what they say "doesn't keep," but it amuses and interests while it is fresh. The best of it is, events follow on each other so quickly that nothing has time to grow stale. We have not time to remember on Tuesday what was said on Monday, for Tuesday's accounts monopolize the attention, as Wednesday's will on the morrow, so rapidly does the procession move along. There is one curious anomaly about Julian Ralph's contributions. One day there is a column or two of a letter from his pen headed "Through Yankee Glasses: What an American Cousin Thinks of the War," and the next a series of telegraphic dispatches, in which he speaks nonchalantly of "our fellows," "our troops," "our wounded," and "our prisoners," and one can not help wondering if Uncle Sam has shown his recent-grown love for England by sending out some of his soldiers to help boist the union jack at Pretoria. Ralph's dual character is decidedly amusing.

And so the *Daily Mail* has captured the best readers. The double-headed head-lines, with their flaming and flashing announcements, so abhorrent to the same people three months ago, are now regarded with indifference, if not actual approval, as a short cut to the latest tidings so anxiously awaited. And all the little tittle-tattle, all the

trivial gossip notes are gradually finding willing perusers among the smart set. It only shows how really vulnerable English prejudice is, and that it only takes courage applied in the right way to overcome it. Still it must be confessed that the innovation is not altogether satisfactory. It can not be denied that the tone of London journalism is lowered by a paper like the *Daily Mail*. It is distinctly a flash sheet, built and run upon the lines of American "yellow" papers. Indeed, its whole style is American of the second class. It is sensational, audacious, flippant, unabashed, conceited, and not altogether reliable. The present war has been its making, quite doubling its circulation in three months. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the Harmsworths are naturally jingoists to the backbone. No wonder they stick up for Chamberlain and Rhodes to-day, just as they boomed Lipton a while ago.

It amuses me to notice the expansion of the paper's cheek—"gall," you call it in California. From a little, obscure sheet of a few months back it has become self-inflated into a self-imagined power, and has lately taken to lecturing the government and criticising the actions of the war department. Of course it has no weight or influence in this respect. It is merely a newspaper, not a journal, and does not seem to recognize the fact or comprehend the distinction. However, Lord Londonderry wrote to it the other day, using these words: "I trust you will endeavor to urge the war office into realizing," etc. So, perhaps, it is getting on in that direction, and may in time grow into a second "Thunderer." Anyhow it is making money for its owners!—and that is, after all, the main thing. Harmsworth Brothers have just declared an annual dividend of twenty-five per cent. for their lucky shareholders.

LONDON, December 18, 1899.

COCKAIGNE.

## THE BROTHERLAND.

A Song of Liberty, dedicated by permission to President McKinley.

America! Anointed soil!  
Thy people are of freeborn toil,  
And freedom's glorious crown;  
O gleaming Western Light aflame,  
Through history's unending fame  
I celebrate thy matchless name—  
Inheritance my own.

America! Thy flag I love,  
Whose pure folds ever float above  
In sweet majestic pride;  
The many kindreds of the earth  
Bow to thy native civil worth,  
Till thee—till thee there was a dearth  
In laboring human tide.

America! Thy dawn foretold  
The birth thro' of the New from Old,  
The Sovereign People's day—  
Sceptre and throne and crown replete  
For such a soil were never meet;  
Freedom has other chosen seat  
Of high and true array.

America! Enlightened State!  
Progress, not pomp, stands at thy gate  
Attent, a courtier fair;  
Caste is an Old World dying test;  
Conduct alone is freemen's crest;  
This is the eager Nation's quest,  
And guerdon ever rare.

America! All hail the day  
When tyranny was thrust away  
In thy proud loving name,  
And man in his fraternal power  
Awoke Right—slumbering—as his dower,  
And Might, in a drear, waning hour  
Accursed then became.

America! Blest favored shore!  
Commerce and Art in fullness pour  
Their golden tides on thee;  
And thou art rich indeed, and great  
In fertile peace, in war, and State,  
In better cult than olden hate—  
In youthful liberty.

America! Pacific land!  
Emblems of love are in thy hand,  
Strivings of liberty—  
Not myriad host thy fields possess,  
Not battles yield the dread success;  
Right is thy boundaries' provess,  
And law thy panoply.

Hail, Brotherland! Live on and on!  
Thy Mission Day is but begun—  
Mission to Man—Divine!  
On crimsoned earth peace and good will,  
God and the People ruling still  
Shall bear a righteous sway, until  
Victorious songs are thine.

## POSTLUDE.

O Brotherland! Victorious Land  
That leadeth on in freemen's hand,  
Deck'd are thy brows with blest command!  
Arise to Victory—  
Triumphantly arise  
To Victory!—Frank E. Devrient Schroeder.

Eugene V. Smalley, eminent in newspaper and political circles, died at his home in St. Paul a few days ago. He had been editor and proprietor of the *Northwest Magazine* since its beginning in 1884. He was the personal friend of Presidents Hayes and Garfield, and was a trusted adviser in the councils of the Republican party at all times. He was president of the National Sound Money League at the time of his death.

"The New York Herald Company" was incorporated in Trenton, N. J., December 28th, with a capital of \$100,000. The object of the company, according to the papers, is "to publish newspapers and magazines." All of Mr. Bennett's associates in the company are members of the New York *Herald* staff, but 994 of the 1,000 shares are owned by James Gordon Bennett.

St. Petersburg and Moscow are now directly connected by telephone.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Agassiz has resigned the presidency of Radcliffe College—sometimes called the Harvard Annex—an office which she had held since the beginning of the institution, her health no longer permitting her to perform its duties.

At the urgent request of Lord Salisbury, Queen Victoria will in person open Parliament on February 14th, the first time she has done so since January 22, 1886, when she opened the Parliament to which Gladstone presented his Irish home-rule bill. The occasion will be made one of extraordinary pomp and display.

President Loubet of France has conferred the Order of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor on Henry Peartree, president of the American Chamber of Commerce of Paris, in recognition of his active participation in the negotiations of the Franco-American commercial treaty, and for signal services rendered in the development of the commercial relations between France and the United States.

Secretary Hay is urging on Congress the necessity of providing throughout our diplomatic service American *attachés* who are at home in the language of the country to which they are accredited. The Secretary of State begins with Turkey as an example, and asks Congress to authorize the employment of a second secretary of legation at the court of the Sultan who shall be an American student of the language of the country.

The German emperor has bestowed the Order of the Prussian Black Eagle on no fewer than eight persons during the past year; namely, on Duke Albrecht of Württemberg, Count von Osten-Saken, the Russian ambassador to the Prussian court, Prince Waldemar of Prussia (on his royal highness attaining his tenth year), Duke Nicholas of Württemberg, the Crown-Prince of Japan, General von Bülow, Prince Gustave Adolph of Norway and Sweden, and the youthful king of Spain.

Dr. Schenk, professor at the University of Vienna and president of the Embryological Institute, who published a book a year ago, in which he claimed that, after twenty years of experiment, he had discovered the secret of exercising an influence over animals and men so as to fix the sex of offspring, on January 4th received permission from the minister of the interior to retire on a pension, as the result of a demand by the Vienna medical faculty for his dismissal for the alleged frivolous publication of scientific matter constituting a form of self-advertisement.

Sir James Sivewright, of Cape Town, has turned over to the British Government his great estates, lying thirty miles from Cape Town, to be used as a hospital and convalescents' home for the army. Three different mansions, giving accommodations for nearly three hundred officers and men, have been provided. In addition, Sir James has equipped and brought to South Africa at his own expense two complete corps of doctors and nurses, one of them remaining on duty in and about Cape Town, while the other goes to the aid of the wounded Boers.

Among the prominent Englishmen who have recently volunteered for service in the war against the Boers are the Duke of Marlborough, who will furnish one hundred and fifty men and horses; the Earl of Warwick, a rich peer who owns Warwick Castle and other famous residences; the Earl of Dudley, whose great fortune consists in part of coal and iron mines; the Earl of Lonsdale, who possesses nearly seventy thousand acres of valuable land, and is an intimate friend of the German emperor; and England's premier duke, the Duke of Norfolk, who is postmaster-general, and by no means a young man (he was born in 1847). The Duke of Norfolk's position in the cabinet and his tremendous business interests, to say nothing of his power as lay head of the Catholic Church in England, will probably prevent the acceptance of his offer.

Some days ago John L. Sullivan appeared before a New York judge in a suit brought by a creditor. The case established the fact that the once premier pugilist of the world had absolutely no tangible assets. Sullivan claims to have earned over \$1,000,000 in the last twenty years. He is not certain how he spent it all. He estimates that he has given away \$200,000, and spent \$200,000 for liquid refreshment and some \$100,000 in gambling. His legitimate living expenses he figures at \$200,000, his training at \$100,000, and unfortunate business ventures at \$200,000. He also claims the honor of having built a court-house in Purvis, Miss. It happened in this way: When he fought Jake Kilrain in 1889, the Mississippi State officers were hot on his trail. They caught him after the fight in Nashville, and brought him to Purvis. Purvis needed a court-house, and John L. gave up \$18,000, and the temple of justice was built.

Dr. Acland Oronhyatekha is one of the few Canadian Indians who has gained both wealth and fame by force of his genius and business ability. Dr. Oronhyatekha's good fortune began in 1860, at Brantford, Ont., when he, a lad of nineteen, chanced to meet the Prince of Wales, who was then making a tour of America. The prince was so impressed with the brightness of the young man that he invited him to England and gave him an education at Oxford University. Oronhyatekha afterward studied medicine at Toronto University, graduating therefrom in due course. He was highly successful as a physician, but his best fortune came in connection with the Ancient Order of Foresters, a fraternal benefit society which he reorganized and carried to success. He has been the chief official of this order for years, and is said to receive a salary of ten thousand dollars a year. He owns a magnificent home, and entertains sumptuously. Mrs. Oronhyatekha is a great-granddaughter of the famous chief, Joseph Brant, who figured largely in the Indian troubles of early days.



## CHILDREN IN COLONIAL DAYS.

The Spartan Struggle for Existence of the Puritan Children—School-Life and Old-Time Discipline—Manners and Courtesy—Religious Thought and Training.

"When we regard the large share which child-study has in the interest of the reader and thinker of to-day, it is indeed curious to see how little is told of child-life in history," says Alice Morse Earle in the preface to her unique volume entitled "Child-Life in Colonial Days." She adds: "The ancients made no record of the life of young children; classic Rome furnishes no data for child-study; the Greeks left no child-forms in art. . . . We know little of the childhood days of our forebears, and have scant opportunity to make comparisons or note progress. The child of colonial days was emphatically 'to be seen, not to be heard'—nor was he even to be much in evidence to the eye. He was of as little importance in domestic, social, or ethical relations as his childish successor is of great importance to-day; it was deemed neither courteous nor wise to make him appear of value or note, in his own eyes or in the eyes of his seniors. Hence there was none of that exhaustive study of motives, thoughts, and acts of a child which is now rife." In order, therefore, to give us a glimpse into the child-life of our early colonies, the author has for many years searched diligently in old private letters, records, diaries, and the rich stores of our many historical associations, and, as a result, she has gathered a mass of valuable historical matter which is full of interest.

There is something inexpressibly sad in the thought of the children who crossed the Atlantic Ocean with the Pilgrims and the fathers of Jamestown, New Amsterdam, and Boston, and the infancy of those born in the first years of colonial life in this strange new land:

From the moment when the baby opened his eyes on the bleak world around him, he had a Spartan struggle for life; half the Puritan children had scarcely drawn breath in this vale of tears ere they had to endure an ordeal which might well have given rise to the expression "the survival of the fittest." I say half the babies, presuming that half were born in warm weather, half in cold. All had to be baptized within a few days of birth, and baptized in the meeting-house; fortunate, indeed, was the child of midsummer. We can imagine the January babe carried through the narrow streets or lanes to the freezing meeting-house, which had grown damper and deadlier with every wintry blast; there to be christened, when sometimes the ice had to be broken in the christening-bowl.

In the seventeenth century the science of medicine had not wholly cut asunder from astrology and necromancy; and the trusting Christian still believed in some occult influences, chiefly planetary, which governed not only his crops but his health and life:

Hence the entries of births in the Bible usually gave the hour and minute, as well as the day, month, and year. Thus could he accurately calculate what favoring or mischief-making planets were in ascendency at the time of the child's birth; what influences he would have to encounter in life. The belief that meteorological and astrological conditions affected medicines was strong in all minds. The best physician gravely noted the conditions of the moon when gathering herbs and simples and concocting medicines; and certain drugs were held to be powerless at certain times of the year, owing to planetary influences. "Sympathetic" medicines were confidently trusted, and tried to a surprising extent upon children; apparently these were as beneficial as our modern method of healing by the insinuation of improved health.

We can not wonder that children died when we know the nostrums with which they were dosed:

There were quack medicines which held sway for a century, among them a valuable property, Daffy's Elixir. These patented—or, rather, secret—medicines had a formidable rival in snail-water, which was used as a tonic and also a lotion. Many of the ingredients and extracts used in domestic medicines were incredibly revolting. Venice treacle was a nasty and popular compound, traditionally invented by Nero's physician. It was made of vipers, white wine, opium, "spices from both the Indies," licnarie, red roses, tops of greyhound and St. John's wort, and some twenty other herbs, juice of rough sloes, mixed with honey "triple the weight of all the dry spices." The recipe is published in dispensatories till within this century. The vipers had to be put, "twelve of 'em, into white wine alone. Mithridate, the ancient cure-all of King Mithridates, was another dose for children. There were forty-five ingredients in this, each prepared and introduced with care. Ruhila, made chiefly of antimony and nitre, was beloved of the Winthrops, and frequently dispensed by them—and with benefit.

In the sprightly descriptions given by Anna Green Winslow of her own dress, we see with much distinctness the little girl of twelve of the year 1771:

"I was dress'd in my yellow coat, my black bh & apron, my pompadore shoes, the cap my aunt Storer sometime since presented me with blue ribbons on it, a very handsome loket in the shape of a hart, the paste pin my Hon'd Papa presented me with in my cap, my new cloak & bonnet on, my pompadore gloves, and I would tell you they all lik'd my dress very much. . . . I was dress'd in my yellow coat, black bh and apron, black feathers on my head, my paste comb, all my paste, garnet, marquiset, and jet pins, together with my silver plume—my loket rings, black collar round my neck, black mitts, 2 or 3 yards of blue ribbon, striped tucker & ruffles & my silk shoes completed my dress." It would seem somewhat puzzling to fancy how, with a little girl's soft hair, the astonishing and varied head-gear named above could be attached. Little Anna gives a full description of the way her hair was dressed over a high roll, so heavy and hot that it made her head "itch & ach & burn like anything." She tells of the height of her head-gear: "When it first came home, Aunt put it on & my new cap on it; she then took up her apron & measur'd me, & from the roots of my hair on my forehead to the top of my notions, I measur'd above an inch longer than I did downwards from the roots of my hair to the end of my chin."

Birch-trees were plentiful in America—and whippings too:

Scholars in New England were not permitted to forget the methods of discipline of "the good old days." Massachusetts schools resounded with strokes of the rod. Varied instruments of chastisement were known, from

"A besomme of byrche for babies verry fit  
To a long lasting lybket for lubbers as meet."

A lybket was a hillet of wood, and the heavy walnut stick of one Boston master well deserved the name. A cruel inquisitor invented an instrument of torture which he termed a flapper. It was a heavy piece of leather six inches in diameter, with a hole in the middle. This was fastened by an edge to a pliable handle. Every stroke on the bare flesh raised a blister the size of the hole in the leather. Equally brutal was the tattling-stick, a cat-o'-nine-tails, with heavy leather straps. The whipping with this tattling-stick was ordered to be done upon "a peaked block"—whatever that may be. That fierce Boston disciplinarian and patriot, Master Lovell, whipped with strong birch rods, and made one culprit mount the back of another scholar to receive his flogging. He called these whippings trouncings, the good old English word of the Elizabethan dramatists. Another brutal Boston master

struck his scholars on the head with a ferule, until this was forbidden by the school directors. He then whipped the soles of the scholars' feet, and roared out in ecstasy of cruelty, "Oh, the Catiffs! it is good for them!" There was sometimes an aftermath of sorrow, when our stern old grandfathers whipped their children at home for being whipped at school, so told Rev. Eliphalet Nott.

Many ingenious punishments were invented:

A specially insulting one was to send the pupil out to cut a small branch of a tree. A split was made by the teacher at the severed end of the branch, and the culprit's nose was placed in the cleft end. Then he was forced to stand, painfully pinched, an object of ridicule. A familiar punishment of the dame school, which lingered till our own day, was the smart tapping of the child's head with a heavy thimble. This was known as a "thimble-pie." Another was to yoke two delinquents together in a yoke made with two bows like an ox-yoke. Sometimes a boy and girl were yoked together—a terrible disgrace. One of Miss Hetty Higginson's punishments in her Salem school at the beginning of this century was to make a child hold a heavy book, such as a dictionary, by a single leaf. Of course, any restless motion would tear the leaf. Her rewards of merit should be also told. She would divide a single strawberry in minute portions among six or more scholars. And she had a "hussee," or good child, who was to be kissed.

The teaching of spelling in many schools was peculiar:

The master gave out the word, with a blow of his strap on the desk as a signal for all to start together, and the whole class spelled out the word in syllables in chorus. The teacher's ear was so trained and acute that he at once detected the name of the scholar who made the mistake. If there was any hesitancy or refusal in acknowledgment, he kept the whole class until, by repeated trials of long words, accuracy was obtained. The roar of the many voices of the large school, all pitched in different keys, could be heard on summer days for a long distance. In many country schools the scholars not only spelled aloud, but studied all their lessons aloud, as children in Oriental countries do to-day, and the teacher was quick to detect any lowering of the voice, umph of sound, and would rebuke any child who was studying silently. Sometimes the combined roar of voices became offensive to the neighbors of the school, and restraining votes were passed at town meetings.

New England parents, with their fairly passionate intensity of zeal for the education of their children, in many cases over-stimulated and forced the infant minds in their charge. The writer gives many instances of childish precocity, some of which we quote herewith:

It seems somewhat anomalous with the almost universal distrust and hindrance of female education that one of the most precocious flowers of Puritanism should have been a girl, the "pious and ingenious Mrs. Jane Turell," who was born in Boston in 1708. Before her second year she was furnished she could speak distinctly, knew her letters, and "could relate many stories out of the Scriptures to the satisfaction and pleasure of the most judicious." Governor Dudley and other "wise and polite" New England gentlemen were among those entitled "judicious," who placed her on a table to show off her acquirements. When she was three years old she could recite the greater part of the Assembly's Catechism, many of the psalms, many lines of poetry, and read distinctly; at the age of four she "asked many astonishing questions about divine mysteries."

Little Martha Laurens, born in Charleston, S. C., in 1759, could, in her third year, "read any book"; and like many another child since her day learned to read holding the book upside down. Joseph T., Buckingham declared that when he was four years old he knew by heart nearly all the reading lessons in the primer and much of the "Westminster Catechism."

It is told of Timothy Dwight, president of Yale College, that he learned the alphabet at a single lesson, and could read the Bible before he was four years old, and taught it to his comrades. At the age of six he was sent to the grammar school and imported his father to let him study Latin. Being denied, he studied through the Latin grammar twice without a teacher, borrowing a book of an older boy. He would have been prepared for college when but eight years old, had not the grammar school luckily discontinued and left him without a teacher.

While the education of the sons of the planters in all the colonies was bravely provided and supported, the daughters fared but poorly:

The education of a girl in book learning was deemed of vastly less importance than her instruction in household duties. But small rearrangement was made in any school for her presence, nor was it thought desirable that she should have any very varied knowledge. That she should read and write was certainly satisfactory, and cipher a little; but many girls got on very well without the ciphering, and many, alas! without the reading and writing. . . . However, sometimes it is evident that they were admitted at times not devoted to the teaching of boys. For instance, in May, 1767, a school was advertised in Providence for teaching writing and arithmetic to "young ladies." But the girls had to go from six to half-past seven in the morning, and half-past four to six in the afternoon. The price for this most inconvenient and ill-timed schooling was two dollars a quarter. It is pathetic to read of a learning-hungry little maid in Hatfield, Mass., who would slip away from her spinning and knitting and sit on the school-house steps to listen with eager envy to the boys as they recited within. When it became popular to have girls attend public schools, an old farmer on a country-school committee gave these matter-of-fact objections to the innovation: "In winter it's too far for girls to walk; in summer they ought to stay at home to help in the kitchen."

Nevertheless, whether the little girl was taught at home or in a private school, to "sew, floure, write, and dance" were really the chief things she learned, usually the only things, save deportment and elegance of carriage:

To attain an erect and dignified bearing growing girls were tutored, as in English boarding-schools, by sitting in stocks, wearing harnesses, and being strapped to hack-boards. The pack-thread stays and stiffened coats of "little Miss Custis" were made still more unyielding by metal and wood husks, the latter made of close-grained heavy wood. These were often carved in various designs, or with names and verses, or ornamented with drawings in colored inks, and made a favorite gift. All these constraints and accessories contributed to a certain thin-chested, though erect appearance, which is notable in the portraits of girls and women painted in the past century. The hack-board certainly helped to produce an erect and dignified carriage, and was assisted by the quick, graceful motions used in wool-spinning. The daughter of the Revolutionary patriot, General Nathaniel Greene, stated to her grandchildren that in her girlhood she sat every day with her feet in stocks, strapped to a hack-board. She was until the end of her long life a straight-backed, elegant dame.

It certainly conveys an idea of the demeanor of children of colonial days to read what was enjoined upon them in a little book of etiquette, which was apparently widely circulated, and doubtless carefully read. Instructions as to behavior at the table run thus:

"Never sit down at the table till asked, and after the blessing. Ask for nothing; tarry till it be offered thee. Speak not. Bite not thy bread, but break it. Take salt only with a clean knife. Dip not the meat in the same. Hold not thy knife upright, but sloping, and lay it down at right hand of plate, with blade on plate. Look not earnestly at any other that is eating. When moderately satisfied, leave the table. Sing not, hum not, wriggle not. Spit no where in room, but in the corner, and— But I will pursue the quotation no further, nor discover other eighteenth century proneness painfully revealed in lurid light in other detailed "Don'ts." It is evident that the ancient child was prone to eat as did Dr. Samuel Johnson—hotly, avidly, with strange, loud, eager clappings; he was enjoined to more moderation: "Eat not too fast nor with Greedy Behavior. Eat not vastly, but moderately. Make not a noise with thy Tongue, Mouth, Lips, or Breath in Thy Eating and Drinking. Smell not of thy Meat; nor put it to Thy Nose; turn it not the other side upward on Thy Plate."

In many households in the New World children could not be seated at the table, even after the blessing had been asked:

They stood through the entire meal. Sometimes they had a standing place and plate or trencher. At other boards they stood behind the grown folks and took whatever food was handed to them. This must have been in families of low social station and meagre house furnishings. In many homes they sat or stood at a side table, and, trencher in hand, ran over to the great table for their supplies. A certain formality existed at the table of more fashionable folk. Children were given a few drops of wine in which to drink the health of their elders. In one family the formula was, "Health to papa and mamma, health to brothers and sisters, health to all my friends." In another, the father's health only was named. Sometimes the presence of grandparents at the table was the only occasion when children joined in health-drinking.

The little hook teaches good listening:

"When any speak to thee, stand up. Say not I have heard it before. Never endeavour to help him out if he tell it not right. Snigger not; never question the Truth of it." The child is enjoined minutely as to his behavior at school; to take off his hat at entering, and bow to the teacher; to rise up and bow at the entrance of any stranger; to "havl not in speaking"; to "walk not cheek by jole," but fall respectfully behind and always "give the Wall to Superiors." The young student's passage from his home to his school should be as decorous as his demeanor at either terminus: "Run not Hastily in the Street, nor go too Slowly. Wag not to and fro, nor use any Antick Postures either of thy Head, Hands, Feet, or Body. Throw not aught on the Street, as Dirt or Stones. If thou meetest the scholars of any other School jeer not nor affront them, but show them love and respect and quietly let them pass along."

The pages of Judge Sewall's diary sadly prove his performance of what he believed to be his duty to his children in the way of religious training, just as the entries show the bewilderment and terror of his children under his teachings:

Elizabeth Sewall was the most timid and fearful of them all. A frightened child, a retiring girl, a vacillating sweetheart, an unwilling bride, she became the mother of eight children; but always suffered from morbid introspection, and overwhelming fear of death and the future life, until at the age of thirty-five her father sadly wrote: "God has delivered her now from all her fears."

The process which developed this unhappy nature is plainly shown by many entries in the diary. This was when she was about five years old:

"It falls to my daughter Elizabeth's Share to read the 24 of Isaiah, which she doth with many Tears not being very well and the Contents of the Chapter and Sympathy with her draw Tears from me also." The terrible verses telling of God's judgment on the land, of fear, of the pit, of the snare, of emptiness and waste, of destruction and desolation, must have sunk deep into the heart of the sick child, and produced the condition shown by this entry when she was a few years older: "When I came in, past 7 at night, my wife met me in the Entry and told me Betty had surprised them. I was surprised with the Abruptness of the Relation. It seems Betty Sewall had given some signs of dejection and sorrow; but a little while after dinner she burst into an amazing cry which caus'd all the family to cry too. Her Mother ask'd the Reason, she gave none; at last she said she was afraid she should go to Hell, her Sins were not pardon'd. She was first wounded by my reading a sermon of Mr. Norton's; Text, Ye shall seek me and shall not find me. And these words in the Sermon, Ye shall seek me and die in your Sins, ran in her Mind and terrified her greatly. And staying at home, she read out of Mr. Cotton Mather—'Why hath Satan filled thy heart?' which increas'd her Fear. Her Mother asked her whether she pray'd? She answered Yes, but fear'd her prayers were not heard, because her sins were not pardon'd. Poor little wounded Betty! Her fear that she should go to hell because she, like Spira, was not elected, was answered by her father, who, having led her into this sad state, was but ill-fitted to comfort her. Both prayed with bitter tears, and he says, mournfully, 'I hope God heard us.' Hell, Satan, eternal damnation, everlasting torments, were ever held up before these Puritan children."

Among other entertaining chapters are "Children's Diligence," "Needlecraft and Decorative Arts," "Games and Pastimes," "Children's Toys," and "Flower Lore of Children." The volume is copiously illustrated, the many portraits of children being especially valuable as a study of costume.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.50.

In Chicago, at nine o'clock of the second day of the new year, water was turned into the \$33,000,000 drainage canal and began to flow toward Lockport, where it falls into the Desplaines River and thence through the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers to the Gulf. The engineers of the sanitary district have cut a channel to carry three hundred thousand cubic feet of water a minute, but the water was allowed to flow into the canal at the rate of only 50,000 cubic feet a minute. The effect of turning the full current into the empty canal would be like the hursting of a reservoir and would tear away the bridges over the canal and wrench the controlling works at Lockport. In a week the canal will be full of water and carrying away the sewage that now flows into the Chicago River. It is estimated that the expense of the excavations and retaining walls already provided for by the sanitary district constitutes nearly two-thirds of the entire cost of a ship channel, and it is hoped that the general government, which has done so much to improve the Mississippi River, may eventually be induced to undertake the completion of the channel construction. Should this plan ever be executed, large steamers will be able to make their way from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and the commerce of the whole Mississippi Valley will be greatly stimulated and enlarged.

Bernard Quaritch, the well-known second-hand book-seller of London, who died a few days ago, was a quaint figure in the trade. He began life as a porter at four dollars and a half a week in the office of Mr. Bohn, whose libraries of classical and other books are still to be obtained. Afterward, starting in business for himself, Quaritch devoted his energies to the collection of rare editions, rare bindings, and curious hooks of all descriptions. There will be a rare disposal of rare books when his stock comes to the hammer, as no doubt it presently will.

Thomas Mackellar, who passed away recently at his home in Germantown, had been for many years head of the well-known firm of type-founders, Mackellar, Smiths & Jordan, of Philadelphia. He was born in 1812, and gained a name as a printer, an author, and poet. He was president of the Type-Founders' Association of the United States, and was a member of numerous other organizations.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Men and Brothers in the West.

Francis Lynde has very much the look of a pseudonym, and a woman's pseudonym at that, but "The Helpers," a new novel to which it is signed, is a story no one need be ashamed of having written. Its name and its dedication to "the men and women of the guild compassionate," suggest a purpose-novel, and it is that in some degree; but it is also an absorbing story of flesh-and-blood persons, and most of them are well worth knowing.

The scene is laid in Colorado to the present day—chiefly in Denver—where tenderfoots, come to seek their fortune on the outskirts of civilization, and old residents, who have grown up with the country, make up a population that strangely mingles the refinements of Eastern life with the rugged simplicity of the West. The central figure, Constance Elliott, has lived in Denver all her life and known the ups and downs of the mining man's existence. Thrice has her father been a millionaire, and thrice has a turn of fortune's wheel sent him out with the prospector's pick, grub-staked by another man, but full of the hope that never dies in the true miner's heart. In all these changes she has remained a helper of the needy, and the other personages possess and exercise the same strong sense of the brotherhood of man.

The strangest task her charity finds for her is the reformation of a young man from the East who has gone to pieces in the unconstraint of Western life. He has become the victim of a mad passion for gambling, and the last shadow of his self-respect seems gone, but he is plucked back from the brink of suicide and taken out on a prospecting trip by an old miner whose life he had saved. How they make a strike, how sharpers get the old man crazed with drink and seek to steal the mine away from him, how the tenderfoot gets the mine, and how he holds it for a year, while all his world thinks he has robbed his partner—these things are best learned from the book itself. Their narration makes an absorbing tale, with two love stories to keep up the romantic interest, and all the personages are clear-cut types whom it is a pleasure to know.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

## "The Idol of the Blind."

There is perhaps a double significance in the title of Tom Gallon's new novel, "The Idol of the Blind," which has just been published in the Appletons' Town and Country Library, for two women in the tale worship men as they would an idol, and both are blind, one lacking physical sight and the other being blinded by her love to the monstrous faults of the man she marries.

The hero of the story, Comethup Willis—his curious name was suggested by the phrase "cometh up as a flower"—is such another sensitive child as Pip in Dickens's "Great Expectations," and he has a Miss Havisham in the person of his aunt, Miss Charlotte Carlaw. Blind from her birth, her parents made what compensation they could by leaving her a large fortune, and an extraordinary old lady she is when she takes the orphaned Comethup to her home and makes him her heir. She rules her household with a rod of iron, possessing an insight into motives and characters that make her very terrible to the sycophants who buzz around her, but on Comethup she lavishes the great love of her lonely old heart.

His good fortune is thought by his uncle and cousin, a brace of glib, happy-go-lucky scamps, to have been attained at their expense, and it is they who bring the tragedy into his life. The way in which they wheedle money out of him at first, then take it as their due, and finally ruin him by shameless black-mail, is very cleverly worked up. But the attitude of the woman who is the instrument of their extortion is not so understandable. As a child she had always preferred Comethup, and, while it is natural that she should have been won in her girlhood by his handsome scapegrace cousin in the years while Comethup was away at school and traveling, it is inconsistent with the honesty elsewhere shown in her actions that she should have engaged herself to Comethup and still hold clandestine lovers' meetings with the other man.

However, that is a minor point, explainable, perhaps, by some subtlety of the feminine heart. As a whole, the story is well conceived and well told, with a number of admirable character sketches in it.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

## A Realistic Story of Country Life.

Interest is awakened early in Thomas J. Vivian's story, "Luther Strong: His Wooing and Madness," for it promises in the beginning to be a strong and well-chosen study of backwoods character, and though the hold upon the reader weakens before the end, and the promise is hardly fulfilled, the book is never lifeless or dull. Iona Harvey, the heroine, is a not unattractive young woman, and Abner Sturgis, the persecuted school-master, has some speaking qualities, but the sympathy given them at first does not strengthen. Luther Strong, whose passionate nature can not bear the disappointment that kills his love, and whose death comes from the inherited taint of insanity, is not a pleasing figure, and the scene of his ending is not good reading. The story is real, and told with no little art, but the material

chosen is valuable neither for its beauty, its philosophy, or its impressiveness.

Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

## The Biography of "Tommy Atkins."

Horace Wyndham, late of the British army, has written an instructive book under the title "The Queen's Service; or, the Real 'Tommy Atkins,'" and there is no indiscreet suggestion in its dedication to "Rudyard Kipling, the friend of soldiers, from a soldier." The story of the enlisted man, from the day he takes the "queen's shilling" and undergoes examination, to the hour his time expires, is told with circumstantial precision, and few details of interest have escaped his record. From *réveille* to tattoo, in the barracks, on guard, before a court-martial, on board a troop-ship, in Africa, in Gibraltar, are but a tithe of the subjects treated with thoroughness, and there is no little philosophy in his observations on "gentlemen rankers," "married life in the army," "crime and punishment," and companion themes. The illustrations are from photographs.

Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

## With Paul Du Chaillu in the North.

Young people everywhere will welcome the latest volume from the pen of Paul Du Chaillu, the hunter, traveler, and writer. It is entitled "The Land of the Long Night," and takes the reader across the Swedish and Norwegian mountains to the shores of the Arctic Ocean, and into the homes of the people there. But wherever the author goes he is an entertaining companion, and even if the air is chill, the scenes pointed out, the adventures related, keep one's blood tingling. The illustrations are particularly good in this story of the frozen North, and every one of the thirty-six chapters holds something of entrancing interest.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Great mystery has been made to surround the appearance of Ibsen's latest drama, which was to be published simultaneously in Norwegian, German, English, French, and Russian. According to his own words, this play is the last Ibsen intends to write.

The biography of the late Dwight L. Moody is to be prepared by his elder son, William R. Moody. It is requested that persons having correspondence or other items of interest will communicate with him at East Northfield, Mass.

Anthony Hope's new novel is entitled "Tristram of Blent." It is a story of England and the period is to-day.

By a curious coincidence, the title of the new book by Mme. Sarah Grand is the same as that attached to a novel by "Albert Ross," published in July, 1898, "A New Sensation." This will probably mean that Mrs. Grand's book will have to be brought out in America under a different title.

Two new books, brief but valuable, by Lord Rosebery are announced. One is his monograph on "Chatham," the other a reprint of his paper on Sir Robert Peel, which appeared originally in the *Anglo-Saxon*.

After the publication of the January number the American edition of the *Pall Mall Magazine* will be discontinued. The English edition, however, will very likely preserve the large number of readers already gained in this country by the American issue.

The Macmillan Company report that the two hundred and eighty-fifth thousand is ready of "Richard Carvel," and that Crawford's "Via Crucis" has run through its forty-second thousand in the fifth week of its existence.

"Sophia," Stanley J. Weyman's new historical novel, will be brought out soon.

During the intervals of work upon his new story, Mark Twain is writing his signature in six hundred copies of the new London edition of his books.

Conan Doyle has shown a somewhat rare constancy in a poet of war, and has volunteered for military service in South Africa. He will furnish his own fiery steed, accoutrements, etc., and asks no more of the government than that it give him "a commission in a regiment of horse." The suggestion has been made, in a spirit of levity, that a "literary regiment" is really the thing for Mr. Doyle to raise. The same sorry jesters advise that Kipling be made a field-marshal at once, as the surest means of striking terror to the Boer heart.

"A Man's Woman," by Frank Norris, which has been running as a serial in various newspapers, will shortly be published.

Ellen Clementine Howarth, the poetess, who wrote "The Wind Harp" and "Tis Only a Little Faded Flower," died in Trenton, N. J., on December 23d.

Georgina Lowell Putnam, a sister of one of the nephews of James Russell Lowell who fell in the Civil War, wrote in the war-time a story bearing the title of "The Two Legacies." Lowell himself com-

mended the story highly, and at last it has just been published.

The author of "The Maternity of Harriot Wicken," Mrs. Henry Dudeney, has just finished another piece of fiction, which will be published next month under the title of "Folly Corner."

Mme. Thérèse Batbedat's translation of Du Maurier's "Tribly" into French has just been published in Paris.

Lady Randolph Churchill is en route for South Africa, and it is said that the *Anglo-Saxon*, in forthcoming numbers, will bear witness to her presence there.

Among the most notable features of the initial number of the *Goose-Quill*, a new magazine somewhat on the lines of *Munsey's*, to be brought out in Chicago on Monday, will be contributions by Thomas Hardy, Gertrude Atherton, and Opie Read, and full-page pictures of Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Hardy, Hall Caine, Israel Zangwill, and Anthony Hope.

## OLD LETTERS.

Faded and old is the ribbon,  
Blue once, as azure-lit skies,  
Breaking in twain with untying,  
A truce held to Time as he flies.

Breathing of rue and rosemary,  
And lavender pressed in the leaves;  
Yellowed and mellowed, love's dreaming,  
Tied in the long garnered sheaves.

What is the harvest they bring us,  
Flotsam of life and the years?  
Kissed by the dust in their sleeping,  
Bathed in love's sunshine and tears.

A verse from a laurel-crowned poet,  
A garland of faith to the fair,  
A petal from roses that shattered,  
A curl of a baby's bright hair;

A tale of a ball in its season,  
A scrap of a gown that was worn,  
A confidante's news of a heartbreak,  
A lover's page, tattered and torn;

A child's painful hand that was guided  
To trace out its first words of love;  
A message of birth and of sorrow,  
A bridal song, sealed with a dove.

They flutter and drift from their moorings,  
Like white thoughts that quiver and shine,  
Dropped deep in the heart of forever,  
The past that was thine and is mine.

Ay, ashes of roses, I scatter  
Your memories, ever the same,  
Ay, ashes of roses, old letters,  
I lay your white hearts in the flame.

—Virginia Fraser Boyle in *January Bookman*.

## Death of Daniel Ford.

There died in Boston the other day a man unknown outside a limited circle in that city, but who nevertheless had a marked influence on the youth of two generations. The *Youth's Companion* is published under the style of "Perry Mason & Co.," a fictitious name for the late Daniel S. Ford, editor and owner of the most widely circulated publication for boys and girls in the country, if not in the world. From the first the *Companion* has been a safe publication to place in the hands of any boy or girl, because Mr. Ford shaped its contents with that as the first result to reach whether the paper otherwise succeeded or not. The result of this policy, carried into the advertising, as well as the other columns of the *Companion*, made it a success in every way; while the carefully selected contents have had an educating value on the youth of the country that it would be difficult to overestimate.

Mr. Ford's will, filed at Cambridge, Mass., on December 28th, disposes of an estate of about \$2,500,000. The Museum of Fine Arts and the Boston Public Library and the City Hospital are given \$6,000 each; the Y. M. C. A., and the Y. W. C. A. and Massachusetts General Hospital get \$7,000 each; the Boston Children's Aid Society, the Children's Hospital, of Boston, \$5,000 each; and the Ruggles Street Baptist Church \$20,000 per year for two years. To the Baptist Social Union \$350,000 is bequeathed. The entire *Youth's Companion* plant, with certain real estate, is left to the executors, to be administered for the benefit of the Union.

## Must Have Heard the Name.

As illustrative of the fact that there are still some people ignorant of the existence of Stevenson, the current number of *The Academy* publishes the following as having actually been overheard:

HOSTESS [talking to two new callers, mother and daughter]—When you were in Samoa, did you see anything of the Stevensons?

DAUGHTER—It was last year that we were there, but I went over the house at Vailima.

MOTHER—The Stevensons, my dear? I don't seem to remember about them.

HOSTESS—Robert Louis—

MOTHER [still wondering]—Oh, Robert Lewis. I don't seem—

DAUGHTER [rather impatiently]—Oh, he wrote things, "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped"—

MOTHER—Oh, did he? [Then, evidently not wishing to appear ignorant]—I really think I must have heard the name, but I can't remember.

Every test that is of value in ascertaining what glasses are needed is applied here.

There is no such word as "trouble" while we are testing.

HIRSCH & KAISER,

7 Kearny St.

Opticians.

You can obtain the books reviewed, noticed, or advertised in this issue of the

ARGONAUT

—AT—

ROBERTSON'S

126 Post Street, S. F.

Postage free.

## Can You Tell?

The Shortstory Publishing Company, 145-149 High Street, Boston, Mass., will pay \$4,200 in sums of \$100 to \$500, for clean, clever, original, *unusual* stories of 1,500 to 6,000 words for publication in THE BLACK CAT. Each story will be judged solely upon its merits without regard to the name or reputation of its writer, and the

## \$4200 Rewards

will be paid in cash. But no story will be considered at all unless it is sent strictly in accordance with the printed conditions, which will be mailed free, together with many of the names and addresses, as references, of the men and women in all parts of America who have received over \$30,000, cash, for BLACK CAT stories. If you or your friends can tell a clever story, write at once for particulars, as the contest closes in March.



## ARE YOU SICK AND TIRED

of wading through those terrible Saharas without wells or date trees, the insomnia-curing magazines such as *Munsey's*, etc.? If so, look out for the *Goose-Quill*, a new magazine. Among the extraordinarily interesting contents of the initial issue (Jan. 15) will be contributions by Thomas Hardy, Gertrude Atherton, and Opie Read, and FULL-PAGE PICTURES OF KIPLING, HARDY, CAINE, ZANGWILL, AND ANTHONY HOPE. These imported pictures will be THE feature of the *GOOSE-QUILL*. They are drawn from personal study of the original. The result is the actual man as he lives. They are eminently suitable for framing. Any one of these portraits will be worth many times the cost of the magazine. As positively no further copies can be supplied once the strictly limited edition is exhausted, and as the *Goose-Quill* will not be on sale everywhere, the only sure way of securing a copy is to send at once five 2-cent stamps or a dime to the *Goose-Quill*, Room 12, Inter-Ocean Building, Chicago. To push the circulation the rate for one year to those subscribing before February 1st is \$1. Therefore, the time to subscribe is NOW. A special feature will be the publication of strong short stories that will not in the least resemble the drive dished up by the gifted idiots who boil the pap for certain brain-annihilating Eastern magazines. Most of these stories will be thought "immoral" by "moral" New England editors who tell untellable stories and insist on morning prayers. Be loyal and support a genuine Western magazine. Send \$1 for twelve numbers, or 10 cents for one number.

## "MARY CAMERON,"

"A Romance of Fisherman's Island." "A charming story—one that warms the heart."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*. "One of the best of the summer books."—*Los Angeles Express*. "Sweet, strong, and fine."—*Boston Transcript*. "Will fascinate the many lovers of that—Maine—region."—*Philadelphia Telegraph*. "A probable story and a very charming one."—*The Brooklyn Eagle*. "One of the most delightful stories of the year."—*New York Times*. For sale by

CUNNINGHAM, CURTISS & WELCH.

## Universal Brotherhood. Theosophy.

*New Century* (weekly) \$1.50 yearly. Editor Katherine A. Tingley; *Universal Brotherhood Magazine* (monthly) \$2 yearly. Editors Katherine A. Tingley and E. A. Neresheimer. Publications devoted to teachings of Brotherhood on the broadest lines. "Key to Theosophy," by H. P. Blavatsky, \$1.50; "Ocean of Theosophy," by W. Q. Judge, soc. For information of the work and book list, address: E. A. Neresheimer, 144 Madison Avenue, New York; Pacific Coast Agency, 819 Market Street, Room 30.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Lodge's History of Our Recent War.

Of the many accounts of the Spanish-American War which have been published during the past year, Henry Cabot Lodge's admirable historical work entitled "The War with Spain," stands out the most prominently, probably because it is written by an experienced historian, who is better able to judge of the relative importance of events, and partly because it is free from the egotism and prejudice which marred most of the narratives brought out by the war-correspondents who witnessed the triumphs of our army and navy in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines. Senator Lodge modestly says that his object has been merely "to give a connected and coherent narration, a history which, like Browning's poem, shall tell 'How it strikes a contemporary,' for he declares: 'The history of the war of the United States with Spain, in the broadest and truest sense of the word, can not be written for many years, because until years have passed it will be impossible to get all the necessary material, or to secure the perspective and proportion which distance alone can give.'"

He divides his work into eleven chapters—"The Unsettled Question," "The Coming of War," "Manila," "The Blockade of Cuba," "The Pursuit of Cervera," "Santiago—The Land Fight," "Santiago—The Sea Fight," "The Surrender of Santiago," "The Campaign of Puerto Rico," "The Blockade of Manila and the Capture of Guam," and "How Peace Came." His style is concise yet strong, his arguments authoritative and convincing, and his descriptions so graphic and devoid of tedious detail that the reader is carried along with him to the end with unabating interest. The political portions of the story, and the account of events in Washington have been written from a close personal knowledge of all that happened at the capital, for, it will be remembered, the senator was a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations during the progress of the war.

In conclusion, Senator Lodge thus sums up the results of the war:

"Whatever the final disposition of the Philippine Islands, whether we hold and govern much or little, our flag is there, our footing has been made, and in the East we shall remain, because we are entitled to, and will surely have, our share of the great commerce with the millions of China, from whom we shall refuse to be shut out.

"One other great result of the war, like the last a world result: We found in the trial of war who were our enemies in Europe, and we saw that they were many. We also found who our friend was, not as a matter of sentiment or community of speech and thought, but on the firm and solid ground of common interests. In the brief crash of the short-lived Spanish war, the English-speaking people came together. In the light of those eager, hurrying days we saw that the English fleets made any attack on Dewey, even by combined Europe, impossible; and England saw that so long as the United States was her friend her base on the Atlantic was secure, her food supply safe, and that all Europe in arms could not harm her. Very plain also did it become to all men that in the East, where England had been so long, and where we had just entered, the interests of both nations were identical in preserving China for equal trade to all.

"All these things the war made clear and certain. What these new conditions may come to mean in the future no one can safely say. But if that future is to bring the struggle which many men peering into the darkness foresee—a conflict between the Slav and so much of Europe as he can drag with him on the one side, and the English-speaking man on the other; between the military socialism of Russia and Germany and the individualism and freedom of the United States and England; between the power of the land and the sea power—then the future historian will date the opening of this new epoch and of this mighty conflict, at once economic and social, military and naval, from the war of 1898, which in three months overbore the Empire of Spain in the Antilles and the Philippines."

The work is supplemented with four appendices, including the "Resolutions of Congress Demanding Withdrawal of Spain from Cuba," "Proclamation of the President," "Peace Protocol of August 12, 1898, and Correspondence," and "The Treaty of Peace," and is beautified with some eighty illustrations by such artists as R. F. Zogbaum, Carlton T. Chapman, Howard Chandler Christy, Frederic Remington, T. de Thulstrup, and others.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.50.

## More Wild Animal Stories.

"The Trail of the Sandhill Stag," Ernest Seton-Thompson's latest contribution in book-form, is but a slender volume, yet it holds between its covers the wild, free charm of the wilderness. The writer has lived and loved the life of which he writes, and with his rare and fortunate dual gift, he lays before us with brush and pen vivid pictures, full of beauty and reality—wastes of snowy plain, bare-branched forests black against the chill winter whiteness, and the wild creatures living their short, tragic lives in their midst. There is never a dry, scientific mood to live through with this spontaneous and delightful writer, naturalist though he be; all is fresh, fragrant, living, breathing nature; he has been there, in the very heart of the mystery, and knows whereof he speaks.

There is the quickness of the artist eye, and the

closeness of observation that only the animal lover could attain, in the illustrations that adorn the book; notably in the touching picture of the wounded doe faltering along beside her troubled mate, and in the frontispiece the baby blacktails cuddling, large-eyed and timid, under shelter; the latter another instance of the simple yet magical touch with which Mr. Thompson so fascinatingly brings out in his sketches the soft chubbiness and round-eyed innocence of animals in their infancy. In this tale Mr. Thompson has repeated, in one or two places, a defect of style noticeable in several passages of his "Wild Animals I Have Known" stories; in his most earnest moments, and when he most wishes to work upon the feelings of the reader, he falls into a measured, rhythmic beat, which has a slightly artificial sound, and which, instead of heightening, lessens the spontaneity of the flow of feeling.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

## New Publications.

"Near the Throne," by W. J. Tborold, which is described on the title-page as a "romantic novel," has at least one claim to distinction. Its illustrations are photogravures of well-known actors posing for the characters in the story. Published by Meyer Brothers & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

There are enough Shakespearean conundrums in "How to Study Shakespeare," by W. H. Fleming, to last the average reader two life-times. The work does not commend itself unreservedly, though it is suggestive, if not instructive. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"Nature Pictures by American Poets," selected and edited by Annie Russell Marble, is a charming collection of poems of seasons, landscapes, the sea, streams, tides, and the notes of birds. The arrangement is admirable and the indexing well done. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

Mystery and sad tangles that fret young and innocent lives are the burdens of "Postle Farm," by George Ford. It is a tale of Devonshire, and many of the pictures drawn and sayings written down are true to its life, but there is a shadow over it all that is never lifted. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A pretty booklet of verse is "Forget-me-nots," by Lillian Leslie Page, printed in green and brown, with many illustrations and vignettes, dark-green covers, and tied with a silk cord. Nearly all the verses are Californian in suggestion and theme. Published by the Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco; price, 50 cents.

One of the best books of travel and sightseeing in Mexico published this season is "Mexican Vistas," by Harriett Wight Sherratt. Mrs. Sherratt is not only a close observer, with an eye for the unusual and the picturesque, but has descriptive power of no mean order. The pictures are as attractive as the records they illustrate. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

In the Twentieth Century Text-Books Series the latest issues are "Milton's Shorter Poems and Sonnets," arranged in chronological order and edited with introduction and notes by Frederick Day Nichols; "The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers" from the *Spectator*, edited by Franklin T. Baker and Richard Jones. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 40 cents each.

Those who venerate Wagner's works will appreciate the attitude of Anna Alice Chapin in her volume entitled "Wotan, Siegfried, and Brünnhilde"; those who have no overpowering interest in them will find these studies of the three leading characters of the "Nibelungenlied" somewhat mystical. The author is evidently a musical enthusiast. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Washington, the Soldier," by General Henry B. Carrington, is a timely volume, the fruit of much research and study. The book brings forward ample proofs of the military science of the great general, statesman, and humanitarian, and the quotations from his addresses have a special significance, though this work was prepared before the greatest problems of the Spanish-American War had appeared. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

In the Neapolitan legends Virgil is spoken of as a magician as well as a poet, and there are hundreds of minor myths connected with his name. Charles Godfrey Leland, whose knowledge of folk-lore and legendary tales has been gained by years of travel and research, has made a volume as a result of his recent labor, entitled "The Unpublished Legends of Virgil." The book will entertain all readers, whether classical scholars or not. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.75.

A rattling story of wild adventure, diplomacy, and war is "The Grand Mademoiselle," by James Eugene Farmer. The hero, Comte de Lannoy, in the days when the fortunes of France rested with the Regent, Anne of Austria, and the wily Cardinal Mazarin, chronicles his own career. There is little of love in the novel, though the young nobleman, on his way to Paris for the first time, saves Mlle,

Montpensier—the Grand Mademoiselle—from a noted highwayman, and instantly is fired by a hopeless passion for the royal lady which outlasts even her downfall and banishment. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

The author of "A Literary History of Ireland," Dr. Douglas Hyde, says in his preface that a more correct title would be "A Literary History of Irish Ireland," as he has abstained from any mention of the works of Anglicized Irishmen of the last two centuries. The volume is a weighty one, and a treasure-house of the literary remains of the country from the earliest days. The writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are also treated with discrimination, and many quotations are given from their works. The index is complete. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$4.00.

New editions of Shakespeare are numerous, and some of them justify their undertaking. The latest is the Larger Temple Edition, one that is notable for large, clear print on good paper, a glossary following each play, with notes sufficient to illuminate obscure passages, and yet not overburden the text, and prefaces and quaint and curious illustrations from the earlier editions. The first two volumes present the Chandos portrait and the newly discovered painting, believed to be the original of the Droeshout engraving, the latter being reproduced in colors. Each volume contains four of the plays, and the order in which they are given is that most generally followed. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50 per volume.

## Crawford on Novel Writing.

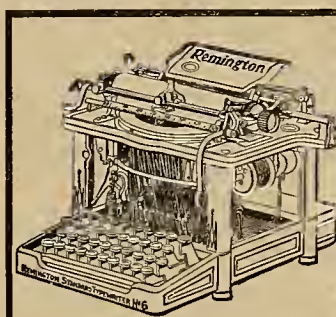
In a recent interview in New York, F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, who has been making a brief visit to the United States, said when told that a Russian novelist, living in America and writing in English, had recently arraigned English and American contemporaneous literature on the ground that English writers had to write for multitudes of half-educated people, and consequently were compelled to write down to their level:

"It is true that to be successful to any degree today a writer in English must bear in mind that he is writing for women, mainly for young women, and wholly for respectable women. European novelists write for a different class of people, and their subject and treatment are, therefore, different. The subject of sex must be almost entirely excluded from successful novels, for the reason that they are intended to be read by young women."

Mr. Crawford does not share the Russian novelist's belief that there are many writers of imagination and culture in America who are swamped by the coarse demand of the masses. He says:

"I don't believe in submerged genius. I happen to know a good deal about publishers, and I can assure the submerged genius that publishers are looking out all the time for talent and strength of almost any kind. They have competent persons employed to read, pass judgment, and suggest revisions. The novelist is a result of a demand. Consequently, I believe that it is the province of the novel to amuse, to cultivate, mainly to please. I don't believe the novel ought to instruct. The story is the great thing. Therefore, I don't believe in problem novels, or what they call 'realism.' It is disagreeable to the people."

"What a novelist needs in order to succeed is energy above all else. But he also needs to be very poor. No man with money will work hard enough when he is young to succeed. He needs to begin early, work hard, and sit many hours in one place. If he has money he won't sit long in one place."



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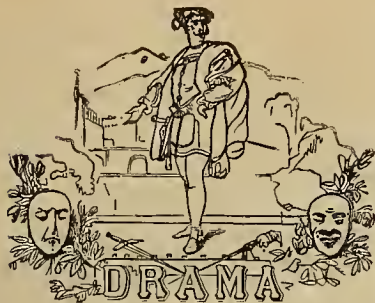
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Wonderful, crystalline bird-notes of melody filled the California Theatre on Monday evening. They descended upon the audience in showers; they fell slowly through perfect silence, clear and liquid as drops of water. Sometimes they came in a shaken bunch, at others in one unbroken thread of sound that melted into stillness without perceptible cessation. They heat upon the silence in quick, jubilant *staccato*; they bubbled up in a sort of whispering chuckle, subdued to the finest point, but transparently clear and fine, like sound heard through a rarified atmosphere.

All this came from the throat of Mme. Emma Nevada, the only great singer the West has given to the world. Great is hardly the word for her—it breathes of size, conquest, dominion, and Mme. Nevada suggests none of these things. She herself is small, winning, and piquant, and her voice is a fine, exquisitely tuned instrument, brought to the highest perfection by work and assiduous care. It is one of the frail, bird-voices that have something in them that is unearthly in its flute-like finish. It recalls the old myths of dryads and undines who were without souls, and, with a more than human beauty, lived like flowers without disturbance from the world and its loves and hates. Yet it is not a voice like Melba's, that suggests a hollowness back of it—a lack of soul, of temperament, and of imagination. It has the sweet pensiveness of the bird's song at evening, and the sudden concentration into ecstatic outbursts which marks the same bird's song at midday.

With her wonderful vocal gift Mme. Nevada has not become the great operatic prima donna that she should have been, because of lack of physical strength. This shows to-day in her singing, though at her years her voice should be in its fullest perfection. It has lost something of that pearl-like roundness and fullness of tone that it once had. A faint, windy thinness showed here and there in the "Lakme" selection, though her marvelous execution made her carry along the aria with unflinching ease and brilliancy. Her singing of this and "The Shadow Dance" reminded one of nothing so much as a humming-bird darting about a *partie* of flowers. The ease, the deft quickness, the dazzling brilliancy of her vocalizations were like the sudden dashes, darts, and flights, the sparkling moments of airy hesitation, the wild but precise wheelings and flashing turns of the jewel-bright bird among the blossoms.

In the "Travonschka" of Tschakowsky she showed another side of her art. Here, her voice not being so heavily taxed showed fuller and richer, and she sang with an almost tragic intensity. This song, with its purely dramatic coloring, and rendered with the utmost sympathy, was the gem of the programme, which was made up from the most popular point of view. The star ended it by taking off her gloves and sitting down herself to the piano and then singing "Listen to the Mocking Bird." The performance was one of the most amazing pieces of vocal jugglery to be imagined. In contrast to the plaintive opening bars, with their simple words and accompaniment, came a sudden deflection into the melodious chuckle of the mocking bird, swelling, dying down to the merest whisper of sound, expanding into a high, joyous note, and once more returning to the inward, brooding gurgle that sounds more like bird-laughter than anything else. It was mysterious and almost uncanny, more like a remarkable exhibition of ventriloquism than singing. At the same time the effect was so ravishingly harmonious, and so completely unhuman, that one had no realization of the fellow-creature that was producing these amazing sounds, and would have liked to sit on applauding and listening all night.

With "The Princess and the Butterfly" the Frawley Company return to modern light comedy—a fact upon which they ought to be congratulated. The company fit it better than they do any other form of drama, and if one excepts the young gentlemen of the *beau monde* who thronged Mrs. St. Roche's parlor, they all look their parts, and some of them act them easily and creditably.

Everybody who is getting *passé* ought to see "The Princess and the Butterfly" and get brightened up. It will make some more hope spring eternal in the human breast. It is especially recommended for beautiful ladies of forty, who yearningly think of the days when they were twenty, and when—according to Pinero—they inspired devotion. This was happiness. When a little further along—say at the milestone that marks thirty-five—they exact devotion. This is wretchedness. Then when middle-age—unescapable, and uncheatable with its gray

hairs and its settled figure—claims them, they neither inspire nor exact devotion, and this is contentment. In fact, after twenty, there is no hope for us till fifty, when we tamely throw up the sponge. It is a gloomy prospect, even with the beauty-doctors and patent wrinkle-removers to pull us through.

The play is impregnated with a mild but acid cynicism. There is not a person in it but Fay Zuliani, "the meteoric girl," who has a flash of feeling. The princess is a woman of great secret sentimentality, who has the reckless courage of facing the hideous fact of being forty. She dwells on it morbidly, and undoubtedly the first thing when she gets up in the morning takes her hand-glass to the window and studies her wrinkles. She is an exceedingly clever study of a certain modern type—a woman who, with outward grandeur of appearance and confidence of poise, is innately timid, fearful beyond words of the world and its criticisms. To anticipate its dreaded ridicule she is always ready to laugh at her age, which is the one weak joint in her armor. The sole and only reason of her rejection of Oriol's suit is the fear of evoking the pleased jeers of her world. Love, instinct, sympathy, go down before the horrible picture of society laughing at her as the sentimental old princess who married a man thirteen years her junior.

The main charm of the play—and it has undoubted charm—is its intense modernness. The atmosphere is that of the very moment. Seldom, sadly seldom, do we see our own day on the stage. The drama is generally from thirty to fifty years behind the times. Long ago in the novel we broke our fetters and would have no more of hidden wills, foundings of distinguished birth, disinherited children who turned out to be everybody's nearest of kin, and large fortunes that pass into the hands of the worthy without any of the usual legal formalities. But on the stage we hear all this and make no moan. Only when a picture of the modern world as it is does manage to squeeze on the stage we do enjoy it so! It was delightful to sit and hear people talking naturally about matters in which we are all so greatly interested, and which they regarded from a point of view identical with our own.

The piece was better played than anything I have seen the Frawley Company do this year. Several of the players did excellent work, though in many places minor defects and misreadings of the text came near to spoiling the effect. For example: Mary Van Buren's exit in act two was quite robbed of its unconscious and poignant significance by her surreptitious smirk. The St. Roche episode is an exceedingly ugly one—tragic and sombrous—and its darkness was only intensified by the woman's acceptance of her own wretched situation as a thing sanctioned by society. When she makes her diatribe against Mrs. Ware, she is not moved by any inward sense of humor at its inconsistency. She meant exactly what she said, and did not regard her virtuous indignation against the intruder, and her intention of driving her out, as in the least incongruous or odd.

The most seriously misrendered and misunderstood scene was that between the princess and Oriol in act three. The key of this is that of an impassioned romance. The *passé* woman, in her heart yearning for the love and sympathy that life has denied her, struggles against her shamed and, to her, ridiculous affection for her youthful lover. The situation is high-strung and impregnated with that bitter pathos that Pinero delights in. The spectators took it with determined geniality, as something a little more refined, but on the same lines as the love-making of the old maid in one of Henderson's extravaganzas. It must take a brave pair of players to essay a scene of sentiment before a San Francisco audience. The ending of the act, as played by Miss Hampton and Mr. Byrne, did come perilously near the ludicrous. The princess's invitation to breakfast was certainly out of the ordinary, and Miss Hampton missed the idea of a woman, in a sudden gust of impetuosity, bursting out into gay, verbal extravagances like a coltish school-girl, and delivered her heady, almost hysterical speech with brilliant but reserved vivacity.

The success of the evening was made by the *débütante*, Miss May Scott. California has given several stars to the stage, and it may be that Miss Scott will be added to the collection. She made her first professional appearance in a most exacting rôle, wherein, added to the difficulties of the part, was a foreign accent which she never drops. Fay is really the only character with color and glamour in the piece. Among the pale and chilly worldlings that surround her, she stands out with *bizarre* brilliancy. She is foreign, erratic, willful, and fiercely emotional. The Bohemian tendencies are irrepressible. She has the childish violence, the varied moods, the vivid transports of love and hate of the Latin. Added to these are her early associations, which were those of a sordid and battered Bohemia. The character is eminently attractive, and the only one in the play that really belongs to the dramatic form of representation.

That Miss Scott did the part at all well is greatly to her credit. She was, however, highly successful in the first acts, giving a strong picture of the restless, capricious, and captivating foreigner. Her girlish frankness was natural, and in the scenes with Sir George extremely pretty. In the strong scene in act four she failed to give sufficient force to both the fear of her enraged guardian and the confession of

her love. The whole of this interview was conducted by her in too restrained and even a key. It lacked variety and depth of emotion. The constraint of the amateur seemed to be upon her. When she throws herself into the spirit of the situation with more abandon, she will do much better. One of the points she missed was the exhibition of fear when, as she thinks, her guardian intends to visit his anger upon her with a beating. She shrinks not alone from the scourging of his tongue, but from a blow. Miss Scott gave no impression of the physical fright that causes the girl to cry out, with up-raised arm: "I'm too old to be beaten now." So the confession of love lacked spontaneity and the turbulent sweep of a deep passion. It was sweet, but too well-bred. One of the most remarkable things about the *débütante* was her admirable *savoir faire*. If she was nervous, no one would have guessed it.

GERALDINE BONNER.

#### TOMMY ATKINS TO MR. KIPLING.

You've done us lots of kindness, Mr. Kipling, in the past;  
You've taught that we are human, anyhow,  
But I do not like the things as you have said of us the last—  
No! it's jolly hard of you to slate us now.  
I am a bloomin' Tommy, but I've saved a pound or two,  
And I'm spliced to my old woman on the square;  
So I take my pen in Africa to write these lines to you

For to say I do not think your words is fair.

Our job! Your job! Yours may bring most praise;  
(Get two-fifty down for a song and give it all away!)  
But whether one writes, or sings, or fights in these advertising days,  
To boom yer work is the way to make it pay—pay—pay!

We're not all absent-minded, and our weaknesses is not  
Always those as you have pointed out so kind;  
For lots of us is steady chaps, and some of us had got  
Good characters, d'y' see, to leave behind.

There's some of us is rips, no doubt, there's some what drinks their pay,  
And some what leaves their girls behind them, too,  
But most of us is fair and square, whatever you may say,  
Not a bit like that darned "Tommy" drawn by you.

Our job! Your job! Yours may bring most praise;  
(Gets a hundred quid a week, and gives it all away!)  
But whether one writes, or recites, or fights in these advertising days,  
To boom yer job is the way to make it pay—pay—pay!

You're a kindly hearted beggar, and your influence is great,  
And there's thanks, I don't mind owning, due to you,  
But it hurts a man who loves his shop, when them whose words has weight  
Says things you know as well as him ain't true.

We thank you all for giving—whilst we're getting nasty raps,  
It's well to know our wives and kids is right;  
But you're giving, please remember, not to rips but honest chaps,  
As is not a bit the worse because they fight.

Our job! Your job! Yours may bring most praise;  
(Get what you like to ask for a tune, and give it all away!)  
But whether one writes, or paints, or fights in these advertising days,  
To boom yer self is the way to make it pay—pay—pay!—London Truth.

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## MME. BERNHARDT'S TOUR.

She Describes Her Recent Adventures in Holland, Italy, Austria, and Spain to an Admiring Paris Reporter.

Sarah Bernhardt returned to Paris the other day, and a French reporter interviewed her. They do this sort of thing differently in Paris—that is to say, when they do it at all, which is not often. Here is the reporter's flowery effusion as translated by the New York Sun's Paris correspondent. He begins: "Day before yesterday, at the railway station, at the moment when I saluted her in the name of my paper, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt said to me:

"Come and see me to-morrow, I will tell you about my tour."

"You may be sure that I took care to keep such a rendezvous. At the appointed hour, about half-past two, I knocked at the door of the sumptuous *hôtel* in the Boulevard Pereire. In the library, on the shelves, among hundreds of volumes, triumphed the pale white bindings of ten volumes of Musset; beside an old edition of Racine is a collection of engravings by Albrecht Dürer. I admire the family portraits, the elegant *hébiletés*, a heap of letters and telegrams (it is the day's mail), and the photographs with enthusiastic inscriptions.

"Suddenly, near by, laughing, the cries of a child, exclamations of tenderness.

"Adieu, little mamma. Come back soon!" and amid a *frou-frou* of skirts, through the open door it is Sarah Bernhardt who advances with outstretched hand and a gesture of cordiality.

"I could not repress a cry of admiration. In her morning jacket of white silk, under her golden hair all in a tumult, rosy and smiling, adorably young and beautiful, the great tragedienne appeared as fresh, as buoyant, as impassioned of art and glory as if she was returning from a lazy holiday in the country. And always the voice of an enchantress, with its notes melodious and caressing; and always the grace of the sorceress dreamed of by our youths.

"What, madame! after four months of touring and traveling across Europe!"

"Why, yes," she said with a laugh of crystal, "my tours, they are my vacations. I rest during that time."

"I made a gesture of astonishment, and she said: "But think of it! At Paris my life is a fever, a whirlwind of business, study, visits, receptions. Not a minute to myself! Wait—here is my second installment of mail."

"In fact, the door opened and Sarah's secretary, M. Pitou—a young man of intelligent appearance—showed two or three hundred letters.

"I'll read them after a while," said the actress. "You want me to tell you about my tour, don't you? All right. Its chief characteristic was that we went into the out-of-the-way corners, the ends of the country, where nobody had ever been, where not a syllable of French had ever been heard."

"And there you gained applause for our language?"

"I've nothing to complain of. After the coast of France we visited Holland, Italy, Austria, Spain, and everywhere people were very good to me. Oh, very good! My friends in France have accustomed me to the most exquisite courtesies. But in these places which a troupe had never visited—just think of it! At Valladolid, which is a sort of big village where very few persons speak our language, we took in seventeen thousand francs [thirty-four hundred dollars]. At Bilbao, thirty-two thousand francs at two performances. At Barcelona, the same thing. You know that Bilbao and Barcelona are the richest towns in Spain, those which support the nation. From Lisbon I have brought back ineffaceable recollections—the death from the plague of Dr. Pestana and the memorable evening when—"

"When, I am sure, you achieved a new triumph?"

"A flame of joy lighted up the eyes of Sarah Bernhardt—oh! those eyes of inexpressible charm and passion!—and she replied, hesitating for words, almost embarrassed, in graceful confusion:

"Just imagine it! After the performance the students harnessed themselves to my carriage. At first I didn't want them to do it; I protested. In spite of my protestations, in spite of the steep ascent—Lisbon is a city where the streets climb all the time—they drew me all the way to the palace of the Duchess of Palmela, where I was expected. There they would not go away until I had appeared on the balcony. I was very embarrassed. Well, I responded to their cheers with smiles, and I threw flowers to all my friends."

"As formerly, to the dazzled sailors, you threw the pearls from your cloak, in the 'Princesse Lointaine.'"

"Yes, yes," she replied, charmed. "The adorable friends that I have down there!"

"Mme. Sarah Bernhardt forgets to tell you," added M. Pitou, who was listening attentively, "that a tablet has been placed in the theatre at Lisbon to commemorate her visit."

"But a sadness darkened the face of the great actress.

"I am thinking," she said to me, "of the death of Dr. Pestana. You know he died of the plague. Queen Amelia was present till his last breath. It was she who told me of his last moments. The unfortunate man was wonderful. From hour to hour

he pointed out the phases and the symptoms of the disease which was carrying him off. "I have yet twenty minutes to live," he said. "Notice such and such symptoms. This is what I feel." The horrible suffering which he experienced did not in the least disturb his composure. "Still ten minutes," he said. "It seems that this symptom has not been properly described. Notice; notice carefully," he said to the weeping physician who attended him. Five minutes before the end he felt that death was coming. Without moving a muscle of his face (!) he turned to the queen, who was sobbing.

"Adieu, madame," he said. "I am very grateful to your majesty for coming to my bedside. Adieu, all of you! The tetanic spasms are about to seize me. Adieu. You have observed everything?" he said again to the physician. "Describe exactly the convulsions which you are about to witness."

"Five minutes later this hero was dead. He was thirty-five years old. Portugal will mourn him for a long time."

"At the frontier were you very much importuned by the exigencies of the health authorities?"

"Sarah Bernhardt burst out laughing.

"Oh, just imagine! Just as we were going to leave the train we suddenly saw six soldiers, who pointed their blunderbusses at us, howling: "You mustn't get out!"

"Some of my company thought that we had fallen into the hands of brigands. When the soldiers found out who we were they were charming. Actors are always children, so when the health officer questioned us and wanted to see our tongues—it is the custom, it seems—we all put out our tongues at him. He cried out "Enough! enough!" hut we, to amuse ourselves, kept on putting out our tongues until he was thoroughly indignant."

"And at Vienna, madame?"

"I spent two exquisite weeks there, giving "Hamlet" and preparing "L'Aiglon."

"L'Aiglon," by the way, is the new play by Rostand, author of "Cyrano de Bergerac." Bernhardt expects to present it in January or February. "L'Aiglon" refers to the son of Napoleon the First, and means "the eagle." Napoleon's eagles are naturally the inspiration for the title. Bernhardt will take the title rôle, and as the Duc de Reichstadt's life was spent almost entirely in Austria, and as the action of the play all takes place in the royal castle at Schonbrunn, Rostand and Bernhardt were naturally glad to take advantage of the stay in Vienna to study up for the new play.]

"All the action of "L'Aiglon" passes at Schonbrunn, so Rostand took over two hundred photographs of all the interesting nooks and corners of the place. You shall see. At Buda-Pesth an obliging official had made for me a copy of the curved sword of the Duc de Reichstadt. You know, too, that all my costumes for the part have been made down there. Rostand has a photographic memory, what he sees he never forgets. The public may therefore expect exact reproductions."

"Admirable, that's evident. I read in a paper that at Vienna also you were carried in triumph."

"Oh, never in his life was Rostand as astonished as he was that evening. We were in our carriage at the close of the theatre, and we felt strange swayings. Suddenly Rostand put his head out of the window and cried, frightened:

"They are pulling us! Do you know, they are pulling us!"

"We laughed about it a long time. About "L'Aiglon," you will see a beautiful play when you see that. It is a veritable masterpiece."

"But some one came after Sarah. She was wanted at the theatre, her dear theatre, entirely renovated from top to bottom by the city. Radiant at the thought of the field of battle where so many victories await the idol of the Parisian public, she went off, after a last smile, airy, winged, triumphant. And a fine verse of Virgil sang in my memory: "She advances and, in her step, one beholds with wonder the goddess!"

They are almost as lavish with their exclamation points as they are with their adjectives, these Parisian reporters. If one had time for such things in Paris, it might be amusing to count the exclamation points in a daily paper of four pages. In lieu of such specific information, however, the above interview is offered as an example of the French journalistic style.

Maude Berri (Mrs. Maude Berry Fisher) is repeating her success of last summer in St. Louis, where she is singing with the Castle Square Opera Company. Last Monday they produced, for the first time in America, "A Basso Porto" ("In the Lower Harbor"), a new opera by Nicola Spinelli of the same school as "Cavalleria" and "I Pagliacci."

A woman, Signora Riva Monti, has been appointed professor of comparative anatomy in the University of Pavia.

## England's Armored Trains.

The magnificent armored trains used by England in her war with the Boers will transport her troops, protect bridges and telegraphic communications in about the same way that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters drives dyspepsia from the human stomach and then mounts guard that it does not return. The Bitters has won in every case of indigestion, biliousness, liver and kidney trouble, for the past fifty years. It is invaluable at all times.

## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale."

After an unusually prosperous run of three weeks, "The Christian" will give way on Monday night to an elaborate revival of "Winter's Tale" by the James-Kidder-Hanford company. The production will be a decided novelty, for it has been one of the least acted of Shakespeare's masterpieces, the last notable star to present it having been Mary Anderson, who, just before her retirement from the stage, scored one of her greatest successes in the widely different rôles of Perdita, the romantic waif, and Hermione, the grand matron. Miss Kidder will impersonate these characters, and with Messrs. James and Hanford and the other members in the cast—including Harry Langdon, John A. Ellisler, Barry Johnstone, Thomas Coffin Cooke, Norman Hackett, Collin Kemper, W. A. Lincoln, Harvey Cassidy, George McCulla, J. L. McVicker, Miss Helen Singer, Miss Abbie James, Miss Emily Grey Bethel, Miss Drofah, and Mrs. Henry Vanderhoff—the revival should prove a great dramatic treat.

## "The Countess Gucki."

Daly's admirable adaptation of Franz von Schontham's "The Countess Gucki" will be produced by the Frawley Company at the California Theatre on Sunday evening. It will be remembered that Ada Rehan opened her last engagement in this city, in 1896, at the Baldwin Theatre in this delicately picturesque little drama, and, with Charles Richman as the dashing, dare-devil soldier-lover, Bruno von Neuhoff; Edwin Stevens as his uncle, General Suvatschew; James Lewis as Count von Counsellor Mittersteig; Mrs. Gilbert as Clementina, his prim and aged wife; Helma Nelson as Lilli, their daughter; and George Clark as Cousin Leopold, the suitor for the latter's hand, it proved one of the most charming of the many German comedies in the Daly Company's repertoire.

Mary Van Buren, whose steady advance in her art is a source of keen pleasure to her many friends and admirers, will have the rôle created by Ada Rehan—the Countess Trachan, who is known among her intimates as the Countess Gucki—one of the most captivating female figures on the stage. The other rôles will be in capable hands, and an excellent performance can be depended on, for the Frawley Company is at its best in the Daly comedies.

## "The Idol's Eye" at the Tivoli.

"Little Bo-Peep" will be given for the last time at the Tivoli Opera House on Sunday evening, and next week "The Idol's Eye," in which Frank Daniels was last seen in this city, will be presented. Ferris Hartman will be seen as Abel Conn, the aeronaut; Alf C. Wheelan will play his original part of Hoot Mon, the scarecrow Scotchman; Anna Lichter is to be the Maraquita; others in the cast will be Tom Greene, William Schuster, Annie Myers, Julie Cotte, Cora Harris, Ida Wyatt, Grace Field, and two new members, Frances Graham, until recently the leading contralto with the famous Carl Rosa Opera Company in England, who will sing the rôle of the Chief Priestess, and Natalie de Angelis, a niece of the well-known comedian, Jeff de Angelis.

## At the Orpheum.

Among the new-comers at the Orpheum next week will be Nelstone and Abhey, two clever entertainers, who have a merry little sketch in which they introduce some grotesque dancing; Hanson and Nelson, a pair of pretty singing and dancing *soubrettes*; Hodges and Launchmere, colored comedians, who have some catchy new songs; Frank Coffin, the popular San Francisco tenor, who is sure of an enthusiastic reception; and Mlle. Emmy's trained fox-terriers, who have been trained to do all sorts of unique tricks.

Those retained from this week's bill include the Elinore Sisters, Frank Latona, Charles A. Gardner, and John and Nellie Macarthy.

## The Races.

On Monday afternoon the last week of the third meeting of the Western Turf Association will begin at Tanforan Park. A number of interesting events are announced, the most notable being the Belmont Stakes, which are to be run for on Thursday, and the Turf Congress Stakes, on Saturday. They are both handicap sweepstakes for three-year-olds and upward, the distance of the former being one mile and a quarter, and the latter one mile. Especial interest is centered in the Turf Congress Stakes, for in addition to the \$1,000 purse which the Western Turf Association offers, another \$1,000 has been added by the American Turf Congress, to be divided as follows: \$500 to the winner, and \$500 to be paid to the trainers and jockeys of the three placed horses, as follows: 40 per cent., 20 per cent., and 10 per cent. to the trainers of the first, second, and third horses, respectively; and 15 per cent., 10 per cent., and 5 per cent., respectively, to the jockeys riding them.

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## VANITY FAIR.

The New-Year's reception at the White House was one of the most largely attended and brilliant ever remembered in the national capital. In the first part (writes the Washington correspondent of the New York Press) those who were greeted by the President also received the welcome of Mrs. McKinley. Some anxiety was felt in regard to the appearance of the mistress of the White House, who has not been in good health, and who, it was feared, would not be able to stand the ordeal of a long reception. She took her place, however, in her chair by the side of the President and remained until after the army and navy and marine corps had been received. She did not shake hands, making an exception only in the case of Admiral Dewey. The feature of the affair was without question the appearance of the admiral and his bride. General Miles and the officers of the army preceded Admiral Dewey and the officers of the navy; but if the general had a place before the admiral, the places were reversed in the case of the wives of the officers, and Mrs. Dewey carried off the honors of the day among the women folk. A few minutes before the hour of the reception she made her way into the blue room, where the women "behind the line" were awaiting the appearance of the receiving party. Her coming was the signal for general excitement, and perhaps fifty women threw their arms about her neck and kissed her with old-fashioned heartiness. After the President had received the Cabinet officers and the members of the diplomatic corps, the Secretary of the Navy again appeared at the door of the blue room, and this time with Mrs. Dewey on his arm, who, in being received at this time, was honored even above the wives of the supreme court justices and the wives of senators. Her gown was the most beautiful and elaborate seen at the reception. Second in importance to the welcome of Admiral and Mrs. Dewey was that extended to the veterans of the Spanish war. They were in nearly every case lads of nineteen and twenty, many of them in tattered uniforms, many of them in pitifully shabby civilian clothes, some of them limping, and several on crutches and helped along by their comrades. There were four companies of the Fourth Immunes, and two of the flags of the regiment were carried into the presence of the President. At this time the Cabinet ladies in the receiving line were somewhat overcome by fatigue and for several minutes had been sitting. At the sight of the volunteers and the flags, however, they arose and came forward and gave the soldier boys a greeting that will make them remember this reception as long as they remember the Spanish war. Another feature which pleased the veterans was the compliment paid to them in having the Marine Band play "The Star-Spangled Banner" as they were ushered into the executive mansion.

The members of the diplomatic corps presented their usual brilliant appearance. Lord Pauncefote, as ambassador of Great Britain, was presented first. He was accompanied by his daughters, Maud, Sibyl, Lillian, and Audrey. Nine secretaries and *attachés* of the embassy were in attendance, and there was a magnificent display of gold lace and orders. Italy was represented by the Ambassador and Baroness Fava. The German and Russian ambassadors were conspicuous for the splendor of their gold-trimmed costumes. Count Cassini was accompanied by his daughter, who was gowned in gray cloth, with silver fox furs, and a black hat, with long, white ostrich feather. Mrs. Vignal, the wife of Captain Vignal, was the only woman to represent the embassy of France. The new ambassador from Mexico was presented, with his family. The Spanish minister and his beautiful American wife, the Duchess d'Arcos, received an especially hearty greeting from all the women in the line. The Hungarians, in the persons of Baron Hengelmüller and Baron Ambrose de Seden, were the most gorgeous persons present, in their claret-colored velvet costumes, with short, fur-trimmed cloaks and capes, high boots and odd hats. The red-and-gold uniform of the Netherlands minister, Mr. Weckherlin, was ornamental, and also the costume and fez of Rustem Bey, the good-looking *chargé* of the Turkish legation. The Chinese and Japanese diplomats descended on the White House in a horde. The brightly attired and pretty wife of Wu Ting Fang was there. The Korean men have ceased to be interesting since they adopted conventional costume, but Mrs. Pak Ye still wears native dress. The officers of the army, navy, and marine corps were present in all the brilliancy of full-dress uniform. It was pleasant and at the same time touching to see that every army man present wore a bit of erape on his sword in token of mourning for General Lawton. The reception was not without one sad feature, the loss of the familiar and gracious presence of Mrs. Hobart, who used to be the most popular woman in the receiving line and whose commanding figure always made her conspicuous.

"An American girl had better be dead than married to a foreign aristocrat. Let these so-called nobles alone—that is my advice to every young American woman," said the Comtesse Lorean de Chavanne, in a recent interview. She was formerly Miss Benson, of Brooklyn, daughter of Captain Henry John Benson, of the revenue cutter service,

and speaks from experience. "I want to warn American young women to shun the decadent foreigners with titles who try to marry rich wives," she added. "It is a matter of barter and sale. I was an American girl, and when very young I married a Frenchman of title. When he died, not long ago, I found among his papers a contract which he had made with a person who was in that business, to find him an eligible wife with a fortune. He paid in installments for the services of the person who brought me to his attention. He squandered my money, and my life was unhappy. My experience is typical of the rottenness of the foreign aristocracy—especially that of France. Among these impecunious nobles flourishes the business of high-class matrimonial agents with a quasi-social standing, who, for a commission, find wives for marriageable men of title. It is infamy, and I want to warn the poor little American girls who go abroad with false notions, and who are easily dazzled by a title, against the sham of it. As the wife of the Count Chavanne I moved for some years in the society of the Faubourg St. Germain. I know its little sins and its big sins. I know its scandals, and I know the private history of many persons whose names are spoken with awe in the society of New York City. The histories of many of them will not bear inspection. When there is marriage without love, how can you keep out scandal? High society in France has all too much of it. It is honeycombed with it. When the poor American girl whose papa has a fat bank account goes to Paris she is flattered by attentions which she receives from Mme. This and Mme. That. Madame proposes to introduce her to her own milliner, where she can secure the very latest French gowns. Such a thoughtful kindness touches the little American girl, who can never know that madame gets a commission from the milliner. She will get a commission on the little American girl, too, if she can manage to marry her to some gilded nobleman. Sham, hypocrisy, deceit, and lying are typical of French noblemen in high society. Women of title and fashion rent their opera-boxes by the year. A night comes when she does not care to go to the opera. Mme. Somebody offers it to some American family flattered to death to be seen in the titled Frenchwoman's opera-box. No, she won't accept pay, but if the liberal Americans want to give anything to my lady's poor fund, why it will be accepted. When I left France, I was assured of a fine income if I would only keep a sharp watch here for rich American heiresses intending to go to Paris, and provide the means for their introduction to the proper parties in Paris."

The Turkish-bath habit has won a place among the fads of the New York woman, and appears to be running neck and neck with the woman's club as a time consumer. At least, that is the impression one obtains by frequent visits to certain well-known Turkish baths for women (says the New York Sun). For more than a year this particular establishment has given New York the distinction of possessing the finest baths for women in the United States, and now Turkish bath-parties are as common as *matinée*-parties. Indeed, the two go hand in hand; for, every Saturday morning, the bath-rooms are filled with women who come in groups of two, or three, or four, take their baths and massage, have their hair dressed and their nails manicured, and then appropriate the divans in one of the private rooms, rest and gossip, have luncheon served to them, and finally make leisurely toilets in time for the *matinée*. Sometimes the party is a mutual affair, and each member pays her own expenses; but the same people meet at a certain hour each week. More often some one woman entertains the others, and the entertainment is elaborate, according to the hostess's inclination and income. The *matinée* girl may merely give her friends Turkish baths and chicken salad, or there may be huge bunches of violets on the pillow of each divan, and an epicurean luncheon served on the little tables. Flowers have become quite a feature of the bath. There was a time when a Turkish bath was something occult and mysterious, referred to only in whispers, and indulged in with sensations of guilt; but that time is past. So, if a woman devotes a certain morning or afternoon each week to the Turkish bath, her friends are likely to know it; and it is quite the proper thing to send flowers to her at the bath-rooms. When she has been steamed, and scoured, and plunged, and massaged, and perfumed, she snuggles down upon a couch, with her violets or roses, and dozes and dreams in an Arabian Nights sort of comfort; and the relaxation does more for her nerves than all the tonics that could be prescribed for her. According to the bath attendants, however, the women think more about their complexions than their nerves. A good complexion is the acme of every woman's desire, and there is a theory afloat to the effect that steam, and water, and massage applied to the whole body will do more for the complexion than all the cold cream and cosmetics on the market. Hence these bathers.

In Switzerland's six universities there are 937 women students, of whom 555 are matriculated regularly. The greatest number, 353, comes from Russia; 65 are Swiss, 53 Germans, 25 Bulgarians, and 7 from the United States. They are inscribed chiefly in the faculties of medicine and philosophy.



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## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

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	BONDS.	Closed.	
	Shares.	Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	500 @ 109 3/4	109 3/4	
U. S. Coup. 4%.....	350 @ 113		
Cal. St. Cable Co. 5%.....	6,000 @ 116	115	
Contra C. Water 5%.....	10,000 @ 106 1/2	106	107
Hawaiian C. & S. 5%.....	23,000 @ 106 1/2	106 1/2	
Los An. & Pac. Ry. 5%.....	12,000 @ 102	101 3/4	
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	5,000 @ 104 1/2	104 3/4	
Market St. Ry. 6%.....	14,000 @ 125 1/2		
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	7,000 @ 116 1/2-116 3/4	116 1/2	117
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	1,000 @ 113	112 1/2	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	2,000 @ 106	105 3/4	106 1/2
Oakland Transit 6%.....	13,500 @ 112-115 1/2	112 1/2	113
Oakland Water 5%.....	5,000 @ 105 1/2		
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	2,000 @ 103 1/2-104 1/2	112 1/2	113
S. F. & N. P. Ry. 5%.....	3,000 @ 112 1/2	115	115 1/2
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	42,000 @ 115		
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%.....	19,000 @ 110		
S. P. Branch 6%.....	24,000 @ 124 1/2	124 1/2	125

	STOCKS.	Closed.	
	Shares.	Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	175 @ 74-74 1/2	74	
Spring Valley Water.....	1,935 @ 90 1/2-92 1/2	92 1/2	
Gas and Electric.....			
Equitable Gaslight.....	265 @ 4 1/2-5 1/2	4	4 1/2
Oakland G. L. & H.....	10 @ 43	42	
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	60 @ 43-49	50	
Pacific Lighting Co.....	45 @ 40		
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	1,320 @ 48-52 1/2	52 1/2	52 3/4
Street R. R.....			
Market St.....	380 @ 60 1/2-61 1/2	60 1/2	61
Powders.....			
Giant Con.....	70 @ 93-94	94	
Vigorit.....	950 @ 3	3	3 1/2
Sugars.....			
Hana P. Co.....	175 @ 7 1/2-7 3/4	7 1/2	7 3/4
Hawaiian.....	30 @ 8 1/2		
Honokaa S. Co.....	265 @ 30-31 1/2	30 1/2	
Hutchinson.....	185 @ 26-26 1/2	25	
Makaweli S. Co.....	225 @ 43 1/2-44 1/2	43	43
Onomea S. Co.....	545 @ 26 1/2-28 1/2	26	27
Pauahau S. P. Co.....	1,835 @ 26-29	26 1/2	26 3/4
Miscellaneous.....			
Alaska Packers.....	95 @ 120	119 1/2	
Oceanic Steam Co.....	140 @ 92 1/2-93 1/2	92 1/2	92 3/4

The sugar stocks were weak, and on sales of about 3,300 shares sold off from 1/2 to 3 points, the latter in Pauahau, which closed at about the lowest point reached, 26 1/2 bid, 26 3/4 asked. Hawaiian was quiet, only 30 shares changing hands at 8 1/2, closing at 88 asked, with no bid. Hana was very quiet at 7 1/2 and 7 3/4, on sales of 185 shares. Makaweli sold down to 43 1/2, and closed at 41 bid, 43 asked. Onomea, on sales of 545 shares, sold down 2 points to 26 1/2, closing at 26 bid, 27 asked.

The lighting stocks were weak, San Francisco Gas and Electric selling down to 48 seller 90 days, Pacific Gas Improvement Company to 43, and Equitable Gas to 4 1/2. San Francisco Gas and Electric recovered 3/4 points to 52 1/2, and closed strong at 52 1/2 bid, on sales of 1,300 shares. Pacific Gas Improvement Company advanced 6 points to 49, and closed at 50 asked.

Spring Valley Water was sold down to 90 1/2, but closed in good demand at 92 1/2 bid, 92 3/4 sales.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

George Q. Cannon, the Utah statesman, once attended an irrigation congress, at which a drowsy delegate read a paper on artesian wells, which he declared always brought water except where they struck rock. He repeated this statement several times. At the fourth repetition he defied any one to deny the proposition, whereupon Cannon looked up and, in his full, musical voice, asked: "How do you account for Moses's success?"

Sir Henry Erskine once quelled a riot in Edinburgh when Mrs. Siddons was playing to a crowded house in the largest theatre in the town. A surly fellow in the pit refused to sit down, and a howl went up from all around him. The crowd was likely to do him and the house a damage, when Sir Henry came to the front of his box with the quiet statement: "Pray excuse the gentleman; don't you see it is only a tailor resting himself?" The man sat down without further urging.

General Buller was once in company with Lord Charles Beresford coming down the Nile, and as their boat approached the First Cataract a sharp discussion arose as to which was the proper channel to take. The soldier advised one, the sailor another, but in the end Buller's channel was followed, with perfect success. "You see, I was right," the general exclaimed, exultantly. "What of that?" retorted Beresford. "I knew it was the right one myself, and I only recommended the other because I knew you would oppose whatever I said."

On one occasion there was an argument going on before the United States Supreme Court in Washington, and the attorneys were using a map to illustrate the case. One attorney, in the course of his presentation of the case, pointed to the map in question, and was proceeding to dilate upon the same, when Justice Gray asked him what the map was. "Why, your honor, it is just a bird's-eye view of the land in controversy," answered the counselor. "Well," said Justice Gray, "I wish you would bring the map a little nearer; I haven't got a bird's eye."

When Otis Skinner, the actor, played an engagement in Memphis recently, his matinee performance of "The Liars" was graced by the patronage of a bevy of the season's most attractive debutantes. After the curtain went down the manager escorted the debutantes hack of the stage, where they met and conversed with the actor. "We enjoyed everything very much," said one of them; "but, do you know, Mr. Skinner, we could scarcely hear a word you said?" "Now, that's certainly strange," replied the actor; "I could hear everything you ladies said."

General Wauchope had been wounded four times, thrice severely, before going to South Africa. Shortly before he started for the Sudan last year he met on a country road an old tinker, a character in his way, whom he had known nearly all his life. Said the itinerant: "Eh, laird, I hear ye're gaun aff tae the wars ance mair. Whan will ye'er get yer fill o' fechtin'?" The officer smiled, but made no reply. The tinker went on: "I'm thinkin' that'll be never, laird! I'm jist the same myself, sir; I can ne'er get ma fill—but it's no fechtin'; it's whiskey." The laird took the hint.

The pastor of a colored congregation was warming up to the climax of his sermon, and his auditors were waxing more and more excited. "I wahns yer, O my congregashun!" exclaimed the exhorter, "I wahns yer against de sin uv crap-shootin'! I wahns yer against de sin of whiskey-drinkin', an' de sin uv chicken-raisin', an' I wahns yer, my breddren, against de sin uv melon-stealin'!" A devout worshiper in the rear of the church jumped to his feet and snapped his fingers excitedly. "Whuffo! does yer, my brudder, r'ar up an' snap yo' fingers when I speaks uv melon-stealin'?" asked the preacher. "Kaze yo' jes' 'minds me whar I lef mah overcoat," replied the devout worshiper as he subsided into his seat.

Senator Pomeroy used to tell of a local preacher in Kansas who had forced himself upon the stump after Lincoln's nomination and demanded recognition of the party for his services during the campaign. He said he would like to be sent as minister plenipotentiary to England or France, and when told it was impossible insisted on being appointed consul at Liverpool. Finally, being assured of the impossibility of getting what he thought was about his due, said: "Senator, can't you think of some place that would suit me?" "Yes," said Pomeroy, "I've thought of a place that would suit you and that you would suit, and that there is a possibility of getting for you. It's an Indian agency." "An Indian agency? What's that?" queried the preacher. "Well, you are to look after the welfare of our red brothers, and see that their supplies are properly and honestly delivered to them." "What is it worth?" "One thousand five hundred dollars and perquisites," returned

the senator. "Perquisites—what perquisites?" "Well, you see, my friend, the government contracts for so many head of beef cattle averaging about so many hundred pounds. Now, in delivering these cattle, they are to be counted while being driven into the inclosure, and if a yearling should happen to slip in now and then, you are not to make too much fuss about it, and there you will find your perquisites. Think it over." "I'll take it," said the reverend gentleman; "I've already thought it over, and do you know, senator, I think veal is a blamed sight better than beef for Indians, anyway."

## MISS MURPHY'S BLACK EYE.

The Mysterious Séance at Which She Secured It.

Miss Honora Murphy, a young female engaged in the honorable and praiseworthy occupation of general housework merely to dispel ennui, not hearing in some time from the "bye at home," to whom she was engaged to be married, was advised by the "gerri next doore" to consult the spirits. Miss Murphy objected at first, on the ground that she had "taken her 'Father Matchew' seventeen year afore, in her parish church at home, an' niver drunk sperrits," but finally concluded to follow the advice. She seems quite competent to relate her own experience:

How kem I by the black eye? Well, dear, I'll tell yer. Afther what ye wur tellin' me, I niver closed me eyes. The nixt mornin' I ast Maggie Harnahan, the up-stairs gerri, wher was herself. "In her boodoo," sez Maggie, an' up I goes to her.

"What's wantin', Nora?" sez she. "I've jist heard as how me cousin's very sick," sez I, "an' I'm that frettin', I mus' go an' see her."

"Fitter fur yer ter go ter yer wurruk," sez she, lookin' mighty cross, an' she, the lazy hulks, as niver does a turn from mornin' till night.

Well, dear, I niver take sass from anny av 'em, so I ups an' tould her, "Sorra taste av wurk I'll do the day, an' av yer don't like it, ye can fin' some wan else"; an' I flounced meself out av the boodoo.

Well, I want to me room ter dress meself; an' whin I got on me sale-shin sack, I thought av me poor ould mother—may the hivins be her bed!—could only see me, how kilt she'd be intirely. Whin I was dressed, I wint down-stairs, an' out the front doore, an' I tell yer, I slammed it well after me.

Well, me dear, whin I got ter the majum's, a big chap, wid long hair and a baired like a hilly-goat, kem inter the room. Sez he:

"Do yer want ter see the majum?"

"I do," sez I.

"Two dollars," sez he.

"For what?" sez I.

"For the sayants," sez he.

"Faix, it's no aunts I want to see," sez I, "but Luke Corrigan's own self." Well, me dear, wid that he gev a laugh ye'd think'd ris the roof.

"Is he yer husband?" sez he.

"It's mighty 'quistive ye are," sez I; "but he's not me husband, av yer want ter know; but I want ter larn av it's alive or dead he is, which the Lord forbid!"

"Yer jist in the nick er time," sez he.

"Faix, Ould Nick's here all the time, I'm thinkin', from what I hear," sez I.

Well, ter make a long story short, I ped me two dollars, an' wint into another room; an', if ye'd guess from now till Aisther, ye'd never think what the majum was. As I'm standin' here, 'twas nothin' but a woman! I was that bid, I was a'most spacheless.

"Be sated, madame," sez she, p'intin' to a chair, an' I seed at wast that she was a very superior sort o' person. "Be sated," sez she. "Yer mus' jine the circle."

"Faix, I'll ate a thriangle, av yer wish," says I.

"Yer mus' be very quite," sez she. An' so I sot down along a lot av other folks at a table.

"First, I'll sing a him," says the majum, "an' thin do all yees jine in the chorus."

"Yer mus' excuse me, ma'am," sez I; "I niver could sing; but, rather than spile the divarshun o' the company, av any wan'll whistle, I'll dance as purty a jig as ye'll see from here to Bal'nasloe, though it's mesel' as sez it."

Two young whipper-snappers hegin ter laugh, but the luk I gev 'em soon shut them up.

Jist then, the big chap as had me two dollars kem into the room an' turned down the lights. In a minit the majum, shickin' her face close to me own, whispers:

"The sperrits is about—I kin feel 'em!"

"Thru for you, ma'am," sez I, "fur I kin smell 'em!"

"Hush, the influence is an me," sez the majum. "I kin see the lion an' the lamh lying down together."

"Begorra, it's like a wild heastess show," sez I.

"Will yer be quite?" sez an ould chap nex' ter me. "I hev a question to ax."

"Ax yer question," sez I, "an' I'll ax mine. I ped me two dollars, an' I'll not be put down."

"Plaze he quite," sez the majum, "or the sperrits 'll lave."

Jist then kem a rap on the table.

"Is that the sperrit of Luke Corrigan?" sez the majum.

"It is not," sez I; "for he could bate any boy in

Kilballyowen, an' if his fist hit that table 'twould knock it to smithereens."

"Whist!" sez the majum; "it's John's Bunions."

"Ax him 'bout his progress," sez a woman wid a face like a howl of strabout.

"Ah, bathershin!" sez I. "Let John's bunions alone, and bring Luke Corrigan to the fore."

"Hish!" whispers the majum; "I feel a sperrit nare me."

"Feel av it has a wart on its nose," sez I; "for he that token ye'll know it's Luke."

"The moment is suspicious," sez the majum.

"I hope yer don't want to asperge me character," sez I.

"Whist!" sez she; "the sperrits is droopin'."

"It's droopin', yer mane," sez I, pickin' up a small bottle she let fall from her pocket.

"Put that woman out," sez an ould chap.

"Who do ye call a woman?" sez I. "Lay a finger on me, an' I'll scratch a map of the County Clare on yer ugly phiz."

"Put her out!" "Put her out!" sez two or three others. An' they med a lep for me. But, holy rocket! I was up in a minute.

"Bring an yer fightin' sperrits," I cried, "from Julius Sazar to Tim Macoul, an' I'll bate 'em all, for the glory of Ireland!"

The big chap, as had me money, kem behin' me, an' put his elbow in me eye. But, me jewel, I tassed him over as ef he'd bin a feather, an' the money rowled out his pocket. Wid a cry of "Faugh-a-hallah!" I grabbed six dollars, runned out av the doore, an' I'll niver put fit in the house again. An' that's how I kem be the eye.

## War News in London.

I read the war news through and through, With all-absorbed attention, And little has escaped my view That you, I think, can mention. And yet I'm sorry to confess My mind it fairly rattles And sends to pieces (more or less) To separate the rattles.

I read of brilliant feats of arms, And unexampled daring, Of ghastly struggles over "farms," And slaughter grim and scaring; Of "kopjes" won through "zones of fire," And victory effected; And later on there comes a wire—"A battle is expected!"

To-day I read "The Boers we rout! Exterminate and sack them," To-morrow "We are moving out, Determined to attack them."

Last week our soldiers fought a fight (A singularly game one), And ev'ry day (by wire each night) They seem to fight the same one.

To-day I read, "The rebel Dutch Are put to flight and slaughter"—Of white-flag treachery and such—And "cutting through like water." Such doings fairly blanch the cheek, Unequaled, p'raps, in my day—But—was this battle fought last week? Or is it due next Friday?—*Fin.*

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Nippon Maru. Friday, February 9  
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## SOCIETY.

## The Brander-Forman Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Gertrude Sands Forman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sands W. Forman, to Mr. Arthur J. Brander, local representative of a London corporation, took place on Wednesday, January 10th, at high noon. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Varsi, S. J., at the home of the bride's godfather, Mr. James V. Coleman, at 1817 Laguna Street. Miss Grace Spreckels, daughter of Mr. John D. Spreckels, was the maid of honor, and Mr. John P. Redington was the best man. The ceremony was witnessed by only about a score of relatives and intimate friends, who afterward enjoyed an elaborate wedding breakfast. The young couple will spend their honeymoon in the southern part of the State, and sail next month on a six months' visit to Australia.

## Supper after the Dance.

At the conclusion of the cotillion of the Friday Fortnightly at Cotillion Hall on Friday, January 5th, Mrs. Maurice Casey and Miss Katherine Dillon invited a number of the dancers to their home at Jackson and Laguna Streets, where an elaborate supper was served at small tables set out in the ball-room.

The guests included the Misses Hopkins, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Alice Colden Hoffman, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Anna Voorhies, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Morgan, Miss Alma McClung, Miss Josselyn, Miss Azalea Keyes, Miss Latham, Miss Hager, Miss Edith Preston, Miss Loughborough, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Edith Stubbs, Miss Salisbury, Mr. Harry M. Holbrook, Mr. Allan St. John Bowie, Mr. George Almer Newhall, Mr. Alfred Poett, Mr. Percy King, Mr. Lawson S. Adams, Mr. A. C. Taylor, Mr. Lawrence E. Van Winkle, Mr. Lawrence I. Scott, Mr. Thomas P. Bishop, Mr. Edward Sheldon, Mr. Ray Pike, Mr. McLaine, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Van Fleet, Mr. Allen, Mr. Davis, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Murphy.

## The Taylor Dinner.

The event of the week was the dinner given by Captain and Mrs. W. H. Taylor in honor of Miss Hopkins, whose engagement to their son, Mr. Augustus C. Taylor, was announced only a short time ago. It took place at the Taylor residence,

2701 California Street, and was one of the handsomest dinners given this season. The guests were seated at small tables, which were beautifully decorated with roses. A string orchestra played during the service of the dinner, and later the guests enjoyed a vaudeville performance.

Those invited to meet Miss Hopkins were Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Miss Taylor, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Cora Suedberg, Miss Edna Hopkins, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Thomas, Miss Nichols, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Celia Tobin, Miss Sarah Collier, Miss Cadwalader, Miss McBean, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Adelaide Murphy, Miss Mary Greenwood Josselyn, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Mary Scott, Mr. George Almer Newhall, Mr. Edgar Mills, Mr. Harry Simpkins, Mr. Richard M. Tobin, Mr. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. Harry Poett, Mr. Gerald L. Rathbone, Mr. Bert Cadwalader, Mr. Harry N. Stetson, Mr. Frederick W. McNear, Mr. Latham McMullin, Mr. Philip Tompkins, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, the Rev. Mr. O'Rourke, Mr. Lawrence I. Scott, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., Mr. Augustus C. Taylor, and Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr.

## Notes and Gossip.

The marriage of Miss Miriam Moore and Mr. Edward J. Pringle will take place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Moore, at Exeter, Tulare County, on Monday, January 15th. Miss Frances Moore, sister of the bride-elect, will be the maid of honor, and Mr. Sidney Johnson Pringle will be his brother's best man. There will be no other attendants, and the ceremony will be witnessed only by the immediate relatives of the contracting parties.

The wedding of Miss Martha Alexander to Mr. John Waterhouse, of Honolulu, will take place on January 30th at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Samuel Alexander, in Oakland.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Alyse Latham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Latham, of Ross Valley, and Mr. Wyatt Hamilton Allen, son of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Allen, also of Ross Valley. The wedding will take place in the spring.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway has issued invitations for a dinner which he will give in honor of Miss Ethyl Hager on Tuesday evening, January 16th, in the red room of the Bohemian Club.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker, who returned recently

from a trip to the East, received on Friday afternoon, January 12th, and will be at home again on the 19th and 26th.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford will give a reception on Saturday afternoon, January 20th, from two to six o'clock, at her home on California and Powell Streets, in honor of the president, faculty, and trustees of Stanford University.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michaels gave an elaborate dinner on Monday evening, January 8th, in one of the private dining-rooms at the Hotel Richelieu. Covers were laid for twenty at a prettily decorated table, and after the discussion of an elaborate menu the remainder of the evening was pleasantly passed with music.

## Harry Gillig's Début.

Harry M. Gillig is expected in San Francisco in a few weeks on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Gillig. He is still in Paris, where he has now for nearly two years devoted himself to musical study. There has been much speculation as to his motive; his friends have been uncertain whether he contemplated beginning a professional career or not. As a matter of fact, he himself was uncertain. He has awaited the result of his studies and the judgment of musical connoisseurs. There could be no question as to the brilliance, the mellowness, and the melody of his wonderful voice. The unsolved question was one of training and technique, but he has received encomiums on every hand. For example, recently in Paris he sang before M. Lheari, head teacher of operatic acting at the Conservatoire—himself an old-time opera-singer, and the man who created the rôle of Don José in "Carmen." M. Lheari was delighted with Mr. Gillig's remarkable voice, and assured him that there was no doubt of his success in a professional career. Therefore, Mr. Gillig has decided to make his *début* on the operatic stage. It will probably take place next winter either at Nice or Monte Carlo. As Mr. Gillig is fortunate enough not to need pecuniary gains from a career upon the stage, his new departure may be set down to his strong love of music. His friends upon this coast, who know his magnificent voice so well, will look with keen interest for his *début* and hope for his success.

## The Mardi Gras Ball.

The directors of the San Francisco Art Association met on Tuesday, January 9th, at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art and voted to hold a Mardi Gras ball. This year Shrove Tuesday comes on February 27th. Committees were not named, but it is probable that a special meeting will be called to complete arrangements, as the next regular meeting of the board does not come until the first Tuesday in February. It was voted that men should not mask, and that tickets should be five dollars, admitting one person. The Mardi Gras carnival will celebrate the opening of the Mary Frances Searles Memorial Gallery, the gift of Mr. Edward F. Searles.

It was decided to hold the loan bronze exhibition at the Mark Hopkins Institute, commencing on Thursday, January 25th, and closing on Saturday, February 3d.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## Last Minetti Quartet Concert.

The final chamber-music concert of the Minetti Quartet's present season will take place at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Friday afternoon, January 19th, at three-fifteen o'clock. The quartet will have the assistance of S. G. Fleishman, pianist, and the programme will include: E. Grieg, string quartet, in B-flat major; Popper, 'cello solo, Hungarian rhapsodie, Mr. A. Weiss; F. Smetana, piano trio in G-minor (first time).

## The Symphony Concerts.

The first of the series of symphony concerts to be given under the auspices of Mrs. Phebe Hearst at the Grand Opera House, with Mr. Henry Holmes as leader, will take place on Thursday afternoon at three-fifteen o'clock. The programme will include Beethoven's "Ruy Blas" overture, the Haydn symphony in D, Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl," and the "Symphony Pathétique," by Tchaikowsky.

## Death of Joseph Clark.

The death of Joseph Clark took place in his rooms at the Pacific-Union Club at an early hour on Saturday morning, January 6th, after an illness of some two months. Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst and his niece, Mrs. W. J. Monro, were with him in his last moments. Mr. Clark was born near St. Louis seventy-two years ago, and in 1850 came across the plains in company with his cousin, the late Senator George Hearst. They were in many ventures together, notably in mining operations about Nevada City and Washoe. In 1862 Mr. Clark came to this city, and, being a bachelor, took up his residence at the Pacific-Union Club, where he has been one of the most prominent members for thirty-seven years past.

The funeral took place on Monday, at the Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and it was attended by many representative citizens. The pall-bearers were Mr. A. E. Head, Mr. Jasper McDonald, Mr. J. O. Bradford, Mr. J. W. Byrne, Mr. Joseph M. Quay, Mr. Homer L. King, Mr. Frank G. Drum, and Mr. John G. Follansbee.

## Pears'

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## SOCIETY.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin and Mrs. Florence Baldwin came up from Mountain View in the early part of the week, and were guests at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Susie Blanding has returned from a visit to New York.

Mr. Peter J. Donahue, who has been living of late in London and on the Continent, is expected here on a visit shortly.

Mrs. William G. Irwin will soon leave for Europe, intending to be away until her new home at Washington and Laguna Streets is ready for occupancy.

Miss Alice Colden Hoffman will soon go to Coronado for a visit of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, who have returned from a Southern trip, will go to their home in San Mateo in March.

Mr. A. A. Curtis, of San Rafael, was a guest at the California Hotel during the early part of the week.

Professor Max Agassiz, of Harvard, arrived from the South Seas on the Oceanic steamer *Moana* on Thursday, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Foxhall Keene have taken Craven Lodge, Leicester, England, for the winter. Mr. Keene was quite severely injured by a fall while following the hounds a few days ago, breaking his collar-bone and dislocating his shoulder.

Mr. Frederick A. Greenwood left on a short trip to Los Angeles early in the week.

Colonel and Mrs. Alfred Jenks came up from Los Angeles on Saturday, January 6th, and are guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Skinner came down from Spokane a few days ago, and are at the California Hotel.

Mr. Walter D. Martin is in Washington, D. C.

Mr. W. A. McCreery was among the passengers who arrived in New York on the American liner *St. Louis* on her last trip from Southampton.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bull Pringle (*née* Hutchinson) have returned from their wedding trip, and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Hutchinson in Oakland. They will presently make San Francisco their home.

Mr. and Mrs. James Follis (*née* Gwin) have returned from their wedding trip.

Mr. Ansley G. Davis returned from abroad in the American liner *St. Louis* a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. George Borrowe (*née* Bosqui), after spending their honeymoon in London, left for Cape Town on December 19th.

Mr. Walter Cosby came up from Los Angeles on Wednesday, intending to remain in town for a couple of weeks.

Mr. Walter Ellis, of Boston, Mass., arrived in town on Wednesday, and is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Crane (*née* Gros) came up from their home near Santa Cruz on Wednesday, and are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Orestes Pierce, of Oakland, arrived in New York last Tuesday.

Mrs. Henry E. Huntington and the Misses Clara and Marion Huntington, who have been traveling in the southern part of the State as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Blackmore, of Cincinnati, return home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Cary, of Fresno, are at the California Hotel.

Prince and Princess Hatzfeldt (formerly Miss Clara Huntington) have secured Lord Cowley's Wiltshire seat, Draycott Manor, for the season, and will entertain extensively there this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton (*née* Dunn), who have been spending several weeks in New York City, sailed last Tuesday for Genoa. They will be in Paris during the exposition.

Mr. N. T. Wilshire, of Los Angeles, is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Dr. H. V. Murray, of Honolulu, is stopping at the California Hotel.

Mrs. Anson Hotelling has taken an apartment in Paris for the winter.

Mr. Richard M. Hotelling has returned from Coronado after a brief visit.

Mr. James P. Langhorne was in New York and Washington, D. C., in the early part of the week.

Mr. Mark L. McDonald came down from Santa Rosa on Monday and is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gardner are among the recent arrivals at the California Hotel.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Oshorn, of Athena, Or.; Mr. G. E. Hardy, of Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mr. C. C. McIver, of Mission San José, Mr. H. A. Kidder, of Sacramento, Mr. L. P. Lowe, of Los Angeles, Mrs. J. R. Hewitt, of Stockton, Mr. C. M. Copper, of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Stolp, of Oakland, Mr. J. W. Dorsey, of San Rafael, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Oliphant, of Portland, Or., and Mr. F. G. Phillips and Mr. H. B. Ransdell, of Chicago.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

The President has created a military department consisting of the Territory of Alaska, and assigned Colonel George M. Randall, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., to command. Colonel Randall is on duty with his regiment in Cuba, and will report here en route to Alaska on January 15th. Colonel Randall will probably be given a commission as brigadier-general of volunteers.

Lieutenant-Commander J. B. Milton, U. S. N., will be detached from the navy-yard at Mare Island on February 1st, and ordered to duty in connection

with the construction of the *Wisconsin* at the Union Iron Works in this city.

Major Charles E. Kilbourne, paymaster, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty in this department, with station in this city.

Pay-Director George A. Lyon, U. S. N., who was in charge of the navy pay-office in this city a few years ago, has been transferred to the retired list, with the rank of rear-admiral, for service in the Civil War.

Lieutenant-Commander W. F. Halsey, U. S. N., will be detached from the Naval Academy on Monday, January 15th, and ordered to the *Adams* as executive officer, leaving this city for Honolulu on January 24th.

Second Lieutenant Henry B. Clark, Third Artillery, U. S. A., went on Monday, January 8th, to Fort Baker, California, for temporary duty at that post, relieving Second-Lieutenant Harry L. James, Third Artillery, U. S. A., who returns to Fort Mason.

The appointment of General William Ludlow, U. S. V. (lieutenant-colonel, engineer corps, U. S. A.), to be a brigadier-general in the regular army, has caused the promotion of Major W. H. Heuer, engineer corps, U. S. A., stationed at San Francisco, to be lieutenant-colonel.

The Navy Department has recently ordered the following changes of officers on the Asiatic station: Lieutenant J. G. Quinby, from the *Nashville* to the *Solace*; Paymaster T. S. O'Leary, detached from the *Nashville* and ordered to Yokohama; Lieutenant J. H. Oliver, from the *Solace* to the *Nashville*; Paymaster C. L. Borne, from the *Solace* to the *Nashville*; Lieutenant C. M. Knepper, detached from the *Solace* and ordered to Cuba; Naval-Cadet F. Morrison, from the *Yorktown* to the *Albany*; Ensign H. E. Yarnell, from the *Albany* to the *Yorktown*; Naval-Cadet E. P. Helm, from the *Brooklyn* to the *Callao*; Naval-Cadet W. R. Sayles, from the *Brooklyn* to the *Samar*; Naval-Cadet A. Buchanan, from the *Callao* to the *Brooklyn*; Assistant-Surgeon R. W. Plummer, from the *New Orleans* to the *Petrel*; Assistant-Surgeon D. G. Beebe, from the *Bennington* to the *Petrel*; Lieutenant J. D. McDonald, from the *Baltimore* to the *Castine*; Lieutenant A. P. Niblack, from the *Oregon* to the *Castine*; Naval-Cadet A. E. Watson, from the *Samar* to the *Brooklyn*; and Colonel R. L. Meade, marine corps, to the naval station at Cavite.

Lieutenant-Colonel James Allen, Signal Corps, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty as signal officer in the Department of the Pacific and the Eighth Army Corps, to relieve Major W. E. Thompson, Signal Corps, U. S. A.

Among the officers who sailed for Manila on the transport *Tartar* are Colonel H. B. Freeman, Twenty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., Captain Edgar W. Howe, Seventeenth Infantry, U. S. A., Captain Alfred W. Bjornstad, Forty-Second Infantry, U. S. V., First-Lieutenant Thomas Ryan, Fortieth Infantry, U. S. V., Second-Lieutenant Robert M. Shearer, Thirty-Seventh Infantry, U. S. V., Second-Lieutenant Sidney S. Burbank, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., Second-Lieutenant Andrew C. Wright, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., Second-Lieutenant William H. Noble, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., Second-Lieutenant Edward Bolton, Seventeenth Infantry, U. S. A., Second-Lieutenant Crenard McLaughlin, Twenty-First Infantry, U. S. A., Second-Lieutenant Edward B. Mitchell, Twenty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., Second-Lieutenant Allan J. Greer, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., Second-Lieutenant Robert Whitfield, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., and Second-Lieutenant Harold D. Coburn, Twenty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. A.

Among the members of the United States Revenue Service who have registered at the California Hotel during the past week are Mr. S. B. Winran, of the *Rush*, Mr. P. H. Scott, of the *Thetis*, and Mr. C. A. McAllister, Mr. W. E. A. Lee, Mr. J. J. Bryan, and Mr. Henry Ulke, Jr., of the *McCulloch*.

## Recent Wills and Successions.

The will of the late George Bonny, who died of pneumonia at Bordentown, N. J., on January 4th, was filed for probate in this city on Wednesday, January 10th. The instrument, which is holographic, is dated November 4, 1899, and makes the following bequests:

To Mrs. Eliza G. Bonny Carslake, a sister, of Bordentown, N. J., 1,000 shares of the capital stock of Shreve & Co.

To John Bruce Bonny, a brother, aged eighty-three years, living at 580 Franklin Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., \$25,000.

To John Bruce Bonny, Jr., a nephew, \$25,000, and "all money due me from him at the time of my death."

To Edwin L. Bonny, a nephew, living at Plainfield, N. J., \$25,000.

To Mrs. Mabel Ahhy Lewis Bonny, wife of John B. Bonny, Jr., \$20,000.

To George Bonny Lewis, of San Francisco, \$20,000.

The residue is divided between Mrs. Eliza G. Carslake and John Bruce Bonny in equal shares. All personal effects of the decedent are devised to Mrs. Carslake, she to dispose of them as she may deem best.

John B. Bonny, Jr., nephew of decedent, is named as executor of the will without bonds. The value of the estate is not stated in the petition, but it is supposed to be about \$300,000.

The annual meeting of the Occidental Kindergarten Association was held Monday, January 8th, and the following officers were elected: President, Miss Musto; first vice-president, Mrs. Stein; second vice-president, Miss Rafael; treasurer, Miss Steinhardt; corresponding secretary, Miss Elsa N. Frank; treasurer, Miss Carrie Frank.

## Golf Notes.

The first open Pacific Coast golf tournament for professionals will take place on Saturday, January 13th, under the auspices of the Oakland Golf Club at their links at Adams Point, commencing at 1:30 P. M. It will be a medal play contest over 36 holes. No entrance fee is required, and the first, second, and third prizes are \$100, \$50, and \$25 respectively. Those who have entered are Willie Smith and Horace Rawlins, of the Oakland Golf Club, David Stephenson, of the San Francisco Golf Club, T. W. Tetley, of the San Rafael Golf Club, James Melville, of the Del Monte links, and Alexander Smith, of the Coronado links.

John D. Dunn was to have entered from New York, but can not arrive in time. However, he and Willie Dunn are expected in a few days, and purpose arranging tournaments for both professionals and amateurs, to take place on the Oakland links, during the latter part of the present month.

There will be an approaching contest for women at the Presidio links of the San Francisco Golf Club on Saturday, January 13th, beginning at 10:30 A. M. The first prize will be the silver loving-cup offered by Mr. Peter McG. McBean, and the second will be the silver-mounted cleek offered by Mr. W. B. Bourn.

The home-and-home match between teams from the San Francisco and Oakland Golf Clubs has again been postponed until January 27th, when it will be played on the Presidio links, the return match coming off on the Oakland links on the second Saturday in February.

There will be a golf cotillion in the club-house of the Oakland Golf Club on Saturday, January 20th. It is being arranged by Mrs. J. H. T. Watkinson and Mrs. Peter E. Bowles.

The annual election of the San Francisco Golf Club took place on Saturday, January 6th, resulting in the election of Mr. Harry B. Goodwin, Mr. Richard H. Gaylord, Mr. J. W. Byrne, Mr. Horace D. Pillsbury, and Mr. Charles Page as directors. Later in the afternoon they held their first meeting, and elected Mr. Harry B. Goodwin captain and Mr. Richard H. Gaylord secretary and treasurer. Captain Goodwin has since appointed as the green committee Mr. J. W. Byrne, Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg, and Major Hugh J. Gallagher, U. S. V., and as the house committee Mr. H. B. Goodwin, Mr. Charles Page, and Mr. Horace D. Pillsbury. The green committee will serve also as a tournament committee for the present.

The first tournament for the Council's Trophy of the San Francisco Golf Club has been won by Mr. Richard H. Gaylord, who defeated Mr. Edward J. McCutchen in the final round, 7 up and 6 to play. The consolation handicap contest, 18 holes, medal play, which took place on the same afternoon, Saturday, January 6th, resulted as follows:

Name.	1st.	2d.	Total.	cap.	Net.
S. L. Albot, Jr.	49	49	98	0	98
Major H. J. Gallagher	56	50	106	7	99
Harry B. Goodwin	51	49	100	0	100
Leonard Chinery	56	56	112	10	102
J. W. Byrne	56	51	107	3	104
Charles Page	53	54	107	3	104
Horace D. Pillsbury	52	55	107	3	104
Dr. Clark	67	59	126	9	117

The ladies' putting contest for the trophy offered by Mr. J. W. Byrne took place on Monday, January 8th. Each contestant putted one ball from each of the four corners of each of the nine holes, the following records being made:

Miss Sara Drum, 93; Miss Alice Colden Hoffman, 96; Miss Morgan, 96; Miss Edith McBean, 98; Miss Maud Mullins, 98; Miss Mai Moody, 98; Miss Mary Scott, 99; Mrs. Henry T. Scott, 101; Mrs. H. C. Breeden, 109; Mrs. E. A. Belcher, 112; Miss M. Pease, 114; Miss Thérèse Morgan, 115; Miss Caro Crockett, 117.

Don't fail to make the ascent of Mt. Tamalpais, on the Scenic Railway, if you want to enjoy a pleasant day's outing. The accommodations at the tavern, just under the summit, are excellent, and the view from the veranda is incomparable.

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LEAVE	From December 15, 1899.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Rumsey, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P
*8.30 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*5.15 P
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	*Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma.....	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*11.45 A
*9.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P
*9.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*9.45 A
*9.00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*12.15 P
*9.00 A	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles.....	*6.45 P
*10.00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	*6.45 P
*11.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*2.45 P
*12.00 M	Niles, Livermore, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P
*12.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*18.00 P
*3.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P
*4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10.45 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus, for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	*10.45 A
*5.00 P	Sunset Limited—El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	*10.45 A
*5.30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*12.15 P
*5.30 P	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Daning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*8.45 A
*5.30 P	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	*6.45 P
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*7.45 A
*6.30 P	Vallejo.....	*12.15 P
*6.30 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden and East.....	*8.50 P
*7.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	19.55 P
*8.05 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.15 A
COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)		
*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*5.50 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	*9.20 A
*11.45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San José and Way Stations.....	17.20 P
CREEK ROUTE FERRY.		
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—		
*7.15	9.00 11.00 A. M., 1.00 2.00 13.00	
*4.00	15.00 16.00 P. M.	
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—		
10.00 A. M.	12.00 2.00 12.00 2.00 14.00 5.00 P. M.	
COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)		
*6.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*6.30 P
*7.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Weekdays only).....	*2.30 P
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.36 A
*13.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*19.00 A
*15.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.35 A
*16.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*18.00 A
*17.45 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
A for Morning. P for Afternoon.		
* Daily. † Sunday excepted. ‡ Sunday only.		
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"There goes a fellow who always takes things easy." "Is that so? Who is he?" "A pick-pocket."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

She—"What is the term applied to one who signs another person's name to a check?" He—"Five or ten years usually."—*Chicago News.*

"There is one thing can be truly said of Miss Ogler; she is self-possessed." "Very true, but I'll bet you she wishes she wasn't."—*Boston Courier.*

Kathryn—"I wonder what makes the leaves of the trees turn red in the fall?" Zaneta—"Probably blushing at their bare limbs."—*Harlem Life.*

Walton—"I assure you, sir, that some of the best fish-stories are never told." Calton—"Yes; I suppose fishermen are occasionally drowned."—*Judge.*

Teacher—"What happens when a man's temperature goes down as far as it can go?" Smart scholar—"He has cold feet, ma'am."—*Christian Register.*

Mr. Borem (11 P. M.)—"My motto is 'Pay as you go.'" Miss Cutting—"Well, I'm willing to lend you a small amount if it will help you out."—*Chicago News.*

Mrs. Newrox (looking at sign reading, "Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie")—"Here's the very thing to get George—" A Tale of a Caddie." He's so fond of golf, you know."—*Brooklyn Life.*

"What, ho! Within there!" shouted the knight at the castle gate. The warder gat him up, yawning prodigiously. "Another man with a ho," said he to his faithful varlet.—*Indianapolis Press.*

Tired Tompkins—"There's one job I wouldn't mind havin', Horace." Hungry Horace (in amazement)—"What's that?" Tired Tompkins—"Line-man fer er wireless telegraph comp'ny."—*Life.*

Tailor—"Look here! I have worried myself sick over that bill of yours." Casket (the undertaker)—"That's all right, old man. If worst comes to worst, you can take it out in trade."—*Tit-Bits.*

She—"What a relief this conservatory is after that crowded ball-room. I felt as if I were being crushed to death." He—"Yes, it was rather close." She—"But I feel perfectly safe here with you."—*Town Topics.*

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AR. Los Angeles.....	7.45 A.M.....	Wed. & Sat.
LV. Los Angeles.....	8.00 A.M.....	" "
AR. El Paso.....	7.12 A.M.....	Thurs. & Sun.
LV. El Paso.....	9.25 A.M.....	" "
AR. New Orleans.....	7.45 P.M.....	Fri. & Mon.
AR. Washington.....	6.42 A.M.....	Sun. & Wed.
AR. New York.....	12.43 P.M.....	" "

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There are Californians so blind to their own interests that they look upon the *Argonaut's* warnings concerning the danger of free trade and the danger to free labor as "merely a mare's nest." We can assure them that residents of other States are less blind. The *Argonaut* has sounded the alarm. In California only the laboring classes have as yet seen their danger. The fruit-growers continue to follow the San Francisco newspapers, and to advocate bringing our new island possessions within our tariff wall.

Not so elsewhere. It is different in other States. The South has always been professedly in favor of free trade. But Southern planters, farmers, and fruit-growers do not believe in the kind of free trade which injures them. The

*Argonaut's* warnings against Asiatic coolie labor and the importation of the products of Asiatic coolie labor have reached the South, and the South has taken alarm. Dispatches from Savannah, Ga., say that the Savannah Rice-Growers' Association and the Georgia Fruit-Growers' Association have called conventions in their State "to take steps against the admission of the products of Puerto Rico and the Philippine Islands within the tariff wall of the United States." These Georgia associations have alarmed the sugar-producing associations of Louisiana, which are hastening to join them. Both these States fear the competition of our new island possessions. All, say the leaders, "are to be feared." "With the tariff-bars let down they would grow immense quantities of rice and ruin the home rice interests. Coolie competition would also ruin the domestic sugar industry."

This is a stinging indictment of California's blindness. These Louisiana planters are interested only in the cane-sugar industry. They care nothing for the beet sugar of the more temperate climes. Yet they hasten to defend their own imperiled industry, and thus may help the other. So, too, with the rice-growers of Georgia and the Carolinas. But California has done nothing to protect her imperiled beet-sugar industry which would mean for her a magnificent future. On the contrary, her Republican journals and Republican politicians are advocating free trade with our new island possessions—all of them sugar-producers—a course which would destroy California's beet-sugar industry.

The South is not interested in free white labor. Her negro labor is cheap, and only a grade above slave labor. Yet she fears coolie competition with her semi-servile black laborers. Should not California fear coolie competition with her free white American laboring men? California is now splitting the skies with her cries of alarm over a reciprocity treaty with the little West Indian island of Jamaica. And this because Jamaica produces oranges and other semi-tropical fruits. But this same California is placidly submitting to be led by the nose by politicians and political papers in supporting an administration policy which will bring within our tariff-wall islands producing semi-tropical fruits by the million where Jamaica produces them by the hundred. What do the orange-growers of Southern California think about this? Had they not better stop yelling for making Hawaii and the Philippines Territories or States in our federal Union? Will not the admission of our East and West Indian island possessions to free trade with the mainland bring ultimate ruin to California orange, lemon, and lime industries? What is the matter with the California orange-growers? Have they less "savvy" than the sugar, rice, and tobacco-growers of the South? Why, even the very truck-growers of Georgia, the Carolinas, and Florida see the danger to their industry from Cuba and Puerto Rico, and are taking steps to oppose free trade with those islands.

As these lines are written, mass-meetings and conventions are being held in several Southern States to protect their imperiled interests—interests imperiled by the menace of free trade with our new island possessions. On December 30th a mass-meeting was held in Jacksonville, Fla., to which there hurriedly came from that and other States representatives of various imperiled interests. Among them were sugar-cane-growers, orange-growers, pineapple-growers, cassava starch-growers, truck-growers, rice-growers, and tobacco-growers. Florida's representatives in Washington received hurry calls and started South at once to attend the convention—except Senator Mallory, who is lying seriously ill in New Orleans. This convention passed resolutions calling for the defeat of reciprocity treaties with the British West Indian Islands; they opposed any reduction in tariff rates on sugar and semi-tropical products from those islands; they opposed any reduction in the tariff on Cuban sugars, tobaccos, cigars, etc.; they opposed the administration's recommendation that Puerto Rican products be admitted free of duty. They demanded "that all sugar, tobacco, cigars, rice, semi-tropical fruits, and other products which compete with the products of our American farmers and manufacturers continue to pay the full rate of duties, irrespective of whether such sugar and other produce comes

from Puerto Rico, Cuba, the Philippines, or other parts of the world." And the resolutions closed by demanding "that the labor and capital invested in our domestic agricultural and allied manufacturing industries may have a fair chance against the coolie labor and monopolies of the tropics."

We lay these facts before the farmers, the fruit-growers, and the laboring men of California. They will see little of these pregnant facts in the mercenary daily press of San Francisco, which would sell the State's birthright for a mess of pottage. The mess of pottage for which the San Francisco dailies are contending—and a very dirty mess it is—is the pitiful advertising of the tradesmen of San Francisco who are making some money from the millions disbursed here by the federal government—principally, as we have before remarked, for canned goods and coffins.

Let the farmers, the fruit-growers, and the laboring men of California ponder upon these facts. They can see how quickly the alarm has spread through these Southern States, whose industries are threatened by free trade with our new possessions. They can see how quickly those States are taking steps to protect themselves. They could see, if they would, how loyally the Southern newspapers are striving to aid the Southern farmers. And they could then contrast this public-spirited action of Southern statesmen and Southern newspapers with the rôle assumed by California politicians and California political newspapers. In California they seem to be attempting the deliberate ruin of our commonwealth. The most charitable view of them to take is that they are not criminal, but ignorant, merely. Can a few millions of federal money disbursed in San Francisco, a few millions paid into the State in port charges and to the federal government in customs dues, compensate California for the ruin of her most productive industries? Can it compensate the farmer and the fruit-grower for the loss of his industry and the ruin of his land? And can it recompense the white laboring men of California when they see the bread taken from their children by the competition of Asiatic coolie labor?

The farmers, the fruit-growers, and the laboring men of California have more to fear from admitting our new island possessions within our tariff wall than those of the Atlantic seaboard and the Gulf coast. To the men of the East and South it means injury. To those of California it means ruin. If the threatened men in California have a tithe of the business acumen, foresight, and sagacity shown by the men of the East and South, they, too, will summon their representatives to help them. They, too, will call mass-meetings and conventions. And they will call them soon.

A few weeks ago an Eastern weekly presented a cartoon illustrative of "The Open Door." There was the portal swinging wide, but through it protruded bayonets and cannon. The figure of Uncle Sam was looking at the prospect, and contemplation of it seemed to have provoked within him a spirit of distrust as to advantages afforded. However true to circumstances the cartoon may have been at the time, the situation has changed completely. The door is open, and there is no hostile guard about it. The permission to enter has not been put in the form of written agreement, but it has been extended along the channels of diplomacy so definitely that the good faith of the powerful nations of the earth is pledged. The fear that there was to be a concerted effort to bar the United States, commercially, from the whole or parts of China has been dissipated. Italy was the last to make favorable response, but the delay was due to a necessary tardiness in preferring the request, and not to any tendency to refuse.

The Pacific has been spoken of as America's ocean, and such, for geographical reasons, it is. This country is the natural supply depot for the vast area and the uncounted millions of the Orient. There has been here not the slightest desire to interfere with China, to participate in or even to advocate its partition. All that has been asked has been that treaty rights should be preserved. Had the



ments that have been engaged in dividing China into what they choose to term "spheres of influence" seen fit to join in denial, the result would have been an incalculable injury, for the trade of the Orient is destined to become stupendous, its quickening into rapid development being manifest already. The fact is to be remembered that China embraces 4,000,000 square miles, or more than the area of the United States; that this is peopled, according to estimate, by 350,000,000, while in the vast domain there are but 350 miles of railroad—about one five-hundredth of the mileage of American lines. The future will see China ribbed with iron highways, its apathy vanish, new life animate it. Here is an unexampled opportunity for legitimate expansion. There is no reason why the United States should not furnish the rails, the locomotives, and a large part of the freight to be carried.

China now consumes yearly \$6,000,000 worth of American flour, and yet millions upon millions of its inhabitants do not know what flour is. The American mission is the first to enlighten them and then fulfill their needs. China also affords a market more than capable of absorbing the entire cotton crop of the South. The Chinese is naturally a buyer and seller. As a merchant he is keen and progressive. The foreign trade of China is now less than one dollar per capita. Given the same chance as Japan and Java, these figures would multiply at least to the Japanese rate of six dollars, and probably to the Javanese rate of ten dollars. With the United States securing its fair share of the increase, its Chinese trade would soon run into the hundreds of millions. Where the country has been opened, investments have thriven. The Yangtse, one of the great rivers of the world, was twenty years ago made the scene of experiment, a few boats backed by a total capital of \$500,000 being put in service. Now from Shanghai to Hankow, six hundred miles into the once forbidden interior, run finer steamers than ply between New York and Albany, while the annual foreign trade directly built up exceeds \$50,000,000. This shows what may be accomplished by taking one chance of the many the Orient will have to offer under the dawning régime.

That the United States has not secured more of a hold upon China as a market is due more to neglect than to any fault on the part of the Chinese as customers. Merchants have not made known their wares. They have, with apparent unconcern, seen going elsewhere the business that should have come to them. With the assurance of an open door, they have been seized of an energy that may make amends for the past. The suggestion that a commission be sent to China to fully investigate trade conditions and report has been well received. A further suggestion of a permanent exposition of American products to be maintained at one Oriental port at least is generally commended. Not a small part of the interest aroused has been through the comprehensive writings of such students as John Barrett, a man who has an intimate knowledge of every phase of the situation, and is keenly alive to the importance of action.

Aside from the enormous demand for American products, certain to be made as soon as the products shall be known, there is latent wealth in China. The measure of its mineral deposits is but little understood beyond the fact that it possesses great riches in iron, copper, lead, and tin. The Oriental himself would never make extensive use of these. To do so remains for the same enterprise that shall build railroads there, and, in doing so, exploit a land that has been virtually unknown. To Russia, Germany, England, France, and Japan, the United States owes a debt of gratitude. From Manchuria, where the soldiers of the Czar camp on the snowy frontier, far south to Kwang-tung, there is no place from which its capital and its effort is barred. The moribund Chinese Government has lost its potency to check the advance of civilization from the west, and in the van of progress America must take station.

In the matter of paying for the Dewey Arch, New York City is already getting cold feet. When it was merely a question of a lath-and-plaster arch for which sculptors gave their designs free, and which attracted hundreds of thousands of visitors and poured millions of dollars into the lap of the metropolis, that generous city gladly gave the amount required—which, metaphorically speaking, was thirty cents. She also approved of making the arch permanent and paying the sculptors for their work. But here her enthusiasm began to grow as tepid as hotel soup. The sum required is estimated at one million dollars. Of this amount New York City has raised about one dollar and thirty cents. The remainder she, in the handsomest manner, will permit the rest of the country to contribute. We have the same old gag—"The arch is not a local affair." "The whole country should take pride in it." "It is national."

Is it national? Very well. Let us make it so, then, by putting the arch—if the whole country is to pay for it—in Washington City, instead of in New York City. This is not the first time that the rash, rich, and sordid city of New

York has tried to make the whole country pay for her municipal adornment. When the French sculptor, Bartoldi, generously donated his Statue of Liberty, to be erected in the harbor of New York, that city, with incredible meanness, at first refused to pay for a pedestal upon which to put it; then she tried to work the whole country to pay for it, as she is now trying to do with the Dewey Arch. The money would never have been raised had not the *World* newspaper passed the hat around the country to pay for New York's pedestal.

By all means let the whole country raise the money for the Dewey Arch. But if the nation raises the money, let us erect the arch in the capital of the nation.

In achievements of invention and science, in betterment of the ways of living, the century just closing has witnessed more than all the long procession of centuries of which there is human knowledge. It has been marked by discoveries which a few decades before would not have been conceived in the wildest dreams. The application of steam to locomotives and ships, the development and subjugation of electric force; lucifer matches, gas, anæsthetics, the Röntgen ray; the absolute measurement of light velocity, the establishment of evolution, demonstration of the rotation of the earth—all these are to be counted among the accomplishments of genius. People have come to accept as matters of course conditions which to their grandparents would have been miracles.

A practical generation may not pause to contemplate the marvels of progress, but that which may be reduced to figures appeals to them. The prosperity to be set forth in tabular form they can appreciate. The growth of the nation in material wealth, the broadening of its prospects, are scarcely less remarkable than the result of individual effort in special fields. In these respects the year 1899 exceeded by far any that the country had known. What the present year may hold is conjectural, but as the crowning year of the century it is fitting that it should surpass the record even of 1899. That it may do so is not beyond belief.

In 1899 the exports of domestic products amounted to \$1,252,500,000. The exports and imports together for the first time were more than two billions of dollars in value. The exports of manufactures reached a total of \$376,000,000, a gain of \$68,000,000 over the year previous. This country raised on the broad acres of its Middle West almost two and a half billion bushels of corn, 547,000,000 bushels of wheat, while its South yielded 9,000,000 bales of cotton. In the product of gold it broke the record. From its coal mines came 47,250,000 tons of anthracite and 197,000,000 tons of the bituminous article. Its iron interests were augmented in a similar fashion, the furnaces keeping up for the year a daily average of 295,000 tons of pig-iron, with both crude iron and steel worth twice the price formerly received. The United States produces four times as much iron as ten years ago, and imports but a fourth of the quantity that then came from abroad. Bank-clearings were \$93,000,000,000, a sum of which the mind has difficulty in getting grasp, and yet which all must know indicates an aggregate of business colossal in magnitude.

New corporations sprang up beyond the possibility of counting. Some of them were based upon imaginary values, but that they could be launched showed at once an abundance of ready capital and a boundless confidence. Fifty corporations having their head-quarters in New York declared during 1899 their first dividends, and in many instances these represented a substantial return upon the sums invested. One of the signal triumphs of the year was the confining to Wall Street of the effects of a flurry there. In times past such a flurry might have meant a panic spreading from coast to coast. The sole result in this case was the squeezing of the water from certain stocks that had been held at fictitious and even ridiculous quotations by the sheer strength of speculative nerve. When the crash came it injured nobody but the speculators, and as they had tempted fate there was not much pity extended them. The people of the country congratulated themselves that they were not at the mercy of Wall Street, and, undisturbed, went on with their legitimate business, not fearful of putting money into enterprises nor afraid of stocks based upon substantial values, as all stocks should be. A land so infinite in resource, so rich in every element of growth, does not have to be in awe of the money centre. This shows that a new order of things has arisen, and it augurs well.

In considering the year 1899, the year that so surpassed 1890, which had been regarded as the standard of what might be done in four seasons of uninterrupted prosperity, it is viewed in relation alone to the people of the United States. The commercial instinct is no stronger with Americans than with other folk. That this is a race of shopkeepers is an aspersion. Nevertheless, that the land should give freely of its increase, that the mines should be worked to their full, and the sound of the clamorous mill be un-

ceasing, is of interest to those in all walks of life. Poverty ill becomes a nation. Unless independent and equipped to fight for its share of the world's trade, it can not in any respect, particularly as to culture and the arts, be at its best. It is a source of satisfaction to know that trains well laden are steaming across the country with products destined for a liberal market. One takes pride in thinking of American bottoms plowing the sea, of American workmen commanding good wages, of capital increasing, of comforts being placed within the reach of every toiler.

The year 1899 will long be remembered, for in truth it was a wonderful year. It saw the United States reach a high station commercially, saw its awakening to possibilities, saw industry rewarded, and high hopes realized.

If a census fail to set forth with accuracy the information designed to be conveyed, it falls so far short of its purpose that it might as well not be taken. There is a great desire that the forthcoming census shall be as nearly perfect as possible, reliable, and complete. It can not be this without much improvement over the census of 1890. That that enumeration was lacking in many essential details is generally understood. It represented in part an attempt to gather certain information not of wide value, and this endeavor took the form of questions so objectionable as often to be met either by refusal to answer or by misleading statements. Many self-respecting persons would decline to reply to such interrogatories as these: "Whether suffering from any acute or chronic disease, and the length of time afflicted?" "Whether defective in mind, sight, hearing, or speech, or whether crippled, maimed, or deformed, with name of defects; whether prisoner, convict, homeless child, or pauper?"

Doubtless, correct answers to all this would have resulted in a fund of information useful to specialists, but such information can as well be obtained from the records of asylums and penal institutions. That the propounding of the list should have been deemed an impertinence is no marvel. Happily, these and similar questions have been eliminated, and agents of the census bureau will ask nothing that might not be freely answered in public. Thus one defect of the 1890 plan disappears.

In relation to economic conditions, industrial progress, population, and the demand per capita for products, the census should be both exhaustive and absolutely correct. By showing the national demand, the possibilities of consumption, it would serve as a guide to the farmer, the producer, and the manufacturer. It would point out to capital the way to safe investment. It would make clear the status of development, and indicate the limitations. That a nation should know itself, is as strikingly true as that an individual should make a study of his own traits and needs. The census is national self-study. The status of the people at the end of the century, in all that pertains to industrial pursuits, ought to be thoroughly understood and made clear, not only for the instruction of the private citizen, but for the enlightenment of legislators, and an object-lesson to other countries that have just learned to look upon the United States as a rival in the world of commerce.

To withhold any part of the money that is demanded to cover the expense involved would be a mistake. Some special branches of research might be, without ill results, neglected, but as to every phase of the industrial situation and to population, the bureau ought to be free from any hampering through lack of funds. Population is an important branch of the statistical scheme. The increase, the nature of the increase, its distribution, and the causes of it, are all worthy the most precise tabulation. That in respect of this large detail the census of 1890 was defective has been proved. Now the millions resident in this country are so variously estimated that one conjecture seems about as good as another. According to the latest enumeration there were 62,622,250. There was a recent series of estimates by the governors of the various States resulting in a presumed total of 77,803,231. The official statistician estimated the population August 1, 1899, to be 76,285,000, and for the present year 77,675,000. Perhaps these are no more than intelligent guesses, and yet by attention to the law of averages some estimates in the past have been wonderfully close. One series printed before 1820 was so remarkable that it has been preserved. It was compiled by Elkanah Watson for the entire century, and until after the war, which could not have been foretold, and which played havoc with the law of averages, was so near the truth as to seem prophetic. Comparative figures for five decades follow:

Year.	Watson's Estimate.	Census.
1820.....	9,625,734	9,633,322
1830.....	12,833,645	12,866,020
1840.....	17,116,526	17,669,453
1850.....	23,185,368	23,191,876
1860.....	31,753,824	31,443,321

But after the Civil War the figures went astray. The Watson estimate for 1890 was 14,000,000 too great, while he set down for 1900 the enormous total of 100,235,985.



which will not be realized even by counting the new-made Americans of the southern seas. Probably the official statistician has not reduced the law of averages to the precise science it had become under the study of Watson. This point is but one of many to be determined only by the count, and, naturally, the desire that the count be fair and true is general.

In accordance with the custom pursued for a number of years, the *Argonaut* presents a review of the deaths, births, marriages, and divorces in this city during the year just ended. The deaths for the year fall somewhat short of the number for 1898, but are considerably above the average for the eight years before that. The births show a decided falling off, while marriages and divorces both show an increase. On the basis of a population of 325,000, there were 210 deaths, 151 births, 100 couples married, and 24 couples divorced during the year in each 10,000 of the population. It is probable that, in spite of the efforts of the board of health, the number of births reported is still considerably below the actual figure, and were the statistics complete they would be found to about balance the deaths. The ratio of marriages to divorces indicates that, as a whole, the people of this city do not regard marriage as a failure.

Considering the figures more in detail, the deaths during the year numbered 6,841, a decrease of 147 compared with 1898, and an increase of 688 compared with 1897. The average number of deaths for the eight years ending with 1898 was 6,258, or 583 less than the number last year. The most fatal month of the year was January, with February, March, and December following in the order named. June, August, and September have the smallest number of deaths, with July and May following. In other words, the highest number is reached in the winter months, and a general reduction in summer. While this mortality curve results in a general way from the colder weather of winter making a greater drain upon the vitality, it is difficult to find any connection between the temperature and the deaths during the various months. Thus the average daily temperature for January was one degree higher than for February, and nearly the same as for March and May. The extreme range was 20 degrees for January, 30 degrees for February, 16 degrees for March, and 17 degrees for May. The extreme daily range for January was 22 degrees, and the average was 10 degrees; for February the extreme was 25 and the average 12.7; for March the extreme was 25 and the average 10.2; for May the extreme was 28 and the average was 11.4. If there is anything in the theory that it is the sudden and extreme changes in temperature that render the climate of San Francisco so trying to the health of residents, January should have the smallest number of deaths of any of the four months compared. Yet January had nearly 100 more deaths than February, 103 more than March, and 223 more than May. April and October had the most extreme ranges of temperature, yet the deaths during each numbered considerably less than the monthly average.

The deaths from violence numbered 487, a decrease of 13, as compared with the year before, but an increase over preceding years. The casualties numbered 281, as against 312 for 1898; the homicides numbered 40, as against 35; the suicides 166, as against 153. During a period of prosperity fewer lives of others were taken, but more, through despondency from various causes, took their own lives. The record of suicides, which can be read this year for the first time because of the improved records of the health department under Mr. Griffin's management, is interesting. Firearms head the list with 46 victims, 26 hanged themselves, 21 chose carbolic acid, 20 were asphyxiated by gas, 12 used morphine, and the other 41 used cutting instruments or poison. The large number attributed to fire-arms and hanging—one-half of the total number—would suggest that opportunity seconded a momentary impulse. Considered by months, January, which had the greatest number of deaths, leads the list, February was second, but May, which was eighth in the list of deaths, is third in the number of suicides. April had the smallest number, and November comes next.

The number of marriages exceeded those of the two previous years, being 3,251 as against 3,103 and 3,044, but was 19 less than the average since 1890. October, June, and December were the three favorite months last year, in the order named, and this order is maintained by the monthly averages since 1890. January, February, and March seem to be little favored by those seeking matrimony. While the marriages were numerous, the divorces of the year were even more plentiful. There were 784 divorces, as against 634 for each of the two preceding years and 590 for 1896.

The births of the year numbered 4,913. As has been said, this fails to represent the total number, but it serves as a basis of comparison with the equally incomplete figures of former years. In 1898 the births numbered 5,136; in 1897 they were 5,612. The indication, therefore, is that the num-

ber dropped off considerably last year. November, April, and June had the largest number of births in the order named, and February, May, and December the smallest number.

At the present time, when the agreement at The Hague concerning mediation and arbitration is before the Senate for ratification, the translation of the last volume of M. Bloch's work on "The Future of War" is peculiarly timely. That agreement has correctly been called the first official promulgation of international law on these topics. Certain of the principles contained in it have been recognized in treaties between individual nations, others have been enunciated by writers on international law, and have been acted upon in individual cases, but here for the first time all the nations of the earth have entered into a formal agreement to declare these principles and to abide by them. It is generally accepted that this agreement grew out of the publication of M. Bloch's work published in Russia two years ago, and more lately in Germany and France. The original work was in six large volumes; the English translation is of the last volume only, presenting the conclusions. M. Bloch was a banker in Warsaw, but retired several years ago, and has devoted eight years to exhaustive study of this subject. He approaches it as a political economist rather than as a military man, though he has studied and presents the latter side also.

It is, of course, impossible to review here the mass of facts, statistics, and diagrams with which he backs up his conclusion. Suffice it to say that his thesis is that war between the great powers in the future is impossible. He has the countries of Europe in view, but his arguments apply with almost equal force to the United States. This idea of the impossibility of war is not a new one; M. Bloch's contribution is the mass of evidence he presents to justify his faith. Under modern conditions, he claims, war is impossible from a military, an economic, or a political point of view. The development of mechanism has rendered any decisive result impossible—both contestants would be annihilated. The dimensions of modern armaments and the organization of society render it an economic impossibility. The certainty of annihilation would render war a political suicide. Each of these three propositions may be considered separately.

The invention of the magazine rifle was the beginning of the end of war. The modern rifle is not only more rapid but it has greater precision and wider range. It has a range of from three to four miles, and this increases its effectiveness immensely. In the last great war it was necessary to sight the rifle high so that it had no effectiveness between the muzzle and the point where it approached the ground again; the modern rifle missile proceeds at the same distance from the ground for more than a mile, and will kill or wound any living thing it strikes in its course. At a near range it will go through a file of soldiers. The rifle of tomorrow will be forty times as effective as the Chassepot of the Franco-Prussian War. With this rifle a soldier can carry five hundred and seventy-five cartridges where he carried only eighty-four with the old style.

The invention of smokeless powder is equally important. It demolishes the screen behind which human beings have fought and died. Every soldier in the fighting-line will see with frightful distinctness the havoc being made in the ranks by the shot and shell of the enemy, causing an immense strain upon the nerve and morale of the army. An army on the march, without hearing anything, will be apprised of the proximity of the enemy by seeing men drop, killed and wounded. There will be nothing along the whole line of the horizon to show whence the death-dealing missiles come.

The artillery branch of the service has made even greater advance. The French gun of to-day is one hundred and sixteen times as effective as that in use twenty years ago against the Germans. By the use of range-finders a great saving in time and in ammunition has been effected. While the range has increased, the explosive power of the projectiles has enormously developed. It is estimated that if a force of ten thousand men, advancing to an attack, had to traverse a distance of one and one-half miles under the fire of a single battery, the bursting of shells thrown by that battery would scatter two hundred and seventy-five thousand bullets in fragments over the line of advance.

The economic difficulties are not less serious. Could the people left behind supply the men at the front with the necessities of life? The mobilization of European armies would decimate the productive force of the nation. Industry would be disorganized, and would require time to adjust itself to the changed conditions. Even then it is doubtful whether it would be equal to the task. With the exception of Russia and Austria, every nation in Europe is absolutely dependent upon imports for its beef and bread. Germany at present is able to produce enough food to support its population for three months in the year; for the other nine months it depends upon imports from other countries. It would be far

more dependent were the army placed upon a war footing. Blockades of ports would cause intense suffering and discontent among the people.

Even assuming that it would be possible to secure sufficient supplies from abroad, how would they be paid for. To feed the modern armies of Europe on a war footing would cost twenty millions of dollars a day. During one year it would cost nearly one billion dollars more than the total cost of all the wars in Europe from Waterloo to the present day. Where would the money come from? Credit would be shaken and bonds would not be purchased in sufficient amounts. Forced loans could be resorted to, but that would raise prices and increase the expense. The question of distribution would also enter. It might be possible, assuming that the food was obtained, to send it to the front, for the government would utilize all lines of transportation. But the people who remained at home could not be cared for. The transportation service would be disorganized by the withdrawal of men to the front, and in its crippled condition it would be barely equal to the military demands. With indecisive battles the war would be a question, not of months, but of years. There would be a multiplication of expenditure with a simultaneous diminution of the sources by which that expenditure could be met. "The future of war is not fighting, but famine."

That war is expensive is a fact which has been amply proved in these latter days. That it has grown and is growing more and more an expensive luxury may be also unquestioned.

The days are far past when a feudal lord could muster his retainers at scarcely no cost to himself, march across the border, and harry an enemy's country while his ragged followers lived as they could by loot and plunder. To-day, armies must be expensively paid, fed, equipped, and transported. Figures expressing this were given in these columns last week in outlining the enormous expense of our own government in maintaining the army which is now operating mainly in the Philippines. It will serve to emphasize the statement to recall that the appropriations of the last Congress reached the stupendous aggregate of more than a billion and a half of dollars, and that nearly half a billion, or one-third of the amount, was directly chargeable to the short war with Spain. English operations against the Transvaal have been in progress less than three months, but the cost has already exceeded fifty millions of dollars.

The expenses of war can not be predetermined or cut off immediately upon the signing of a treaty of peace. Our late experience has fully demonstrated that. But there are limits in some directions which can and should be set to the swelling tide of expenditure by those who direct our policies. Our treaty of peace with Spain when ratified became equal to a law of the land, and its terms must be conscientiously carried out on our part. There can never be a doubt that the United States was sufficiently liberal in making those terms with a prostrate foe. Notwithstanding that the enormous cost to which this nation was put was caused by the outrages of Spain upon a neighboring island to which we owed nothing more than a moral duty, we agreed at the close of the war to pay to Spain twenty millions of dollars for her title to the Philippines, and we agreed at our own cost to send back to their own country her captured army in Cuba and the Spaniards who were prisoners in the hands of the Filipinos. All or nearly all of that work has been accomplished. Now we learn that in the generosity of its heart the administration contemplates such a construction of the terms of the Paris treaty as will cover a proposition to send back to Spain all Spanish civil officers, with their families, who desire to go.

In our opinion, such action would be an unwarrantable enlargement of the incidental expense of the late war. It would be unjustifiable upon any ground, whether moral, financial, or legal. Morally we have done our duty, and our whole duty, when the exact terms of the treaty are complied with. Financially it would be a burden our tax-payers do not deserve to have added to their present load. The limit of expense to carry it out can not be foreseen. Such a construction must apply equally to the Spaniards of Cuba and those of the Philippines, and no man can foresee what hordes of putative officials, by quibbles and technicalities, would crop up with their families and demand a free passage to their native land. Besides the question of expense, it may well be doubted whether the administration has legal authority to use public funds for the purpose indicated. The money is the money of the people, and must be expended only upon the authorization of the people through their representatives in Congress. It is not a strictly military expense, nor a military necessity within the justifiable limits of the President's right to expend the fund which Congress placed in his hands to prosecute the war. It would simply be a gratuity added to our already unequalled national generosity toward a vanquished foe.



## AN INVISIBLE DEMON.

The Fantastic Coinage of an Opium-Eater's Brain.

It is, I confess, with considerable reluctance that I approach the strange narrative which I am about to relate. The events which I purpose detailing are of so extraordinary a character that I am quite prepared to meet with an unusual amount of incredulity and scorn. I accept all such beforehand.

I live on a quiet street in New York. The house is in some respects a curious one. It has enjoyed for the last two years the reputation of being haunted. It is a large and stately residence, surrounded by what was once a garden, but which is now only a green inclosure used for bleaching clothes. The dry basin of what has been a fountain, and a few fruit-trees, ragged and unpruned, indicate that this spot in past days was a pleasant, shady retreat, filled with fruits, and flowers, and the sweet murmur of waters.

The house is very spacious. A hall of noble size leads to a large spiral staircase, winding through its centre, while the various apartments are of imposing dimensions. It was built some fifteen or twenty years since, by a well-known New York merchant, who, five years ago, threw the commercial world into convulsions by a stupendous bank fraud. He escaped to Europe, and died not long after of a broken heart. Almost immediately after the news of his decease reached this country and was verified, the report spread in the neighborhood that the house was haunted. Legal measures had dispossessed the widow of its former owner, and it was inhabited merely by a care-taker and his wife, placed there by the house-agent into whose hands it had passed for purposes of renting or sale. These people declared that they were troubled with unnatural noises. Doors were opened without any visible agency. The remnants of furniture scattered through the various rooms were, during the night, piled one upon the other by unknown hands. Invisible feet passed up and down the stairs in broad daylight, accompanied by the rustle of unseen silk dresses and the gliding of viewless hands along the massive balusters. The care-taker and his wife declared they would live there no longer. The house-agent laughed, dismissed them, and put others in their place. The noises and supernatural manifestations continued. The neighborhood caught up the story, and the house remained untenanted for three years. Several persons negotiated for it; but somehow always before the bargain was closed they heard the unpleasant rumors, and declined to treat any further.

It was in this state of things that our landlady, who wished to remove further up-town, conceived the bold idea of renting this house. Happening to have rather a plucky and philosophical set of boarders, she laid her scheme before us, stating candidly everything she had heard respecting the ghostly qualities of the establishment to which she wished to remove us. With the exception of two timid persons—a sea captain and a returned Californian, who immediately gave notice that they would leave—all of Mrs. Moffat's guests declared that they would accompany her in her chivalric incursion into the abode of spirits.

Of course we had no sooner established ourselves than we began to expect the ghosts. We absolutely awaited their advent with eagerness. Our dinner conversation was supernatural. One of the boarders, who had purchased Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature" for his own private delectation, was regarded as a public enemy by the entire household for not having bought twenty copies. The man led a life of supreme wretchedness while he was reading this volume. A system of espionage was established of which he was the victim. If he incautiously laid the book down an instant and left the room, it was immediately seized and read aloud to a select few. I found myself a person of immense importance, it having leaked out that I was tolerably well versed in the history of supernaturalism, and had once written a story the foundation of which was a ghost. If a table or a wainscot panel happened to warp when we were assembled in the large drawing-room, there was an instant silence, and every one was prepared for an immediate clanking of chains and a spectral form.

Things were in this state when an incident took place so awful and inexplicable in its character that my reason fairly reels at the bare memory of the occurrence. It was the tenth of July. After dinner was over I repaired, with my friend Dr. Hammond, to my rooms to take our evening pipe. Independent of certain mental sympathies which existed between the doctor and myself, we were linked together by a vice—we both smoked opium. We knew each other's secret and respected it. We enjoyed together that wonderful expansion of thought, that marvelous intensifying of the perceptive faculties, that boundless feeling of existence when one seems to have points of contact with the whole universe—in short, that unimaginable spiritual bliss which I would not surrender for a throne, and which I hope you, reader, will never, never taste.

Those hours of opium happiness which the doctor and I spent together in secret were regulated with a scientific accuracy. We did not blindly smoke the drug of paradise, and leave our dreams to chance. While smoking, we carefully steered our conversation through the brightest and calmest channels of thought. We talked of the East, and endeavored to recall the magical panorama of its glowing scenery. We criticised the most sensuous poets—those who painted life ruddy with health, brimming with passion, happy in the possession of youth, and strength, and beauty. If we talked of Shakespeare's "Tempest," we lingered over Ariel, and avoided Caliban.

This skillful coloring of our train of thought produced in our subsequent visions a corresponding tone. The splendors of Arabian fairy-land dyed our dreams. Houses, walls, and streets melted like rain-clouds, and vistas of unimaginable glory stretched away before us. It was a rapturous companionship. We enjoyed the vast delight more perfectly because, even in our most ecstatic moments, we were

conscious of each other's presence. Our pleasures, while individual, were still twin, vibrating and moving in musical accord.

On the evening in question, the tenth of July, the doctor and myself drifted into an unusually metaphysical mood. We prepared and lit our pipes, filled with the little bubble of opium that, like the nut in the fairy tale, held within its narrow limits wonders beyond the reach of kings. But a strange perversity dominated the currents of our thoughts. They would not flow through the sun-lit channels into which we strove to divert them. Insensibly we yielded to the occult force that swayed us, and indulged in gloomy speculation. We had talked some time upon the proneness of the human mind to mysticism, and the almost universal love of the terrible, when Hammond suddenly said to me: "What do you consider to be the greatest element of terror?"

The question puzzled me. That many things were terrible, I knew. Stumbling over a corpse in the dark; beholding, as I once did, a woman floating down a deep and rapid river, with wildly lifted arms, and awful, upturned face, uttering, as she drifted, shrieks that rent one's heart, while we, the spectators, stood frozen at a window which overhung the river at a height of sixty feet, unable to make the slightest effort to save her, but dumbly watching her last supreme agony and her disappearance. A shattered wreck, with no life visible, encountered floating listlessly on the ocean, is a terrible object, for it suggests a huge terror, the proportions of which are veiled. But it now struck me for the first time that there must be one great and ruling embodiment of fear—a King of Terrors to which all others must succumb. To what train of circumstances would it owe its existence?

"I confess, Hammond," I replied to my friend, "I never considered the subject before. That there must be one—something more terrible than any other thing, I feel. I can not attempt, however, even the most vague definition."

"I am somewhat like you, Harry," he answered. "I feel my capacity to experience a terror greater than anything yet conceived by the human mind—something combining in fearful and unnatural amalgamation hitherto supposed incompatible elements. The calling of the voices in Brockden Brown's novel of 'Wieland' is awful; so is the picture of the Dweller of the Threshold, in Bulwer's 'Zanoni'; but," he added, shaking his head gloomily, "there is something more horrible than these."

"Look here, Hammond," I rejoined, "let us drop this kind of talk, for heaven's sake. We shall suffer for it, depend upon it."

"Well, good-night, Harry. Pleasant dreams to you."

"To you, gloomy wretch, afreets, ghouls, and enchanters."

We parted, and each sought his respective chamber. I undressed quickly and got into bed, taking with me, according to my usual custom, a book, over which I generally read myself to sleep. I opened the volume as soon as I had laid my head upon the pillow, and instantly flung it to the other side of the room. It was Goudon's "History of Monsters," a curious French work, which I had lately received from Paris, but which, in the state of mind I had then reached, was anything but an agreeable companion. I resolved to go to sleep at once; so turning down my gas until nothing but a little blue point of light glimmered on the top of the tube, I composed myself to rest.

The room was in total darkness. The atom of gas that still remained alight did not illuminate a distance of three inches around the burner. I desperately drew my arm across my eyes, as if to shut out even the darkness, and tried to think of nothing. It was in vain. The themes touched on by Hammond kept obtruding themselves on my brain. I battled against them. I erected ramparts of would-be blankness of intellect to keep them out. They still crowded upon me. While I was lying still as a corpse, hoping that by a perfect physical inaction I should hasten mental repose, an awful incident occurred. A Something dropped, as it seemed, from the ceiling upon my chest, and the next instant I felt two bony hands encircling my throat endeavoring to choke me.

I am no coward, and am possessed of considerable physical strength. The suddenness of the attack, instead of stunning me, strung every nerve to its highest tension. My body acted upon instinct before my brain had time to realize the terrors of my position. In an instant I wound two muscular arms around the creature, and squeezed it, with all the strength of despair, against my chest. In a few seconds the bony hands that had fastened on my throat loosened their hold, and I was free to breathe once more. Then commenced a struggle of awful intensity. Immersed in the most profound darkness, totally ignorant of the nature of the Thing by which I was so suddenly attacked, finding my grasp slipping every moment, by reason, it seemed to me, of the entire nakedness of my assailant, bitten with sharp teeth in the shoulder, neck, and chest, having every moment to protect my throat against a pair of sinewy, agile hands, which my utmost efforts could not confine—these were a combination of circumstances to combat which required all the strength, skill, and courage that I possessed.

At last, after a silent, deadly, exhausting struggle, I got my assailant under by a series of incredible efforts of strength. Once pinned, with my knee on what I made out to be its chest, I knew that I was victor. I rested for a moment to breathe. I heard the creature beneath me panting in the darkness, and felt the violent throbbing of a heart. It was apparently as exhausted as I was; that was one comfort. At this moment I remembered that I usually placed under my pillow, before going to bed, a large, yellow, silk pocket-handkerchief. I felt for it instantly; it was there. In a few seconds more I had, after a fashion, pinioned the creature's arms.

I now felt tolerably secure. There was nothing more to be done but to turn on the gas, and having first seen what my midnight assailant was like, arouse the household. I will confess to being actuated by a certain pride in not giving the alarm before; I wished to make the capture alone and unaided.

Never losing my hold for an instant, I slipped from the

hed to the floor, dragging my captive with me. I had but a few steps to reach the gas-burner; these I made with the greatest caution, holding the creature in a grip like a vise. At last I got within arm's length of the tiny speck of blue light which told me where the gas-burner was. Quick as lightning I released my grasp with one hand, and let on the full flood of light. Then I turned to look at my captive.

I can not even attempt to give any definition of my sensations the instant after I turned on the gas. I suppose I must have shrieked with terror, for in less than a minute afterward my room was crowded with the inmates of the house. I shudder now as I think of that awful moment.

*I saw nothing!*

Yes; I had one arm firmly clasped round a breathing, panting, corporeal shape; my other hand gripped with all its strength a throat as apparently fleshy as my own; and yet, with this living substance in my grasp, with its body pressed against my own, and in all the bright glare of gas, I absolutely beheld nothing. Not even an outline—a vapor.

It breathed. I felt its breath upon my cheek. It struggled fiercely. It had hands. They clutched me. Its skin was smooth, like my own. There it lay, pressed close up against me, solid as stone, and yet utterly invisible.

Just then Hammond entered my room at the head of the household. As soon as he beheld my face—which, I suppose, must have been an awful sight to look at—he hastened forward, crying: "Great heavens, Harry, what has happened?"

"Hammond! Hammond!" I cried, "come here. Oh, this is awful. I have been attacked in bed by something or other, which I have hold of; but I can't see it; I can't see it!"

Hammond, doubtless struck by the horror expressed in my countenance, made one or two steps forward with an anxious yet puzzled expression. A very audible titter burst from the remainder of my visitors. This suppressed laughter made me furious. So great was my rage against the mocking crowd that had I the power I would have stricken them dead where they stood.

"Hammond! Hammond!" I cried again, despairingly, "for God's sake come to me. I can hold the Thing but a short while longer. It is overpowering me. Help me! help me!"

"Harry," whispered Hammond, approaching me, "you have been smoking too much opium."

"I swear to you, Hammond, that this is no vision," I answered, in the same low tone. "Don't you see how it shakes my whole frame with its struggles? If you don't believe me, convince yourself. Feel it; touch it!"

Hammond advanced, and laid his hand on the spot I indicated. A wild cry of horror burst from him. He had felt it!

In a moment he had discovered somewhere in my room a long piece of cord, and was the next instant winding it and knotting it about the body of the unseen being that I clasped in my arms.

"Harry," he said, in a hoarse voice—for though he preserved his presence of mind, he was deeply agitated—"Harry, it's all safe now; you may let go if you are tired. The Thing can't move."

I was utterly exhausted, and I gladly loosed my hold. Hammond stood holding the ends of the cord that bound the Invisible, twisted around his hand, while before him, self-supporting, as it were, was a rope laced and interlaced, and stretching tightly around a vacant space.

The confusion which ensued among the guests of the house who were witnesses of this extraordinary scene between Hammond and myself—who beheld the pantomime of hindering this struggling Something—who beheld me almost sinking from physical exhaustion when my task of jailor was over—the confusion and terror that took possession of the by-standers when they saw all this beyond description. The weaker ones fled from the apartment. The few who remained clustered near the door, and could not be induced to approach Hammond and his charge. Still incredulity broke out through their terror. They had not the courage to satisfy themselves, and yet they doubted. I gave a sign to Hammond, and both of us—conquering our fearful repugnance to touch the invisible creature—lifted it from the ground, manacled as it was, and took it to my bed. Its weight was about that of a boy of fourteen.

"Now, my friends," I said, as Hammond and myself held the creature suspended over the bed, "I can give you self-evident proof that here is a solid, ponderable body, which, nevertheless, you can not see. Be good enough to watch the surface of the bed attentively."

The eyes of the by-standers were immediately fixed on the bed. At a given signal Hammond and I let the creature fall. There was a dull sound, as of a heavy body alighting on a soft mass. The bed creaked. A deep impression marked itself distinctly on the pillow, and on the bed itself. The crowd who witnessed this gave a low cry, and rushed from the room. Hammond and I were alone with our mystery.

We remained silent for some time, listening to the low, irregular breathing of the creature on the bed, and watching the rustle of the bed-clothes as it impotently struggled to free itself from confinement. Then Hammond spoke:

"Let us reason a little, Harry. Here is a solid body which we touch, but which we can not see. The fact is so unusual that it strikes us with terror. Is there no parallel, though, for such a phenomenon? Take a piece of pure glass. It is tangible and transparent. A certain chemical coarseness is all that prevents its being so entirely transparent as to be totally invisible. It is not *theoretically impossible*, mind you, to make a glass so pure and homogeneous in its atoms that the rays from the sun will pass through it as they do through the air, refracted but not reflected. We do not see the air, and yet we feel it."

"That's all very well, Hammond, but these are inanimate substances. Glass does not breathe; air does not breathe. *This* thing has a heart that palpitates—a will that moves its lungs that play, and inspire and respire."



Hammond shook his head and was silent. We watched together, smoking many pipes, all night long by the bedside of the unearthly being that tossed and panted until it was apparently wearied out. Then we learned by the low, regular breathing that it slept.

The next morning the house was all astir. The boarders congregated on the landing outside my room, and Hammond and myself were lions. We had to answer a thousand questions as to the state of our extraordinary prisoner, for as yet not one person in the house except ourselves could be induced to set foot in the apartment.

The creature was awake. This was evidenced by the convulsive manner in which the bed-clothes were moved in its efforts to escape. There was something truly terrible in beholding, as it were, these struggles for liberty which yet were invisible.

Hammond and myself had racked our brains during the long night to discover some means by which we might realize the shape and general appearance of the Enigma. As well as we could make out, by passing our hands over the creature's form, its outlines and lineaments were human. There was a mouth; a round, smooth head without hair; a nose which, however, was little elevated above the cheeks; and its hands and feet felt like those of a boy. At first we thought of placing the being on a smooth surface and tracing its outline with chalk, as shoemakers trace the outline of the foot. This plan was given up as of no value. Such an outline would not give the slightest idea of its conformation.

A happy thought struck me. We would take a cast of it in plaster. This would give us the solid figure, and satisfy all our wishes. But how to do it? The movements of the creature would disturb the setting of the plastic covering, and distort the mold. Another thought. Why not give it chloroform? It had respiratory organs—that was evident by its breathing. Once reduced to a state of insensibility, we could do with it what we would. A doctor was sent for, and after the physician had recovered from the first shock of amazement he proceeded to administer the chloroform. In three minutes afterward we were enabled to remove the fetters from the creature's body, and a modeler was busily engaged in covering the invisible form with the moist clay. In five minutes more we had a mold, and before evening a rough fac-simile of the mystery. It was shaped like a man—distorted, uncouth, and horrible, but still a man. It was small, not over four feet and some inches in height, and its limbs revealed a muscular development that was unparalleled. Its face surpassed in hideousness anything I had ever seen. Gustave Doré never conceived anything so horrible. It was the physiognomy of what I should fancy a goblin might be. It looked as if it was capable of feeding on human flesh.

Having satisfied our curiosity, and bound every one in the house to secrecy, it became a question what was to be done with our Enigma? It was impossible that we should keep such a horror in the house; it was equally impossible that such an awful being should be let loose upon the world. I confess that I would have gladly voted for the creature's destruction. But who would shoulder the responsibility? Who would undertake the execution of this horrible semblance of a human being?

The most singular part of the affair was that we were entirely ignorant of what the creature habitually fed on. Everything in the way of nutriment that we could think of was placed before it, but was never touched. It was awful to stand by, day after day, and see the clothes toss, and hear the hard breathing, and know that it was dying.

Ten, twelve days, a fortnight passed, and it still lived. The pulsations of the heart, however, were daily growing fainter, and bad now nearly ceased. It was evident that the creature was dying for want of sustenance. While this terrible life struggle was going on I felt miserable. I could not sleep. Horrible as the creature was, it was pitiful to think of the pangs it was suffering.

At last it died. Hammond and I found it cold and stiff one morning in the bed. The heart had ceased to beat, the lungs to inspire. We hastened to bury it in the garden. It was a strange funeral, the dropping of that viewless corpse into the damp hole. The cast of its form Hammond has still.

As I am on the eve of a long journey, from which I may not return, I have drawn up this narrative of an event the most singular that has ever come to my knowledge.—*Fitz-James O'Brien.*

The latest propaganda of the anti-treaters has its headquarters in Baltimore, where an "Anti-Treat Circle," with a president, officers, and twenty-eight members, has been formed. Its object is, of course, to break up treating. The members meet at their hall once a week, but no one ever dares to say, "Have one with me," for, if he should, he would be penalized with a fine of twenty-five cents for each treat. Some idea of the reasons which led to the formation of this circle may be gained from this lucid statement of one of the members, who draws a picture whose fidelity to the truth will be recognized from Maine to Manila: "You and I go into a saloon with the intention of having one drink—perhaps two. We meet eight or ten friends who insist upon our joining them. We do so. Then you and I reciprocate. Finally, every man in the crowd insists on everybody else having 'one with him.' The consequence is that each man takes eight or ten drinks of whisky or beer, and after the bout is over there is not one hut would have preferred a halt at the first drink. This custom, repeated several times a day, year in and year out, will ruin a man physically and financially."

In France's navy there are 45 admirals to 1,760 officers and 41,536 men. In the army there are 330 generals to 21,488 officers and 540,000 men, while the marines have 17 generals to 2,105 officers and 52,305 men. The marines complain of the inequality in the proportion of generals, they having but one to about 124 officers, while the army has one to 65.

## WINTER GOLF.

A Golf Chat from an Argonaut Correspondent in Florida—Championship Tournaments in the South—Why Not in California?

In St. Augustine golf reigns supreme. True, there is bicycling and there is driving. But carriages and wheels alike seem to be used merely as ferry-boats to transport the people to the links and back again. Everybody goes to the links, both morning and afternoon—or evening, rather, as they say in the South for any time between twelve o'clock and dusk.

The first golf club to be established in St. Augustine was formed in the spring of 1895, and since that time interest in the game has increased with rapid strides. In fact, all through the "American Riviera," as the Florida peninsula has been playfully dubbed, winter golf for the last year or so has proved a drawing-card. The golf season in the North closed this year with the holiday tournament at Lakewood, N. J., and since then golfers from all points have been making their way South. Coincident with this closing tournament at Lakewood—where the thermometer stood far below the freezing point and a biting wind chilled the players to the marrow—the golfing season in St. Augustine was fairly inaugurated under balmy skies and the most agreeable atmospheric conditions. A new year's tournament was played over the picturesque links of the St. Augustine Golf Club, a well-kept, nine-hole course extending over the fenced reservation surrounding old Fort Marion in addition to the club's own large grounds across the road from the government inclosure. The course is skillfully laid out to make the best possible use of the romantic old fortifications for bunkers and hazards, one of the putting-greens being located in a corner of the moat surrounding the ancient fort, into which the player must descend by a crooked little stair to putt out. But this quaint old town can boast of still another links—that of the Florida East Coast Golf Club. These links are even better than those of the St. Augustine Golf Club, and over its course a tournament was played January 5th and 6th, in which some of the leading amateur players of America took part. It is a nine-hole turf course, over twenty-four hundred yards from tee to finish, scientifically laid out on a well-drained marsh meadow between the Matanzas and St. Sebastian Rivers, about a mile from the centre of the city. The teeing-grounds and putting-greens are made of clay packed down and rolled and sprinkled over with white sand. They are kept in excellent condition, as is also the turf of the fair green, which is being constantly cut and rolled. Besides the natural bays formed by estuaries from the ocean, in which there is shallow water at high tide, a number of artificial bunkers have been constructed to add to the difficulty of the course, while the fourth tee has been placed on the top of an old *cogina* (shell-stone) tower, from which at least a one-hundred-yard drive is necessary to carry the ball to *terra-firma* over the marsh which surrounds the tower. The player may leave the tower in the same manner that he reaches it—by a bridge—but the bridge is barred to the ball.

Every day brings a fresh installment of enthusiastic golfers, for no other formalities are required to gain the privileges of this club than a day's residence at any one of the hostleries of the Florida East Coast Hotel Company (the chief of which is the far-famed Ponce de Leon), and the payment of a fee—ten dollars for the season, five dollars for a month, or two dollars for a week. Also membership in any one of the clubs entitles a player to the privileges of all the other links maintained by the same company, of which there are four, located, respectively, at Nassau, Palm Beach, Miami, and Ormond. Each links has its own club-house, with plenty of lockers and broad verandas, and a good instructor, a care-taker, and a caddie-master.

At last week's tournament here in St. Augustine Mr. W. H. Davis and Mr. A. W. Black, the green committee at Lakewood, N. J., were among the contestants for the cup. Mr. Davis is one of the leading American amateurs, as he shares with Herbert Harriman, of the Knollwood Golf Club, the present amateur champion of America, the honor of having defeated Findlay Douglass, last year's champion (and a Scotchman), in a thirty-six hole contest held at Atlantic City about the middle of last month. That Mr. Davis should be defeated in this miniature tournament in St. Augustine so soon after winning such laurels was a surprise to every one here. His opponent was Clayton Dixon, Jr., a young student of the University of Pennsylvania. But Mr. Dixon disclaimed any credit for his victory, modestly saying: "The links were new to my opponent while I am familiar with them."

Doubtless the interest in golf will remain at a high pitch here until after the annual tournaments for the championship of the South have taken place, in March. After that time the people begin to go away as rapidly as they came, for "the season" here is very short. The Ponce de Leon opens about the middle of January and closes in April. That is the time the crowd is here. Most of the golfers, while waiting for the opening of the "Ponce," have been making their headquarters at the Alcazar (pronounced *al-cas-ar*, here). This is a large and handsome hotel under the same ownership as the Ponce de Leon, though not nearly so luxurious in its appointments nor so careful in its table—which, to speak quite frankly, is pretentious but poor.

But to return to golf. During the month of March a series of six tournaments are to be played on Southern links, for each of which five cups are offered. The first event is announced to take place at Nassau on March 1st. The second, on March 8th, will be played on the Miami links, the largest in the South, the course covering seventy acres. The third event is to be at Palm Beach on the twelfth, and the fourth at Ormond on the sixteenth. The fifth and sixth events will be held on the St. Augustine links, closing with the contest for the winter championship on Monday, March 26th. The championship and runner-up

cups are especially handsome, and are well worth striving for. Arthur H. Fenn—illustrations of whose driving are given by Whigham in his book on golf as an example of good style, and who was at one time the most prominent amateur in the country—will have supervision of the St. Augustine links this winter, so that it may be safely predicted that the course will be in prime condition. Fenn and Alexander Findlay hold the record of the St. Augustine links—the hogie score, placed by them, being thirty-seven.

The introduction on these links of the new caddie system, which has been successfully adopted by several of the Eastern clubs, would probably prove a desirable innovation to players. Under the new system the caddie quarters are at some little distance from the club-house and connected with it only by a telephone. When a member desires a boy he will inform the clerk, who will thereupon telephone to the caddie-master, and on reaching the tee the player will find a boy waiting for him with a card on which is stamped the correct starting time. On finishing the same the card will be returned to the caddie-master, who will again stamp it, and the player will pay for the exact elapsed time. Such a system would be especially desirable in clubs located in large cities, for it is invariably the case that in a city, like San Francisco, for instance, the caddies are the toughest kind of boys and need the very closest supervision.

And speaking of San Francisco, there is absolutely no reason why winter golf should not draw people to the Pacific Coast for the winter months as to Florida, for there is no question as to the possibility of playing golf the year round in California. It is true, the players there are not numerous as yet, but among them the same overwhelming interest in the game prevails as among players in the East and South. In fact, when one considers how short a time it is since the first links were started in California, it is wonderful that so much interest in golf could be roused as already exists. And it will be winter golf that will draw the leading players of the country to the West as to Florida—the prospect of playing golf under clear skies while their own links are covered with snow. Let it once be known that there are good courses both in Southern California and in San Francisco and vicinity, available to the visiting golfer, and the distance will be no bar to his coming. NIBLICK.

ST. AUGUSTINE, January 12, 1900.

It is Admiral Fournier whom the French Government has charged with its mission to the Holy Land. Following on the traces of the journey made by Emperor William the Second, the French representative has been to salute Abdul Hamid in his gilded kiosk, and thence has proceeded to Jerusalem, dispensing favors on the road to convents and to religious orders, and has made a grand entry into Jerusalem, and there, accompanied by a staff and by French government officials, and "followed by seventy officers and one hundred and fifty sailors from the fleet," he has borne in triumph the French flag to the Holy Sepulchre. And now it is the turn of the Germans to make caresses if they feel so disposed (comments the Paris correspondent of the London *Sketch*). The man thus incarnating the majesty of France in the Holy Land is not insignificant, nor is he at his first diplomatic essay. Fifty-seven years old, he has passed nearly all his professional life in China and Tonquin, and has been commander-in-chief of the naval division of the extreme Orient. He has invented or perfected several scientific instruments in use in the French marine service, and has written some scientific treatises, notably on the deviations of the compass. In the diplomatic line he has been less bappy. Chosen in 1884 by the government to arrange a treaty of peace with China, he and Li Hung-Chang together produced and signed a document which simply increased the complications, and which was worth to him, on his return to France, the liveliest ralleries of the Paris press. Fournier flew into a rage, and, drawing his sword, menaced all who criticised his diplomatic exploit. This opera-bouffe attitude ended in a duel with Henri Rochefort. But all this is in the past, and Admiral Fournier to-day is at his apotheosis, figuring for the circumstance a little French emperor on pilgrimage to the Holy Shrines.

When the Boers migrated from Cape Colony to the Transvaal they were forced to clear the way by killing six thousand lions. For years the South African Boers have been hunters, and their skill with the knife is due to this daily practice in the fields and woods. But with them the killing of game has been either a matter of dollars and cents or self-protection. Their creditable work of freeing South Africa of the dreaded lions, which roamed in such numbers that life was rendered unsafe anywhere in the country, is offset by their ruthless destruction of the giraffe from Cape Colony to the Boteti River. They may have killed sixty thousand of the innocent, graceful giraffes. In the early days of South African history the giraffe was the most abundant game in the Transvaal, Matabeleland, and Orange Free State, but the creature has been killed off like our American buffalo, and the few remaining representatives of a noble race gradually driven north. For years past the giraffe has been a profitable quarry for the Boer hunters, and the animal was valued by them only because the hides were articles of commercial use. They were pot-hunted, shot down in droves, and destroyed in the greatest number possible in every direction. A good giraffe skin is worth from ten to twenty dollars in South Africa to-day, and much more in Europe.

Rome is envious of Boston's sub-way, and will start one of her own through the Quirinal hill to the slopes of the Viminal and Esquiline. The tunnel will be fifty-three feet wide, with tracks for carriages, electric cars, and foot-passengers. An electric street railroad from the Porta del Popolo to the Porta San Giovanni will pass through it. The engineers give out that it will take only seven months to build the tunnel.



## SOCIAL PILOTAGE.

New York Amused at Miss Howe's Suit against Mrs. Skinner—  
Expert Testimony from the Manager of a "Society  
Intelligence Bureau."

A decision has just been handed down in a case in the supreme court which throws an interesting light on some odd phases of metropolitan life. It is the suit brought by Miss Mary Elizabeth Howe to recover \$24,750 from Mrs. Frances Augusta Skinner for acting as companion and social guide to the latter during the past three years. That the jury in Judge Truax's court believed that Miss Howe had rendered services in the line indicated is attested by the fact that they have awarded her \$5,000. Neither plaintiff nor defendant is satisfied with the judgment, and the former has asked for a new trial on the ground that the amount awarded is inadequate. But that is neither here nor there. The main point of interest is that social pilotage has received legal recognition in this city as a trade or profession.

The yellow journals, always eager to serve up social scandals to the chambermaids and ribbon-counter clerks who delight to roll such morsels under their tongues, have made much of the suit, alleging that the litigant parties are "members of the Four Hundred," and that "society—no paste affair, but the real article, with antique ancestry and names parted in the middle"—hung breathless on the outcome of the suit, trembling at the revelations of its secret methods that might be brought out in the trial. Such statements are all tommyrot. Miss Howe is a granddaughter of the man who invented the sewing-machine, and spent her childhood in Paris. The Skinners have money enough to keep up a town-house in East Eightieth Street and a country place at Larchmont, and doubtless entertain their friends at both places. But that Miss Howe, or Mrs. Skinner, or Mrs. Elizabeth Winthrop Stevens, the "expert" on the market-value of social pilotage, is prominent in the smart set here is not to be imagined for an instant.

But there are others than members of the smart set in this big city. The people who figure in what used to be called the Four Hundred are a mere drop in the bucket of New York's population. Their names would not number over six hundred, and there are probably as many thousands of other persons who have the money and the inclination for the fashionable life, but are excluded by their lack of the knowledge of how to go about it. Some of these are determined to buy their way into the charmed circle, and their wants have given rise to the profession in which Mrs. Stevens is engaged. With their own crudities toned down by such a Turveydrop as the "society intelligence bureau" can provide, a good cook, the paid attendance of persons on the fringe of the crust of society, and judicious cultivation of the society paragraphers, they can in time make a showing, and eventually, if their money holds out, place their children in the places they wish to occupy.

It was Mrs. Stevens's testimony that was most interesting. Mrs. Skinner's husband, who is some ten years younger than his spouse, enlivened the proceedings by wearing a pretty thing in waistcoats—purple velvet, embroidered with golden *fleurs-de-lis*—and varying the airy superiority of his manner with occasional impassioned appeals to the Deity to bear witness to the fact that he had no "boarding-house friends" and other equally momentous matters. There were also some lively passages between Mrs. Skinner—who knows how to use her tongue, however deficient she may be in knowledge of the laws that rule the caste of Vere de Vere—and the fair plaintiff and her mother. But the *crux* of the whole case, so far as the general interest is concerned, lay in Mrs. Stevens.

Mrs. Stevens while on the stand was asked if her family were not highly connected. "Yes," she replied, "I am related to the late Alexander Stephens and am a descendant of the late Governor Stuyvesant," and, though she did not mention the fact, her mother was a Miss Chanler, a niece of the late John Jacob Astor. But, in spite of her high connection, Mrs. Stevens has not the wherewithal to go the pace set by those to whose society she was born, and for some years she has turned an honest penny by giving—for a consideration—to others more fortunate pecuniarily than herself the benefit of her experience. In fact, she conducts a "social intelligence bureau."

One of the jurors asked Mrs. Stevens if she had ever known of a woman employed in the capacity alleged in the present case. To this she replied in the affirmative, and then went on to tell of a certain woman who is paid one hundred and fifty dollars a month for simply going to a house once a day and ordering the meals. That this should be true is not at all surprising. It is but a step from calling in a caterer for a special dinner to having him, or her, prepare a daily menu. But some of the other offices Mrs. Stevens or her employees perform are more remarkable. To supply nurses, governesses, and companions is within the functions of an "intelligence bureau" that does not prefix "society" to its designation. But beyond this Mrs. Stevens can supply almost anything that an aspiring hostess can desire, if she have the money to pay for it, from a proper respect for the rules of grammar to a list of guests. She will hire a house, furnish it, and outfit it with servants. She will brush up a family's speech and manners. She will teach a woman how to entertain and how to act as a guest. She will lay out a social campaign, get up receptions, and even provide the guests for intimate dinners. It is doubtful if, at a pinch, she could not produce a "high contracting party" for a wedding.

From this it will be seen that Mrs. Stevens is in a position to speak with authority in such a suit as the present. In response to the questions of a juror she declared that she personally knew of cases where such services as Miss Howe is alleged to have performed were procured by payment of a fixed salary, and, being asked to name the amount of money that would, in her opinion, be the proper compensation, including "the making of peace between master and

mistress," she replied that she thought five thousand dollars a year would be about right.

This is about the rate of compensation which Miss Howe claimed, but the jury was evidently skeptical, and scaled the claim down to a lump sum of five thousand dollars. It is a victory for Miss Howe, but she is not satisfied. She thinks she should get all she claims or nothing, and, accordingly, her attorney is making every effort to have a new trial.

NEW YORK, January 9th, 1900. FLANEUR.

## BRITISH WAR VERSE.

## Confessional.

Lord God, whom we besought so late,  
Thou wouldst not suffer us forget  
Thy Name and our weak human state—  
Have patience, Lord, a little yet.

To-day no pomp of empire fills  
The wintry land: amazed and awed  
We watch Thy slowly grinding Mills  
Mete out to us our just reward.

To-day, by fœmen sore beset,  
Dismayed we draw our destined Lot.  
We prayed to Thee "Lest we forget,"  
And, even as we prayed, forgot.

With foolish, rash, vain-glorious words  
And sorry self-sufficiency  
We boasted, girding on our swords,  
As those who laid their armor by.

Wherefore the curse upon us lies  
Of warriors all unready found,  
Of braggarts blinded to despise  
Their foe before the trumpets sound.

Humbly we call upon Thy Name,  
Ere sounds once more the grim assault,  
We do confess, O Lord, with shame  
Our fault, our very grievous fault.

Give back our fathers' stern disdain  
Of idle brag and empty boast,  
So shall we stand erect again  
And face unmoved the hostile host.  
—H. H. F. in the Westminster Gazette.

## The Cry of the Broken-Hearted.

When the Day of Battle is ended,  
And the cruel suspense is past,  
When the hours of anguished waiting  
Are over, for all, at last,  
Then those who are reunited  
Will offer their praise to God—  
But the lad I have waited and longed for  
Lies voiceless, under the sod.

There were many who climbed the hill-side  
When they stormed the enemy's post,  
There was many a cheer outspringing  
For the triumph of Britain's host.  
There were many who stood, un wounded,  
Unharm'd, at the set of sun—  
But the lad I have waited and longed for,  
His day of battle was done.

Ere long—hy many a fireside  
They will tell of that gallant fight,  
They will praise, those warrior heroes,  
The power of Britain's might.  
They will speak—with awestruck voices—  
Of their comrades among the slain—  
But the lad I have waited and longed for  
Will speak to me never again.

You are dead for your queen and your country!  
You are dead in your honor and pride!  
You are dead that your brother soldiers  
Might rise with the triumph-tide!  
You have paid the price of their glory,  
As a soldier would wish to do—  
Ay! but my lad that I've longed for,  
My heart's just breaking for you!  
—Dora Tickell in the Queen.

## To Arms.

Now let the cry, "To Arms! To Arms!"  
Go ringing round the world;  
And swift a wave-wide Empire swarms  
Round battle-flag unfurled!  
Wherever glitters Britain's might,  
Or Britain's banner flies,  
Leap up mailed myriads with the light  
Of manhood in their eyes;  
Calling from farmstead, mart, and strand,  
"We come! And we! And we!  
That British steel may bold the land,  
And British keels the sea!"

From English hamlet, Irish bill,  
Welsh hearths, and Scottish byres,  
They throng to show that they are still  
Sons worthy of their sires:  
That what these did, we still can do,  
That what they were, we are.  
Whose fathers fought at Waterloo,  
And died at Trafalgar!  
Shoulder to shoulder see them stand,  
Wherever menace be,  
To guard the lordship of the land,  
And trident of the sea.

Nor in the parent Isle alone  
Spring squadrons from the ground;  
Canadian shore and Austral zone  
With kindred cry resound:  
"From shimmering plain, and snow-fed stream,  
Across the deep we come,  
Seeing the British bayonets gleam,  
Hearing the British drum.  
Foot in the stirrup, hilt in hand,  
Free men, to keep men free,  
All, all will help to hold the land,  
While England guards the sea!"

Comrades in arms, from every shore  
Where thundereth the main,  
On to the front they press and pour  
To face the rifles' rain;  
To force the foe from covert crag,  
And chase them till they fall,  
Then plant forever England's Flag  
Upon the rebel wall!  
What! Wrench the Sceptre from her band,  
And bid her bow the knee!  
Not while her yeoman guard the land,  
And her ironclads the sea!  
—Alfred Austin in the Daily Telegraph.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Duke of Connaught, whose request to go to South Africa was refused by his mother, the queen, has been appointed commander-in-chief of the forces in Ireland in place of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, who is to command the British forces in South Africa.

Mahmoud Pacha, the brother-in-law of the Sultan of Turkey, who recently fled from Constantinople to escape persecution on account of his political principles, and is now in Paris, said the other day: "I am going to England to write all that I have at heart. I wish to try to liberate my country from a tyranny that is leading it to ruin. I hope to carry on an agitation that shall be fruitful in practical and beneficent results." He added that it was not his aim to overthrow the Sultan, but to induce him to adopt a more liberal system of government.

In describing Rudyard Kipling's recent effort at speech-making, the London *Academy* says: "When he showed face in the school-room—it was crowded—his Rottingdean neighbors cheered him mightily, and he blushed like a great kid. When he got up on the platform to speak he was as white as a ghost. He had evidently learned his little speech by heart, and spun it out at a terrific rate. Of course, that was nervousness. It struck me that he felt if he were to hesitate he would be lost. The Big Englanders will never get Kipling as a platform spouter. He'd collapse at the end of his third meeting."

Lawyer Joseph M. Dickson, of Dallas, and lawyer Henry M. McDonald, of Paris, Tex., closed up a peculiar legal transaction at Dallas, Tex., on January 6th. A client of Mr. McDonald held a note for seven hundred and fifty dollars against a client of Mr. Dickson. Mr. McDonald came to Dallas and gave the note to Mr. Dickson for seven hundred and fifty dollars. The note was given in 1860, to secure payment for a negro slave sold to the maker of the note. The war between the States interrupted the settlement of the business affairs connected with the sale of the slave. This is probably the last slave that will be paid for in the State of Texas, if not in the Union.

Henri Léon Emile Lavedan, the newly elected member of the French Academy, is only forty years old, and therefore one of the youngest of the Immortals. He began his literary career when he was scarcely released from his studies. In the Louis le Grand Lyceum, where his brilliant work in *Figaro*, *Pêche de Paris*, and *Gil Blas* stamped him as a genius who was bound to make his mark. In 1890 he made his *début* at the Théâtre Français as a dramatic author with his comedy, "Une Famille." Two years later he scored a hit with the democrats by the production at the same theatre of his play, "The Descendants." Since then Lavedan's fame as a playwright has been secure.

Miss Klumpke, the noted American astronomer, and one of the talented Klumpke sisters, has added new laurels to her fame by making the observations on the Leonids for the Paris Observatory. Paris was enveloped in a fog, and so, on the third night, Miss Klumpke bravely embarked in a balloon and mounted above the clouds, to ask its secrets of the sky. She was furnished with a little tray suspended from her neck and lighted with an electric jet, on which were placed the charts on which to map her observations, and she was accompanied by a secretary and the persons who managed the balloon. They started from St. Denis at a little past midnight, and at eight o'clock in the morning they anchored at four miles from the sea. It is said that her report is of very great interest, furnishing a proof to the calculations made thirty years ago concerning this star-shower.

For their services as executors of the estate of George M. Pullman, Robert T. Lincoln and Norman B. Ream will receive four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, one of the largest fees ever awarded in this country. The formal order permitting them to take this sum from the assets of the estate now in their hands was entered by Judge Batten, of the probate court of Chicago, a fortnight ago, all the persons interested in the property having given their consent. It is said that the award will be divided equally between the executors, although Mr. Lincoln has probably devoted more time to the banding of the vast estate than has Mr. Ream. Mr. Lincoln is president of Pullman's Palace Car Company, and was chiefly instrumental in bringing about the consolidation with the Wagner Palace Car Company. Ever since Mr. Pullman's death he has devoted the greater portion of his time to the administration of the affairs of the estate, which proved difficult to handle owing to the many interests involved.

The ranks of the energetic women of society who have taken up business careers in New York have been swelled by the addition to the number of Mrs. Charles H. Gibson, wife of the former United States Senator from Maryland. Mrs. Gibson is widely known in Washington, where she was once a favorite hostess. One of the few remaining manor places in this country was the property of Mrs. Gibson's first husband, R. C. Hollyday—a gentleman who held many positions of trust under the national government. The Hollyday place, Ratcliff Manor, descended from eldest son to eldest son through many generations. Mr. Hollyday left Ratcliff Manor to his wife, knowing she would follow the traditions of the family and leave the old house to their eldest son—R. C. Hollyday, of the United States civil engineers, now stationed in California. The family fortune having been dissipated, Mrs. Gibson has determined to do her share toward saving the old Ratcliff manor house. With that idea in her mind she went to New York and entered into the business concern established several years ago by her old friend, Mrs. William E. Willmerding. Oysters, canvas-back ducks, and terrapin, for which the Ratcliff preserves in Talbot County, Md., have long been famous, will be shipped north for the New York market.



## A PROSPEROUS DRAMATIC YEAR.

Augustin Daly's Death and Leslie Carter's "Zaza" the Most Important Incidents—Those Who Made New York Reputations.

'Ninety-nine was a year of interest in our drama. During the twelve months that have just ended, fortunes were made and lost, reputations were built up and toppled over, managers died and were born, stars reached their zenith and their horizon, and forty million people found enjoyment in the play. The theatre in America was more prosperous than that of any other land, and in spite of their various disappointments our players can survey the season with kindlier memories than will come at this time to the performers of England or the Continent.

The most momentous matter of the year was the death of Augustin Daly (says Hillary Bell, the excellent critic of the *New York Press*). He was the first manager who created a complete comedy organization in America; he was the first manager who compelled the applause of England for an American company. Daly built a theatre in London, Daly forced the English to confess that in his Ada Rehan he had developed the finest Shakespearean of modern times, the fitting successor of Dora Jordan and Peg Woffington. For thirty years or more Daly exercised remarkable artistic influence on the dramatic art of America. All men's places can not be filled. That of Augustin Daly is still empty. He was a genius, and when geniuses die we must be content with their memory.

Oddly enough, the first important production of the year was a failure at Daly's. On January 3d Ada Rehan bent her talents to the character of Mme. Sans-Gêne in the Sardou-Moreau comedy of that title. Daly did not always possess good business sense, as was instanced by his subsequent production of "Cyrano de Bergerac." At the time when "Madame Sans-Gêne" was ripe and new, at the time when Mme. Réjane had carried it into triumphant success in Paris and London, the play was offered to Augustin Daly for five thousand dollars. He refused it. The piece was presently bought by Kathryn Kidder, who won fame and fortune in it, after which Mr. Daly offered fifteen thousand dollars for the sole rights of the play. When the comedy had exhausted its usefulness he bought it for Miss Rehan, who, having then lost her head with long-continued success and indiscriminate praise, insisted on performing the wasberwoman in her own way. It was the wrong way, and she came to sudden disaster.

Leslie Carter swept into unparalleled success on January 10th in "Zaza." The Simon and Berton

play had been offered to various translators, who could do nothing with so vicious a work. Gillette, Carleton, Potter, and other authors confessed that they could not make anything out of it to suit American audiences. Finally, the apparently hopeless task was placed before David Belasco. At that time Belasco was an avowed enemy of the Theatrical Trust. It had rejected him and his star, and its powerful influence was opposed to both. He was a forlorn hope, and before consigning "Zaza" to the waste-basket it was given to him for adaptation. He succeeded where others had failed, and by this success he placed Leslie Carter where no other native actress could reach her. On the night of January 10th Mrs. Carter eclipsed the fame of Charlotte Cushman, Ada Rehan, Fanny Davenport, and Clara Morris, and stood the peer of Sarah Bernhardt. She established a new record for American dramatic art, and gained a place in history beside Rachel. Next morning David Belasco was offered ninety thousand dollars for his half-share in "Zaza." He refused this seemingly munificent remuneration for the three months' work he had spent in the adaptation of Simon and Berton's play, and time proved his wisdom. His star's salary value became prodigious, for she received offers of more money than was ever paid to an American actress. This temptation was also refused. Mrs. Carter prudently remained under the management of her teacher, having achieved by his aid a prosperity without parallel in the annals of our drama.

Augustin Daly's death and Leslie Carter's "Zaza" were the most important incidents of the year that has closed; but it contained other matters of much interest. The spring season brought "Griffith Davenport," in which James Herne declared his fidelity to Ibsenistic methods, and was promptly condemned by the public. It introduced the *renaissance* of Alexandre Dumas *pire* in "The King's Musketeer," a successful performance of the romantic drama by young Sothern. It showed Augustin Daly, pushed to the wall after his long effort in behalf of classicism, compelled to produce a penny-dreadful London melodrama, "The Great Ruby." In that work a new actress, Blanche Bates, won more applause than was given to Ada Rehan, and found the fate which followed her predecessors in this unwelcome fortune by speedily losing her position in the Daly company. It gave Minnie Maddern's "Frou-Frou" to us, in which that excellent but obstinate actress set her own opinions against the author and public and fell into failure. It brought forth Charles Coghlan's last work, "Citizen Pierre," a fine play, which was doing finely until the author-actor fell into one of his periodic fits of ill-

humor with the world, and eventually went to his death a broken and disappointed man.

Spring was made further notable by Odette Tyler's *soubrette* incursion into the loftiest rôle of Shakespeare; Julia Marlowe's engaging performance of "Colinette"; the awakening of the poetic connubial dream of Cissy Loftus and her husband, Justin McCarthy; the unfortunate Jerome K. Jerome's venture of "John Ingerfield" at the Lyceum; the quick correction of that mistake by the production of Anthony Hope's "Rupert of Hentzau," and the bringing forth of the only successful play founded on the Spanish war, "We Uns of Tennessee." It was on May 8th that Maude Adams first gave us her girlish and interesting though un-Shakespearean notion of Juliet—a performance that must have caused the Bard of Avon's ghost to declare a *vibrato* in his song, but which pleased the public amazingly. That was a venture-some undertaking, but pluck sometimes succeeds by its audacity, and Miss Adams, knowing nothing of Shakespeare, convinced us that she knew everything of Shakespeare. Anyway, she crowded the theatre, made money, and earned more applause than could be won by Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry.

Summer passed innocently enough, but wickedness came in the fall. The bedstead drama flourished with the first frosts, and for a month or so Thespis could not look at us without blushing. This iniquitous system of entertainment, originally begun by Charmion, the Barrison Sisters, "Orange Blossoms," and "The Turtle," lay dormant during the dog-days, but awakened early in September at the Criterion with the production of "The Girl from Maxim's." That appalling piece was followed at the Bijou by "In Paradise," in which Minnie Seligman carried on so that soon afterward her husband applied for divorce. With these and other bedroom performances our drama was in an ill way, and it was as much as an honest citizen's good name was worth to go to the theatre. Suddenly the bedstead drama disappeared. We had other things to think of, for now came Zangwill to elevate the stage. Then there was some fun in life, for the Ghetto man fought the critics, and they gave him many a hard knock in turn. Peace reigned with "Ben Hur" and "Barbara Frietchie," whose beneficent influence brings the record of the year to an amiable end.

The reputations made last year belong to Blanche Bates, Alice Nielsen, Hilda Spong, and Jessie Millwood. The first made her *début* at Daly's in "The Great Ruby," came into immediate applause, won more approval in the Dumas play, carried off the honors of "The Children of the Ghetto," and is

now the leading woman of "Naughty Anthony." The second stepped into first position among comic-opera prima donnas by her skill in Victor Herbert's piece, long at the Casino. The third arrived, late in the winter, at general commendation by her admirable union of the charms of nature and the graces of art in "Wheels Within Wheels." The fourth established herself securely as the leading woman of the Empire Stock Company. Mrs. Carter, Maude Adams, Annie Russell, Julia Arthur, Anna Held, and Julia Marlowe already possessed celebrity, and their success last year had no element of surprise for the public, save in the case of Zaza Carter, who burst from the bud of talent into the splendid flower of genius.

Nobody with whiskers has come forth in the twelvemonth. John Drew, E. H. Sothern, and Richard Mansfield have held what they had previously earned. Others have fallen back. Crane and his former partner, Robson, had misfortunes in "Peter Stuyvesant" and "The Gadfly." Francis Wilson has departed from his once general popularity. De Wolf Hopper has gone abroad to mend his fortune, which was out of repair at home. Nat Goodwin found his chief prosperity in his new wife. Henry Miller discovered a good play in "The Only Way," but no better skill in its expression. Wilton Lackaye retrograded from a star to a member of the Zangwill company. Meanwhile no actor of fresh eloquence made his entrance on our stage.

What was earned during the four months previous to January may be lost in the three months after January. Until the end of April no theatric books can be balanced. Last year at this time the race was even between Leslie Carter, Ada Rehan, Viola Allen, Maude Adams, Richard Mansfield, E. H. Sothern, and John Drew. Ada Rehan dropped out of the competition. Viola Allen could not carry "The Christian" into a second season of similar prosperity. Richard Mansfield discovered that the fortune of "Cyrano" was not so limitless as his poetry. E. H. Sothern has not been able to find a suitable successor to "The Prisoner of Zenda." A dark horse, Henry Miller, forged to the front with a dramatization of Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities." A brunette mare, if one may say so, Minnie Maddern, came up to the line with "Becky Sharp," and "Ben Hur" disclosed phenomenally attractive qualities. The winners, so far, are Maud Adams and Leslie Carter, who are about even, although the latter had to close the theatre for a time on account of illness. After these gifted ladies come John Drew, Richard Mansfield, Minnie Maddern, and Henry Miller, with "Ben Hur" probably winning most money in the long run.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Strong Woman and a Weak Man.

Whoever read "Sir Charles Danvers" or "The Danvers Jewels" will be glad to hear that Mary Cholmondeley has written another novel of English society, and that "Red Pottage," as it is called, possesses all the charm and interest of its predecessors.

The central theme is the love of a strong woman for a weak man. Rachael West has had an unhappy love affair. Reduced to poverty at her father's sudden death, she had to earn her own living, and at this time she had given her love to a handsome artist, only to learn that he had no thought of marriage. Disillusionment and great wealth came at the same time, and she returned to her world broadened in sympathy by her experience among the poor and refined by her heart suffering. At Lady Newhaven's house she meets Hugh Scarlett, who has been carrying on a *liaison* with his hostess that has grown irksome. Now he sees in Rachael the strength that will make a man of him, and she is drawn to him by his need of sympathy. But Lord Newhaven has discovered his dishonor, and forces on Scarlett a duel à l'Américain—they draw straws to determine who shall kill himself within five months, and Scarlett draws the shorter straw. Lady Newhaven, a silly and theatrical young woman, overhears the terms of the duel but does not know its result, and she confides her secret to Rachael.

For five months these two women live in uncertainty as to which man has drawn the fatal straw, and meanwhile Scarlett comes to love Rachel and she to love him in return. It would be unfair to the reader to foreshadow the outcome of this situation, though one may at least say that it is handled with artistic skill and subtle knowledge of human character—and there are other elements in the story that should at least be hinted at: the tragic story of the birth through much travail of a novel and of its destruction while yet in manuscript by the author's bigot brother; the elaborate study of this religious vandal and his narrow-minded spouse; the sharply drawn contrast between people of the upper class of English society and the vulgarians who ape them enviously; and the clear thinking and sprightly wit that make the book one to read and read again.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

## A Successor to "The Duchess."

There is in "The Perils of Josephine," by Lord Ernest Hamilton, much the same fascination that made the pen-name of the late Mrs. Hungerford, "The Duchess," a name to conjure with in the young ladies' seminaries of twenty years ago. Josephine is the same type of girl as Phyllis and Molly Bawn—big-hearted, emotional, coquettish, unconventional, and physically "not regularly beautiful, but possessed of an indefinable charm," and so on—a formula especially popular, as it enables most girls to fit the description to themselves.

This Josephine has lived most of her eighteen years in a dull little English town with her two maiden aunts, and an invitation to spend several months as the guest of her father's brother at Selworth Abbey puts her in a flutter of anticipatory delight. She does not know until many months later that a great family scandal is to be averted by marrying her to her cousin, the squire's eldest son, and almost the first thing she does is to meet a handsome stranger in the wood on the estate, and in a few weeks become engaged to him.

The young hero falls madly in love with her, but she will have none of him. Then the squire, egged on by a wily priest, plans to coerce her, and his first move is to compromise her good name by making the son enter her apartment at an unseemly hour by means of a secret passage. This proving unequal to shaking the girl's determination, her life is twice attempted—once by mounting her, an inexperienced rider, on a notorious runaway, and again by burning the cottage where she has been sent to spend the night with an old nurse of the family, from whom she learns the secret of her persecution.

It seems that the father of the present squire had changed his children in their cradles, so that the straight-limbed younger son should inherit the estate instead of the deformed first-born. Josephine is the child of the elder son, whence her perils, but she survives them all and is at last happily united to the handsome stranger of the wood.

Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

## Life in Tunisia.

Inasmuch as all English authorities on Tunisia, France's protectorate in Northern Africa, belong to a former generation, and those in French are prejudiced and stupid, Herbert Vivian's work on "Tunisia and the Modern Barbary Pirates" will be welcomed as an unbiased narrative of conditions as they exist to-day. The book is made up of portions of articles contributed to the *Morning Post*, *Contemporary Review*, *Pearson's Magazine*, *Badminton Magazine*, *Idler*, *Queen*, and *World*, together with much new matter, and compiled for three purposes, which the writer summarizes as follows:

"(1) It will be an indispensable companion to those travelers who are tired of the beaten European track, and desire to see something of golden Africa and a race of native gentlemen. I do not love tour-

ists, but I believe I shall have served them faithfully, even though I only persuade them to remain away. (2) Much more important—I have exposed Lord Salisbury's deplorable sacrifice of British prestige and commerce. I have indicated a possible avenue to retrieving lost opportunities and eventually ousting the modern Barbary pirates, the inheritors of the selfish traditions of Rome, from a land where they have unwarrantably trespassed. (3) I have paid a tribute to the last survivors of that grand medieval race which has bequeathed to us whatever civilization we may possess, and which shall yet live to restore a portion of its departed glories."

The volume opens with an historical introduction, and among the most interesting chapters are "The Bey," who reigns as a constitutional monarch, but does not govern, being practically a prisoner and a tool in the hands of the French Government; "The Modern Barbary Pirates," in which the French administration is scored for its corruption, its despotism, and its retrograding influence; "The Children of the Morning," describing the costumes, houses, types, industries, and chief characteristics of the natives; "The Inside of the Cup and the Platter," in which the intending tourist is shown the advantages and drawbacks of traveling in Tunisia, and "Justice and Education," dealing with public executions, prisons, capital punishment, and modern education as introduced in Sadiki and Alawi College.

Not a little of the success of the work is due to Mrs. Vivian, who describes her visits to harems, and various interesting places to which her husband could not gain access. In addition to an index, the volume is copiously illustrated by a map and many well-chosen half-tone pictures from photographs taken by the writer and his wife.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$4.00.

## A New Political History of England.

In his seventy-seventh year, Professor Goldwin Smith gives to the world his greatest work, "The United Kingdom: A Political History." In past years historical reviews of England, America, and Canada have come from his pen, the fruit of patient yet energetic research, and the intimate knowledge, the breadth of view, the decision, and, with all, the happy style gained in the long life of devotion to one study combine to make these later volumes not merely notable but valuable in every way.

Professor Smith begins his work with the coming of William the Conqueror and the death of Harold, and carries the story through to the great Indian mutiny of 1857; but it is of men, their measures and their character, and their final place in the rolls of the great, that he writes with greatest interest, and with illuminating judgment. The events have been described many times, the men who made them may be brought into view in a new light. The attempted conquest of Ireland by Henry the Second, the later racial and religious conflicts of that country, the birth of Parliament, the character of the church from Saxon times to the Restoration, and other themes of abiding interest are not neglected, but the personal element is always kept at the front. Of monarchs and ministers who dominated their eras his studies are full and discriminating. Few historical works are as entertaining.

The volumes are handsomely printed, with dates as side-notes on every page, and the index fills fifty pages.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, two volumes, \$4.00.

## Stories Illustrated by Children.

Nearly fifty stories of strange happenings to birds and fishes and animals, of classical legends and fairy lore, and of boys and girls whose experiences were far beyond the ordinary events of life, make up "The Book of Knight and Barbara," by Professor David Starr Jordan. The stories were told originally to please the little folks in the professor's family, but other children heard of them and were not to be denied the pleasure they found in the second and third telling. The tales were written down, after many repetitions, and the circle of interested listeners much enlarged, and where the stories came children not only heard them with pleasure but offered criticism and suggestion, and with original ideas of art drew illustrations of the more exciting scenes. The volume now includes with the stories many of these contributions from young auditors, especially pictures suggested by the adventures related, and they are always characteristic of the youthful imagination, and sometimes comical.

Professor Jordan's kindness and wit are evident on every page, and from his stores of knowledge he has drawn instruction as well as amusement for his juvenile bearers. Older people will find many things in the book enjoyable from their own point of view, particularly the stories of animals, birds, and fishes.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## The Two Great Pennsylvanians.

A biography well-planned and written in the best spirit is "The True William Penn," by Sydney George Fisher. The field entered by the author in this volume was not a strange one to him; his works, "The Making of Pennsylvania," and "Men, Women, and Manners in Colonial Times," had given him command of many subjects in touch with the life of the great Quaker founder of Pennsylvania,

and the result is one to be commended. His presentation of the man who possessed so many eminent qualities and yet was not free from serious errors of judgment is clear, interesting, and unprejudiced.

An earlier study by the same author, but one whose central figure comes upon the field of Penn's triumphs a century later, is "The True Benjamin Franklin." No more entertaining biography of the philosopher, diplomat, legislator, and man of affairs has been written. It is rich in incident and personal particulars that have escaped the eyes of general readers, and follows Franklin's career without deviation or important omission. Many legendary accounts of striking events are illuminated by Mr. Fisher, and the truth told without any effort to exaggerate the claims of Franklin to admiration or respect.

Both volumes are illustrated handsomely with rare portraits and prints, and the indexing is satisfactory.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$2.00 each.

## Personat and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Ernest Vizetelly has reconsidered his resolution not to translate Zola's "Fécondité." The author says he may "edit" it—which we may suppose to mean "expurgate"—and the translator is accordingly hard at work upon the novel. He will also furnish an introduction.

Ernest Seton-Thompson's "Biography of a Grizzly," which has been running as a serial in the *Century Magazine*, will soon be issued in book-form.

Richard Harding Davis is to write a comedy for Robert Hilliard, to be called "Van Bibber," based on a number of the Van Bibber stories, much as William Gillette combined the separate experiences of Sherlock Holmes in melodramatic form.

Congressman Champ Clark, of Missouri, says that he is writing a novel in which there will be no women.

Marie Corelli's latest novel, a title for which has not yet been decided on, will be brought out early in March. It is the first long work that this much-advertised novelist has completed in some time, and is said to represent both thought and labor.

F. Marion Crawford's romance of the Second Crusade, "Via Crucis," published by the Macmillan Company, is in its fifty-third thousand.

The third volume of the *Anglo-Saxon* will be ready for subscribers early in February. Lady Randolph Churchill passed on the proofs before sailing from England on the hospital ship *Maine*, and will have returned from South Africa in time to superintend the editing of the fourth volume.

An English translation of Ibsen's latest play, "When the Dead Awake," is about to be published.

Two novels of interest announced for immediate publication are "The Undoing of John Brewster," by Lady Mabel Howard, and "Sir Patrick: The Puddock," by L. B. Walford.

Thomas Cobb has called his forthcoming novel "The Judgment of Helen."

A new novel by that popular writer of the sea, Cutcliffe Hyne, is to be entitled "Prince Rupert, the Buccaneer."

"The Life and Letters of Archbishop Benson," edited by his son, has just been published by the Macmillan Company. The work contains over four hundred pages, which is a large amount even for an ecclesiastical biography.

It was from the mother of the late Earl of Tankerville that Disraeli borrowed the unhackneyed name, "Corisande," of the heroine of "Lothair."

Mrs. Mannington Caffyn ("Iota"), who came into vogue about the same time as did the author of "The Heavenly Twins," has written a novel entitled "The Minx," which contains, it is said, neither a villain nor an adventures. It will be published shortly.

A new novel by Maxwell Gray is announced for early publication by D. Appleton & Co. It is entitled "The World's Mercy."

Clyde Fitch's successful revolutionary play, "Nathan Hale," is to be issued in book-form immediately. Twelve reproductions of photographs of Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott in different scenes will illustrate the book.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Songs from East and West.

There are seventy poems in the volume entitled "Out of the Nest," by Mary McNeil Fenollosa, and not one among them that the reader would willingly lose. A little more than one-half appear in the first division of the book, "East," and these are a poet's fancies in Japan, reflecting the romance of its legends, the radiance of its snow-crowned peak, the bright colors of its flowers, and the music of its birds. In the second half of the collection the verses are as true to nature and as graceful in form, lacking only the picturesque strangeness that comes of a foreign setting. In swift seizing of the effect of the moment, in apt phrasing of poetic fancies, in brilliance of color, and in sentiment that is never strained, the author of these poems has few rivals among the younger singers. It would seem that no flight is beyond her powers.

This is a morning landscape from the Flowery Kingdom, with a glow beyond the painter's art:

## SUNRISE IN THE HILLS OF SATSUMA.

The day unfolds like a lotus-bloom  
Pink at the tip and gold at the core,  
Rising up swiftly through waters of gloom  
That have night's shore.

Down bamboo stalks the sunbeams slide,  
Darting like glittering elves at play,  
To the thin-arched grass where crickets hide  
And sing all day.

The old crows caw from the camphor houghs,  
They have builded there for a thousand years.  
Their nestlings stir in a huddled drowse  
To pipe shrill fears.

A white fox creeps to his home in the hill,  
A small gray ape peers up at the sun;  
Crickets and sunbeams are quarrelling still;  
Day has begun.

There is more of peace, contentment, and joy in the verses than of sorrow, and in the saddest of them there is sweetness with the bitter. The thought in this sonnet has been expressed many times, but rarely with such grace:

## BEHIND BARS.

Is ever sky so blue, or field so gay  
To bird, or poet who may roam at will,  
As to the caged thing whose heart must fill  
And drain itself a thousand times a day  
With longings that it can not sing or say,  
But if it live at all, must utter still?  
Ah, vanished hours, when on the pine-set hill  
In balm, and sun and bloom I lightly lay,  
Not knowing I was happy! Sad it seems  
To measure all our blessedness by grief.  
And yet, to me, the memory of those dreams,  
The very tears that bring their own relief,  
Thrill with a tenderness more keen and dear  
Than all I felt when I was happy there.  
This is something more than a picture:

## THREE WOMEN.

I know three women. One is brave and strong  
To lift calm eyes beside her chosen king.  
Upward they toil, nor scornful whispering,  
Nor dull indifference, nor suffered wrong  
Can balk their striving; but the way is long.  
The next is wild and free; and, as a wing  
May cleave the azure of a prairie's ring,  
Her mateless soul would cleave the rim of song.  
The third is gentle, hushed in quiet needs,  
A brooding bird among the water-reeds.  
Love is her heaven; and, where it mirrored lies,  
Lean the blue blossoms of her children's eyes.  
"Clear types," you say, "and strangely set apart."  
Look deeper, friend, 'tis but one woman's heart.  
Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

George Edward Woodberry has won his audience as an essayist and as a poet, and there was good reason for pleasing anticipation of his latest volume, "Wild Eden." The collection has many beautiful lines in its forty poems, yet there are some efforts that seem faint and long-drawn out. The gift of song is his, beyond a doubt, but there is wide room for choice among his melodies.

This song rings true, and it has strength as well as beauty:

## HOMEWARD BOUND.

Into the west of the waters on the living ocean's foam,  
Into the west of the sunset where the young adventurers roam,  
Into the west of the shining star, I am sailing, sailing home;  
Home from the lonely cities, time's wreck, and the naked woe,  
Home through the clean great waters where free-men's pennants blow,  
Home to the land men dream of, where all the nations go;  
'Tis home but to be on the waters, 'tis home already here,  
Through the weird red-hillowing sunset into the west to steer,  
To fall to sleep in the rocking dark with home a day more near.

By morning light the ship holds on, alive with happy freight,  
A thousand hearts with one still joy, and with one hope elate,  
To reach the land that mothered them and sweetly guides their fate;  
Whether the purple furrow heaps the bows with dazzling spray,  
Or buried in green-based masses they dip the storm-swept day,

Or the white fog ribbons o'er them, the strong ship holds her way;

And when another day is done, by the star of love we steer

To the land of all that we love best and all that we hold dear;

We are sailing westward, homeward; our western home is near.

He fashions jewels when he wills. Much can be forgiven him for this:

## O, INEXPRESSIBLE AS SWEET.

O, inexpressible as sweet,  
Love takes my voice away;  
I can not tell thee when we meet  
What most I long to say.

But hadst thou hearing in thy heart  
To know what beats in mine,  
Then shouldst thou walk, where'er thou art,  
In melodies divine.

So warbling birds lift higher notes  
Than to our ears belong;  
The music fills their throbbing throats,  
But silence steals the song.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Moods, and Other Verses," by Edward Robeson Taylor, is a scholarly volume. Elevated thought and ample facility in rhyming mark this collection, which is largely devoted to apostrophe, usually in the sonnet form. There are a number of translations from the French and German, some of which are happy efforts.

This is his tribute to one of the great poets:

## TO BYRON.

Byron, volcanic soul, whose crater's fire  
Gushed without pause in heart-consuming pain,  
The world still owns the brilliance of thy reign,  
And wreathes with amaranth that throbbing lyre,  
Where passion cries in unappeased desire,  
Where nature pulsates in her every vein,  
Where lofty thought evokes its loftiest strain,  
And scorn of cant is hot with scourging ire.  
As restless thou and ample as the sea  
That sported with thee as familiar friend;  
Thy heart was open, and thy spirit free  
Beyond all human power to break or bend;  
Thy face was stardust set, and Liberty  
Wept with mankind at thy untimely end.

Published by Elder & Shepard, San Francisco; price, \$1.25.

## New Publications.

"An Offering," by Ardelia Maria Barton, is a volume of rhymes on familiar subjects. Published by the Murdoch Press, San Francisco; price, \$1.50.

"This and That: A Tale of Two Times," by Mrs. Molesworth, is a pleasing story for children. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

In "Miss Penwick," a novel which begins in Canada and ends in England, Dutton Payne has given some good pictures of life in an earlier century, but the interest halts at times. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Supplementing the author's previous book, "The Puritan in England and New England," Ezra Hoyt Byington has produced a volume entitled "The Puritan as a Colonist and Reformer." The study is of no little value for its close and discriminating ex-

amination of the impressive and dominating influence of Puritan character on the early progress of the country. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

William C. Gannett, author of "Blessed Be Drudgery," offers a new volume entitled "Of Making One's Self Beautiful." It contains five essays, on various phases of mental culture, and is not unattractive. Published by the James H. West Company, Boston; price, \$1.00.

The latest issue in the Masters of Medicine Series is "Hermann Ludwig Ferdinand von Helmholtz," by John Gray McKendrick, professor of physiology in the University of Glasgow. It is a carefully written and critical biography, that will appeal to all members of the profession. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

More of science, and history, and legend, and poetry about bees is given in "The Honey-Makers," by Margaret Warner Morley, than one could find in any other volume, or in a dozen other volumes. It is not a new field for Miss Morley, but her book offers many new things to nearly all readers, and they are presented in a very attractive style. There are many illustrations for the scientific paragraphs. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

Among the novels of Alphonse Daudet there are not more than three that deserve to rank with "The Nabob," and many consider it above all the others for the richness of its decoration, and the patient art with which each picture is softened and finished. The latest edition of the work, translated by George Burnham Ives, with a notable introduction by Brander Matthews, appears in two handsome volumes, and will give new pleasure to many readers. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$3.00.

"Shall We Drink Wine?" by Dr. John Madden, is a physician's study of the alcohol question. The author believes it is the province of the physician to do what he may for the suppression of intemperance, and in his preface calls attention to the alarming statement that the per capita consumption of alcohol is increasing at the rate of seventy per cent. every twenty years. There are many historical and scientific references in the work. Published by the Owen & Weibrecht Company, Milwaukee, Wis.; price, \$2.00.

That ably edited and handsomely illustrated work, "Fifty Years of Masonry in California," is brought to a conclusion with the twentieth part just issued. The concluding number has, in addition to the usual contents, a complete index and the roll of the founders and builders of Masonry in California whose biographical sketches and portraits have been published in the work. Few volumes could possess a greater interest to members of the order in the State. Published by George Spaulding & Co., San Francisco; price, \$1.00 per number.

E. Phillips Oppenheim made the first half of his novel, "The Man and His Kingdom," attractive and strong, but at that point his power failed. The final chapters are disappointing. The scene is laid in a South American republic, where political intrigues and uprisings furnish the impelling forces

and a wealthy Englishman is the central figure. The first heroine and the villain are paired in the conclusion, and the sudden conversion of her hate to love is no more mechanical and unconvincing than that of her drunken, murderous pursuer to a model of conjugal deportment. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

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Though the number of copies sold is by no means a reliable criterion of the worth of a book, it is both interesting and encouraging to note that eight editions of 5,000 each were exhausted as many weeks after publication, and the one now on sale is the fifty-third thousand of

VIA CRUCIS.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, Publishers, New York





After seeing this week's performance of "The Winter's Tale," one's main feeling is astonishment that this noble and beautiful creation of a master mind is so seldom seen on the stage. It plays better—in the ordinary sense of the word—than several of the Shakespearean dramas that are more or less common to us—"Hamlet," for example, which, without the magnetic attraction of a great star, is, to me, at least, a difficult piece to sit through; "Cymbeline," that, with all its poetic charm and its incomparable heroine, lacks a sustaining thread of central interest, and, in the ordinary parlance of the theatre, drags.

But "The Winter's Tale" is neither too subtle a psychological study for dramatic representation, nor does the theme show occasional dissolutions of continuity that suspend the auditor's attention. It is a story with the essential human interests highly developed, exploited in the manner most suitable for stage production. To view it from the common "drawing" standpoint, the action is quick, the development cumulative and harmonious, the spectators' sympathies are clutched and held from start to finish. Add to this its magnificent scenic possibilities, and one comes back again to the query, Why is it not oftener played?

One of the answers to this question might have been that it contains no other star part. Actors—with all respect to them—are among the most egotistical class of artists in the world. They do not like plays that do not give a chance to be forever in the middle of the stage, forever talking. A play may be great in itself, but that is of no account if it does not give the actor a chance to show what a cloud-compelling genius he is, and the only real way he can show that is to be always the central figure in everything. A piece not so much suitable for stage representation as for his representation, must contain one transcendent part in which he can overwhelm the audience with a conviction of his ability.

Hermione, while she is one of the most perfect in the gallery of Shakespearean heroines, does not give an actress this prominent and conspicuous chance. She is only a little in advance of the background of swathed women with filleted heads that stand about her weeping. Her figure has something of the cold, calm grandeur of the figure of a goddess on a marble frieze. It was part of the essential nobility that was hers to be steadfast in the face of calamity, patient and unresentful under the blows of tyranny and injustice. As a king's daughter, a king's wife, and the mother of a future king, a still, proud courage was hers by instinct, birth, and tradition. The ranting passions of stage heroines were not possible to one of this regal calibre.

When, however, Mary Anderson doubled the two characters of mother and daughter, it was shown that "The Winter's Tale" could be made an admirable vehicle for setting forth the talents of actresses of a classic type of beauty. Yet still no one essayed the double rôle. The grand, sad queen and the wild, blithe shepherdess were unrepresented for years. Actresses who had profiles like those on Greek coins, and actresses who had long, lithe figures, white, rounded arms, and small, beautiful beads, with close-rippled, low-growing hair, came and went, but in their coming or their going they did not attempt to play the queen and Perdita. So this wonderful dream of beauty and grace, color and form, love, gentleness, and joy, lay neglected for something like twelve years.

It was for Miss Kidder to revive it, a fact for which we owe her our best thanks and gratitude. For she is really the play. Mr. Hanford is a strong, dark-browed, and impetuous Leontes. There is fervor and force in his representation of an uncontrolled and violent nature tortured to frenzy by maddening suspicions. Mr. James is at his best as Autolycus, a jovial rogue, with that savage sort of merriment that Mr. James can so admirably portray. Nevertheless, one can not help thinking that a warmer touch, a drop or two more of the milk of human kindness, would have suited Autolycus better. About Mr. James's humor there is always a hint of something biting and sardonic. Autolycus—cut-purse and cozenor though he was—was a merry dog, with a light heart and a never-failing fund of high spirits to keep him healthy and human. The rich, unctuous, irresistible humor of Shakespeare makes him a creature to forever forgive, if not to admire. Mr. James would make a magnificent Thersites. What a pity it is they do not play "The Winter's Tale" and Cressida.

But Miss Kidder is the head and front of the performance. It is the two pictures she presents that give "The Winter's Tale" its extreme attraction. It is Hermione and Perdita that one watches when they are on the stage and waits for when they are

off. It is the memory of them that one takes away with one, and that dwells with one afterward. It is Miss Kidder's play. Leontes, Autolycus, Polixenes, Florizel, the old shepherd, are nothing but a ring of satellites that circle round the queen and the shepherdess and shine in their reflected light.

Of the two characters Hermione is that in which Miss Kidder is most successful. It would be difficult to imagine this part more beautifully rendered. Miss Kidder has, in the first place, peculiar qualifications for it in her type of looks. She belongs to the long-limbed, lithe, slender order of women whom the Greeks had in their minds when they fashioned garments of fine, clinging stuffs that hung over the delicate curves and outlines in folds of exquisite grace. She would have delighted the eye of Du Maurier, whose ideal of beauty was length of limb and breadth of brow. Her features are large, well-marked, and regular, with a distinct, Romanesque arch to the nose, a prominent chin, and a great width between the eyes. In profile, with her hair handed tight in the golden *parure* that archaeologists say the ladies of old Greece were wont to wear, she looked as severely noble and antique as the head of some grand, dead princess upon a coin dug from the sepulchres of forgotten kings and queens.

In her rendering of the part, she brought to it a rich choice of dignity, grace, and sweetness. The almost austere nobility of the character was softened with the feminine graciousness with which Shakespeare always, and Webster sometimes, intensified the beauty of their heroines. In the earlier scenes she was inclined, in her effort to preserve the balance between the woman and her surroundings—to keep to the tone of classic stateliness that pervades the scene—to become declamatory. The grave, rhythmical lines were delivered with an almost measured evenness and an impressively serene immobility. This, while it undoubtedly adds to the effect of a dignified antiquity, is inclined to rob the performance of life, and now and then gives to the stage the effect of an immense painting in which the figures can speak.

But the Tribune scene was injured by no such defects. Here she rose above mannerisms and represented an ideal Hermione. The grandeur of her bearing was not marred by the impression of suffering that her appearance, voice, and gesture suggested. She appeared a woman spent by anguish, yet unresentful. A series of unmerited and uncomprehended misfortunes had crushed, petrified, almost annihilated her. She was dazed in this sudden battering of calamity, but ready to defend herself not with clamor and frenzy, but with proud and unbroken self-respect. The restraint she showed could hardly be too much commended. Here is a scene in which a woman, exhausted by previous suffering, is subjected to indignity, disgrace, and insupportable grief. The temptation to cry out her despair, to fling her appeals to the four winds in frantic energy, must be almost irresistible. Yet Miss Kidder, by her display of still passivity, gave an impression not only of the uttermost prostration of physical exhaustion, but of the hopeless deadness when suffering has conquered the desire for life, and the wounded spirit cries as the Man of Uz did in his extremity: "Surely the bitterness of death is past!"

Her Perdita is a thing of gratification to the eye, if not of as compelling a reality as Hermione. In fact, Miss Kidder is not so happy in her representation of vivacity and brilliance as she is portraying the graver, nobler, and sweeter side of feminine character. One of her strongest attractions is a tender and mellow womanliness, an indescribable suggestion of depths of feeling that fills such moments as that in which the awakened Hermione kisses her daughter and greets her husband with an almost tremulous emotion. With the gay, glad youthfulness of Perdita she is not so sympathetic. Perdita is the embodiment of a flower-like and fragrant girlhood. Shakespeare puts into the mouth of this king's daughter, reared in the woods and meadows, some of the most perfect music that ever issued from a woman's lips. Perdita has come up like a flower, nurtured with the wisdom of love and goodness, into a delicate, startling beauty of being and spirit. The promptings of a lovely nature temper her outbursts of elfin glee. She is the essence of spring-like charm and freshness, a creature of the summer woods, the blossoms, the winds, and the rains.

If she does not realize all the youthful poetry of the part, she fills the requirements of appearance completely. Among her loutish playmates and companions she stands forth like the king's daughter that she is. The comment of the watching Polixenes that she is marked from her fellows by some strange distinction of look, and air, and learning, is a comment any one would have made. In the rustic dance she leads the long file of clowns and shepherdesses with a wild, free grace. Rushing back and forth, with a fluttering of green raiment eddying back from her lithe, supple figure, she appears like one of those tall, lithe goddesses of Botticelli, pale, fair, and ethereally glad, with their wind-stirred draperies and back-blown hair.

GERALDINE BONNER.

The English carry the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other; but Krüger, it seems, carries the Bible in his head, thus leaving both hands free for the sword.—*Fuck.*

## STAGE GOSSIP.

"In Paradise" at the California.

On Sunday evening the Frawley Company will present, for the first time in San Francisco, "In Paradise," a farce-comedy in three acts, adapted from the French of Heuenequin, Billhaud, and Carre by Louis Harrison and B. B. Valentine. It enjoyed a long run at the Odéon in Paris, and made quite a hit at the New York Bijou Theatre early this season, with Minnie Seligman, whose divorce from Robert Cutting has just been announced, in the leading rôle.

The plot hinges on the complications which ensue when M. Pontbichot, a provincial from Chambord, brings his wife and daughter to Paris for a pleasure visit. He is rich and trusting, and, of course, falls an easy victim to the wiles of all whom he encounters. The climax of the comedy is reached when he is trapped with his prospective son-in-law and friend, M. Gressillon, in the rooms of Claire Taupin, by her lover, M. Pisco, a lion-tamer at the Grand Circus, who punishes them so severely that they have to be carried home.

"In Paradise," which will be given for one week (with the exception of Monday night, when Emma Nevada will be heard for the last time in concert), is to be followed by another comedy, "The Cuckoo," and then comes a two weeks' run of "The Heart of Maryland," the last production of the Frawleys previous to their departure for Portland.

## Some Shakespearean Revivals.

With the exception of Monday night, when Sheridan's brilliant comedy, "The School for Scandal," is to be produced at the Columbia Theatre, the James-Kidder-Hanford company will devote next week to a series of Shakespearean revivals which should prove especially interesting. Owing to the great success of "The Winter's Tale" it will be repeated on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings; at the Saturday matinee a special performance of "Hamlet" will be given, with Mr. James as the melancholy Dane; on Saturday night "Macbeth" will be produced, with Mr. James in the title rôle, Mr. Hanford as Macduff, and Miss Kidder as Lady Macbeth; and on Sunday night the bill will be "Othello," with Mr. James as the Moor, Mr. Hanford as Iago, and Miss Kidder as Desdemona.

## Second Week of "The Idol's Eye."

"The Idol's Eye," which has been crowding the Tivoli Opera House during the past week, and will be continued indefinitely, is by far the best comic opera which the management has offered since "The Geisha." As Abel Conn, Ferris Hartman has a rôle which fits him like a glove, and many will declare him even the peer of that droll little comedian, Frank Daniels, for whom the opera was written. Wheelan's "Hoot Mon!" is as laughable as before, and Frances Graham as the Chief Priestess proved herself a contralto of genuine quality, her rendition of the song of Buddha in the second act being enthusiastically received. Annie Liebert, Tom Greene, Annie Myers, William Schuster, Phil Branson, and Julie Cotte all appear to advantage, and the chorus sings especially well in the pretty concerted numbers. The staging is very elaborate, the temple of Buddha being one of the most beautiful sets which have been seen in this city in a long time. Too much credit can not be given to the Tivoli management for the handsome manner in which they have put on "The Idol's Eye," and, as San Franciscans are quick to patronize a good show, it is safe to predict a long, prosperous run for this charming revival.

## The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

The most notable feature of the Orpheum's programme next week will be Papinta, the spectacular *dansuse*, who will introduce a number of her new creations in which gorgeous electrical effects play an important part. The other new-comers include James O. Barrows, the well-known comedian, assisted by John A. Lancaster and a clever company, in a one-act comedy entitled "Tactics"; Edna Bassett Marshall, in a novel singing act entitled "Sunshine and Sorrow"; and Joseph Newman, the Colorado song-writer, who will sing some of his most successful ballads.

Those retained from this week's bill are Hanson and Nelson, Nelstone and Abbey, Hodges and Launchmore, and Mlle. Emmy's dogs.

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## MAYOR PHELAN MEETS THE ATTACKS MADE UPON HIM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER—Sir: Permit me the use of your columns to make a statement to the public. It has always been my practice to take the people into my confidence and not conceal anything from them in the administration of my office.

At a semi-public gathering Saturday evening I paid my respects to certain newspapers, as I had often done before on the public platform during campaigns, when I thought they deserved criticism. The best way to expose a newspaper is to exhibit it in its nakedness, and it is generally a sufficient answer to hold up to the public gaze the individual who inspires abuse and analyze the mean motives which actuate him.

I do not assail journalism as a profession. I simply point out that there are unworthy members who disgrace it. In my remarks on the occasion referred to, I said the people of San Francisco were disgusted with the exchange of billingsgate, and that the men living in high towers who thus prostituted their profession, were blackguards. I have said it, and they have proved it. During the many political campaigns in which I have been engaged, making a battle for public rights, I have been reviled and abused, and must say that I enjoy a good fight, when I have on the public platform an opportunity to return blow for blow. I would not think of suing a paper for libel under such circumstances, because the verdict at the polls is the best vindication a man may have. On this theory, the *Call* and the *Chronicle* of San Francisco have been found guilty of blackguardism and libel on six different occasions. As long as I have the columns of the press and the freedom of the platform, I am content to make my case before the public and let them be the judge. A public man is always a fair target.

The matter to which I desire to call the public attention at this time is the following, which was printed this morning [January 16th]:

"The *Call* will prove that he" (referring to myself) "contracted before election to deliver the police department to A. M. Lawrence to insure the election of F. L. Esola as chief of police, and to betray the people of the city to its predatory classes." That is a false statement, and I deny it. I will now state the facts, and show the people the motive behind the accusation.

In 1896 I was nominated for mayor, and received the voluntary support of the *Examiner*—that paper, through its proprietor, assuring me that it had confidence in my public spirit. After a hard battle, in which the *Call* and *Chronicle* were opposed, I was elected. I took up the formation of a charter convention, which nominated a board of freeholders, to be voted on in the election of December, 1897. In the meantime, I had taken a stand against corporation control, which was a blight to public life in San Francisco, and against corrupt bossism, which fattened upon corporation money and betrayed the public interests. The *Examiner*, convinced now of my purpose and sincerity, entered vigorously into the contest to elect the board of freeholders committed to the cause of good government. The corrupt party organizations—Democratic, Republican, and Populistic—handed together and made common cause, backed by the Southern Pacific Company and its allies. The *Call* and the *Chronicle* worked strenuously with them, and they were defeated again. Then the same question arose in the election for the adoption of the new charter in May, 1898, with the same results. In November of the same year I was renominated for mayor, and had to fight the same foes, backed by the same corrupt influences. Again the *Call* and *Chronicle* were beaten. In August, 1899, at the primaries, the *Call* and *Chronicle* sought to fix upon me the odium of Buckley and Rainey, but the people did not believe them; and, finally, in the election of last November, they were repudiated again overwhelmingly. Therefore, they have no authority to speak for the people of San Francisco, because they have been convicted by popular vote of misrepresentation and falsehood.

The *Examiner*, during all this time, was the tribune of the people, working with me for the common good. As a result of the adoption of the charter and my election under it, I had the appointment of thirty-three commissioners, and in the selection of those names I must have canvassed more than ten times the number. I freely conferred with the *Examiner* as to the fitness of candidates, not deferring to its judgment, but seeking information; a newspaper office knows more, or at any rate is willing to tell more about men, than our then chief and his detective force in the City Hall, with whom I did not consult.

I know, in the selection of the police commissioners, that I exercised absolutely independent judgment, taking dictation from no one, after I had all the facts before me.

In the *Examiner* office, on such occasions, I discussed with the proprietor, the managing editor, the city editor, and others, the machinations of the Southern Pacific Company; its debauching influence in our public life; the horses and their methods; the corruption in the police department, and the best means of circumventing it; and I long ago came to the conclusion that, if I possessed the power, I would not only destroy corporation control and the pernicious presence of bossism in politics, but I would clean out the so-called "upper office" of the police department in San Francisco. If specifications are necessary, I am ready to give them.

F. L. Esola, a young lieutenant of the police, was present on several of these occasions. He was and is a friend of the proprietor and managing editor of the paper. Prior to the election of November, 1898, his friends desired him to run for sheriff, and it was then that I first heard his name mentioned in connection with the office of chief of police; it was said that if he were elected sheriff he could introduce himself to the public and qualify himself as chief of police; but already the friends of Theodore F. Bonnet had pledged the convention to his support, and the name of Lieutenant Esola was not presented. Since then, Esola's name was mentioned as worthy of promotion in the police department on account of his ambition to serve in some larger capacity, his gentlemanly demeanor, and his excellent record. He was young, vigorous, and had the confidence of those who knew him well. At no time, however, was I asked to procure his promotion, but I am not unaware of the fact that his friends expected for him some recognition in the line of promotion in case I was elected to office. There was no one else in the department who was prominently mentioned or seemed particularly well qualified for the place.

I did not bind myself, however, to him or to any one for him, and having my own habits to fight,

regarded his aspirations with indifference. In fact, I did not think about them.

The *Examiner* has always been my friend, from my very inception into public life, and gave me its support without price or consideration, because its proprietor, Mr. Hearst, strongly advocated the same policy with which I was identified. When he was here, in September and October, 1898, he asked no promises from me, nor did I give any. On the contrary, he voluntarily said: "You can command the *Examiner* so long as you pursue the policy you are following. Anything that the *Examiner* can do to advance the public interests, it will do"; and I thanked him for myself and in the name of the city. He is a man who has exalted ideals, which he would incorporate in the new San Francisco, and desired to see the right prevail and the public interests he protected. He has a pride in making the *Examiner* the mouthpiece of the people, and has never, like others, truckled to those evil influences I have described, and which beset our city. Therefore, it is a gratuitous insult to him to say that he, or any one for him, has conspired to control the police department in order "to betray the people of this city to its predatory classes." If he or the *Examiner* recommended a candidate for chief of police, I do not consider it as prejudicial to such a candidate. On the contrary, I think with the indorsement of such a gentleman, and such a newspaper, such a candidate, if chosen, would on that account make a better public officer. The true test of fitness, however, is not the indorsement of any man, but the merit of the candidate.

When I came to appoint the police commissioners, I did not mention the question of chief of police, nor the name of Mr. Esola to them, nor exact any promise concerning any candidate. All I said was that you shall accept this trust with the complete understanding that "the upper office" he cleaned out, and I stated very clearly the reasons why I made this request. I make no reflections upon the police department, but upon the "upper office," and I am ready to go into details, whenever there is necessity for it.

The new charter meant a new San Francisco, and I had made up my mind not to be content with half-measures, and I applied the same rule to every other department that needed reformation.

I think the character of my appointees is a sufficient guarantee to the public of the sincerity of my intentions. I had canvassed their names in common with the others and found them free from entangling alliances. William Thomas was at the head of his profession. Dr. W. F. McNutt stood in the same relation to his profession. W. J. Biggy had an irreproachable public record, and George A. Newhall was a leader among the merchants of the city. Mr. Biggy was on my list for the board of public works, and when I decided to make it largely a board of engineers, he heard of it and came to my office, was naturally disappointed, and asked that in case I considered him at all that he be placed on the police commission. Appreciating the character of the man for the work before me, I created a vacancy, because the board was full, and gave him his appointment. Dr. McNutt was considered in connection with the board of health, and when I sent for him, he said he did not care to serve. In conversation with him then, I learned that he had four years' experience on the State prison commission under Governor Perkins, and that he would serve upon the police commission and would accept an appointment. Mr. Newhall was urged by me to serve on the board of public works, and, after considering the matter, he declined and accepted my invitation to serve upon the police commission. I originally had asked Mr. Thomas to serve on the police commission, and so the board was made up—pledged only to give the city a model police department, and to rid the city of the autocrats of the "upper office," who had, in my judgment, exposed themselves to merited criticism.

The new charter was born of the desire of the people to get rid of the perpetual tenure of the police commission and their appointment by the governor, irresponsible as he was to the people of San Francisco, and I explained to the commission that it was their duty to act vigorously in the premises.

Now we come to the motives that no doubt actuate the *Call* and *Chronicle* in their attack. Of course I was importuned by various people for places on the commissions, but soon discovered that there was a combined effort to control the police commission.

I had frequently stated my intentions with respect to "the upper office," and the friends of Chief Lees became perniciously active. I was cajoled and threatened in turn, but repelled both lines of attack.

I consider the accusations of the *Call* and *Chronicle* this morning as sufficient to release me from any confidence, which, although self-imposed, I would, under ordinary circumstances, have respected.

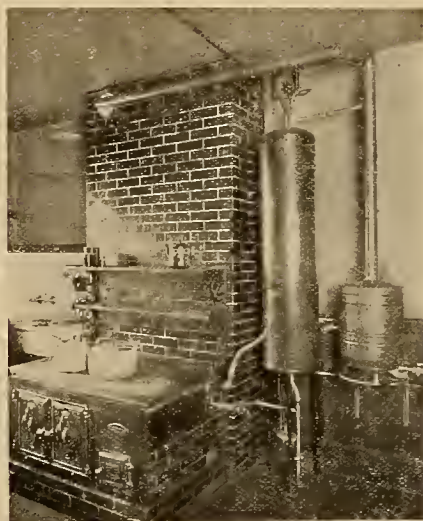
Before the election, in the latter part of last year, an intimate personal friend of John D. Spreckels, proprietor of the *Call*, sought an interview and asked me to appoint Mr. Spreckels a police commissioner in case of my election. I said it was against the law to make such a promise, but I would carefully consider it. He said that this office was Mr. Spreckels's ambition, and it was once denied him by the governor. This request was on several occasions repeated. The consideration was to have been the negative support of the *Call*—that is, such support as a Republican paper could consistently give, forbearance and moderation.

The general manager of the *Call*, a little later, asked that I appoint A. B. Spreckels a park commissioner, and I made him the same reply, saying I regarded Mr. Spreckels with favor, but could make no promises, because I would expose myself to accusations, if you please, of "felony." He was persistent, but I stood my ground. This same editor sought an interview in the latter part of September, and asked me this time that I agree to appoint John D. Spreckels police commissioner, stating that his selection was more important than that of A. B. Spreckels for park commissioner, if I did not see my way clear to appoint both. I took the matter, as before, under advisement. He pressed a decision, exhibiting to me some libelous matter, which he said he would suppress. The matter was never published, although it was directly in the line of the *Call*'s policy to do so. It was calculated to excite religious prejudice against me. It consisted, I may say, of an interview with a Catholic priest bearing upon the acquisition of St. Mary's Square. I gave no promise. The personal friend sought me again during the campaign to give some definite assurance.

The *Call*, by this time, had grown so offensive that I was advised to bring a suit for criminal libel. I said then that its scheme was to force me to its terms, and I refrained from asking them to forbear, nor would I permit myself to become a victim to

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**Nonpareil Instantaneous Water Heater Co.**  
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## Alaska Commercial Company

-FOR-

## NOME, ST. MICHAEL, DAWSON

-AND-

### ALL POINTS ON YUKON RIVER.

#### FOR NOME DIRECT:

From San Francisco.....	S. S. PORTLAND.....	April 30, 1900
From Seattle.....	S. S. DORA.....	April 30, 1900
From San Francisco.....	S. S. RAINIER.....	May 10, 1900

#### FOR NOME, ST. MICHAEL, AND ALL OTHER POINTS:

From San Francisco.....	S. S. ST. PAUL, May 25th
-------------------------	--------------------------

A STEAMER WILL BE DISPATCHED EVERY FORTNIGHT THEREAFTER.

#### FOR JUNEAU, SITKA, PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND, COOK'S INLET, KODIAK, AND ALL INTERMEDIATE POINTS:

From Seattle.....	S. S. BERTHA, commencing April 8th
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AND MONTHLY THEREAFTER.

For new folders, maps, and further particulars as to freight and passage, apply to ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY, 310 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

For Seattle sailings apply to CAPT. JAS. CARROLL, Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wash.

their palpable black-mail. The election was won in spite of them.

The day my appointments were to be made, the business manager of the *Call* asked an interview, and called at the City Hall. He urged the appointment of John D. Spreckels for police commissioner. I said "no," politely, yet firmly. He came back again and urged two names, both intimate friends of Mr. Spreckels, and I said the list was full, and that when the appointees were announced he would find them satisfactory to all. I said that I owed nothing to the *Call*, but intended to appoint A. B. Spreckels to the park commission on account of his interest in its adornment and for the high esteem in which I held his father.

The editor of the *Chronicle*, M. H. de Young, called on me half a dozen times in person and asked that a friend of his be placed on the police commission. I said that the appointments were made, but that I would see what I could do. I finally told him that my policy was to clean out "the upper office," and asked whether he was not a friend of Chief Lees. He said he was, and after these several interviews I told him I could not take the chances with even one man antagonistic to my policy, after he had argued that the other three would be in control.

I saw Chief Lees's hand in these attempts to capture the police commission by the editors and others, from various other evidence knew that a conspiracy existed to thwart my purpose, frankly avowed, and to perpetuate the rotten conditions which I had publicly condemned.

I have kept faith with the people by refusing to give the fruits of their victory to the *Call* and *Chronicle*, and what they stand for. I will not make any further comments now, because the gentlemen composing the police commission have their work before them and I am sure they will do it well. I accept full responsibility for their acts. They are my appointees and the people have honored me with their confidence. If a mistake is made I can correct it. The commissioners are responsible to me and I to the people for the administration of the police department, and I will personally see that the chief, whoever he may be, will enforce the laws, detect crime, and bring offenders to justice. Any compromise, so common in the past, with crime, shall be speedily rebuked in the person of the officer. No newspaper shall have control or dictate my policy. The newspapers may follow, but I will

lead. Under the charter the mayor may remove the chief of police, or any other appointed official, so I have no misgivings, and the public need not have any.

I will always deal frankly with the people and endeavor to deserve the confidence which they have reposed in me. If the editors want power, let them not seek it like blackguards by black-mail, but present themselves like men before the people for election.

JAMES D. PHELAN, Mayor.

#### The Races.

The racing scene again changes to the Oakland Track on Monday, and an excellent programme has been arranged for the first week of the present meeting, which will be continued until February 10th. There will be three especially interesting events during the week which will be sure to attract crowds: the Follansbee Handicap, a high-weight handicap for two-year-olds and upward, to be run on Monday, the purse being \$1,500 and distance seven furlongs; the Gebhard Handicap Stakes for two-year-olds that are eligible, over a course of three and a half furlongs on Thursday; and the Lissak Handicap, for two-year-olds and upward on Saturday, the stakes of which are \$1,500 and the distance one mile.

People with conscientious objections to vaccination are now allowed to expose their children to small-pox in England. The argument of a recent objector in the Marylebone police court was that "if God Almighty thought that vaccination was necessary, or even desirable, He would have performed the operation before the child was born."

#### A Pure Complexion Assured.

*Creme de Lis* outpoints all similar cosmetics. As it contains no poisons its results are unequalled, for it purifies and beautifies the skin at once. It contains all the qualities necessary to create and preserve youthful beauty.



## VANITY FAIR.

It is said that a sensation was produced at the White House New-Year's Day by the appearance of a number of gentlemen in "claw-hammer" coats at the President's afternoon official reception. The sensation must have been limited to persons of comparatively narrow experience in official etiquette (points out the Chicago Times-Herald). The foundation principle of conventional dress is that function and not the clock prescribes the dress. The queen and the Princess of Wales hold their drawing-rooms afternoons. Every lady, young or old, well or invalid, seeking presentation must go in a low-necked gown, no matter what the weather or the season, unless authoritatively dispensed with in advance for some good reason. For like reason every civilian admitted to the presence of royalty on any state occasion must wear a "claw-hammer" coat, with or without a sword. Nor is this rule limited to monarchies. The universal exhibition at Paris in 1889 was opened at two o'clock by President Carnot. All military and naval officers present were in full-dress uniform. All representatives of foreign countries, if belonging to either arm of the service, were in full-dress uniform. All civilians wore, like President Carnot himself, "swallow-tail" coats and white ties. The American commissioner was in the uniform of a major-general of volunteers of the United States. Somerville Tuck, deputy commissioner, wore the required "claw-hammer" and white tie. Unless he shall elect to be conspicuously an exception next May, Commissioner Peck, not being of army or navy, will wear a "claw-hammer" and white tie when the next exposition is officially opened at Paris at two in the afternoon. The reception given New-Year's Day by President McKinley was an official state function of the highest class. All military and naval officers attending it were required to be in the full dress of their service. The diplomats were under obligations to wear the full dress of their respective countries. For civilians of the Continent of Europe there is demanded a "claw-hammer" coat any hour of the day that the head of the state chooses to receive. No gentleman is admitted to service at the Pope's chapel in Rome at six o'clock in the morning except in military or naval uniform or other state dress—for civilians, "claw-hammer" coats. It is not likely that "claw-hammers" will become any more popular in this country even if worn at the official White House reception before six o'clock in the evening. It is difficult to persuade busy men to doff and don coats and ties except for health or other material cause. Fortunately the proportion of men of comparative leisure increases every year in the country. Its high tide of prosperity this year will quicken taste for conventional dress. Meantime the waiters are being discriminated from the guests at social functions. Livory or other device is coming more into use, so that there is less danger than formerly of mistaking the butler for his master.

The type of country gathering known as a political house-party is essentially a British social institution. In no other country in the world would political opponents and rivals in the same camp find it possible to meet on a friendly footing at each other's houses (says "Ignota" in an article on "English Political House-Parties" in the January number of *Lippincott's*). And yet it would be almost impossible to overstate the part played in political life by these gatherings under the same hospitable country-house roof of a number of notable politicians with their attendant partisans and followers. Such a gathering, even when on the rare occasions that it takes place at Hatfield, at one of the Duke of Devonshire's many beautiful historic homes, at Dalmeny, or at Eaton Hall, has about it none of the terrifying formality of a cabinet council or of a parliamentary committee-room. Still, as has been revealed by many an indiscreet diarist, many important appointments are decided at these informal meetings, and happy is the rising politician who has friends in the social camp, for then his future fortunes are assured. The political house-party also admits of feminine intrigue and of feminine partisanship, and although the carpet-knight is by no means sure of getting it all his own way, the man who—to take but two recent examples, Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. George Curzon—knows how to conciliate the feminine heart of the select constituency in whose hands the really important decisions rest, has certainly won half the battle. At the present moment Mr. Joseph Chamberlain looms larger in the British social and political world than does any other personality. Those who are in a position to know declare that he owes much of his prestige to the unobtrusive but steady pressure brought to bear by his clever and cultivated American wife. The house-parties of Highbury are famous, and the simple, unpretentious mansion, standing in its own beautiful grounds in the most old-fashioned suburb of Birmingham, has certainly seen within its walls during the last ten years more remarkable people than almost any mansion in the United Kingdom.

A few days ago at a Southern way-station, which was not of enough importance for a ticket-seller, a typical negro entered the train. There was upon his face the un-faded happiness which springs from a

mind that can not tell the difference between an almanac and the constitution of his country, and that is thoroughly convinced that Abraham Lincoln is still President. Of course he has a vote, but that is another matter. In this case he had something more substantial to him than any slip of paper with a lot of names on it—a little wad of bills and some silver change which he held with a conscious grip. The conductor asked: "Where do you want to go?" The ebony citizen grinned and relaxed his hold on his fortune. Then he said: "Boss, I wants ter go ez fur ez dis'll take me en fetch me back ergin—all savin' a quarter ter spend when I git off." The conductor made the calculation, and all but twenty-five cents went to the soulless corporation whose business it is to take people somewhere and then take them back again. Here we have a humble manifestation of the restlessness of the human race (remarks the *Saturday Evening Post*). More or less acutely it possesses all of us. It has been the feeling almost from the beginning, and it is somewhat strange that in the episode in the Garden of Eden some one has not suggested that the first temptation may have been a round-trip excursion ticket. Going away and getting back is the greatest fact in the daily life of the world. Whether it be a voyage around the earth, or a trip on the trolley to a bargain sale, or to the business office, it all goes to make up the wonderful movement which keeps the people constantly changing positions, and which forms in its machinery the most stupendous operations civilization can show. It uses more wealth than any other department of human endeavor, and it marshals in its service armies greater than those of the nations.

According to the New York Herald, pedestrianism is epidemic in New York. Hundreds of prominent New Yorkers have lately taken to walking, and every evening in Fifth Avenue men who always rode in cabs formerly may be seen hurrying along with shoulders back and chins high in air. Alternate doses of vichy and kissingen waters, together with walking exercise, have been prescribed of late to reduce flesh. Many have followed the advice. Wall Street walks after business hours. Eminent jurists have taken to the flagstone course, and merchants seek relief from the multimillion cares of the day in vigorous heel-and-toe exercise. Physicians are telling the men with nerves and stomachs—for no healthy man knows that he has either—that they must expand the lungs and give their legs some work to do. That is the reason why so many New Yorkers who would otherwise go to their houses shivering in a cah may be seen now with their cheeks aglow and with their chests threatening to cause the buttons of their overcoats to go by the board. There was a time when Broadway in the evening was thronged only by clerks and shop-girls. Now there can be seen men who can count their wealth by hundreds of thousands and by millions, hurrying along at a brisk gait, in search of exercise and health.

A writer in *Lady's Realm* says there are certain precautions which all lovers should take when proposing. Never propose, says an old student of woman, when returning from the theatre; she will be still under the spell of one of the actors, and beside his romantic figure you dwindle into insignificance. It is better to propose on the way to the theatre or some entertainment; rather than upset an evening's enjoyment by rejecting your suit, she will accept you. Never, continues our mentor, propose to a young lady after having a meal with her; her imagination is chilled by the process of digestion, while there is nothing that so degrades a man in a girl's eyes as to see him eat a hearty meal. Was it not Charlotte Brontë who lost her admiration for Thackeray after seeing him eat? On the occasion of their first meeting at a dinner-party, Thackeray took Charlotte Brontë down to dinner. Thackeray was hungry, and as he ate steadily at his dinner her admiration and awe gradually faded away. At last, when she saw the great man of her visions attacking a huge potato, she called out, in despair: "Oh, don't, Mr. Thackeray!"

An interesting letter from Paris to the New York Sun may furnish a few valuable suggestions to women contemplating a course of art studies in that city. It is stated that there are hundreds of women studying art in the Latin quarter of Paris, and that the majority of them are poor. Three different modes of living have been adopted by this colony of students. One is to sleep in a studio or furnished room, and go to small restaurants in the environs for meals; another is to stay at the American Girls' Club; and the third is to board with a French family. In each case the cost a month is about thirty-five dollars. Studios may be rented in the Latin quarter at all prices from one hundred dollars to three hundred and fifty dollars a year, but for no less than a year. Several rooms and a kitchen are included for the highest prices, but for the more modest sums women content themselves with a small balcony at one end of the atelier, which they arrange as a bedroom, and manage to keep in order with the aid of a woman who charges seven cents an hour for her services as chambermaid. The winter days dawn cold and damp in Paris, and the American student has neither a furnace, a register, nor steam heat, nor running hot water. Art is preceded by domestic

duties; she makes a fire on rising; she heats water; through the door she slips in a small bottle of milk, two rolls, a small bit of butter, left on the stairway, and with some coffee these constitute her morning meal at a cost of seven cents. Innumerable Americans, whose day has begun in this manner, assemble together with Russian, Swedish, German, and French girls, between eight and nine o'clock at the different schools. At the end of the morning *stance* the students make their way to one of the cheap restaurants of the quarter, where they lunch for about twenty cents. Some of the places are frequented by masons, teamsters, workmen of all sorts. Many of the women return to the schools in the afternoons, but those who have studios generally work alone or share a model with friends. Models are expensive. Canvas and paints are also expensive, and a fire is a necessity where models will not pose without. These things, far more than food and lodging, augment the expense of studying art in Paris. Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon the American Girls' Club plays a rôle in most of the students' lives.

## New Cable Lines.

France is absolutely dependent upon England for news of the Transvaal war, because the cables are under her control, and she is ready to spend a vast sum of money to free herself. This is like many people who, after allowing dyspepsia to settle upon them, spend a fortune seeking deliverance. Save your money and try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the medicine which never fails to cure dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, malaria, fever and ague.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, January 17th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	10,000	@ 110 1/4	110	110 1/2
Contra C. Water 5%.....	2,000	@ 106 1/2	106	107
Hawaiian C. & S. 5%.....	7,000	@ 106 1/2	106 1/2	
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	11,000	@ 104 3/4	104 3/4	
Market St. Ry. 6%.....	6,000	@ 126 3/4	125 3/4	
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	5,000	@ 116 3/4-117 1/4	117	118 1/4
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	2,000	@ 113	113 3/4	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	8,000	@ 106	105 3/4	
Oakland Transit 6%.....	3,000	@ 112	112 1/2	113 1/2
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	17,000	@ 103 1/2-103 3/4	103 3/4	105
Omnibus C. R. 6%.....	7,000	@ 127 1/2	127 1/2	
Park & C. H. Ry. 6%.....	5,000	@ 105	104 3/4	105
S. F. & N. P. Ry. 5%.....	10,000	@ 113-113 1/2	113	
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	3,000	@ 115	116	
Sierra Ry. of Cal. 6%.....	1,000	@ 108 1/4	108 1/4	109
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%.....	14,000	@ 110 1/2	110	111
S. P. Branch 6%.....	6,000	@ 124 1/2	124 1/2	
S. V. Water 6%.....	13,000	@ 114 3/4-115	114 3/4	115
S. V. Water 4%.....	4,000	@ 103 1/2-104	104	104 1/2

	STOCKS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	65	@ 74-74 1/2	73	74
Spring Valley Water.....	940	@ 92 1/2-93 1/2	93 1/2	93 3/4
<b>Gas and Electric.</b>				
Equitable Gaslight.....	50	@ 5	4 1/2	5
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	5	@ 46 1/2	46	47 1/2
Pacific Lighting Co.....	10	@ 40 1/2	40 1/2	
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	1,040	@ 50 1/2-51 1/2	50 3/4	
S. F. Gas.....	1,690	@ 4-4 1/2	4 1/2	4 3/4
<b>Banks.</b>				
Bank of Cal.....	15	@ 40 1/2	40	40 1/2
<b>Street R. R.</b>				
Market St.....	290	@ 60 1/2-62	62	
<b>Powders.</b>				
Giant Con.....	355	@ 94-96	94	95
Vigorit.....	50	@ 3	2 1/2	
<b>Sugars.</b>				
Hana P. Co.....	410	@ 7 1/2-7 3/4	7 1/2	8
Hawaiian.....	110	@ 87-87 1/2	87 1/2	88
Honokaa S. Co.....	550	@ 30 1/2-31 1/2	31 1/2	
Hutchinson.....	480	@ 26 1/2-27 1/2	27	
Kilauea S. Co.....	150	@ 20-22	20	21
Makawili S. Co.....	435	@ 42 1/2-44 1/2	43	
Onomea S. Co.....	155	@ 27 1/2-28	27 1/2	28 1/2
Pauahau S. P. Co.....	1,110	@ 26 1/2-28 1/2	27	28

**Miscellaneous.**  
Alaska Packers..... 30 @ 110 1/2-120 ..... 120  
Oceanic Steam Co..... 500 @ 92-92 1/2 ..... 92 1/2

The whole market has been quiet, with small fluctuations and transactions. There were 3,400 shares of sugar stocks traded in of all kinds, with fractional gains and losses.

The gas stocks have been weak, San Francisco Gas and Electric selling down to 50, but closing at 51 sales. Pacific Gas Improvement Company was offered down 2 1/2 points. Spring Valley Water sold up to 95 1/2, but closed off at 93 1/2 sales.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

GEOR. R. SANDERSON, A. W. BLOW,  
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.  
**A. W. BLOW & CO.**  
Tel. Bush 24. 238 Montgomery Street, S. F.

**LESTER & McCARTNEY,**  
Financial Agents, - Denver.  
Care and sale of property for non-residents.  
Local reference, Edward Brown & Son, S. F.

**Hawaiian Trust & Investment Co., Ltd**  
Stocks and Bonds—We buy and sell strictly on commission all first-class Hawaiian Stocks and Bonds. Members of Honolulu Stock Exchange.

**In General—**We are prepared to look after property both real and personal, collect and remit incomes, and execute any business commission for persons residing abroad.  
References—Messrs. Welch & Co., 220 California Street, San Francisco, Cal. Bank of Hawaii, Limited, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.  
GEORGE R. CARTER, Treasurer,  
409 Fort Street, Honolulu, H. I.

A German statistician has been counting up the books that have been written about famous women. He finds that Marie Antoinette, Joan of Arc, Mary Stuart, and Pope Joan head the list, with over a hundred books each. They are followed in order by Maria Theresa, Queen Elizabeth, Catherine the Second of Russia, Marie de Medici, Mme. de Maintenon, and Christina of Sweden; then at a considerable interval by Mme. de Staël, Queen Louise of Prussia, Mmes. de Sévigné, De Pompadour, and Du Barry, the Duchesse de Berri, Héloïse, Charlotte Corday, Ninon de l'Enclos, and Queen Caroline of Brunswick. Nine books have been written about Katharina von Boza, Martin Luther's wife.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,213,146.59  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits December 30, 1899..... 28, 63,655.41  
OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNAI; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, D. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.  
Deposits, January 1, 1900.....\$26,110,681  
Paid-up Capital..... 1,000,000  
Reserve Fund..... 210,067  
Contingent Fund..... 407,391  
E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
Directors—George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, Geo. Tascheira, E. B. Pond.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.  
CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000  
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000  
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT..... 2,365,968  
October 1, 1899.  
WILLIAM ALVORD.....President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier  
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

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San Francisco.....Agency of the Bank of California  
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Frères  
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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At a dinner in Rottingdean lately, a Royal Academician stated to the company the curious fact that sugar and sumac are the only two words in English where *su* is pronounced as *shu*. There was much interest shown in the discovery, when Rudyard Kipling was heard from the other end of the table: "But, are you quite sure?"

The late Harold Frederic once sat next to Cecil Rhodes at dinner just after the latter became famous, but was not introduced. Rhodes was silent, and kept his ruddy face turned toward his plate. "Who," said Frederic, after dinner, "is that—fool that I sat next to at dinner?" Tah-leau—mortification of one of the shrewdest of London correspondents.

A member of one of the great London political clubs once lost his umbrella, and put up a notice in the hall requesting "the nobleman" who had taken it to return it when he had done with it. The committee, in due course, desired to be informed why he had ascribed its possession to a peer. The member blandly referred them to the rule, which said that the club was composed of "noblemen and gentlemen," and added that no gentleman would have taken his umbrella.

A Russian once told Archbishop Benson that he saw in a police court in Russia a priest brought in, in undress of purple, and the court, magistrates, and all, knelt and a police sergeant kissed his hand. Then, rising, the magistrate said: "You nasty, drunken beast, so you were drunk again yesterday. I'll make you remember it this time." The priest was led out to an adjoining yard, his clothes torn off, and fifty lashes given him; when he was brought back half-fainting all knelt down and received his blessing.

Dr. Westcott, once traveling from Peterborough to London, sat in the carriage with a comfortable Yorkshire clergyman, with a long upper lip and a self-satisfied expression, who bought a bottle of strawberries and ate them with great enjoyment and comfort. Then he wiped his fingers and threw the basket out of the window with great deliberation. A passenger from the corner said: "A dangerous thing, sir, that is." After a moment's genial reflection the clergyman, looking round, said with a sweet smile: "We live, sir, in a world of risks!"

Lady Randolph Churchill has inherited the wit of her father, "Uncle Larry" Jerome, as she demonstrated upon one occasion to an eminent British politician. He was somewhat annoyed at the campaign she had made, and said: "I really don't understand, madam, why or how it is that American ladies refuse to enter political life in their own country, but overwhelm us here in England." "That is because you have never traveled in the States. The men there are so intelligent and patriotic that they do not require the services of our sex as an educating force."

Cushman, of Washington, is put down in the Congressional Directory as a congressman-at-large, his State being without definite congressional districts. This reminds him of a story, which is quoted in the Washington Post. He was once approaching a town, where he was hailed to make a speech, and stopped at a house on the outskirts to get a drink of water. He met the farmer's wife at the well. "What is the political sentiment around here?" asked Cushman. "I dunno," said the woman; "I don't go to political meetings. They say there is a congressman at large, and I think the safest thing for me to do is to stay at home."

An Englishman went into the Chatham Hotel, in Paris, recently, and cautiously asked the price of a whisky. "One franc, sir," replied the bar-tender. "And a whisky and soda?" "One franc, sir. All drinks are the same price." The Englishman sat down and, to his astonishment, found that the place was run on American lines, and that the customers helped themselves at their own discretion. He punished that bottle of whisky till it was nearly empty. As he went out he paid down his franc, but the manager called him back and said: "You have forgotten your change." "I thought that the drink was a franc." "That is so, sir," was the reply; "that is the retail price, but there is a reduction when you buy wholesale." And he handed back five sous.

Charles Lever, the Irish novelist, in the days when he was British consul at Trieste, accompanied his daughter to London for a little social enjoyment, and neglected to go through the formality of asking for a leave of absence. On his arrival in London he was invited to dinner by Lord Lytton. When he arrived at Lord Lytton's house, his host said: "I'm so glad you could come! You will meet your chief, Clarendon—the minister of foreign affairs. The novelist, much embarrassed, began to give reasons why he must tear himself away, but before he could make his escape, Lord Clarendon was announced, and almost at once espied him. "Ah, Mr. Lever," he said, blandly, "I didn't know you were in

England; in fact I was not even aware that you had asked for leave from Trieste." "No-o, my lord," stammered the novelist, disconcerted for a second, but no more than that; "no, my lord; I thought it would be more respectful to your lordship for me to come and ask for it in person!"

## THE BRIDAL PROCESSION.

## Some Side-Lights on a Fashionable Wedding.

SCENE.—THE CHURCH.—The "Wedding March" from "Lohengrin" sounds from the organ and the procession starts slowly. The guests turn their heads toward the door, as though their necks were pivots, and begin to whisper. Two young men in new clothes sneak shamefacedly from a door in the other end of the church, and take their places by the chancel. Nobody pays the least attention to them.

THE BRIDE'S DEAREST ENEMY—Doesn't she look weird in white? And her hair! Did you ever see such—

ANOTHER GIRL—Well, she's twenty-eight, if she's a day.

THEIR MOTHER—Is that a real lace veil? I can't see very well.

THE GIRL—It looks awfully cheap—and not a diamond! I wonder where they got the money for the wedding? They're poor as—

MOTHER—Isn't there something the matter with her father's collar? Poor man! Somebody ought to tell him.

THE GIRLS—He—he—he—he! It's slipped up in the back.

A GUEST—What's the matter with the ushers? They're yawning.

A MAN—They had their bachelor dinner last night. Hot time, I hear.

ANOTHER MAN—Look at the old man's collar. Isn't it a sight?

A GUEST—He had to mortgage his house to give her this wedding.

ANOTHER MAN—Where did he get his money, anyhow?

A GUEST—Stocks! Say, that first bridesmaid's a stunner. Who is she?

A MAN—One of the Van Hooks. The bridegroom used to be spoony on her once.

FIRST GIRL—She's pale as a ghost! Tell me, is it true that she was engaged to Van Raquette?

ANOTHER GIRL—For two years. She was perfectly wild—

FIRST GIRL—Is he here to-day?

ANOTHER GIRL—He's the fourth usher—the dissipated-looking one.

FIRST GIRL—They say he's in love with her yet!

MOTHER—They're all out of step—he—he—he—he!

A MAN—Watch papa try to push his collar down with the back of his head.

ANOTHER MAN—I'll bet you ten he does it—no—yes—no—

A MAN—It's worse than ever—ha—ha—ha! The ushers are getting on—

MOTHER—The idea of their having Cora Van Hook for a bridesmaid after the scandalous—

THE BRIDE'S DEAREST ENEMY—That's just to show they're so friendly, don't you know.

THE GIRLS—He—he—he—he! I declare, Grace Huit is rouged up to the eyes. Let's have your lorgnette a minute.

A MAN—They say Van Raquette wouldn't come to the rehearsal. Said he couldn't stand it.

ANOTHER MAN—As bad as that, eh?

A GUEST—I think they're the toughest-looking lot of ushers I ever saw. Where did they get them?

A MAN—Belonged to the groom's class or something. The last two look like prize-fighters—

A GUEST [humming the march]—Tum-tumty-tum—Tum-tumty-tum—why don't they get in line?

## PAPA AND THE BRIDE.

THE BRIDE—For heaven's sake, pa, get in step, and keep off my gown—

PAPA—

THE BRIDE—Sh—sh—! What's the matter?

PAPA—That—collar—button has slipped down my back and the collar is up around my head. That's all.

THE BRIDE—Try and push it down. Act as though you didn't know. Don't seem to look round, pa—hut, tell me—just peek—is my wreath on straight? Oh, do keep off my skirt. You didn't act a bit like this at the rehearsal—

PAPA—

THE BRIDE—People will hear you! Now, remember to look sad when you give me away—and don't seem to hurry. Oh, I forgot what I must say!

PAPA—Just repeat—this collar! Repeat what the clergyman says—just mumble it.

THE BRIDE—I simply won't say—"obey." I told Tom so last night. I shall say "love, honor, and be gay." He said if I did he'd stop the ceremony.

PAPA—Well, don't stop it, understand? This thing has cost me more than I was ever worth. I've mortgaged everything I own, and—

THE BRIDE—Don't you care. Tom's rich. Get off my gown, pa.

PAPA—This collar will give me apoplexy!

THE BRIDE—Hold your head way back and it simply can't slip up. And, oh, do look sad, pa, please, or Tom will think you're glad to get rid of me.

## THE BRIDESMAIDS.

FIRST BRIDESMAID—Look at the Van Styles in their old spangled gowns. Walk slower, so we can see the people.

SECOND BRIDESMAID—There's Fanny Foolsom. I'm going to smile and bow all the way. It looks horrid to be too stiff.

THIRD BRIDESMAID—Look at poor Tom. He doesn't seem a bit happy, does he? I wonder if he really cares for her?

FOURTH BRIDESMAID—Do you think the pins are pretty?

FIRST BRIDESMAID—Rather. I hate pearls, though. I think Pinky might have had diamonds. They're so small.

SECOND BRIDESMAID—But the bouquets are superb. Let's hold them up high.

THIRD BRIDESMAID—Tom paid for them, you know. He's a dear boy. He used to send me such lovely flowers! Do you really think he's happy? He's so pale.

FOURTH BRIDESMAID—They're always pale! This is the third time I've been bridesmaid, and I've always noticed it.

FIRST BRIDESMAID—Look at that little Mrs. Widowton! She's perfectly wild at Tom's marrying Pinky. She had her eye on him herself!

SECOND BRIDESMAID—Look at Pinky's pa's collar. Isn't it funny?

THIRD BRIDESMAID—Have you seen the going-away gown? It's a dream.

FOURTH BRIDESMAID—M—m—m. Turquoise-blue cloth and sable.

THIRD BRIDESMAID—Poor, dear Tom! He certainly does look unhappy!

## THE USHERS.

FIRST USHER—Look at 'em all rubbering! Say, get in step. Left, left, left!—slow! That's it. You got it. Now keep it.

SECOND USHER—Look at poor old Tommy, up there. You'd think he'd lost his last friend.

THIRD USHER—Glad it's him, and not me. Say, go slow! This isn't a two-step. Oh, my head!

FOURTH USHER—It's a terrible mistake to have a bachelor dinner on the night before a wedding. I'm surprised that we're here at all. Who took Tom home?

FIRST USHER—You can search me. I didn't notice. What's your rush, old man? You're not playing golf. Left, left, left!

SECOND USHER—If you'd only keep off my feet, I might—

FIRST USHER—If the old gentleman's collar looks like that during the ceremony, it'll break up the church. Left, left, left!

THIRD USHER—That's what you get for not wearing them attached. Did you hear the old chap objecting to our turning up our trousers? I guess he thought he was running this thing!

FOURTH USHER—He made Tom turn his down, but Tom turned them up again. The old man didn't know, you know!

FIRST USHER—Just the kind of a man that would wear collar buttons—Isn't he? Left, left, left. Get in the game, fellows, and look pleasant! We're near there! [The music stops. There is a flutter and then a silence.]

THE CLERGYMAN—This man and woman having come before me—

—Kate Masterson in the New York Herald.

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February 5, and every fifth day there-

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Jan. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Feb. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M.,

January 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, February 4, and

every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa

Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11

A. M., January 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, February 2, and

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## SOCIETY.

## The Pringle-Moore Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Miriam Moore to Mr. Edward J. Pringle took place at the home of the bride's parents in Exeter, Tulare County, on Monday, January 15th. It was a family affair, owing to the recent death of the groom's father, and only relatives and a few very intimate friends were present. The maid of honor was Miss Frances Moore, sister of the bride, and Mr. Sidney Johnson Pringle supported his brother as best man. After a brief wedding trip through the southern part of the State, Mr. and Mrs. Pringle will reside in this city on the north-west corner of Jackson and Larkin Streets.

The bride is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anson D. Moore and a sister of Mr. Percy P. Moore. Mr. Pringle is the eldest son of the late Edward J. Pringle. He is a practicing attorney in this city, and is a member of the University Club.

## A Golf Dance.

Ten young ladies, members of the San Francisco Golf Club, have issued invitations for a golf dance to be given in the club-house on Monday evening, January 29th. Golf costumes will be *de rigueur*, as they were at the golf cotillion that was so successful recently, but the cotillion will not be danced. It will be an early affair, as arrangements have been made for special cars to leave the corner of First Avenue and Sacramento Street at half-past twelve o'clock.

The hostesses of the occasion will be Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Alice Colden Hoffman, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Cora Smedberg, and Miss Carrie Taylor.

## A Dinner in the Red Room.

One of the prettiest dinners of the season was that given on Tuesday last in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club in honor of Miss Ethyl Hager. The room was most beautifully decorated in bamboo, cherry blossoms, Japanese lanterns, and umbrellas, with here and there handsome potted plants and exquisite flowers. A mandolin orchestra played during the service of dinner and afterward. The name and menu cards were done in water-colors and were exceedingly pretty.

Those invited to meet Miss Hager were Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Miss Hager, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Edith Stubbs, Miss Thomas, Miss Hopkins, Miss Edna Hopkins, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Mary Greenwood Josselyn, Miss Adelaide Murphy, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Virginia Jolliffe, Mr. N. N. Wilson, Mr. Frederick A. Greenwood, Mr. W. N. Drown, Mr. Knox Maddox, Mr. Clarence Follis, Mr. William Sproule, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Mr. W. Frank Goad, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. Latham McMullin, Mr. Bert Cadwalader, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. Augustus C. Taylor, Mr. Harry N. Stetson, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Gerald L. Rathbone, Mr. Frederick W. McNear, and Mr. E. M. Greenway.

## The Stubbs Luncheon.

A delightful luncheon was given by Miss Edith Stubbs on Thursday at her home, 2519 Pacific Avenue. Covers were laid for twenty-four at a round table, which was prettily decorated with American Beauty roses, and a couple of hours were passed in the discussion of a well-chosen menu. Those at table were Miss Edith Stubbs, Miss Stubbs, Miss Beulah Stubbs, Miss Mary Stubbs, Miss Helen

Thomas, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Thérèse Morgan, the Misses Kane, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Azalea Keyes, Miss Elizabeth Huntington, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Leila Voorhies, Miss Anna Voorhies, Miss Charlotte Field, Miss Alice Mullins, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Mary Greenwood Josselyn, Miss Georgina Hopkins, and Miss Adelaide Murphy.

## The Richardson Dinner.

A dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. George F. Richardson at The Colonial last Thursday evening. Covers were laid for ten at a prettily decorated round table, and a couple of hours were delightfully passed at table. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. George F. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hasbrouck, Mrs. M. C. Middfield, Miss Dottie Middfield, Miss Mary Taylor, Mr. James McNab, Mr. Edgar D. Peixotto, and Mr. C. A. Vogelsang.

## The Mardi Gras Ball.

The Mardi Gras ball of the Art Association is a matter of course in the social year, but the forthcoming one is arousing unusual interest. The season has been a gay one, and this masquerade affair is expected to put a fitting finish to it. Men will not be masked, but they, as well as the women, will wear some very striking and beautiful costumes. The occasion, too, will celebrate the opening of the Mary Frances Searles Memorial Gallery, the gift of Mr. Edward F. Searles. It will take place on Tuesday evening, February 27th.

## Notes and Gossip.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Mrs. Bertha Russell to Mr. Eugene Lent. Mrs. Russell is the daughter of Mrs. Andrew Welch, of 1090 Eddy Street, and is the widow of the late Dr. James Russell. Mr. Lent, a son of General and Mrs. William M. Lent, is a member of the Pacific Union and University Clubs, and is a practicing attorney in this city. The wedding, which will be a quiet one, will take place after Easter.

The wedding of Miss Mamie McMullin to Mr. Jesse Godley will take place at the home of the bride's mother, at 1104 Post Street, on Tuesday, January 23d. Miss McMullin is the daughter of Mrs. George O. McMullin. Mr. Godley is the third son of Mrs. Godley and the late Montgomery Godley. Owing to the recent death of the groom-elect's father, the wedding will be a very quiet one. The young couple will go to Philadelphia on a wedding trip.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Maud Brooks Fiske to Dr. Clinton Hastings Catherwood, both of New York City. Dr. Catherwood is the son of Mrs. John A. Darling, and the brother of Mrs. Ernest C. La Montague and Mrs. Morton Grinnell. The wedding will take place in April.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Elizabeth Code to Captain R. F. Nicholson, U. S. N. Miss Code is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip D. Code. Captain Nicholson was the navigating officer of the *Oregon* on her memorable trip around the Horn, and is a well-known member of the Bohemian Club. The wedding will take place shortly after Easter.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Florence Sharon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Sharon, of Piedmont, to Mr. Peter C. Allen.

The engagement of Miss Evelyn Crow, of Crow's Landing, to Dr. S. E. Simmons, of Sacramento, is announced. The wedding will take place in Washington, D. C., early in the spring. Miss Crow, who has just returned from two years' study and travel in Europe, is at present spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. Robert B. Marshall, in Wash-

ington, D. C. Dr. S. E. Simmons is the son of Dr. G. L. Simmons, of Sacramento. He is a graduate of Stanford University and of the Harvard Medical School.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Henrietta Zeile, daughter of Mrs. Henrietta Zeile, of 1717 California Street, to Dr. Harold Ohrwall.

The marriage is announced of Miss Elizabeth Miller, youngest daughter of the Rev. William Young Miller, of San José, Cal., to Mr. Samuel George Bernal, of Brook Watson, Nenagh, Ireland. The ceremony took place at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, London. Mr. and Mrs. Bernal will reside at their country-place, Brook Watson, Nenagh, Ireland.

Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee has issued invitations for a costume-dinner which she will give at her home, 1609 Sutter Street, on Wednesday evening, January 24th.

The next meeting of La Jeunesse will take place on Friday evening, January 26th, and will be the army and navy cotillion, being led by Lieutenant John P. Hains, Third Artillery, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. N. Twice the usual number of invitations have been issued, and Native Sons' Hall has been secured for the occasion.

Mr. Rolla V. Watt entertained the following gentlemen, who represent the different heads of department of a well-known insurance company, over night at the Tavern of Tamalpais in the early part of the week, a special train taking them up at night and down in the morning: Mr. John R. Hillman, Mr. E. N. Sewell, Mr. J. O. Thomas, Mr. T. B. Kellam, Mr. J. T. Fogarty, Mr. T. M. Gilcrest, Mr. H. R. Burke, Mr. William Moris, Mr. F. H. Fan, Mr. N. G. Silwood, Mr. O. C. Cappelman, and Mr. J. K. Wrimston.

## The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art.

An exhibition of bronzes and vases will be held at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art during the coming week. The exhibition opens on Thursday evening, January 25th, with a reception to members only, on which occasion there will be some excellent orchestral music; it will close Thursday evening, February 1st, with a public concert, the music on both occasions being under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman.

The display will consist of specimens of ancient and modern Japanese bronze work, modern Russian and French bronzes, and reproductions of some of the famous ancient Greek and Roman bronzes; together with vases of various workmanship. The exhibition is attracting considerable attention and bids fair to be of unusual interest.

## Nevada's Farewell Concert.

Mme. Emma Nevada will give a farewell concert at the California Theatre on Monday evening, January 22d. She will be assisted by Louis Blumenberg, 'cellist, and Selden Pratt, pianist, and will present a new programme, including "Caro Nome" (from "Rigoletto"), "Travouschka," the waltz song from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," and the fourth act (the mad scene) of "Hamlet," by Mme. Nevada; the "Kol Nidre" and two light dances, by Mr. Blumenberg; and piano solos from Chopin, MacDowell, and Sgambati, by Mr. Pratt.

From the increased number of letters addressed to Santa Claus, received at the dead-letter office this year, it is evident that the popular illusion of childhood has as strong a hold as ever, or that the youngsters are becoming accustomed to the letter writing. Since December 1st over a thousand of these letters have reached the office, coming from every State in the Union, and containing requests for almost everything imaginable. Two articles, however, dollars and candy, seem to be in greater demand than any others, the little boys usually naming the sweets, together with something else in connection with the sports. The patron saint is addressed in various ways, the destination of some of the letters being ludicrous. Some are without stamps, some with two-cent stamps, while not a few this year bore five-cent stamps, the senders evidently laboring under the impression that the supposed dispenser of toys resided in some foreign country which was a member of the International Postal Union. Where the address of the sender is given the letters are returned, otherwise they are destroyed.

The discussion in behalf of an earlier opening and closing of large dances, which occupied the fashionable mind in Philadelphia last year, has been revived. The advocates of early openings argue that the old custom of going to balls after theatre-parties, at midnight or later, was very trying to a large portion of society, especially so to the older persons and the business men. It is true of last season that the hour of closing was little changed by an early opening, but that is a point that the movement was not meant to touch. But a small proportion of the guests cares to dance until four or five o'clock in the morning, and that contingent will continue to do so whether the ball starts at ten or twelve o'clock. In the interests of those who wish to go for a short time only and get home early, a number of women are endeavoring to prevent a lapse into the old custom of midnight openings.

## Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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## CHAMPAGNES

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WHILE words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. MUMM & Co.'s EXTRA DRY in 1899 aggregating 109,303 cases, or 72,495 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

FOR BEST VALUE IN  
HATS OR CAPS

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Baking powders made from alum and other harsh, caustic acids are lower in price, but inferior in work and injurious to the stomach.



SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. W. E. Dean and Miss Helen Dean left on Monday, January 15th, for Coronado, where they will remain some time.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilson have been spending the past week at Los Angeles.

Miss Bertha Dolbeer left on Thursday for Coronado, where she will spend several weeks.

Mr. W. W. Lyman came down from St. Helena early in the week, and was a guest at the California Hotel.

Mrs. Henry E. Huntington and the Misses Clara and Marion Huntington have returned from their tour of the southern part of the State. They expect to make a trip to Honolulu during Lent.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels are now at Monte Carlo.

Mr. Frank J. Carolan returned from New York on Tuesday, January 16th. Mrs. Carolan remained in the East as the guest of Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Folis (*nde* Gwin) returned from their wedding tour on Monday, January 15th, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Brander (*nde* Forman) returned to town on Tuesday and are at the California Hotel. They will sail for Australia next Wednesday on the Oceanic steamer *Moana*.

Mrs. Dudley Wilkinson and Miss Cordelia Kirkland, of Chicago, are guests at the Occidental Hotel.

There are quite a number of California girls in Washington, D. C., this winter—Miss Foster, of San Rafael, Miss Moulder, of San Francisco, Miss Upson, of Sacramento, Miss Shepherd, the Misses McKenna, and Mrs. Ethel Murphy Biddle. Miss McKenna and Miss Moulder were among those who received with Mrs. McKinley on New-Year's Day "behind the line."

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Morse left last Friday for Washington, D. C., where they will be the guests of President and Mrs. McKinley. They were accompanied by Mr. H. R. Cooper.

Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Seymour and Mr. J. R. Amoy, of New York, enjoyed a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais during the latter part of the week.

Mrs. Horace Wilson and Miss Nora McNeil leave this week for a visit to Europe.

Mr. Henry Callahan, who has been visiting his mother in this city, will return to his mines in Australia, sailing on the Oceanic steamer *Moana* on Wednesday, January 24th.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Curtis, of San Rafael, were guests at the Palace Hotel during the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Conant, Mr. G. E. Macfarlane, Miss Macfarlane, and Miss H. Berger, of Honolulu, were among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Dr. Louis C. Deane, left early in last week for the East and Europe. After visiting the hospitals of Philadelphia, New York, and Washington, he will go over to Paris and put in four or five months in the famous clinics there.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Ryland, of San José, are guests at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller left on Thursday evening for a trip to Los Angeles and other southern points, expecting to be away about a fortnight.

Mr. Archibald Douglas-Dick, son-in-law of Mrs. A. M. Parrott, has sailed from England, where he and Mrs. Douglas-Dick have been residing for the past three years, to South Africa in command of a company of Scotch volunteers.

Mr. John I. Sahin and Miss Sahin arrived in New York City on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan J. Crooks came over from San Rafael in the latter part of the week, and were guests at the Palace Hotel.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Mason, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Stolp, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Kennedy, of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Coleman, of Petaluma, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Morrison, of San José, Mr. E. D. Philpot, of England, Mrs. J. N. Crawford and Miss Crawford, of Carthage, Ill., Mr. E. B. Stowe, of Stockton, Mr. I. I. Irwin, of San Diego, Mr. George J. Ritter, of Mazatlan, Captain and Mrs. David Wallace, of Seattle, and Mr. and Mrs. W. Forbes, of Bridgeport, Conn.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. H. W. Spalding, Mrs. Howard F. Barbier, Mrs. A. J. Dallam, Mrs. J. W. Ames, Mrs. L. M. Stealey and Miss Ethel Stealey, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Burton, Mr. Morris U. Bates, Miss Florence E. Hayes, Mr. J. S. Hutchinson, Mrs. J. A. Robinson, Mrs. J. Sperry Kane and Miss Josephine Kane, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lady Jane Cole, of London, England, Dr. Campbell Davidson, of Montreal, Mr. D. W. Baker, of Chicago, and Mr. W. R. Hall, of Washington, D. C.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major Louis H. Rucker, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., who is now on sick leave, has been ordered to duty at the Presidio on expiration of his present leave, when he will be commanding officer at the post.

Lieutenant Charles T. Vogelgesang, U. S. N., whose marriage to Miss Zenaide Shepard took place last month, will be transferred on February 16th from his present temporary duty at the New York navy-yard to duty in connection with the *Wisconsin* at the Union Iron Works.

The Navy Department has ordered the following changes: Commander C. W. Rae, detached from the training station at San Francisco, to go to Newport News, Va., as inspector of machinery; Lieu-

tenant-Commander W. F. Halsey, detached from Naval Academy on January 25th and to the *Adams* as executive at San Diego; Lieutenant H. Minett, detached from *Adams* and to Mare Island Hospital; Ensign H. L. Collins, detached from the *Wheeling* and to the *Yosemite*; Paymaster Clerk A. Gaw, detached from *Brooklyn* and ordered home; Lieutenant G. W. Kline, detached from *Brooklyn* and to *Marietta*; Lieutenant J. C. Gillmore, temporary duty on the *Glacier*; Lieutenant W. V. Bronaugh, detached from the *Castine* to the *Ana*; Naval-Cadet J. T. Beckner, detached from the *Castine* and temporary duty on the *Monterey*; Ensign R. Spear, detached from the *Yosemite* and temporary duty on the *Glacier*; Naval-Cadet F. O. Branch, detached from *Iris* and to *Isla de Luzon*; Ensign D. W. Wurtsbaugh, detached from the *Albany* and to the *Yorktown*; Ensign D. W. Knox, from *Yorktown* and to the *Albany*; Assistant-Paymaster C. W. Penrose, additional duty on the *Petrel*.

Golf Notes.

The professional golf tournament, held under the auspices of the Oakland Golf Club, at their links at Adams Point, was begun on Saturday, January 13th, and concluded on the following day. It was a medal-play contest over 36 holes, and the first prize, \$700, was won by Horace Rawlins, instructor at the Oakland Club, in 168. Alexander Smith took the second prize, \$50, with a score of 174, and for the third, \$25, David Stephenson and James Melville tied with 176. In the try-off, over 18 holes, Stephenson defeated Melville by a score of 91 to 94.

The record of the play by holes is as follows:

H. Rawlins.....	3	5	4	4	3	5	4	4	37		
	4	4	9	4	5	4	6	7	4	47	
	6	6	5	5	5	4	5	4	4	44	
	4	5	5	4	4	6	4	3	40	168	
A. Smith.....	5	6	5	4	4	5	5	6	5	45	
	6	6	5	4	5	4	5	2	4	42	
	5	6	6	5	4	4	5	5	4	44	
	5	6	6	5	4	4	5	5	4	44	174
D. Stephenson.....	5	5	5	7	5	4	5	5	4	45	
	5	5	8	5	4	4	5	5	5	46	
	6	5	5	4	4	3	6	4	4	43	
	5	6	5	5	4	4	5	3	4	42	176
J. Melville.....	6	5	5	5	5	4	4	5	3	42	
	5	6	6	5	5	3	8	4	4	46	
	5	5	5	5	3	5	5	6	5	43	
	5	6	6	6	5	3	5	5	5	45	176
W. Anderson.....	7	5	6	4	6	3	6	6	3	46	
	4	5	5	5	4	6	5	5	4	43	
	4	5	6	5	4	4	5	5	5	45	
	5	5	5	4	4	5	6	5	4	43	177
T. W. Tetley.....	6	8	6	4	5	9	6	4	5	4	
	7	6	7	7	5	8	12	4	6	1	
	7	6	8	4	5	6	8	4	5	3	
	6	6	6	5	6	5	6	4	4	2	17

The try-off between Stephenson and Melville resulted as follows:

Stephenson.....	5	5	6	4	5	4	6	5	4	44	
	5	8	5	6	4	3	6	5	5	47	91
Melville.....	5	7	5	6	5	4	6	4	3	45	
	7	6	8	4	4	4	5	5	6	49	94

A ladies' approach-putting contest for the silver loving-cup offered by Mr. Peter McG. McBean took place at the Presidio links of the San Francisco Golf Club on Saturday morning, January 13th. The conditions were that each competitor should approach the green over a bunker with 3 balls from 40 yards and 3 from 60 yards, the winner being she who holed the six balls in the least number of strokes. Miss Mary Scott won, and Miss Alice Colden Hoffman, Miss Maud Mullins, and Miss Edith McBean tied for second place. The scores made are as follows:

	At 40 yds.	At 60 yds.	Total.
Miss Scott.....	14	12	26
Miss Hoffman.....	13	14	27
Miss McBeano.....	15	12	27
Miss Mullins.....	13	14	27
Miss Morgan.....	17	12	29
Miss Moody.....	14	16	30
Miss Carolan.....	15	15	30
Miss Drum.....	16	14	30
Mrs. H. T. Scott.....	16	14	30
Miss Chesebrough.....	14	17	31
Miss Crockett.....	12	19	31
Miss Taylor.....	17	15	32
Miss H. Chesebrough.....	20	13	33
Mrs. Breeden.....	16	18	34
Mrs. Belcher.....	14	20	34
Mrs. Josselyo.....	13	21	34
Miss Thérèse Morgao.....	14	21	35
Miss Ives.....	20	..	..

There will be a ladies' handicap, medal-play competition at the Presidio links for members of the San Francisco Golf Club on Monday, January 22d, for the trophy offered by Mr. W. B. Bourn, a handsome silver-mounted clock.

At the Oakland Golf Club's club-house at Adams Point on Saturday evening, January 20th, a golf cotillion will be held. Each member is entitled to a card for a friend, and it is expected that some four score couples will be present. Mrs. J. H. T. Watkinson and Mrs. Peter E. Bowles have the affair in charge.

The first match in the home-and-home competition between teams from the San Francisco and Oakland Golf Clubs will take place at the Presidio links on Saturday, January 27th, beginning at ten o'clock. Each team will consist of eight players, who will be selected on the Friday preceding the match.

Kid boots are going up in price in England. The reason given is that too many young animals have been killed to provide them.

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Stout Old Lady and the Man.  
He rushed into the car—  
The crowded car—and ere  
The stout old lady who  
Had dropped her fare  
Recovered if he took the only seat  
That had been vacant there.  
She grabbed a strap and stood  
Before him while  
The car lurched on and on,  
Mile after mile,  
She looked down at him and  
He gazed away;  
He sat, she had to stand—  
There's more to say.

The scene has changed: A maiden fair  
Plays lightly on a sweet guitar;  
Her cheeks are red and on her breast  
A bunch of fragrant roses are.  
He comes at last: she greets him and  
Then leads him where  
Her mamma waits, half-buried in  
Her easy-chair.  
A stout old lady glances up,  
He bows and then  
They both remember how and when  
They met before!—  
Diverging ways,  
A sad good-night;  
It sometimes pays  
To be polite.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

The Song of Aguinaldo.

I come from fields of rice and mud,  
I make a sudden skurry,  
Adown the road my sandals throng,  
I'm always in a hurry.

I skip along to Bayamhong,  
I amble down the highway,  
I dodge the waiting Yankee throng  
And flutter up a byway.

Sometimes I polka by the hay,  
And see the pebbles sunning,  
Then turn again and dash away—  
For I am ever running.

I chuckle, chuckle, in my flight,  
And then again I giggle,  
The Yankees think they have me tight—  
They don't know how I wriggle.

I skip, I sneak, I slide, I swoop,  
I flutter down the valley,  
I dodge the noisy Yankee troop  
And off again I Sally.

I rise and run at early dawn—  
For I'm an early dawner;  
And when they think my hope is gone  
They find that I'm a goner!

I dash along the timbered hill,  
I hear the hughes tooting,  
And while the echoes gayly trill  
Another way I'm scooting.

I hop from railway tie to tie,  
I climb the chasm craggy,  
I watch the Yankees rushing by—  
All looking for their Aggie.

Then out again I lightly go  
And splash along the river,  
For yanks may come and yanks may go,  
But I race on forever.

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Our Governor of Guam.

Hail the governor of Guam!  
Calls his people round to view 'em,  
Reads a proclamation to 'em,  
Says they must keep hens and shoo 'em,  
Tells the girls the men must woo 'em,  
If they don't they'll have to sue 'em,  
To the wedded rite he'll glue 'em;  
As for laws they must not pooh 'em,  
If they've foes they mustn't stew 'em,  
If they've coops they mustn't flew 'em,  
Otherwise he'll have to do 'em—  
In the jail he'll likely strew 'em.  
Talks as if he really knew 'em,  
Does our governor of Guam.

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

During these clear, winter days, Mt. Tamalpais continues to be the Mecca of outing-parties. The accommodations at the tavern are excellent, and the trip up the Scenic Railway is full of surprises.

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LEAVE	From December 15, 1899.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Rumsey, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P
*8.30 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*5.15 P
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	*Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma.....	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations, Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oregon.....	*7.45 A
*9.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*9.45 A
*9.00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*12.15 P
*9.00 A	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles.....	*6.45 P
*10.00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	*6.45 P
*11.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*2.45 P
*12.00 M	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P
*12.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*18.00 P
*3.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P
*4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10.45 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	*10.45 A
*5.00 P	Sunset Limited—El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	*10.45 A
*5.30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*12.15 P
*5.30 P	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*8.45 A
*5.30 P	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	*6.45 P
*6.30 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*7.45 A
*6.30 P	Vallejo.....	*12.15 P
*6.30 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden and East.....	*8.50 P
*7.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	
*8.05 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.15 A

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).  
(Foot of Market Street.)

*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*5.50 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	*9.20 A
*11.45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San José and Way Stations.....	*17.20 P

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*7.15	9.00 11.00 A. M., 12.00 2.00 13.00
*4.00	15.00 6.00 P. M.
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10.00 A. M., 12.00 1.00 12.00 3.00 14.00 5.00 P. M.	

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge).  
(Third and Townsend Streets.)

*16.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*16.30 P
*7.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.36 A
*13.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.00 A
*5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.35 A
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*18.00 A
*11.45 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.  
\* Daily. † Sunday excepted. ‡ Sunday only.  
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# The Argonaut.

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For weeks rumor has been persistent in attributing to Governor Gage the intention of calling an extra session of the legislature, and he has been equally persistent in denying any such intention. If Governor Gage really thought it necessary to convene the legislature, there is no reason why he should have attempted to conceal his purpose, and certainly the number of subjects he has included in his proclamation indicates that he considered the extra session extremely necessary. One would think that the legislature had not met for very many years when he looks over the long list of subjects requiring immediate attention.

The subjects covered by the proclamation are sixteen in number, the first naturally referring to the election of a

United States Senator. The next three make changes in the law governing the harbor commission, the fifth and sixth relate to the commissioner and auditing board of public works. The width of wagon-tires, the location of mining-claims, the sale of school and public lands, the abolition of the State lunacy commission, and the transfer of patronage to the governor are the remaining subjects upon which the legislature is expected to act.

Of these subjects the election of a United States Senator is the only one that seems to be pressing. Certain merchants in this city have requested the changes in the law governing the harbor commission, but a better solution of the question, and one that is certain to be adopted in time, is the abolition of the commission and the placing of the control of harbor affairs in the hands of a bureau of the board of public works in this city. In any case, there is no such pressing necessity for immediate action as to call for the expenditure of two hundred thousand dollars, which is about the amount that the extra session will cost. The office of commissioner of public works was abolished at the last session after full discussion, and there is no indication that the legislators who voted for its abolition have changed their minds. The wide-tire law is a dead letter because it is inconsistent and unintelligible—it was so drawn purposely to defeat its object. The question of increased patronage may seem important to the governor, but the tax-payers will be inclined to take a different view of the matter.

The election of a United States Senator might be considered a sufficient reason for calling the extra session, but can any candidate be elected? It has been freely asserted by members of the legislature that a senator might have been elected at the regular session had not Governor Gage sought to run the legislature as well as the executive department. Antagonisms were created that could not be healed. The governor has assumed a position of even more positive dictation at this time, even going so far as to present the text of a number of bills that he wants enacted. This action is certain to cause resentment, and will probably result in nothing being done in general legislation. Whether it will also prevent the election of a senator remains to be seen. More than one hundred ballots were taken during the regular session, without any of the candidates developing sufficient strength to raise even a presumption that he might be successful. The same forces will be lined up against each other during the extra session. Should Colonel Burns succeed in getting the Republican members to go into caucus, and to abide by the decision of the caucus later, he may succeed in capturing the prize. On the last ballot he had thirty; he needs thirty-one votes more to secure an election. The call for a caucus requires thirteen Republicans in addition to those who voted for him; eighteen more must agree to enter the caucus and be bound by its decision. It is positively asserted that the Burns men have a call for a caucus signed by more than sixty members, and, if this is true, his election is assured. The Argonaut has already expressed its opinion that it would be a misfortune to the Republican party should Colonel Burns be sent to the United States Senate.

As a matter of party policy the calling of an extra session seems to be a mistake. It will accomplish little in the way of legislation, and will furnish the opponents of the Republican party with much campaign material for the election in November.

There may be Republicans in California who question the sincerity of the Argonaut's articles concerning the dangers to protection, the menace to free labor, and the threats of free trade from our new island possessions. If they doubt the sincerity of these articles they are very much in error. The Argonaut was never more honest and never more earnest.

This was the first journal in the United States to sound the alarm. The silence of the other Republican newspapers in California may lead our Republican readers to believe that the alarm sounded by the Argonaut is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Again they would be mistaken. The tocsin has been heard. The alarm signal is

reverberating throughout the continent. It is only in California that the Republican journals are silent. They are silent because they dare not speak. They are beginning to realize what dangers they have brought upon this commonwealth. Theirs is a conspiracy of silence.

In other States the Republican press is not silent. In the metropolis of the nation the Republican newspapers are spreading the alarm. The New York Press, a stalwart Republican journal, says that Mr. McKinley by his island policy "has dealt the most deadly blow to protection that it has experienced in twenty years." The Philadelphia Record is "astonished to see Mr. McKinley trudging along under a free-trade banner." The New York Press now warns the workmen, as we have already done, that "the people in our new island possessions live on five cents a day. Therefore if they secure a free market for their products in the United States the American workingman will be compelled to surrender his wages, his neat clothing, his decent dinner, and his comfortable home."

But there is an older and more important Republican newspaper which has at last been forced to recognize this danger. It is the New York Tribune. For many years that paper has been a stalwart of the stalwarts. For many years it has upheld the Republican doctrine of protection to American industry and protection of the American workingman. During the weeks that have elapsed since the Argonaut sounded the alarm, the Tribune has been silent, but at last it has been forced to speak. In its number for January 9th it printed a vigorous communication to Republicans entitled "The Danger of Tariff Extension." The writer thus warned the Republican party of its danger:

"EDITOR TRIBUNE: I am a Northerner, a Republican, speeding the writer to the South. I have been along the Gulf Coast, from Texas to Florida, and have talked to many men in the various Gulf States. I am struck by this fact: Although the South has—theoretically—been for years opposed to Republican tariff protection, and—practically—in favor of free trade, I find all the men I talk to, nine-tenths of them Democrats, in favor of tariff protection against our new island possessions, and opposed to letting Puerto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippines, and eventually Cuba, come within our tariff wall.

"Louisiana sugar-cane growers, Carolina rice planters, and even Florida orange and 'truck' growers all talk the same way. They see nothing but danger to their industries from the free-trade rivalry of our new possessions.

"There was some little talk in Texas about the Philippines becoming a market for the cotton of the South, but this talk was drowned in the grand chorus of alarm over the danger to other Southern interests.

"I hear from a Californian whom I have met here that the Pacific Coast is taking alarm over the threatened competition of these tropical and semi-tropical islands of ours with coast products—semi-tropical fruits, oranges, lemons, limes, etc., and cane-sugar competition with the beet sugar of the Pacific Coast—not only cane-sugar competition, but coolie competition against the white labor of the coast.

"Now, I want to ask you in all frankness, as an old-liege, high-protection Republican talking to an old-line, high-protection Republican newspaper: Does not this mean danger to us in the coming campaign? If Democrats—theoretical free-traders—are demanding protection against these new possessions of ours, what will the Republican masses do? Does it not seem probable that letting these new possessions within our tariff wall will alienate thousands and thousands of Republican voters?

"The Republican party began as the friend of free labor, the enemy of slave labor. It has been built up on the lines of protection to American industry. If we take all the semi-tropical islands, filled with servile, semi-servile, and slave laborers, within our tariff wall, what becomes of our protection to American industry and to the American workman?

"I do not know how they can be annexed and yet kept without our tariff system—unless they be governed as British crown colonies: but I do know that if they are taken within our tariff wall it means danger to the Republican party. A PROTECTIONIST REPUBLICAN."

Now the New York Tribune is one of the most ardent of administration organs. It has supported the administration through thick and thin in all its annexation policies. It has been particularly vehement in supporting the administration in its Asiatic annexation policy. Therefore the Tribune could not be expected to welcome with much enthusiasm the warning of this "Protectionist Republican" against an administration policy. But it has been reluctantly forced to admit the danger, although it endeavors to minimize it. It prints also the letter of a "Republican Manufacturer," from which we extract as follows:

"The men who don't know the difference between a colonial and a territorial policy are making incalculably more trouble for themselves and the country than they imagine. Protection depends upon the combined effort of many elements, farmers and farm-laborers as well as manufacturers and manufacturing heads. Cane-sugar growers



found in States which uphold protection, but many thousand beet-sugar growers are, and many thousand growers of tobacco. Take in Puerto Rico, with territorial organization, so that the United States tariff will not affect imports from that island, and you admit free of duty large quantities of sugar and tobacco, but that is only the beginning. That will force Cuba to demand free access to the same market, and if Congress is able to refuse on the ground that the island is held only in trust, Cuba will vote for annexation. What will happen then in tobacco and beet-sugar growing regions?"

And the "Republican Manufacturer" answers his own question by saying that what will happen to them will be ruin.

In reply to these justly alarmed Republicans, the *Tribune* cautiously and ambiguously says: "All these difficulties have to be faced, and yet protection of American industries will not cease." The *Tribune* itself has quite a difficulty to face when it attempts to explain how protection will not cease when free trade with the islands begins. But it manfully struggles to do so. It says: "The number of farmers who grow sugar beets or . . . tobacco . . . is not very large in any State." Whether large or not, if the administration carries out its island free-trade policy the number will not be larger, but smaller. And at last the number of American farmers who grow sugar-beets and tobacco will be so small that it will disappear. What a curious policy for a Republican administration to support—that of driving American farmers out of business in order to assist Puerto Rican, Cuban, Hawaiian, and Philippine farmers—or rather, to assist the island capitalists and the coolies who work for them.

The *Tribune* adds: "Hosts of farmers now realize that the value of protection to them lies mainly in the enormous home market which it builds up for their products."

Exactly. And is the enormous home market which protection has built up for their beet-sugar products in the North and their cane-sugar products in the South—is this home market to be taken away from them and given to the sugar-planters and their coolies in our new islands? What has the American farmer done that a Republican administration should strive to take the bread out of his mouth?

The *Tribune* continues its labored explanation: "It is not to be supposed that Congress will adopt a territorial policy for any of our new possessions." Yet Senator Foraker, with the approval of the administration, has introduced a bill making Puerto Rico a Territory and removing all duties on trade between that island and the mainland of the United States. Will the *Tribune*, a Republican protectionist paper, support that administration bill? If it does, we hope that Republican protectionists will cease to support the *Tribune*.

Our embarrassed contemporary goes on: "The problem for Congress is of necessity, . . . to devise a system of government and of duties applicable to outlying islands which are the property of the United States, but not part of the United States, as a self-governing nation."

We sincerely pity the struggles of our writhing contemporary the *Tribune*, to square the old-established doctrine of Republican protection to American industry with this new-fangled McKinley doctrine of Republican protection to West Indian industry. The *Tribune* has done the best it could, but its explanation does not explain. This government can not assimilate cheap foreign and coolie labor and at the same time protect our decent white American workingmen. Oil and water will not mix. The islands are annexed—be it so. But annexation shall not mean a death-blow to the Republican doctrine of protection.

The *Tribune's* attempted solution of the problem renders even more ludicrous the "benevolent assimilation" theories of the administration. Now it is evident we can not assimilate the cheap labor of our new islands without a foul wrong to the American workman of our own race and blood. If it comes to wronging anybody, the *Argonaut* would prefer to see foreign workingmen suffer rather than our own. We do not know how the *Tribune*, the administration, and the administration organs are going to get out of this difficulty in which they are entangled. But we serve notice upon them, here and now, that whatever method they adopt, it must not be to the injury of the American farmer and the American workman.

The new board of education, formed in accordance with the conditions prescribed by the new charter, is now in working order. An up-to-date feature is the fact that one of its members is a lady. The *Argonaut* has never believed that women are ever destined to be law-makers or law-enforcers, nor does it believe that in their hearts they desire to be. But matters pertaining to the education of our youth should and do lie within their province, and this new feature in the educational body that controls our public schools is a sensible and probably a fortunate one.

The community, accustomed for many years to the fact that in our boards of education there were frequently, of the twelve members, two or three on boodle bent, has now relaxed into a comfortable conviction that on that score there is nothing to fear. The four newly appointed directors are

people of probity, and three of them have had an experience as practical educators. Much power, however, concerning the material workings of the school department is taken out of their hands, and falls to the board of public works. But the official approval of the board of education is necessary in deciding upon the size and locality of the new school buildings, the number erected, and their plans and specifications, together with the estimates of their cost.

In these matters many mistakes have been made in the past. In quite a number of school buildings erected within the last fifteen or twenty years there has been neglect or oversight in the important detail of providing well-sunned yards for the children's occupancy in hours of recreation. In most of these cases the matter could easily have been arranged by placing the building on the north end of the lot, and thus avoiding the unhealthy damp and chill which at present is caused in many yards by the shadow of the school building itself.

Another matter which calls for deliberation is the erection of eighteen or twenty-room buildings. Students of child criminology consider that the massing together of large numbers of juveniles is inadvisable as being more conducive to the spread of evil, and should be avoided so far as possible; furthermore, a school of five hundred pupils, presided over by one head, has a better chance for good government than one of a thousand pupils presided over by one head. The fact is self-evident, provided that the heads are equally capable. Therefore, it is better policy to erect two ten-room buildings rather than one of twenty rooms. Still another matter that needs time and reflection is the expenditure of large sums of money for the erection of school-houses in localities of long standing and fixed or waning population. Some of these localities in the eastern part of the city have partially or wholly changed their character, and are given over less to residence and more to business purposes, thus lessening the number of school-children. Already one large school in that section of the city has been done away with, and the pupils easily accommodated in neighboring schools. It has now been proposed to erect new school-buildings in other settled localities. We suggest to the new school board that they look thoroughly into the subject, and find whether such buildings are actually needed before finally deciding upon such a step.

We further suggest that the relieving of the over-crowded schools (which are generally in the outlying sections of the city) be first attended to. Next, that the board, after having decided from careful investigation what buildings would warrant the expense, recommend the setting aside of a sufficient sum for the improvement and modernizing of those structures, which are too substantial and valuable to be allowed to fall into the too-familiar decay of San Francisco school-houses. Furthermore, before adding school accommodation in localities that do not need it, that they recommend instead the tearing down of some of the battered, shaky, unsightly, grimy structures whose beginnings are lost in antiquity, and the erection, in their place, of modern, airy, well-lighted buildings.

Last, and most important of all, do we suggest that these younger children in the public schools whose parents' poverty prevent their attaining to a high-school career, be regarded as of equal importance with the more prosperous pupils of the high schools; and that the buildings erected for their occupancy be just as spacious, lofty, and handsomely decorated, be finished in as fine woods, and be inclosed by equally beautiful lawns as are those dedicated to the use of the high schools.

A recent address by Dr. Crothers, of Hartford, delivered

before the State Medical Association of New York, has again brought forward a discussion of the use of morphine and the increase of the habit generally.

A new feature of the subject, startlingly evolved by the medical orator, is embodied in his statement that from an investigation covering a period of years he had become satisfied that fully six per cent. of physicians in the United States were themselves addicted to the morphine habit. Having established this fact, he saw in it a reason for an increasing use of morphine among the laity, which he also announced as a fact. "A physician addicted to the use of the drug," he said, "is prone to prescribe it for the relief of pain in a patient." This leads so naturally to starting the habit that "many morphine fiends have been helped to their ruin by a physician's advice."

Morphine is a poison, and as such is regulated, or supposed to be, in most of the States, if not all, by the laws covering the sale of poisons. These laws are naturally pointed at drug-stores, and it would seem apparent that if the use of morphine is substantially increasing, that the law is by no means strictly observed. To learn something definite on the increased use of morphine and the custom of dispensing it in drug-stores, the *Philadelphia Press* made an investigation on its own account in its home city. Forty-six drug-stores were visited by its representatives. Three pro-

prietors had nothing new to report, and two claimed a decrease in morphine sales, but forty-one admitted a steady increase of sales during the last two years. The inquiry also showed that the law was being totally ignored. The requirement that a register of the sales of poisons should be kept, and that the record should be at all times open to the inspection of coroners and courts, was scarcely observed. The druggmen were adverse to making the purchase of morphine difficult on the principle that if one did not furnish it conveniently the fiend would go to the next block with his trade. The druggists were inclined to blame the physicians for the growing habit of using the drug, which they said is now most commonly taken as a powder into the stomach instead of being hypodermically injected as of yore. Doctors prescribe it altogether too freely for the purpose of straightening up an inebriate after a spree, to alleviate pain in numerous cases, and generally to tone up the nervous system. From these causes the habit is commenced, and once begun is almost impossible to break.

The customers of these druggists were of all ages from fifteen to seventy, and while the morphine habit appeared to have a strong hold on both sexes, it seemed apparent that it was somewhat more prevalent among women than among men. The quantities taken at a dose varied from the two or three grains absorbed by a beginner to twenty or thirty grains which might be taken by a confirmed "fiend" without immediate serious consequences. Five grains would probably prove a fatal dose for one who had not become confirmed in its use. One prominent druggist freely admitted that its use was constantly increasing. His store was open all night, and from midnight to morning he was safe to sell anywhere from six to fourteen packets of the drug. The customers asked for it at a private window—not at the public counter. It was generally referred to as "white," because it was a white powder, and they wrapped it in white paper. This druggist told of several customers in high social relations who called regularly for the drug about twice a week. These were mostly women. The "fiends" generally "dropped out" of his vision in about two years, indicating the period of fatality in morphine-eaters.

The conditions in Philadelphia are probably a duplicate of those in all large cities. If that is true, the enormous evil caused by the unrestrained use of the drug presents a field for the energetic action of the law-makers and the law-enforcers.

"The hum of industry" is considered an essential feature of the economic world, and doubtless would be missed, especially by the stump speaker.

To this famous and useful hum there can be no objection. Irritation, however, arises from the circumstance that many of the clamorous sounds which greet the ear and rack the nerve of city folk are without excuse. A large part of them could be modified and some of them abolished. The result would be restful. Americans are noted the world over for not resting enough. They are accused by more phlegmatic peoples of being over-wrought, and doubtless the accusation is well founded. The pursuit of money is an intense occupation and affords but scant interval for recreation. When this interval must be spent where there is the shriek of whistles, the clang of bells, and the roar of traffic over uneven streets, there is no recreation, but an added weariness.

Church bells deserve to be rated as nuisances and abated. They are no longer necessary in the slightest degree. People are not summoned by them to worship, for the prevalence of time-pieces permits everybody to know the hour without having it harshly dinged into his senses. Who wants to go will go without a bell, and who does not want to go would be impelled farther in the other direction. The church bell is a relic of mediæval times, and has not merited the honor of being saved as more than a silent curiosity, preferably cracked. Swinging on high, so early as five o'clock in the morning, it fails to elevate morals or happiness. In this city the fire-bell also needs suppression. It is another relic, not of mediæval times but of the days when fighting flames was a duty common to all able-bodied men. Now there are trained men paid for this purpose. The alarm may be sent to them without arousing the community from sleep, or startling it from its accustomed tasks. There is no occasion for informing citizens at large that a fire is raging, since if attracted to the spot they would be in the way and of no possible service. Whistles may be classed with bells. If there is any reason why every factory and mill or other institution with steam enough in its boilers to create an uproar should do so morning, noon, and night, the secret has been well kept.

The street-car deserves separate consideration—it is so variously an affliction. The rumble of it is a fearful thing. It clatters and clangs along the highway, contributing to the tumult. While axles of hardwood would deaden the vibration, hardwood costs more than iron. Economy in the use of money suggests the employment of iron. Economy in

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the destruction of nerve force does not declare dividends. The jangling of car-bells could be modified. The gong is in such constant use that it loses the desired effect. The familiarity with it breeds contempt, and makes it useless as a warning. Gritmen pass hock after hock monotonously whacking the reverberant bell, instead of reserving it for the frequent emergency of a crowded thoroughfare. Rails are laid with a view to the least expense. Where they join, the wheels pass with a maddening clankity-clank. Sometimes the wheels become worn, and thus produce a painful thumping all their own.

A potent source of misery is the cobble pavement, of which there remain in active use many scores of blocks on level streets subject to the heaviest traffic. A cobble-stone pavement, except on declivities too abrupt for the passage of vehicles, is an abomination, destructive to peace of mind. Even hasalt block, a decided improvement, lacks much of an approach to perfection easily attainable.

While the causes of discomfort mentioned could be robbed of terror only at some cost in money and some violation of precedent, there are other annoyances that might be abolished by the formulation of common sense into ordinance. There is hardly a more strident and superfluous discord known than the cries of hucksters. Men who collect the bottle and the bag, and who possess a vociferous yearning for scrap-iron; men who hawk the slippery-skinned hanana, the useful potato, project into the situation an agony all unnecessary. They should be muzzled, or have their licenses revoked. There are places of amusement announced by "spielers" whose grating voices jar, while from within doors come the moan and groan and wail of auto-horrors preservative of songs without music, of speeches never delivered, the ravings of lunatics. These places add nothing to the sum of human knowledge or happiness. The hand-organ discoursing at the corner is in token of a form of mendicancy that should be directed to other methods of wresting bread from charity.

The right to rest should not be taken away nor abridged. At present it is practically denied to the average citizen. Whatever his calling, from the early morning hour, when milk-wagons begin their tumultuous rounds, until late at night, when the city falls into fitful slumber, he is surrounded by noise, the moving centre of confusion. It is time for better pavements, for more rubber tires, and for the use of sane appliances to save the nerves of the generation.

With commendable promptness the new board of supervisors has taken the preliminary steps looking toward the acquisition of public utilities by the city. A resolution has been adopted, calling the attention of the board of public-works to the provisions of Article XII. of the charter, requesting that body to formulate the necessary plans, and tendering the co-operation of the supervisors. As has been pointed out in these columns, that article provides that within one year after January 8th of this year the supervisors must procure through the city engineer plans and estimates for the construction by the city of water-works, gas-works, electric-light works, steam, water, or electric-power works, telephone lines, street railroads, and any other public utilities. The supervisors must then determine which of these public utilities should be acquired first, and submit the question of such acquisition to a vote of the people at a special election. At the same time they must ascertain the price at which existing plants can be purchased, and submit the proposition of purchase instead of construction.

It is evident that there is a vast amount of work in connection with this, and that it can not be inaugurated too early. The problems presented to the city engineer are simply professional, and while they involve immense detail, much of the work has been done already. Thus the various sources from which water can be drawn to supply the city have already been investigated, and estimates of cost are ready on file among the city's records. It may be necessary to bring the figures up to date, but this should not involve any real difficulty. The value of the Spring Valley plant as an alternative proposition has already been thoroughly investigated. The cost of an electric lighting plant or the city was determined last year by a leading engineer, and all that is necessary is to extend these figures somewhat to determine the cost of a light and power plant and of a telephone system. The work of the city engineer, therefore, should be accomplished in a comparatively short time.

The board of supervisors will have a much more difficult task in determining which of these utilities should be acquired first, and whether more than one should be acquired in the first year. Under the charter, propositions must be submitted on the initiative of the supervisors at least every two years, and at any time on petition signed by at least fifteen per cent. of the voters. Thus, it would probably be best to form a general plan of the order in which utilities are to be acquired, and this involves a number of questions.

It is probable that the verdict of a popular vote taken at

the present time would be in favor of beginning with the water-works. The company here has been before the public longer and more persistently than any other of the quasi-public corporations, on account of the annual wrangles over rates. In other cities of this country the water system has been the first utility acquired, and San Francisco has lagged far behind in this direction. On the other hand, the knowledge that has been gained regarding the present system reduces the danger of mistakes in regulating; the charter limits the profits to a reasonable amount, and the question of purchase or the adoption of some alternative source of supply, will require considerable study by the people in order that a wise decision may be arrived at.

The purchase or construction of a gas plant is suggested as an immediate necessity by the disputes over rates. On the other hand, electricity is to be the light of the future; the light plant can be constructed to furnish heat and power, benefiting a larger number of consumers through reduction of rates, and benefiting the city by increasing the income at a comparatively small increase in expense; the plant can be constructed more economically at the same time that the sewers are being built; and a telephone system can be installed without the necessity of expensive duplications on conduits and poles. This last consideration would suggest the advisability of constructing all the electric plants at the present time, and in connection with the extension of the signal system of the police and fire departments. As against this is the proposition of the Blue Lakes Electric Transmission Company to continue its wires to this city and furnish electricity for all purposes at a very low rate. This plan does not cover the question of telephones, however, the regulation of which threatens to involve some difficult questions.

The acquisition of street railways by the city is likely to be one of the questions to be postponed for the present, on account of the fact that competing lines to those now operated would not be profitable, and the purchase of existing franchises would involve heavy expenditure. The franchise of the Geary Street road will expire in two years; the others not until some years later. Under the provision of the charter permitting a street railroad to run over the tracks of a competing line for a distance of ten blocks, the Geary Street line can run from the ferries to the park. It might be a good plan for the city, instead of granting a new franchise for twenty-five years, to operate this line, either directly or under lease, in opposition to the Market Street system. Such a plan would give a practical illustration of the advantages or disadvantages of municipal ownership of street railroads, without involving very heavy expense. Should it prove successful, the city system could be extended gradually as other franchises expire.

These are some of the questions that the supervisors and the people will have to decide. They will involve careful study. Municipal ownership in this country, particularly on the scale contemplated by the charter, can not be considered to have passed the experimental stage. Mistakes will inevitably be made in adjusting and carrying out the programme, and therefore no step should be taken until the question has been studied in all its hearings.

During the year just past, Andrew Carnegie gave for the purpose of establishing libraries more than two million and a half dollars, and there is no indication that his bounty in this direction is at an end. The fact of Carnegie's generosity has been realized here distinctly, because one of the cities to receive a direct benefit is Oakland. There, as in many other places, a fund of fifty thousand dollars has been made available upon conditions easily complied with. That public libraries constitute one means of education and enjoyment to which all citizens should have access is a truth so generally recognized that the founding of libraries was never so common a form of philanthropy as now. To many the library stands in the place of academy and university.

The library maintained by San Francisco is a credit to the city and a blessing to thousands who without it would be denied the companionship of books. It is conducted along broad and progressive lines designed to cover the wants of the greatest number. While its head-quarters and most of its books are in the City Hall, so great have been the demands upon it that for convenience of patrons six branches have been established. At these branches are on file periodicals of the highest class, as well as selections from the best and latest writers. That the facilities thus afforded are appreciated is shown by a sample monthly report. During December, 1899, there were 51,225 volumes issued for home use, and 18,406 for use in the library, a daily average in the latter respect of 1,513. There are in force 28,740 cards. The total number of books in the library is 120,405, of this number 101,042 being in the main library and the rest divided among the branches. A monthly bulletin is issued setting forth necessary information in regard to the acquisition of volumes, their class and location.

While the rules governing the institution are liberal, they

provide ample protection for the property, and no abuse of privilege would be permitted. At all hours visitors may be seen about the various rooms—quiet, thoughtful, and studious. Streams of people, young and old, are constantly going and coming. At tables in the reference department groups of investigators scan every authority that can be made available. There is never noise nor suggestion of confusion, but by the system in vogue every detail fits into place with the nicety of a machine. Nobody could look upon the scene and fail to be impressed with a conviction that the library is doing a great work for this community. The aim of the trustees is to have the library an actual adjunct to the school, and hence especial pains have been taken to secure for it the best of dictionaries, encyclopædias, and other works purely informational. Hundreds of pupils are in the library or its branches every day, to avail themselves of the opportunity thus given.

To manage the library requires the services of about fifty persons, thirty of whom are women selected by reason of fitness. They are chosen through a plan of civil-service examination. That they must be people of culture and education, and particularly well versed in literature, is a matter of course. At an examination held two years ago there were fifty-five applicants, out of whom thirteen passed. This ordeal successfully undergone, the fortunate ones were put on a list of eligibles and summoned to duty as vacancies occurred, the order of the summoning being determined by the relative standing. Even to be placed among the eligibles is not assurance of a fixed position, for there is still demanded a probationary period of active service. The examinations are not made up of a captious set of questions designed to entrap and bewilder, but touch upon the field of letters fairly, the aim being to ascertain if the candidate possesses an intelligent idea of books and writers. The positions in pay and dignity rank with those of school-teachers, with the advantage of permanency and freedom from the influence of politics. There is no favoritism, and the efficacy of the "pull" is unknown.

The potency of such a library in promoting the average of culture must approximate that of a university. It is, indeed, a school where the instructors are the wise men of all ages, the philosophers, and scientists, and poets who have read the story of the unfolding of the world, and made a record. To the staff of tutors belong not only all the wise of the past, but all the wise of our day, all who invent, discover, think; who have in some measure untangled the thread of human circumstance. The modern library is a treasury where the draft of intellect is honored. Day by day additions are made to its store, for it keeps pace with the progress of the race. Through the daily papers and weekly and monthly prints it follows all there is to follow in every field of achievement and endeavor. The library under consideration is only one among several of considerable magnitude maintained in this city. In some respects it doubtless is the best. It differs from the rest in that it is absolutely free to those who wish to make use of it. There is not even the hindering trifle of monthly dues. All that is asked is that the volumes shall be carefully handled and promptly returned. Merely by compliance with these easy terms, the best of literature is within reach of any who may desire it.

In Hartford, Conn., on January 9th, the New England Tobacco-Growers' Association met to discuss the danger to their industry from free trade with Puerto Rico. There are thousands engaged in tobacco-growing in New England whose livelihood is menaced by the administration policy of free trade with our tropical islands. The association passed resolutions protesting against making Puerto Rico an integral part of the United States. The resolutions declared that making our new islands such integral part would confer on the people thereof "the rights of free migration and free trade with the other parts of the United States."

We call the attention of our esteemed contemporary, the *San José Mercury*, to this declaration, at which it sneered when made by the *Argonaut*. It will thus see that this danger is apprehended by thousands of American tobacco-growers, if not by the *Mercury*.

The resolutions conclude thus:

"That the wide-spread alarm apparent among not only the leaf-tobacco and cigar interests, but all others that would be injured by free trade in competing products of these islands, should, and we earnestly hope will, be sufficient warning to honorable members of Congress to proceed slowly in matters of legislation involving, as it may, not only the happiness and prosperity of thousands of American citizens, but the possible ruin of large American industries."

When the press of other States has taken up the *Argonaut's* appeal, when in other States the growers of tobacco, sugar-cane, sugar-beets, rice, and citrus fruits are organizing to defend their imperiled industries, is it not time that the Republican press of California should warn the farmers and workmen of this State of the dangers which threaten them?



## THE SALTING OF THE ESPERANZA.

A Long-Delayed Revenge.

Mining men, assayers, and the like will deride and hoot at you if you mildly hint to them that theirs is a very "romantic" business, with its big chances *pro* and *con*, its lack of cut-and-driedness, and so on. And they may be in the right, for all one knows. But there was one case wherein romance, mining, and assaying made a very homogeneous mix: that of the great "Esperanza Gold Mines, Limited," in which the principal actors were Mr. John Simpson, assayer and ore-buyer, and Richard Hadley-Benton, M. P., representing an English borough and something like a quarter of a million pounds sterling, which, on his say-so, was invested in the "Esperanza."

The thing had its commencement many years ago in England, and, as a matter of course, is traceable to a woman. But, strange to say, this woman was worthy of having things happen on her account. She was lovely Aileen Butler, the Irish beauty, who took London by storm the very year that young Duncan Dudley and his chum, Hadley-Benton, left Oxford. And with Miss Butler both these young men proceeded to fall violently in love, upon first sight of her. This in spite of the fact that far older and richer men were already at her feet, and she could even have married a rich and gouty old duke, bad she so desired. But Miss Butler did not so desire; and, in truly Irish fashion, took no pains to hide her preference for Dudley, who was merely the third son of a poverty-stricken Scotch peer, and as thorough a detrimental as one could find in a day's travel.

No wonder that the girl's family swore, stormed, and wept, respectively; even Hadley-Benton, with his rich mining and broking father, would have been a more desirable *parti*. But, no; headstrong Miss Butler would have none of him, none of the nasal Yankee millionaire who was hunting "a wife from the nobility," none of the gouty old duke. In short, she would marry the poverty-stricken Duncan Dudley, and no one else. She did not care whether he had money, prospects, a profession or not; she loved him, and proposed to marry him. Which, in spite of tears, prayers, and profanity, settled the matter. Miss Butler, in spite of her beauty, had a will and a mind of her own, and there was no use whatever in disputing her.

Wherefore reluctant consents were won, reluctant blessings were said, the engagement was announced, the marriage was arranged to take place within two months, and the Hon. Duncan and his beautiful *fiancée* were as bappy as the day is long. The saying that "true love never does run smooth" seemed to be disproved in their case; perhaps would have remained disproved but for Mr. Richard Hadley-Benton.

Hadley-Benton had been Dudley's greatest friend, both at Rugby and Oxford. They had for years been inseparable, and were known at Oxford as Damon and Pythias. Nothing but a woman could have come between them, and this is just what a woman did. For, two days before accepting Dudley, Miss Butler had somewhat contemptuously refused Hadley-Benton's hand and large fortune. For which refusal Hadley-Benton inconsistently blamed Dudley, instead of Miss Butler. Erstwhile friendship on his part turned to bitter envy and hate, and the rejected suitor quietly promised himself revenge when the chance came.

Of all this the Hon. Duncan knew nothing, and suspected less. He was busy applying for and receiving a diplomatic under-appointment in Paris, which would enable him to marry and thenceforth support his wife in at least comparative luxury. That his Damon or so many years was now his secret enemy he would never have believed, their friendship seemed as strong as ever, and the two were quite as inseparable as of yore, even traveling together to Paris when the exigencies of Dudley's new appointment demanded the trip.

And this is where Hadley-Benton's prayed-for opportunity presented itself. For, while in Paris, secure in his present bappiness and soon-to-be wedded bliss, the Hon. Duncan proceeded to indulge himself in a particularly foolish though brief flirtation with a handsome American woman. Some unkind people called her that ugly word "adventuress," though others merely said that she was "sporty." However that may be, she thought the good-looking young *attaché* the best of game, even though he might be an engaged man. What did the other woman matter to her? And the flirtation was a desperate one. It ended as suddenly as it began, however, for the lady's "sportiness" was a little too much for even sporty Duncan, who soon beat a rapid and not too dignified retreat from gay Paris, still companioned by his faithful Damon, and the "incident" was by him considered as closed.

To exultant Hadley-Benton "incidents" were just beginning, however, and within four hours after his return to London, Miss Butler and Miss Butler's father knew all about the Paris-adventuress "incident." Hadley-Benton had "deemed it his duty" to impart full details, and Miss Butler's father had thanked him for so doing. A brief interview followed; some inconsequent and rather pitiful excuses were made by Dudley, but what excuse avails in such cases, when offered to a faithful and single-minded girl? Mr. Duncan Dudley's ring was returned, a few cold, stinging words were spoken to him by his *ex-fiancée*, an insult or two offered by her father, and then the Hon. Duncan was shown ceremoniously to the door. Added to all of which, the next day had the happiness of hearing that his *ex-chum* and present undoer, Hadley-Benton, had again proposed to Miss Butler—this time successfully. The marriage, said the society papers, would take place within thirty days.

From this time commences the downfall of the Hon. Duncan Dudley. For even a third son can find ways and means whereby to go to the "demonition bow-wow," and the thorough velocity of Dudley's down-hill pace is even yet spoken of as an example of what a man can do in that line, even in London. For it is not every day that a young man

can get himself kicked out, figuratively and literally, from several of the laxest of clubs, and not every day that he can not only disgrace himself but the generations of good, proud people back of him.

No man's downfall was ever more artistically complete and finished than that of Duncan Dudley. He was at the bottom of degradation's hill, an outcast and disowned by his family, when an old uncle, from whom he had expected to inherit, sent for him and offered him his choice between a pistol and traveling expenses to Australia. Dudley chose the traveling expenses, promising to take the next steamer, under an assumed name, for Melbourne. Two days later he purchased instead, under the name of John Simpson, a ticket for Panama. And with that purchase ends the career of the Hon. Duncan Dudley, so far as Great Britain is concerned; ends, also, our interest in Miss Aileen Butler, who soon afterward became the unhappy and unloving wife of Mr. Richard Hadley-Benton—with which latter personage we have not yet finished.

Regarding Mr. John Simpson, second-class passenger from Liverpool on the British South American and Panama S. S. liner *Paloma*, it would be an impossible feat to follow his fortunes and misfortunes through the next ten years. Of his life in Panama, Brazil, and Central America reams of paper would be consumed in the telling, also more of my time and yours than either of us would care to lose. As a matter of briefness, he had been anything and everything possible in his attempts to gain either honest or dishonest living. He had logged on the Amazon, dug for gold (which like Rachael's children, "was not") in the Guianas, gambled unsuccessfully in Panama, and at last, in desperation, had drifted to the Mexican border. There he had the fortune (or misfortune) to save the life of a Mexican girl, the only daughter of a *ranchero*, who owned *ranchos* and a mine or two in the western part of Mexico, just then in process of development by various English and American syndicates.

This girl, Anita by name, was rather pretty; though dark and chubby, as Mexican girls often are. But she was sweet, innocent, and very faithful, and she let Simpson see that she cared for him, and would marry him if he so desired. Strange to say, he did desire; his life had been such that the pure and unselfish love of even a Mexican girl meant much to him, and he swore that he would reform, once married to Anita. Not that he loved her. Love, Mr. Simpson had killed with his own hands ten years ago and more. But some men can not live up to much of a standard without a good woman's help. Simpson was of this ilk. Wherefore he married Anita, sobered up in a manner that astounded even himself, refused to accept help from his somewhat grumpy father-in-law, and found a job as assistant assayer in the Mexican mining-town of Palma Sola, in the very centre of the gold and silver mining district which English and American capital was in process of exploiting.

In the course of time Simpson's employer died, and Simpson continued the assay-office on his own account, for he had learned the business during his five years' apprenticeship, and chemical knowledge gained by him while at Oxford also stood him in good stead. Besides which he had learned a great deal about mines and mining, and knew what was ore and what was not. (You may not realize it, but this last is a great attainment.) Also, in addition to his assay-office, he now had a small ore-buying agency and was, in fact, making money hand over fist.

Anita, though now very fat and mustached, had nevertheless proved a good and faithful wife and mother, and Simpson's lines had not been cast in the most unfortunate places after all. He had totally reformed and lived a contented life, forgetful of his old estate and old love, straight and honest in business, devoted to his only child, and kind to his wife. Few men in Palma Sola were more respected than John Simpson, assayer and ore-buyer.

Just about this time rumors got afloat in Palma Sola that some promoters had at last boomed the "Esperanza" gold prospect near by on the London market; that one of the biggest mine-breaking concerns there had been favorably impressed—so favorably impressed, in fact, that the bead of the concern, a very rich man and member of Parliament, was himself on the way to make a personal investigation of the mine. If it "panned out" as represented, the Englishmen intended to buy it and erect costly stamp-mills for working the ore, with cyanide plants for treatment of the tailings.

In due time the rich Englishman arrived. Simpson at once recognized in the puffy, pompous member of Parliament, who represented the greatest combination of mining capital in Great Britain, his old chum and deadly enemy, Hadley-Benton. Needless to say the latter did not recognize in Simpson, assayer and ore-buyer, the Duncan Dudley of fifteen years ago. In this rough, bearded, sloppy-looking Westerner, whom he patronizingly addressed as "My good man," Mr. Hadley-Benton, M. P., saw merely a human machine which would be useful later in assaying the "Esperanza" samples, for the machine was considered the only reputable and accurate assayer in or within reach of Palma Sola. And, having engaged Simpson to make the said several assays, this pompous individual departed for the "Esperanza" prospect in peace and content of mind—in which frame of spirit he did not leave Mr. Simpson, assayer and ore-buyer. For very little things often bring back to us hates and loves and aches that we flatter ourselves are dead within us, lost sight of, and drowned in the limbo of the past. So it was with poor Simpson. The sight of Hadley-Benton brought back to him, with a sharpness of despair that cut and tore his very heart-strings, the thought of what he had been, what he might have been, and (worst of all) what he really was now, and what he would always have to be.

That entire night Simpson spent in fighting phantoms of the past, memories of his lost and only love, memories of home and friends, the position and happiness which might have been his but for his own folly and his traitorous confidant, Hadley-Benton. It was a hard night and a hard fight, but Simpson went to his office exulting next morning with

plans fully thought out and arranged. His enemy had at last been placed in his power, and Mr. Simpson proposed that there should be a plentiful settling of old scores.

When Mr. Hadley-Benton and his large number of carefully sealed samples from the "Esperanza" reached Simpson's assay-office later that week, the latter person was entirely and deferentially at the disposal of the lordly capitalist, only Simpson preferred—in fact, stipulated—that Hadley-Benton himself should unseal the samples, with his own hands, and remain in the assaying office, so that the entire process, from grinding the samples down to the weighing of the gold residue, could be carefully witnessed and overlooked by him. For, as Mr. Hadley-Benton must realize, assaying such valuable ore as that of the "Esperanza" was a serious matter, particularly where, as in the present case, there were no other assayers to check against, and one man's results had to be accepted.

This was "quite in order," Mr. Hadley-Benton stated, and with his own hands he undid the seals that he had placed on the jute sacks containing his precious samples, and watched pompously while Mr. Simpson beat up his furnaces, deftly ground up the samples, weighed the pulp carefully, and then poured it into the crucibles containing his gold flux, first insisting that the Englishman test the flux itself, to prove that it was absolutely free from gold, so that any possible "salting" might be prevented. With all of this Mr. Hadley-Benton declared himself content.

The assaying was a long and tedious process, but it was carefully watched in its every detail by the capitalist who announced himself, when the last button had "blicked," as being entirely satisfied with the proceedings and methods of Mr. Simpson. Not a button had frozen; not one had been lost; duplicates presented the same showing as originals; and no matter what returns final partings might give, he would be satisfied to abide by Mr. Simpson's figures.

The final parting of the silver-gold buttons was done with the greatest possible care and slowness. And well that it was, for the results given by each and every assay were so exceedingly high that Mr. Hadley-Benton might have been incredulous had he not watched the process from first to last. There were fifteen different assays on which each duplicate checked its original; there was no discrepancy of any sort, and the total average gave a result in gold of eleven and two-tenths ounces to the ton!

Would the "Esperanza" pay to work? Mr. Simpson's results proved that question very conclusively, and Hadley-Benton fairly flew to the telegraph-office, where he, after much difficulty and serious struggles with the Spanish tongue and telegraph clerks, sent a cablegram to his London directors and stockholders, authorizing them to boom the "Esperanza Gold Mines, Limited," for all they were worth, to ship out at once the contemplated stamp-mill and cyanide plant (cost one quarter of a million), and to draw upon him for any and all extra funds desired.

So much for the "Esperanza Gold Mines, Limited," of London and Mexico, and so much for poor Mr. Hadley-Benton, M. P., whose reputation and private fortune were alike lost in the venture. Because, long after the plant and stamp-mill were installed, and more money than I care to name irretrievably sunk in the "Esperanza," it was found that the ore of the mine ran, at very highest estimate, exactly one-tenth of an ounce in gold, or not even high enough to pay working charges. Truly "poor Mr. Hadley-Benton"; for he had taken the samples, watched and approved the making of assays therefrom, and he alone it was upon whom the wrath of stockholders and directors fell when it was discovered that the "Esperanza" was a dead failure, not to say the greatest swindle of modern times.

No one, not even Hadley-Benton himself, can account for the matter. No one ever offered any explanations as to how such fabulous results were secured from utterly worthless ore. Even the assayer, Mr. John Simpson, professes himself as lost in amazement at the way the "Esperanza" turned out. But, of course, as every one realizes and concedes, he had nothing to do with the matter, and can not therefore be held responsible. But, all the same, Mr. Simpson knows—even as we do—that a hypodermic syringe can be used successfully for more purposes than one, and, unluckily for Hadley-Benton, chloride of gold is soluble, and may be injected through the heaviest of jute sacking.

G. CUNYNGHAM TERRY.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1900.

During the period while all England was in fear and trembling from the rumored approach of the Spanish Armada, John Still, bishop of Bath and Wells, wrote this anthem, to be sung in churches, and it became a popular war song for the nation:

From merciless invaders, from wicked men's device,  
O God! arise and help us to quell our enemies.  
Sink deep their potent navies; their strength and courage break;  
O God! arise and save us, for Jesus Christ, His sake.  
Though cruel Spain and Parma with heathen legions come,  
O God! arise and arm us; we'll die for our home.  
We will not change our credo for Pope nor book nor bell;  
And if the devil come himself we'll bound him back to hell!

These vigorous rhymes were inspired quite as much by fanaticism as by patriotism. But they are sublime as the anthem of a weak nation inspiring resistance to one of the greatest power. Now that three hundred years have gone by, even the spirit of the anthem seems inappropriate to the war which England is waging at present, though the Boers might adopt it.

In considering the problem of heating the large department stores which are now to be found in nearly every big city, it is very well worth taking into account the animal beat distributed by the many customers who come into such establishments. That this is considerable (remarks *Cassier's Magazine*), is evidenced by the experience of at least one engineer, who, in one such case, found that after 9:30 A. M., on a day in midwinter, with the thermometer at the freezing point, no other heat was needed to keep the place warm.



## WINTER SPORT IN GOTHAM.

Opening of the Skating Season in Central Park—Women of the Country Clubs Playing Hockey on the Ice—The St. Nicholas Rink.

The red ball was hoisted on the Belvedere tower at the Arsenal a few days ago, and the same signal imitated on a thousand trolley cars spread the glad tidings from Harlem to the Battery that the ice on the lakes in Central Park would bear. The news came in the early morning, and its effect was immediately observable in all parts of town. Business men and their clerks had an anticipatory gleam in their eyes, and many offices were deserted at an unwonted early hour. The New York girl, being a creature of elegant leisure, put off the important trifles that make up her daily routine, popped her skates into a bag, and hurried off to the ice. Little tots went park-ward under convoy of nurses and governesses, and the small boys—well, it would take a census marshal to determine how many of them played hookey that day. Round the lake-shores circled continuously a close-locked line of carriages, not dashing along at the usual spirited pace, but creeping slowly onward with their occupants' heads all turned toward the gliding figures on the ice. The whole big city seemed to have become a suburb of Central Park.

On the ice the scene was a fascinating one. Singly, in pairs, and in groups, strung out into a wide line and trailing along in Indian file, men, women, and children skimmed past. There were skaters of all kinds, from the tyro who seemed to be doing his utmost to crack the ice, to the expert pirouetting in graceful curves and writing his name on the smooth surface. Sedate family parties there were, and lovers—every couple skating together suggest the march from "Lohengrin"—bevy of school-girls, and everywhere the small boy, darting in and out among his elders to the imminent danger to life or limb of them and himself, but fearing naught and impishly gleeful at the consternation he produced. These were for the most part circling by the outer edges. The experts chose the more open central space for their tricks. One young fellow picked up a handkerchief with his teeth while skating backward, a hair-raising feat that drew crowds about him till the police drove him away lest the weight of his admirers crack the ice.

It was the opening of the skating season for the toilers and moilers, but the more fortunate had already had their preliminary taste of the sport at the country clubs or in town at the St. Nicholas Rink. So much skating has already been done, in fact, that teams have been organized and matches of the now fashionable game of hockey on the ice have been played. It takes a very enthusiastic golfer to "chase a quinine pill around a forty-acre lot" in the snow, and hockey bids fair to supplant the royal and ancient game when Jack Frost has spread his white mantle over the links.

Hockey on the ice is something like the shinney that our fathers, and some of us, used to play, but it is as far ahead of that game as baseball is ahead of rounders. As in football, team-work has superseded individual brilliance, and a good hockey-match is almost as interesting to watch as a battle on the gridiron—more so to women, as it is a more open game. All the athletic clubs in town have teams, and it is much played at the country clubs. The Meadow Brook set have frequent matches on the lakes near their club-house. Women play it as well as men. Mrs. James L. Kernochan and Miss May Bird, both of whom are noted followers of the Meadow Brook hunt, are expert at hockey, and several lady members of the St. Nicholas Skating Club practice the game regularly on Monday mornings, the day when the rink is devoted exclusively to members. The rink instructors combine in their teaching the functions of golf professional and foot-ball coach, and turn out some very good players. Their young women pupils, however, are much inclined to act on their own initiative, so to speak, and the resulting *mélées* are described with great unction by those who have witnessed them.

The St. Nicholas Club is an outgrowth of a somewhat luxurious plan adopted by one of our millionaires half a dozen years ago. He flooded his big cement-floored yard early in a cold snap and presently had a private skating pond for his family. The idea of exclusiveness in skating appealed to the set in which he moved, and in course of time they organized the St. Nicholas Skating Club and had built for it a rink where a surface of smooth ice is produced artificially. For three years past the fashionable element has given up exclusive use of the rink; and, though Monday morning is still reserved for the use of club members, the place is managed by a company and is open to the public both day and night.

The rink, it is hardly necessary to say, is a very popular institution. Your true New Yorker—inheriting the trait, perhaps, from some pipe-puffing *herr* or many-skirted *woman* in the land of dykes and skaters—regards skating with a certain local patriotism, and he has gladly hailed the chance to indulge his taste irrespective of weather. The idea, too, of not having to muffle up for it in furs and ear-muffs has added attraction of novelty. So the rink has been well patronized from the start, and is still making a barrel of money for its promoters. In the early morning hours the nurseries of New York—or, at least, a large number of the most luxurious of them—seem to empty their occupants into the rink, and youngsters in pinafores and short breeches go tumbling about the ice to the mingled terror and admiration of their wardians. Later in the morning the buds and their older sisters appear, and an occasional young man steals time from his office to glide around with some charmer. School-boys appropriate most of the afternoon, but the evening hours are the gayest of the twenty-four. Two or three times a week there is a hockey match, and after it general skating to the music of a band overhead. Men are in the preponderance, but the women, clad for the most part in dark cycle-skirts and shirt-waists, give the needed touch of

color to the scene. They glide swiftly around with long, graceful strides, at regular intervals on the stroke of a gong changing their direction lest the constant circling make them dizzy. In time little pools form on the ice and the surface becomes too cut up for comfortable skating. Then wraps are brought forth, and the crowd fades rapidly away, leaving the big rink to the caretakers, who will flood it afresh and freeze the water for the next day's sport.

NEW YORK, January 16, 1900.

FLANEUR.

## THE DRUMMER.

A blood-red battle sunset stains  
The lurid winter sky:  
What spirit stirs within our veins  
And lifts our hearts so high?  
Gives youth no peace, gives age no sleep,  
For listening to the roll  
Of the smitten parchment sounding deep  
Its tocsin to the soul:

Rataplan!

Its rolling, rhythmic, rude alarm to the listening soul?

For yester noon the folk that rid  
Their thresholds from the snow  
Saw through the still streets cramine hid  
The dwarfish drummer go—  
A war-worn ancient, travel-stained,  
Beating a weird tattoo:  
Whose cunning lilt its hearers chained  
And caught them, ere they knew:

Rataplan!

That straight they sprang from shop and stall, and followed ere they knew.

For here the blear-eyed smith forsook  
His forge fire just aflame,  
And from his leathern apron shook  
The cinders as he came.  
He left his clinking anvil dumb  
On noisier business bound,  
Shrill treble to the booming drum  
His mighty blows resound:

Rataplan!

The clashing, clanging music of his mighty blows resound.

And there unwonted ardor lit  
The trader's wrinkled face,  
Till wondering neighbors saw him quit  
The crowded market place:  
The tinkle of the gathered pence  
Forgotten, as he heard,  
Athwart the rending veil of sense,  
The tambour's master word:

Rataplan!

In sudden, stern staccato, the drum's imperious word.

Ere the slow priest his blessing said  
The bridegroom left the bride,  
The mourner left the cherished dead  
His love had watched beside,  
Pressed close and fast through lane and street  
The ever thickening throng;  
All stepping to the measured beat  
That marshaled them along:

Rataplan!

The teasing, tripping measure that led their lines along.

Red sunset shot with sanguine stains:  
A sword across the sky;  
What sacred fever swells our veins  
And lifts our hearts so high?  
Gives youth no peace, gives age no rest  
That hears the throbbing roll  
That knocks so hard against the breast  
And shakes the hidden soul:

Rataplan!

That strikes the heart within the breast, and wakes the sleeping soul?

—Edward Sydney Tylee, in the *Spectator*.

Murat's lime-tree on the battle-field of Leipzig has fallen a victim to a violent storm. The tree which witnessed such terrible carnage was already, according to popular belief, two hundred years old and more when the three days' battle was fought. Perhaps it drew new strength from a soil enriched by the countless dead; perhaps, like proud Bolingbroke, "blood watered it to make it grow." In any case, it has survived for more than fourscore years the great event of its history, and now lies prostrate on the battle-field—the last fallen in the battle of giants. The tree has sometimes been called "Napoleon's lime," and the legend has been told that the leader in the battle of nations used it as a watch-tower at a critical period of the fight. But according to all authentic evidence it was not Napoleon but Murat who made it famous. The great captain of squadrons, who headed the veterans of Spain, seems to have climbed into its branches and established his observatory there on the morning of October 16, 1813, and there for some time he remained, till an intrusive cannon-ball passed through the branches, and drove the bird from the nest.

While Great Britain feeds contentedly upon long special cables showing American friendship, the Boer agents in Europe believe sentiment in the United States has been gradually turning Boerward, until the time is now ripe to develop it into material effect. Under this impression, the Associated Press learns that they are contemplating dispatching a special mission to the United States for the purpose of influencing public opinion, possibly by open meetings and by personally assisting the efforts of those in Congress whom they believe friendly. Moreover, they consider it advisable to offset what they declare has been a systematic campaign of John Hays Hammond, the American engineer who was a member of the Johannesburg Reform Committee, to influence Washington opinion.

Tarantulas are being raised in Australia for the sake of their webs, the filaments of which are made into thread for balloons. They are lighter than silk, and, when woven, lighter than canvas. Each tarantula yields from twenty to forty yards of filament, of which eight twisted together form a single thread.

Poetic justice has been dealt to a British sportsman, who died of blood-poisoning brought about by the scratch of a wild rabbit he was letting loose for the hounds in a coursing match.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Neither of the three British soldiers who have won peerages on the battle-field has a son. Lord Roberts has just lost his son, who was killed in South Africa, Lord Kitchener is unmarried, and Lord Wolseley's only child is a daughter.

Mme. Schneider, the ex-queen of opera bouffe, who created La Belle Hélène and the Grand Duchesse in the 'sixties, when she was the rage of Paris, London, and St. Petersburg, contemplates entering the Order of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

The announcement is made that Prince Yoshihito, the Crown Prince of Japan, will, immediately after his marriage in the spring, make a tour of America with his bride, visiting Washington, D. C., New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and this city.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, of Brooklyn, who succeeds Miss Susan B. Anthony (retired) as president of the National Association of the Woman Suffrage Societies, is a popular college woman, and has for a number of years been associated with Miss Anthony in advancing the work of the organization.

Joseph L. Myers, recently elected a member of the Ohio senate, walked from his home in Coshocton to the capitol, a distance of one hundred miles, a few weeks ago, to show his dislike for railroad corporations. He is an admirer of Bryan and believes that silver should be freely coined at the ratio of 16 to 1.

Daniel H. Moffatt, the banker and mine-owner of Denver, has given \$100,000 to George Boss Lewin, cashier of the First National Bank of Denver, and \$75,000 to Thomas Keely, the assistant-cashier of the same bank, as tokens of his regard. About a year ago Mr. Moffatt took the head-waiter of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, of New York, on a trip to Europe.

Governor Crane, of Massachusetts, is a man of much sympathy and charity. In the paper mills which he owns in Dalton, a pension system exists, practically, if not nominally. There are not a few aged men in the town, former employees in the mills, whose sole duty now is to walk to the office and draw their pay—for service loyally rendered in the past. A strike in the mills has not been known in three generations of family management.

Prince Herbert Bismarck, who recently completed his fiftieth year, has decided to build himself a new house in the neighborhood of Schloss Friedrichsruh, but far away from the railway and the high roads. The new castle is to be a most comfortable modern dwelling, and it will also be considerably larger than the ancient Schloss that was so much beloved by the first Prince Bismarck and his simple wife. This old castle is to be used as a museum for the possessions of the late prince, and will be kept in good repair.

John D. Rockefeller will be able next spring to entertain his friends at his place at Tarrytown on his private golf links. A nine-hole course, which it is said will be the finest in the country, is being laid out. It was planned by Willie Dunn, and he is supervising the work. The course will be ready for use early in the season, and only Mr. Rockefeller's guests will have access to it. When work on the course was started, it was supposed Mr. Rockefeller was building it for the use of wealthy residents of that section, but this is not the case.

The late Dr. Thomas Evans, the noted American dentist in Paris, after the fall of Napoleon the Third, as is well known, conducted the Empress Eugénie out of France to a place of safety. He published an account in English of the incidents in which he found himself concerned, called "The Fall of the Second French Empire." The manuscript remained in the hands of M. Symonds, a publisher of Paris, from whom the heirs of Dr. Evans have demanded the return. On his refusal, suit was brought, and Symonds has been condemned to eight days in prison, twenty dollars indemnity, and one hundred dollars costs.

The Duke of Cambridge, cousin of Queen Victoria, has received more army pensions than any other member of English royalty. In 1850, on the decease of his father, the country voted him an annuity of \$60,000 a year. At eighteen years of age he became a colonel; at twenty-six a major-general; in 1854 a lieutenant-general; two years later a general on full pay; six years later a field-marshal at \$22,500 a year; and in 1861 he was appointed a colonel of the Grenadier Guards at \$10,660 a year. His residence, Gloucester House, he, of course, occupies rent and tax-free—equivalent to about \$12,500 per annum. He holds the rangiership of St. James's, Green, and Hyde Parks, which increases his annual income by about \$11,000, besides over \$20,000 which he draws yearly as rental of his estate near Wimbledon.

Luigi Crispi, son of Signor Francisco Crispi, the distinguished Italian statesman and former premier, was sentenced to four years' imprisonment in Rome on January 12th for the theft of jewelry from the Countess Cellere in April of 1896. Young Crispi's career has been notorious. He was shipped off to Argentina soon after the accusation of theft was brought against him, and his father used his vast influence as prime minister to thwart all efforts to find either the jewels or the robber. The countess followed the matter up energetically, and soon found the thieves and the dealer to whom they sold the jewels. The thieves were two brothers named Malpieri and a mysterious Manuel. The evidence left no doubt that Luigi Crispi induced the countess, whose intimate friend he was, to remove her jewels from her bankers, where they had been placed for safe keeping, to her rooms on a certain day, upon the pretense that a would-be purchaser wished to see them. While they were in her apartments, he persuaded her to go to Frascati. During their absence his accomplices entered the house and secured the jewels.



## FILIPINO MYTHS AND MIRACLES.

Some Remarkable Statues of the Virgin—Passport to Heaven of the Moslem Moros—The Christianizing of Wong—A Spanish Doctor's Fatal Mistake.

Our newly acquired possessions have many legends, for among unhookish people tradition takes the place of history, and myth of knowledge. Little has been done toward the preservation of the myths and legends of Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippine Islands, for the Spaniards, during their centuries of control, suppressed learning except as it pertained to religious studies, and tolerated but scant liberty of opinion. Charles M. Skinner, after careful research, has brought out a volume entitled "Myths and Legends of Our New Possessions and Protectorate," which, while incomplete in many ways, is very readable, and tells more truly than dates and names and records the ancient state of the people, and affords us a means of estimating the impetus and direction of their advance. Inasmuch as the Philippine Islands are without doubt the most interesting of our new possessions at present, we shall confine our extracts to a few of the myths, miracles, and legends which pertain to them.

Every family in the Christian communities, we learn, has a little statue of the Virgin or of a patron saint, to which prayers are addressed:

Occasionally as much as a thousand dollars will be paid for one of these images, for some have more power than others. When Tondo caught fire and was reduced to ashes, the houses of mat and bamboo burning like paper, one thing alone survived the flames: a wooden statue of Mary. This token of a special watch upon the figure immediately raised its importance, and it was attired in the dress and ornaments of gold in which it may now be seen. Not all the domestic saints are brilliantly dressed or originally expensive. One Filipino family worshipped a portrait of Garibaldi that adorned the cover of a rain-hox, while a native elsewhere was found on his knees before a picture from an American comic paper that represented President Cleveland attired as a monk and wearing a tin halo. Both of these pictures had been placed on altars, and candles were burned before them.

Our Lady of Casaysay, in Batangas, is so esteemed that ships salute her in passing:

She was found by a fisherman in his net. He took her to a cave, not knowing what to make of his strange find, and intending to keep her there probably as a treasure not to be shared by his neighbors. She astonished and disappointed him by proclaiming herself with flashing lights of beautiful color and with loud music. As these demonstrations frightened the peaceable rustics, the Virgin left her cave, visited a native woman, spoke kindly to her, and was thereupon provided with a shrine, where she might be adored with proper ceremony. The statue of St. Joaquin at Gusi is remarkable because every year it runs away and spends two weeks with its wooden wife, the figure of St. Ann, at Molol.

Manila once had a saint that wagged its head approvingly at certain points in the sermon. This conduct drew so many women into hysterics, and crowded the church so dangerously with people who went to see the miracle, that the archbishop disapproved its action, and ordered that it should be quiet thereafter. Quiet was easily secured by cutting the string attached to the saint's neck. The padre was accustomed to pull this during his discourse whenever he wished his congregation to believe that the saints approved his eloquence or indorsed his doctrine.

Among the Moslem Moros it is a sure passport to heaven to kill a Christian, and when one remembers how the people have been robbed, tortured, and oppressed by nominal Christians, this item of faith is not surprising:

The more Christians he kills the greater will be his reward. He bathes in a sacred spring, shaves his eyebrows, dresses in white, takes an oath before a *pandita*, or native priest, to die killing infidels; then, with the ugly creese, or wave-edged knife, he runs madly through the street, killing, right and left, until some considerate person shoots him. In the rage for blood he has been known to push himself farther against a sword or bayonet that had already entered his vitals, in order to stab the man who had stopped him. When they hear of his death the relatives of the fanatic have a celebration, and declare that in the fall of the night they see him ride by on a white horse, bound for the home of the good, where no Christians ever go to vex the angels. These people are often fatalists. They will drink water known to be poisoned with typhoid germs, and when epidemics come they declare them to be the will of God, and refuse to take the slightest measure against infection. They believe that when a strange black dog runs by, cholera follows on his heels.

Charms are in common use as a protection not only from disease but from murder and misfortune:

In the fighting between the Americans and the natives about Manila many poor, half-naked creatures, armed with bows and arrows, had ventured fearlessly into the zone of fire, believing themselves to be safe because they wore an *anting-anting* at the neck. This object, like an Indian's "good medicine," is anything—a little book, a bright pebble, a church relic, a medal, an old bullet, a coin, a piece of cloth, a pack of cards. It is the faith that goes with it, not the object itself, that counts. Even Aguinaldo has been invested by his followers with superhuman power. Just before he resorted to arms against the Americans the natives knew that the time for rebellion had come, for a woman in Biacnabato gave birth to a child dressed in a general's uniform, and above Tondo a woman's figure crowned with snakes was painted in fire upon the night-sky.

Here is a curious story of the Christianizing of a rich Chinese trader named Wong, in the city of Cebu:

One elderly priest in Cebu had a genuine concern for the welfare of this prosperous but benighted soul. He called at his shop, he harried his way in the street, he argued, he cited, he appealed, but to no effect. Wong answered that, although a heathen, he was doing a better business than any one else, so what was the use of changing gods? And with a heart-deep sigh he requested the clergyman to change the subject. Seeing, at last, that all customary methods of conversion were doomed to failure, the friar hooted himself to the shrine of St. Nicholas, and asked him to do something that should turn this poor soul to the faith. St. Nicholas praised his petitioner's zeal, and promised to work a miracle. The friar possessed his soul in patience, and the conversion came that very week. Wong was assailed in his office by five robbers, armed with knives and daubed with blood, to show that they intended neither to give nor ask for quarter. He had sold many goods that day, and they had come for his money. Wong reached for the sword that always hung within his grasp, but to his dismay it was gone. St. Nicholas or the friar had hidden it. He glanced rapidly about the room, but saw nothing that he could oppose to the knives of the desperadoes, and even if he had, they were five to one, so his escape from a cruel death seemed impossible. Just then the robbers were struck into a stupor, for on the wall behind the merchant a light was shining, and soft music floated through the room. The partition opened, and St. Nicholas stepped within the apartment. Turning to the Chinaman, the visitant said: "Believe in the true faith, Wong, and your life shall be saved. Believe otherwise, and you shall die." Wong changed his faith in one second, and said so. The saint waved his hand toward the ruffians and they dropped to the floor in a faint, whereupon Wong, plucking the knife from the hand of the nearest, carefully but expeditiously and joyfully cut the throats of all five, called in his neighbors, and persuaded them to join the church with him. They did this almost immediately, and the most popular saint among the Chinese of Cebu is still St. Nicholas.

Back in the 'thirties an emigrant of some account arrived in Manila. He was a young doctor of medicine who had just won his sheepskin in Salamanca, and made the journey to the Philippines to acquire experience and wealth. Having secured lodgings, he sallied forth to see the town and its people, and one of the first of its inhabitants to claim his attention, though she claimed it unwittingly, was a girl of the lower class who was walking along the street with an easy, elastic step, and in seeming health, yet who was evidently suffering from a hemorrhage, for at every few paces she paused and spat blood:

Prompted by compassion as well as by a professional interest, the physician followed the invalid, expecting at every moment to see her fall or hear her beg for help, his wonder at the stoicism and endurance of the Filipino growing constantly. When she reached her home, a humble house in a poor quarter of the city, he begged immediate audience with her parents, who were, unfortunately, acquainted with the Spanish tongue, and told them it was his duty to warn them that the girl had not twenty-four hours to live; that she was afflicted with a mortal illness; that a priest should be called at once. The girl's cheeks were ruddy, she was in good spirits, and the old people were inclined to resent the warning as a joke, being an exceedingly poor one. The visitor explained that he was a medical man, that he was actuated by the most charitable of motives, that he would do everything in his power to delay the fatal ending of the disease, but that restoration to health was impossible.

When this dreadful news was broken to the girl she had a violent fit of weeping, then hysterics, then a long fainting spell, and sank into a decline so swift that the parents were in despair. Neighbors flocked in to offer condolences and comforts; a priest received the young woman's confession and performed the last rites; the doctor plied his patient with drugs, fomentations, and stimulants; father, mother, and friends groaned, prayed, and tore their hair. All the time the poor creature sank steadily, the color left her face, her breath grew labored, and as night fell the doctor's warning was fulfilled—she was dead.

In a single day the fame of this wonderful physician spread through all the city, and people flocked to his lodging with money and diseases:

He was dazzled at the prospect of riches. After three or four years of this kind of thing, if the tax man did not hear too much of his success, he could return to Spain and live in comfortable retirement. Alas! for human hopes, he returned sooner than he had intended. A few days after the death of his first patient, somebody asked how he forecast her fate so exactly.

"It was easy enough—she spat blood," he answered.

"Are you sure it was blood?"

"Certainly. It was red."

"Ah, señor, every one spits red in Manila."

"Bah!"

"Oh, it is true! Everybody chews the *buvo* leaf, which is like the betel of India, that you have heard of, just as everybody smokes in Luzon. The juice of the *buvo* is red."

Then the doctor realized that he had killed his patient by making her believe she was doomed to die, and with the earnings of his brief career in the Philippines he bought a passage back to Spain in the same ship that had carried him to the east.

Mr. Skinner found less difficulty in preparing his chapters on the myths and legends of the Hawaiian Islands, for instead of having much of her aboriginal lore rooted out by a bigoted master, the preservation of hero tales and symbolic narratives has been an honorable employment for a class in the little kingdom not unlike that of the ancient hards of European countries, and as a result the folk lore which has been handed down from generation to generation is especially rich.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

The death of Dr. Edward McGlynn, remarks the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, recalls an episode which at one time seemed seriously to threaten the discipline of the Roman Catholic Church in America. Dr. McGlynn's alliance with Henry George in the New York mayoralty campaign of 1886, and his ardent championship of the single-tax doctrine in defiance of the explicit orders of his superiors in the church, made him a prominent figure during this stormy epoch. In the end, however, the authority of ecclesiasticism prevailed, and after suffering a temporary sentence of excommunication for his contumacy, the clerical enthusiast submitted to the mandates of the Pope and was restored to the priesthood, after promising that he would not again rebel against the rule of Rome. Dispatched to the pastorate of a church in the town of Newburg, he speedily sank from public view. His experience will be generally regarded as proof of the futility of individual efforts to resist ecclesiastical authority in the Romish organization. With all his talents as an orator, and with his unquestioned sincerity, which gave him an enormous personal following, McGlynn found himself unable to withstand the pressure brought upon him, and he died a faithful son of the church to which he returned in repentant submission.

In Brazil, according to a French commercial report, there is a prejudice against black. The English used to send excellent sewing - needles to that country, but they were wrapped up in black paper. When informed by their agents of the bad effect produced by this color, the factories of Saxony at once sent a consignment of needles (perhaps inferior) packed in pink paper. The Brazilian market was theirs in a very short time. The Chinese absolutely detest green. A French publisher was one day struck with the idea of sending a very pretty and very elegant Chinese calendar to the Celestial Empire. The article would have taken well, but, unfortunately, a good deal of it was printed in green, and not one single copy was sold.

The president of the Typographical Union of Buffalo was sued recently by a non-union linotype operator, who had lost his position through the interference of the labor organization. A jury gave the plaintiff \$650 damages, the amount of his wages at \$25 a week during the time he was forced to remain idle. The case will probably be appealed.

Lieutenant Samuel Howard of the revenue-cutter service, retired, who was the pilot of the *Monitor* at Hampton Roads when she engaged the Confederate ram *Merrimac*, and who is said to have been the last survivor of the *Monitor's* crew, died in Washington a few days ago. He was seventy-nine years old.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Utopia.

If you and I might only go  
Far from the world's rude, wrangling voices,  
And find some leafy spot, and low,  
Softly to charm our wedded choices—  
A spot where black hill-shadows fall,  
And yet where blue sea-spaces glisten,  
A glen where dreamy billows call,  
For souls like yours and mine to listen—

How gladly, then, the days would glide!  
How faultlessly the nights would follow,  
With cadences of many a tide  
In many a cavern cool and hollow!  
What peace our sheltered lives would hold!  
What rest our placid hearts discover—  
While wind, and bird, and sea-wave told  
The joys of lover and of lover!

I picture easeful moments spent  
Among broad, shadowy branches, lighting  
Their gloss to some pure firmament  
Where spheres of pallid peace are drifting;  
I see the flexuous vine coil drowse,  
The deep, dark mosses glimmer greenly,  
And watch, between close-tangled boughs,  
The clear-curved breaker flashing keenly.

Morn after morn our happy eyes,  
From bright, smooth beach, or sheer cliff ending,  
Would greet with unassuaged surprise  
The grandeur of the sun's ascending.  
A ceaseless marvel unto us  
Would seem day's mighty flower unfolding—  
Beholding the miraculous,  
And awed with its divine beholding.

Eve after eve each fleeting hue  
In western heavens would wake our wonder,  
Till vaguely arched that eyrie blue  
The white stars love to blossom under;  
And o'er dusk waters, it might be,  
The kindling eastern air grew yellow,  
While gaudily from purple sea  
Mounted the great moon, golden-mellow.

Ah, here how sweet, my love, my own,  
To dream, aloof from any sorrows,  
Of one fair, changeless monotone—  
Serene to-morrows and to-morrows!  
Ah, sweet, in sooth, when God had furled,  
All colors at the calm sky-verges,  
And night came silencing the world,  
And loudening the long sea-surges.

—Edgar Fawcett.

### God's-Acre.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls  
The hush of God's-Acre! It is just;  
It consecrates each grave within its walls,  
And breathes a hush on o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts  
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown  
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,  
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
In the sure faith that we shall rise again  
At the great harvest, when the Archangel's blast  
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.  
Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom  
In the fair gardens of that second birth,  
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume  
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude plowshare, Death, turn up the sod,  
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;  
This is the field and acre of our God—  
This is the place where human harvests grow!  
—Longfellow.

### "Some Time."

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,  
And sun and stars forevermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,  
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,  
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,  
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;  
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,  
And how that seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,  
God's plans go on as best for you and me;  
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,  
Because His wisdom to the end could see.  
And, e'en as prudent parents disallow  
Too much of sweets to craving babyhood,  
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now  
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine  
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,  
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine  
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.  
And if some friend we love is lying low,  
Where human kisses can not reach his face,  
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,  
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath  
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,  
And that sometimes the sable pall of death  
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.  
If we could push ajar the gates of life,  
And stand within, and all God's workings see,  
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,  
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day; then be content, poor hearts;  
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold—  
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.  
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land  
Where tread feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,  
When we shall know and clearly understand,  
I think that we will say, "God knows the best."

—May Louise Riley.

The simplest way to get warm after exposure to cold, says a writer in a health journal, is to take a long breath with the mouth firmly shut. Repeat this several times until you begin to feel the heat returning. It requires a very short time to do this. The long breath quickens the pulse, and thus causes the blood to circulate faster. The blood flows into all parts of the veins and arteries and gives out a great deal of heat. It is stated that this method of deep breathing prevents colds and a great many other ailments if begun in time.



## FRANCO-AMERICAN RESTAURANTS.

New Orleans and San Francisco Compared—Moreau's and Marchand's—Rotisseries and Restaurants—The Spit versus the Oven—Decadence of French Cookery.

A number of years ago there appeared a very clever and amusing book by Edouard Laboulaye entitled "Paris en Amérique." Laboulaye was one of the few French writers who knew his America well. As a result, his book was bright and witty, and free from those astounding blunders with which the traveled Gaul usually spangles his pages. Laboulaye's book is a whimsical fantasy, and he touches upon but does not seriously discuss France's sometime sovereignty on this continent. How little trace her civilization has left! All of Canada once was French; French trappers and French missionaries explored around the Great Lakes what is now our Middle-West; France owned the vast territory which came to us from Bonaparte under the name of the Louisiana purchase. Yet of the French occupancy scarcely a sign remains. A few French names like Detroit, Des Moines, and Terre Haute—so changed in pronunciation that a Frenchman would not know them—are about all that are left in the great Mississippi Valley. Quebec is probably the most Gallic city on the continent—you can find there *cabineux* who speak no English—but Montreal is fast losing the traces of its French ancestry. There are French newspapers in Canada, it is true, but so are there in New York. So are there in San Francisco—at one time there were three—and so are there in New Orleans.

A recent visit to this latter city made patent to my mind the evanescence of French civilization on this continent. It is about ten years since I was last in the Crescent City. In those ten years the changes in the French quarter have been great. Then French signs were over nearly all the shops. The shop-keepers all spoke French, and some few of them spoke no English. In the quarter, French was spoken around you on every band. Now the French signs are in the minority, the shop-keepers all speak English, and of the old French quarter nothing remains but the smells. They are the same.

New Orleans once was famous for its French restaurants. Even these are changed. Ten years ago there were several excellent ones. The two leading ones were Moreau's, on Canal Street, and Antoine's, in the French quarter. I still have a tender recollection of certain repasts at Moreau's wherein figured Bayou Cook oysters, gumbo, red-snapper, and "Savage duck," washed down with wine, not of the country but of the Golden Hill. Alas, like the tender recollections of Miss McGillicuddy, these are but recollections now. As a colored fellow-citizen informed me, as I sought for it on Canal Street, "Moreau has went out of business, sah." Moreau's exists no longer. Moreau *fuit*. Troy was.

Moreau's in its time was not unlike the San Francisco restaurant known as Marchand's—the old Marchand's, not the new. Moreau's was very unpretentious in its service, its napery, its china, glass, and silver—if it ever had any silver. There were no carpets in the main dining-room, there was only sand upon the floor. But the cookery was something to remember. So was it with the old Marchand's. Marchand was once *chef* at the old Union Club when it occupied the granite building at Montgomery and California Streets. He left there to start a *rotisserie*, for in the olden, golden days of San Francisco's French restaurants they were not mere restaurants, they were *rotisseries*. No dark mysteries were concocted in back kitchens. The recondite croquettes and doubtful salamis which come up from the dank cellar-kitchens of so many Paris restaurants were unknown in the San Francisco *rotisseries*. The kitchen of the *rotisserie* was in front, and you passed through batteries of ranges, rows of shining copper saucepans, and files of white-capped cooks to reach your table. Upon the ranges seethed and simmered delicious ragouts. There was one *plat* in the old Marchand days that took forty-eight hours to cook. It gently simmered in a stone jar at the back of the range, and was served only twice a week. It was probably Tripes in the mode of Caen. But it may have been another dish the substratum of which was calves' head which melted in a rich jelly—a dish peculiar to the Provençal regions of France.

Speaking of that, in one of the old San Francisco French restaurants there used to be a *chef* who was a genuine Marseillais, who hailed from the Cannèbière, and who cooked a *bouillabaisse* which made salt tears from the eyes of expatriated Gascons fall into their soup-plates.

But I digress. Passing through the rows of shining copper saucepans and shining copper-nosed cooks, one passed also the *roti*, for at the *rotisseries* they used to roast. Before open fires on spits there slowly revolved sirloins of beef, saddles of mutton, browning turkeys, celery-fed canvas-backs—*que sais-je?* Now the noble art of roasting is gone, and baked meats indifferently furnish forth our tables.

To the epicure there is a vast difference between the savor of meat and game which has been roasted and that which has been baked. In the old Union Club, after the spit had ceased to turn, the writer once made this assertion, and it was questioned. A dinner was wagered, and to settle the matter two sets of ducks were served, some cooked on a spit and some cooked in an oven. The doubters admitted at once the superiority of roasting to baking. Probably that was the last time that the spit revolved in the Union Club kitchen.

But to return to New Orleans and its changes. Ten years ago there were two leading hotels here—the St. Charles and the Hotel Royal. The St. Charles was then in an old public building, with a gigantic marble colonnade extending along its front. The story ran that it was once a slave market. But that is a familiar story in the South. They point you out in St. Augustine a memorable building on the *plaza* which "was once the slave market." But the records show that it was only a meat-market. Still, the New Orleans, tra-

dition about the St. Charles may possibly be true, even if everybody believes it.

The St. Charles in those days was as uncomfortable as a hotel in an old public building could be. The new St. Charles is a handsome seven-story brick building, with all the modern hotel conveniences, with the exception of food well cooked and served. The *cuisine* is not distinctly bad, but neither is it distinctly good. It is just the regulation hotel fare. No trace of the old French cookery for which New Orleans was once renowned is to be found at the St. Charles. Probably it never was to be found there.

Ten years ago the Hotel Royal was a rival of the St. Charles. Now, apparently, it is closed—or I heard nothing of it. When I was last in New Orleans I was surprised to find in the Hotel Royal an elaborately frescoed ceiling, said to be from the brush of Canova, the Italian sculptor, executed in the early part of the present century. It seems odd that Canova should have been forced to decorate hotel ceilings for a livelihood—the famous Canova who modeled the recumbent Venus in the Borgese Palace at Rome, for which nude study the beautiful Pauline Bonaparte posed. It is related that an acid dowager, on seeing the lovely marble, primly remarked to the princess: "Your highness, how could you ever have posed in that condition?" "Why not?" asked Pauline, in surprise; "there was a fire in the room."

Not far from the Hotel Royal, in the French quarter, stood Antoine's. When I was last in New Orleans it was an excellent French restaurant. There was no style about it, it is true—the table service was coarse, hut clean, and the floor, like Moreau's, was sanded. But the food was excellent. There was a most appetizing mixture of French with what I may call "Creole cookery," for lack of a better phrase—various kinds of gumbos unknown in the colder climes of the North, where we have only a base mucilaginous simulacrum known as "chicken gumbo."

Let not the term "Creole" be misunderstood. Many people fancy that the word has something to do with negro blood. Error. "Creole" comes from the Spanish word *Criolla*, "child." The Creoles claim descent from the children of the original French and Spanish colonists. It is true that there were so-called "Creole negroes," but they were slaves of the old Creole families, and the epithet was used in the same sense as "Creole chickens," "Creole coffee," or "Creole cookery."

But the glory has departed from Antoine's. It is a fairly good restaurant—things are not bad—but its cookery has lost its distinctive flavor. There is no longer anything Gallic about it. It is just like any other restaurant.

Another French restaurant in New Orleans is "La Louisiane." This is a place which makes some pretensions to being first-class, but they are baseless. Cookery and service are both bad. It would not rank in San Francisco with the third-class *gargotes* found in the Latin quarter, which give a dinner of six courses, wine included, for twenty-five cents. At the Louisiana things are cold, flabby, sloppy—sloppy, flabby, and cold. In fact everything is cold but the ice.

It is a curious fact that in New Orleans the prices have apparently risen as the cookery has deteriorated. In the Crescent City restaurants, prices are nearly up to the New York level, while the cookery and the service are infinitely inferior.

The San Francisco French restaurants have also greatly changed in the course of years. At one time there were half a dozen first-class restaurants or *rotisseries* there, where an excellent meal was served with a pint of red wine for a dollar and a quarter. This would include a choice of several clear and thick soups; a choice of any fish in the market except pompano—and even that before it became scarce; a choice of several *entrées*, including chicken in various styles; a choice of roasts and game, including mallard, widgeon, or teal duck in the season, and even canvas-back before it became so high-priced; a choice of two vegetables; an *entremets*, such as an *omelette au comfiture*; dessert, fruit, cheese, biscuits, etc., and black coffee—all for a dollar and a quarter. Such a meal as this in New York would cost five times as much—though, of course, with much better service. There were cheaper French restaurants where a similar meal was served for fifty cents with a pint of wine—not so good a meal, but good enough. But how the first-class restaurants could serve such a meal as they did for such a price was a marvel. There was nothing like it anywhere. Italy is a cheap country, but even in Italy a good *table-d'hôte* dinner will cost you five lire—about a dollar—without wine.

Talking of wine, it is remarkable what excellent wines were to be found in some of the old San Francisco French restaurants. There was no particular ostentation about it. Occasionally the proprietors would pick up a small lot of Burgundy or Bordeaux from some out-of-the-way place. For example, there was once a large consignment of Bordeaux in cases shipped to the house of De Fremery in San Francisco. The hottles had square glass stoppers instead of corks. This was the idea of some smart person in the Medoc district. But his scheme was a failure. Only one stopper-key came with each case. If you lost the key you lost the case, because you could not open the bottles unless with a hatchet. The result was that no dealers bought the wine. It remained for years unsalable on the hands of the importers. Finally a prudent French *restaurateur* bought a little of it as an experiment, and some prudent customers of his having tasted it—it was nectar—immediately went off and bought all the rest. Tradition tells us that when Banker Picobe, of the famous pioneer firm of Picobe, Bayerque & Co., died so mysteriously, he left behind a choice cellar. One of the minor San Francisco *restaurateurs* bought up most of the dead *gourmet's* choice wines, and did a thriving business—until the wine was gone, when trade fell off. That could not happen now.

For years there has been a *grand vin* on sale in one of the San Francisco French restaurants without any flourish of trumpets. There happened to be a party dining in the old Marchand's one evening "down stairs." Among them

were Raphael Weill and Leon Weill, his brother, since dead. The conversation turned on the dreadful rubbish that is sold in this country as French *grands vins*. For example, you can buy what purports to be a bottle of Château-Lafite in almost any American hotel—and they give you good measure, too, for they throw in an extra "t" on the label and spell it "Lafitte." Yet for many years there was not a bottle of Lafite in trade channels. The Rothschilds, who own the vineyard, used its output in making presents to prince-consorts, prime ministers, and gentlemen ushers of the back stairs. It lubricated the ways for launching government loans. And then the Rothschilds drank a good deal of it themselves. The family is large, and thirsty, and apparently can afford to drink costly wines. Raphael Weill remarked that Château-Margaux was also difficult to obtain with its title clear. Thereupon Leon Weill said that the Vicomte Aguado, owner of the Margaux vineyard, had been in the same regiment with him in the French army; that he was going to write to Aguado and ask him if he would not ship small consignments of the wine direct from the vineyard to this restaurant. So said, so done. Aguado complied. The wine used to be sold there at five dollars the quart. Doubtless many a book-maker, drinking his noisy pint of champagne with all its pomp and circumstance of effervescence, cracked ice, and wine-cooler, looked with ill-concealed disdain on the quiet persons near him drinking "red ink" out of a bottle without any label. For the Margaux bottles bore no ticket, and were marked only by the arms of Aguado sealed upon the cork.

About a decade ago a change came over the San Francisco restaurants. They sloughed off their old skins and became clean, gorgeous, and tawdry. The pioneer in this line was John Somali, proprietor of the old California House restaurant. John started a new restaurant on such a plane of splendor in the line of gilding, tiling, inlaid flooring, etc., that it struck terror to the hearts of rival *restaurateurs*. Marie Aimée, of comic-opera fame, was one of his guests at the time, and John requested her "to give it a name." She at once dubbed it "Maison Riche." Possibly her choice may have been inspired by some recollections of the old Paris jest: "Il faut être riche pour dîner au Café Anglais. Il faut être Anglais pour dîner au Café Riche."

The leading French restaurants of San Francisco are now much better housed than they were ten years ago. But while their equipments and appointments are superior, their *cuisine* has not improved. Like that of New Orleans, it has deteriorated. At one time the French restaurants of San Francisco and New Orleans were famous throughout the United States for their cookery. But now they have taken second place, and are surpassed by some club and hotel restaurants. With the San Francisco restaurants, conditions have changed. In the old days they catered to a small circle of customers, the patronage of each individual being worth while. Now they cater to a much larger circle of customers, who are less critical, and who individually spend less, but whose aggregate expenditures are large. Thus the *restaurateurs* naturally pay more attention to the mass than to the individual.

Years ago there was a *rotisserie* in San Francisco known as the Restaurant Dieudonné. Mme. Dieudonné was the *dame du comptoir*—a lady fair, fat, and forty, in whose massive curves, billowy corsage, and vista of chins, traces of youthful beauty could still be discerned. M. Dieudonné, unfortunately for himself, became infatuated with the thirteen-fourteen-fifteen puzzle, which at that time was desolating the land like a disease. M. Dieudonné did not possess a giant intellect, and what little he had, under the ravages of this awful puzzle, was tottering to its fall. A handsome fencing-master took advantage of the temporary clouding of Dieudonné's mind, and made love to Mme. Dieudonné under her husband's nose. He succeeded in leading the massive lady into the primrose path of dalliance.

The climax came. Mme. Dieudonné was famous for her salads. One morning the clients of the Restaurant Dieudonné found themselves eating bad salad. They looked up startled, and saw Alphonse, the bead-waiter, industriously concocting another bad salad. At the counter was M. Dieudonné with corrugated brow feverishly clutching at his hair and just on the point of solving the thirteen-fourteen-fifteen puzzle. But Mme. Dieudonné was gone.

It was only by the most infinite patience that M. Dieudonné was led away from his puzzle sufficiently long to be informed of his loss. When it penetrated his puzzled brain, he shouted "Je suis vole," and started on a run for the Safe Deposit. When he opened their joint box he found twenty thousand dollars, half of their accumulations, and a note from the ex-Mme. Dieudonné, saying that she had taken her half, that all was over between them, but that she forgave him. M. Dieudonné at once tried to swear out a warrant for the arrest of the amorous pair, for they had eloped only as far as North Beach. But his proceedings were blocked by Mme. Dieudonné averring that she was not his wife, but his partner, and therefore half of their accumulations belonged to her. M. Dieudonné was forced to admit the truth of her reply, and to regret bitterly that he had forgotten to marry her, for had she been his wife he might have had her and her lover arrested for grand larceny.

Disheartened at his loss of brevet-wife and money, Dieudonné sold his restaurant, bought a ticket to France, emptied his safe-deposit box, and putting his entire fortune into a large, yellow gripsack, went the rounds of the French restaurants and *cafés*, hiding alcoholic good-byes to his ex-rivals. The news spread like lightning among the French crooks. Late in the afternoon Monsieur Dieudonné, after weeping his farewells upon the bosoms of two intimate friends who were total strangers to him, picked up a large, yellow gripsack, and hurriedly left for the station. When he opened his bag on the train to count his money, he found it consisted of neat packages of waste paper and *rouleaux* of lead-pipe. His bosom friends had changed hags with him. They had "rung de boodle" on poor Dieudonné.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Novelist's Novelist.

Appleton's Town and Country Library is like some fine old families, the members of which are sure to have good, sterling qualities, though you would never expect anything brilliant, either for good or for evil, of them. Each volume in the collection, and they are three-fourths of the way to their third hundred now, is a clean, wholesome tale, well conceived and well written. They are not the books that sell by thousands and are in everybody's mouth, but the reader who takes one up may be sure of a few hours' pleasant entertainment.

The latest issue, "The Story of Ronald Kestrel," by A. J. Dawson, is typical of the rest. The theme is not new nor is it handled with originality, but the reader's interest is aroused and held from the first pages, where Ronald is left an orphan in Morocco by the death of his poet father, an Englishman of brilliant attainments, who has for years lived the life of a Moor. From this Oriental beginning the scene swiftly changes to an Australian town, where Ronald, after knocking about the world for ten years, finds temporary lodgment as sub-editor of an antipodean daily. In odd hours snatched from work or sleep he writes romances, and these finally take him to London, the world's mart for literary as well as other wares.

Here he experiences the usual ups and downs of the novelist's novelist, but eventually he strikes his vein in short stories and mounts to the top of that particular ladder. But a long period of forced work suddenly leaves him powerless to create, and the story ends with the formation of a literary colony in the Australian bush, where inspiration comes to him again—though with what result the author fails to state.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

## In the Shadow of the Great Smoky Mountains.

There are three tales of the Tennessee Mountains in Charles Egbert Craddock's latest volume, "The Bushwhackers, and Other Stories," and all display the traits that made the writer's work distinctive and captivating in the early days, when even her publishers knew only her pen-name. The pictures of the region in which she finds inspiration for all her stories are drawn with a fidelity to nature that is impressive even in the slightest details, and with an art that makes them no more than a perfect setting for the events in which the interest of each story lies. The figures that come upon the scene are true to the life of the mountains, and if there is less of variety in their character than one might wish, there is enough of movement and elementary passion in their rôles to arouse and hold the reader's interest.

In "The Bushwhackers" the story of a boy who "jined the cavalry" is told, and the danger and daring encounters which he passed through before he returned to his mountain home, still a boy, but with an empty sleeve, are shown with little of the glamour usually thrown over such stirring experiences. His courage, of which he believes himself wanting, and his loyalty to a false friend, mark his brief military career, and justify the chronicle. The second story, "The Panther of Jolton's Ridge," is a sketch of a settlement dominated by a family of "moonshiners," until a preacher comes and stirs the people to a sense of their wickedness. The quarrel at the still, the burning of the little church, and the leap to death of the leader of the outlaws in his flight, are made real. "The Exploit of Choolah, the Chickasaw," is a story of the early days, when British regulars and South Carolina provincials marched through a hostile country from the coast to the little Tennessee River, and fought the Cherokees and their French allies.

Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

## Pictures with Incidental Stories.

Among the holiday offerings of the publishers were numerous volumes of freakish drawings, but few of which could lay claim to serious consideration. In this list, "Annanity Stories," by Pamela Colman Smith, may have been placed by some who have given the book only cursory examination, but it deserves better treatment. The drawings are not especially attractive at first glance, but the stories that accompany them come from the folk-lore of Jamaica, and have an interest aside from their oddity and humor. Price, \$1.50.

"Katooticut," by C. F. Carter, illustrated by J. M. Condé, is a book of nonsense stories about a rooster, a dog, a cat, and an owl. The pictures are much better than the stories. Price, \$1.50.

"In the Deep Woods," by Albert Bigelow Paine, contains a dozen sketches planned for the amusement of a little lady who lives in the "house of many windows," and the crow, and the "coon, and the possum, who lived together in the hollow tree in the big, deep woods, and figure in these stories, are attractive personalities and go through some surprising adventures. Mr. Paine's fancy is sometimes poetic, sometimes droll, but always above the merely trivial. There are no little folks who would not enjoy these tales and the pictures by J. M. Condé that accompany them. Price, \$1.25.

"Chupid and Coronet," by Malcolm A. Strauss, is a volume of drawings imitating Charles Dana Gibson's style, and reproducing his well-known faces

and figures. The attenuated story which is continued in two or three lines on alternate pages is no more original than the drawings. Price, \$2.00.

Published by R. H. Russell, New York.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Announcement is made of the early publication of Jerome K. Jerome's "Three Men on a Bicycle." It is in the vein of his "Three Men in a Boat," and, it is claimed, fully as humorous and entertaining.

Beatrice Harraden will leave Southern California for the East early next month to meet Ellen Terry, for whom she is writing a play.

A new book by James Lane Allen is soon to be published by the Macmillan Company. It is to be entitled "The Reign of Law: A Story of the Kentucky Hemp Fields."

The forthcoming biography of the Duchess of Teck is being awaited with some interest in London. It is thought that portions of it will afford rare glimpses of English history, and it is also said that the list of celebrities mentioned is endless and the pictures of court-life exhaustive.

"Ouida's" new novel, "The Waters of Edera," is said to deal with agrarian troubles in modern Italy. Dr. William Barry's forthcoming romance, "Arden Massiter," has also relations with Italy, as it tells the story of a great Italian house in its last days.

"Captain Dieppe," by Anthony Hope, which has been appearing as a serial in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, will be issued in book-form early in the spring.

Robert Buchanan has written a new novel, which he calls "Andromeda: A Tale of the Great River."

Justin McCarthy has not been very well this winter, but in spite of this fact he has been working steadily on the completion of his history of the Four Georges. The first two volumes appeared many years ago, and the last two are promised by Mr. McCarthy some time during this year.

Stephen Bonsal, lately war-correspondent to the *New York Herald*, has written a book which the Macmillan Company will publish this month under the title of "The Golden Horse-Shoe." It is the story of recent American expansion told throughout a series of letters exchanged by two young officers of the army from their respective posts in the Philippines and in Puerto Rico.

Kegan Paul, the English publisher, who has just published a book of "Memories," is of the opinion that "literature is not in itself a profession." He is sorry for the young author who "has nothing to fall back upon." Wherein he disagrees with Sir Walter Besant, who thinks that one may make a very good living out of letters. Tennyson, according to Mr. Paul, was "a thorough man of business, and our final parting at the end of one of our periods of agreement was that we as publishers and he as author took a different view of his pecuniary value." The passage is eloquent in more ways than one.

"How Women May Earn a Living" is the title of a hand-book of occupations for women, by Mrs. Helen C. Candee, which the Macmillan Company will publish this month.

The *Arena Magazine* has been purchased by a syndicate of New Yorkers, and, beginning with the February number, it will be under the editorial control of N. O. Fanning. The *Arena* will have a decidedly Democratic leaning, but it will not be a party organ. It is expected, however, that Colonel W. J. Bryan, and other Democrats of national importance, will be among its contributors.

## Three Notable Deaths.

At his home at Brentwood, on the shores of Lake Coniston, John Ruskin, the famous art critic, author, and philanthropist, passed away on January 20th, at the age of eighty-one years, after a brief attack of influenza. His long life spanned four reigns and comprised an extraordinary amount of work. Ruskin was one of the most voluminous writers of his time. His best-known books are "Modern Painters," in five volumes; "The Stones of Venice," in three volumes; "The King of the Golden River," a fairy-tale for children; "Ethics of the Dust," "Sesame and Lilies," and "The Crown of Wild Olive." Besides, there are many lectures and notes on art. In his last years he published fragments of an autobiography under the title of "Præterita."

There is a chapter in the life of this extraordinary man which marks the selfishness of a nature which can not be judged by little standards. When Ruskin was young and already famous he met one evening at a dance in London a most beautiful girl. The hostess, pointing her out to him, told him that he should marry her. Ruskin, so say his critics, was too enamored of the beautiful in art to fall in love with a beautiful human being, but however that may be, he married the girl and gave her a magnificent home. After a time John Ruskin brought Millais, the painter, to his home and asked him to paint his wife's portrait. Millais was then a man of the most superb physique, and while he was painting the portrait he fell in love with his friend's wife and the wife fell in love with him. Soon Ruskin discovered that the sympathy and affection which were wholly want-

ing between his wife and himself existed in perfection between Mrs. Ruskin and Millais. Promptly he took measures to smooth the way for his wife to secure her freedom, and when this was done a second marriage followed which proved one of singular happiness for both Millais and the woman who became his wife.

The manner in which he disposed of his inheritance from his father, which amounted to nearly a million dollars, shows another phase of his generous spirit. Up to 1877 he had given away all his fortune save \$250,000. But in view of the needs of his workmen's clubs, this amount seemed much too large for his personal wants. He therefore determined to distribute all save \$60,000 worth of consols, the interest of which would bring him in some \$1,500. Upon this interest he lived during his last years, the income of his books being distributed among his servants, his old pensioners, and his various plans for social reform.

On the day following the death of Ruskin came the announcement of the death of Richard D. Blackmore, the novelist, who had been seriously ill with an incurable disease for more than two years. Although the author of several novels, his fame rests principally on his popular "Lorna Doone," which, strange to say, owed its first success entirely to accident. Blackmore offered the manuscript to eighteen publishers, all of whom rejected it. The nineteenth accepted it. The book was issued in 1869, and fell flat. Receiving small attention from the reviewers, it was left on the shelves unsold. There it might have remained to this day, says Mr. Blackmore, had not the Princess Louise, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, married in 1871 the Marquis of Lorne. The public, fancying that "Lorna Doone" in some manner had to do with Lorne and his marriage, bought up the entire edition and others that quickly followed. It was found that the great novel, while not guilty of the charge, was a most charming book, and its literary success was thenceforward assured.

Next in popularity to "Lorna Doone" stands "Springhaven," a remarkable romance of the English sea coast, which was brought out in 1887. Among his other publications may be mentioned "Clara Vaughan" (1864), "Cradock Nowell" (1866), "The Maid of Sker" (1872), "Alice Lorraine" (1875), "Cripps the Carrier" (1876), "Erema, or My Father's Sin" (1877), "Mary Anerley" (1880), "Christowell" (1882), "Remarkable History of Sir Thomas Upmore" (1884), "Kit and Kitty" (1889), "Perlycross" (1894), "Fringilla" (1895), "Tales from the Telling House" (1896), and "Darial," his last volume, published in 1897.

The third notable death is that of George Warrington Stevens, the brilliant newspaper correspondent, who died at Ladysmith, in South Africa, on January 15th, of enteric fever. Only thirty-one years of age, Stevens had done a large amount of work in his seven years' connection with the press. He was a graduate of Balliol College, Oxford, and of London University. He joined the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1893, and in 1897 went over to the *London Mail*, for which his best work was done. Of the famous war-correspondents who were permitted to go to South Africa, Stevens easily stood at the head as a remarkable descriptive writer. He had the rare faculty of painting a battle or a march so that you could actually realize it, and in condensing history and presenting it in a series of lucid sketches he had no equal among his contemporaries. His latest volume, "In India," which presents a splendid bit of special correspondence in which the ironies of British rule in India are graphically set forth, will be reviewed at length in next week's *Argonaut*.

Robert Barr, the tale-writer, is a Canadian by birth, but he nevertheless thinks but small beer of Canada as an encourager of literature. He has been examining a statistical year-book, and is moved by this exercise to say: "I find that in those years Canada transformed something like a hundred million bushels of good wheat into spirituous liquor, but her production of books during the same time seems to have been so infinitesimal that the statistical year-book does not even mention the output. It will be seen by these statements that it is not the lack of money that makes Canada about the poorest book market in the world outside of Senegambia. The bald truth is that Canada has the money, but would rather spend it on whisky than on books. It prefers to inflame its stomach rather than inform its brain. And yet there are people who actually hold that Canada is an intellectual country!"

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Golden Age of Life.

William Allee White, the man who made himself famous by asking "What's the matter with Kansas?" has collected the tales of boy life he has been contributing to one of the popular magazines during the past year, and now publishes them in a volume entitled "The Court of Boyville."

It was forcing things a bit to string these six sketches out into a volume of more than three hundred and fifty pages, and it was only accomplished by dint of leaving very wide margins, giving up full pages to tiny vignettes, and other tricks of the trade; but the result is a rather luxurious piece of book-making, and the contents are, on the whole, worth while.

The stories describe boy life in a small Kansas town a dozen or more years ago, somewhat as Mark Twain pictured the same phase of existence in the Missouri of his own boyhood in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." But "The Court of Boyville" lacks the fertile imagination and the humor of Mark Twain's stories and, moreover, it has not the same sustained interest, being a series of detached sketches in which the same figures appear.

The half-dozen stories pretty well cover the range of a boy's experiences, due allowance being made for the protean forms in which the main facts of life appear. Thus, "The Martyrdom of 'Mealy' Jones" sets forth the sufferings of the boy who is held up by parents as a model and denounced by his scornful fellows as a "sissy"; "A Recent Coed-erate Victory" shows how death comes into a boy's life, and "James Sears: A Naughty Person," sets forth his feelings at the advent of a baby sister; "While the Evil Days Come Not" narrates a first love-affair; "Much Pomp and Maoy Circumstances" chronicles the events entailed by the visit of a circus; and "The Herb Called Heartsease" analyzes the glimmerings of a soul evoked in a healthy country boy by the beauty of a moonlit summer night.

The first quality of these tales is their sympathetic appreciation of the boy's mental attitude, and in addition to this they have the humor and pathos inseparable from the subject. The book will be read by boys with enjoyment of the action and by men with reminiscent pleasure in the accurate presentation of boyish emotions.

Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## A Romance of the Maryland Shore.

The hero of Charles Donnell Gibson's latest novel, "My Lady and Allan Darke," could not be blamed for giving his heart to the daughter of his enemy, though she was not a Juliet or a Romeo. Held captive on an island from which there was no escape, and the daughter of his enemy the only white woman in that little world, it would have been strange had he disdained her attractions. Further than this, he had no reason to hate her, for the cause of enmity between her father and himself was a mystery to him. The lady, however, had less reason for her liking. Though the mystery was not made clear to her, the belief that a terrible danger threatened her father through the sudden appearance of the young stranger in the island retreat was impressed upon her. In spite of all this, love triumphed in the end, and the secret terror was driven away.

There are many thrilling adventures in the tale, for a devoted servant hesitates at nothing to rid his master of the unwelcome presence, and he has also a personal interest in disposing of one whom he soon discovers to be a rival. Through dangers on sea and land the hero comes unscathed, and though for a time he bears the marks of his lady's quick temper and imperious will, the reparation made for that one error binds him still more closely to her.

The romance is told in a pleasing way, and though its figures are even more hazy in outline than one might expect of times so far removed, the situations are cleverly conceived and the ending a burst of sunshine.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## A Friend of the Children.

A charming little volume which all children who have read "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice Through the Looking-Glass" will want to read, is "The Story of Lewis Carroll," by Miss Isa Bowman, the real Alice in Wonderland. The writer is not a biographer in the ordinary sense, nor does she attempt to give a critical estimate, a cold, dispassionate summary up of the life of the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, better known under his pen-name, "Lewis Carroll." Her little book is rather a tribute of love, in which she pictures the many happy hours they spent together when she was "his little girl," and her simple, sympathetic narrative will be read with interest and establish him even more firmly in the hearts of his countless little friends and admirers.

A number of fac-simile letters are introduced in the volume, the one in answer to a previous note from Miss Bowman enclosing "millions of hugs and kisses" being especially droll. To it he points out that "millions" means at least two millions, and

if he hugged and kissed at the rate of twenty a minute, at twelve hours a day, resting the other twelve and on Sundays, it would take twenty-three weeks to accomplish this task. In return he says he will be more considerate, and sends her 1-2,000,000 of a kiss. This is typical of the innocent humor which pervades all of his letters to his little friends, a number of which we printed when we reviewed the recently published "Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll."

Six chapters from a diary which he wrote for Miss Bowman when she visited him at his Oxford home, some verses entitled "Maggie's Visit to Oxford," and an illustrated charade, will especially please his little readers.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

## Social Ethics in Story.

Charles Waldstein is an essayist and something more, for there is a human interest in the three studies which he has collected and presented in a volume entitled "The Surface of Things," beside the well-turned discussions of different views of life. His preface will be read, either before or after the stories are enjoyed, and no indulgence need have been asked for it by the author. "The Rudeeness of the Honorable Richard Leatherhead," the first of the stories, tells how one ungracious act spoiled the career of an official in the diplomatic service. The value of tact and culture has been illustrated with equal force many times, but it has seldom been moralized upon with more lightness and grace. "A Homberg Story" is a romantic episode with a wedding at the end, which gives the hero a rich reward for an act of chivalry. "Cui Boo?" is the most convincing, as it is the most pathetic of the stories, though it has also more of the essay than the others. The devotion and patient labor of the jovial soldier and the final recognition of the value of his work are touching pictures.

Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

## New Publications.

"The Future of War," by I. S. Bloch, referred to in the editorial columns of the *Argonaut* last week, is published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

Young readers will need little urging to take up and read to the last page "The Story of Magellano and the Discovery of the Philippines," by Ezekiah Butterworth. The story is a romance with no dull chapters, and the illustrations are worthy. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Kindergarten teachers, and all interested in the development of ideal plans of instruction, will be pleased with "Two Children of the Foothills," by Elizabeth Harrison, principal of the Chicago Kindergarten College. It is a story with a purpose. Published by the Sigma Publishing Company, Chicago; price, \$1.00.

The annual Ingersoll lecture at Harvard University was delivered last year by Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California, and entitled "Dionysus and Immortality." The lecture has been printed, and the little volume containing Professor Wheeler's study of the

rise and development of the Greek faith in personal immortality, with the author's notes, will be welcomed by thoughtful readers. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

Another war book, of particular interest to Californians, is "Campaigning in the Philippines," by Karl Irving Faust. In addition to the three hundred pages of general descriptive matter, another hundred is given to a history of the operations of the First Regiment of California Volunteer Infantry, with a complete roster. The book is well-written and explicit on many matters of peculiar interest, the observations of eye-witnesses and the testimony of official documents being presented wherever the subject is important. Many illustrations are given, and had the mechanical part of the work been equal to that of the author and compiler, the volume would be worthy of high praise. Published by the Hicks-Judd Company, San Francisco; price, \$3.50.

## A Remarkable Literary Fraud.

According to recent dispatches, Dana Estes & Co., the New York publishers, admit that they have been made victims of a remarkable literary fraud by William James Reid, a local newspaper man, whose "Through Unexplored Asia" they recently printed and circulated. The book is handsomely bound, splendidly printed, and freely illustrated. It contains five hundred pages purporting to describe Reid's actual discoveries and explorations in Western China and North-Western Tibet in 1894. There are, however, persons whose word is absolutely trustworthy who say that they saw Reid around Boston newspaper offices nearly every day of the year 1894, when he was supposed to be in China. There are in the book most graphic descriptions of the countries and people the author saw, wonderful hairbreadth escapes, much fighting, and all manner of dreadful adventures, including tortures which Reid says he endured. It now appears that Reid carefully read all the books he could find on the subject of Asia, and with the aid of a brilliant imagination, which led him to the extent of describing how he climbed mountains in a canoe, set forth his volume on unexplored Asia. Men like Walter Savage Landor, who ought to know, say Reid is a self-evident fraud.

Reid was born in Dorchester, twenty-seven years ago, and his father was a cook. The young man was graduated from a high school, and did desultory newspaper work. He went to London in 1894 with his parents. He was discharged from Boston newspapers for inventing stories. He soon blossomed out as a writer on travel, and then as an explorer. His articles appeared in many publications, which printed them in good faith. He claimed to be a friend of Henry M. Stanley and Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London. He boomed himself persistently and successfully, but his very success has caused the pricking of his bubble. Reid refused to talk about the charges against him. Just what Dana Estes & Co. will do is not known yet.

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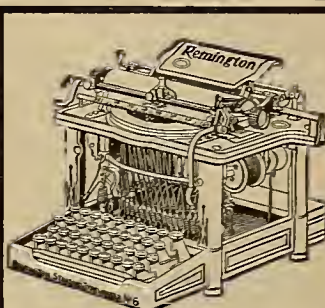
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Three weeks ago the Frawley Company recovered suddenly from its prolonged attack of melodrama, much as if it had weathered successfully a case of measles or scarlet fever; it appeared in brilliant health in "The Princess and the Butterfly," and remained with normal pulse through a week of "Countess Gucki." But appearances were deceitful, and it is now suffering from a serious relapse, a low, morbid condition of the nerves, superinduced by the long siege of melodrama, having laid it open to a short, sharp attack of the repulsive disease so prevalent in New York, French farce. It is an unpleasantly persistent ailment, too; easy to acquire, and hard to shake off. The prospect is that it will continue for some time, and those who are diagnosing the case shake their heads gravely, for present symptoms are of the most threatening nature. Even if they should not continue, and the patient should show signs of improvement, there is a sad prospect of a violent relapse into the scarlet melodramatic fever two weeks from date.

In sober truth, the Frawley Company has fallen a peg or two from its secure place in the estimation of the community. It is distinct retrogression for the manager of a popular stock company to bid for the favor of that unwholesome class who like to have their nostrils tickled with the malodorous rankness of corrupt French farce. There are always enough of the huzzard species in the community who scent these rancid off-scourings of the drama from afar, and gather, with others of their kind, in sufficient numbers to gloat and chuckle an apparently popular approval for a night or two. But if, as is natural, we conclude that Mr. Frawley is exploiting this sort of drama in order to expedite his successful capture of the nimble dollar, one can not but regard it, if only from a financial standpoint, as an error of judgment. This kind of thing is not popular in San Francisco. Wicked as we are, we are not sufficiently big and wicked yet to be quite up to it. Perhaps we are too "jay." But an occasional incursion from a stock company reviving successful Eastern plays is popular, especially since the days of local stock companies are over. Perhaps Mr. Frawley is humbly following in the footsteps of his sometime star, Blanche Bates, who is at present trying in "Naughty Anthony" to convince a somewhat sardonic public that it requires delicate and finished art to pull off stockings before a theatrical people. May be Mr. Frawley is meditating trying a similar coup here in San Francisco, at some future date, when Naugby Anthony's naughtiness has lost the piquancy of its savor in New York, and may safely be transferred to the western circuit without a New York dollar being left to mourn its loss.

In the meantime, let us be thankful for the Frawley Company's all too brief spell of mental health. During this mild interval, Mr. Frawley took occasion to introduce Miss Van Buren to San Francisco in the Ada Rehan rôle of Countess Gucki. Frawley is always a courageous manager, and a position in his company generally secures to the ambitious members an occasional chance to show what they can do with a leading rôle. Miss Van Buren, whose good points are looks and style, but who is no comedienne, did quite as well as could be expected, but no more. To render a part which requires the joyous and spontaneous animation of a Countess Gucki demands a more vivacious temperament than Miss Van Buren possesses; her high spirits were, in consequence, rather forced, and her archness a trifle heavy. She has the fault of the amateur, in allowing the different expressions of her face to rather jostle against each other and generally get in each other's way. Miss Van Buren should have stolen away some night this week and received a little object-lesson on that point by watching Kathryn Kidder in the scene in the queen's apartments, when, with the smile of maternal love still lingering on her lips, Hermione is called upon suddenly to face a husband's accusation against her own stainless honor.

At her present stage of development, Miss Van Buren is more happily placed in a minor rôle, such as she filled in "The Princess and the Butterfly," where her good looks and air make her a very decided addition to a drawing-room, and where her lack of voice-modulation and inadequacy of gesture are not made too prominent. Her week's work, however, in "Countess Gucki," has been a valuable experience for her, and the performance, mere pretty tripe though the play is, was rather enjoyable.

Frawley came out as quite a delightfully breezy Von Neuhoff; in fact, he rendered the beaming impudence and unabashed inventiveness of the heaping admirer so well that his rôle rather monopolized the attention, to the exclusion of the fair countess. On one minor point may an unfavorable

comment be passed, and that is in the matter of a mustache. Frawley's face seems lonesome without the absent mustache. Most men under thirty-five and over twenty-eight can part with a mustache and ten years of their age simultaneously. This fact, when the no-mustache style came in, caused an uneasy stir among over-stout matrons, who did not see their way clear to shedding a few years with equal ease, and who had heretofore sedulously cultivated in their lords a belief that the more aging heard was a last touch to the distinction of a handsome man's appearance. However, styles hold their own, and the masculine world has suddenly become overpopulated with smooth-faced cherubs; and especially on the stage do we see the prevalence of this style manifest itself. To return to our muttons, which in this case consist of Frawley's mustache, let us trust that he will recognize that he is one of the few the style does not become, and that he will in future paste on the usual brush under his nose.

Another instance of the Frawley courage is shown in the case of his putting forward Pearl Landers—that is, if it be true, as they tell, that she is not yet fifteen. The little thing certainly is promising, although her flat, childish pipe has not yet developed into a real *bona fide* voice; but she is always a pretty, fresh-faced slip of youth, and it is pleasant to see her on the stage in her little parts.

And, lo! the long, hard winter of our discontent is past, and we are in the bounteous summer-land of dramatic plenty. Who can complain when, within the compass of a week, we can witness picturesquely mounted and well-acted performances of three Shakespearean dramas, together with a production of "The School for Scandal." The latter is something of a cold *douche* after the lofty poetry and the classically beautiful pictures that abounded in "The Winter's Tale." There is scarcely a peg to hang a generous enthusiasm on, for Sheridan's people are as intensely disagreeable a group as was ever gathered together into the confines of one play.

But there is always Miss Kidder, whose art, in the congenial atmosphere in which her work now lies, has ripened into abundant and beautiful fruition. Those who have seen her as Hermione will no longer identify her with her slighter rôle in "Madame Sans-Gêne." Nor will her Lady Teazle be the foremost picture that they will carry away. It is as Leontes's wronged yet regal queen that she will be best remembered, for there is something in the stately and beautiful figure that has stamped itself deeply on the memory.

Miss Kidder's successful assumption of a rôle so closely identified with Mary Anderson's memory brings to mind another part in which the classic loveliness of that actress was demonstrated—that of Galatea. Miss Kidder should add that to her *répertoire*, not so much as a vehicle for her power of acting (although she could, no doubt, with talent as a comedienne surpass Mary Anderson), as because she seems, in the Grecian robes and atmosphere, to be preeminently in the right place. She is a good instance of what can be accomplished by hard work. Players do not by instinct carry themselves, their manners, and their robes with the perfect poise which distinguishes Miss Kidder. In the early days of her stage career she devoted many months to study of stage technique in Paris, and while there haunted the leading theatres, especially the Comédie-Française, the best school of acting in the world. And later, after her purchase of the play of "Madame Sans-Gêne," she showed the same faculty for hard work and careful study by devoting a year and a half to preliminary preparation for the production which brought her fame and money.

When one comes to think about it, it is distinctly cheering to reflect that we have had such keen enjoyment from a company that is not under the sacred ægis of New York approval. If all the performances of this admirable organization are given with anything like the care, detail, good taste, and impressiveness that marked the production of "The Winter's Tale," then we are fortunate indeed. The mere entrance of the courtiers in the opening scene, preceding the appearance of the principals, was a keen pleasure—the setting made a stately and picturesque background to the slow-moving, classically draped figures, and when the boy prince suddenly fluttered, swallow-like, across the stately stairway, a sprite of joy winging its flight through the pomp and dignity of a court, the imagination was thrilled as if the very spirit of poetry had suddenly become visible. It was a part of the general satisfactoriness of the performance that this exquisite little rôle was placed in competent hands. The by-play and frolics of the pretty princeling had an air of buoyant spontaneity, and with the same attention to effect in details the shepherds and shepherdesses seemed to foot it as lightly and merrily over the rustling leaves as though it were a veritable merry-making.

Very often the outcries of a stage populace are ludicrous, and start tempests of giggles among those in the audience who are still in the giddy period, but in several instances there were unmistakable evidences of most careful and intelligent supervision in this matter; the weeping of the women and the general exclamations of horror at Leontes's accusation, the uncouth laughter and calls of the rustics, the protestations of the people at the public tribunal—all were important elements in the strong effect produced upon the spectators.

JOSEPHITA.

## LATE VERSE.

### The Mother's Hour.

Little figures robed in white,  
Mellow glow of candle-light.

Little hands upraised in prayer,  
Roses sweet and fair.

All the work and play and fun  
For the happy day are done.

All the little faults confessed,  
All the troubles set at rest.

Childhood sweet as dawn and flowers  
Drifts through many changeable hours.

But one hour, the mother's own,  
Must belong to her alone.

When she sees each sunny head  
Safe and cozy in its bed.

When the world may do its worst,  
God and she have had them first.

And her bairns are folded fair  
In the tender Shepherd's care.

Angels bend above the room,  
Where the dimpled darlings bloom

In their lovely innocence,  
Warding every evil hence.

From the little ones who dwell  
Where the mother guards them well.

God and she about them stand,  
They are safe on every hand.

Kneeling for them at the throne,  
They are hers and God's alone.

And each child, a tender flower,  
Blossoms in the mother's hour.  
—Margaret E. Sangster in the Bazar.

### Bedtime.

The Father stopped molding a star,  
And looked down to Men—  
"It is bedtime: put up your toys,"  
He said; and again

Was busy star-building. But straight  
His children 'gan fret  
And murmur. The Statesman, aggrieved,  
Prayed, "Must I just yet?"

The Soldier was pleading, "Oh, wait  
Till after this fight!"  
And the Poet, shaking his hair,  
Cried, "I hate the night!"

And the Lord God answered them not,  
Nor yea nor yet nay  
Till His new world, finished and lit,  
Rolled forth and away.

Then He bent Him above them. Their heads  
Were heavy and low,  
And they knew not when their limp palms  
Let the playthings go.

But deep was the smile in His eyes,  
And gentle the hands  
That lifted them close to His breast  
And loosened the hands

That are flesh; and folded away  
Their mortality,  
Tho' they whimpered a little still,  
Not knowing 'twas He.

And he laid them down in a place  
Close under His eye,  
There to slumber the long night through,  
With Him watching by.

"Is this," then I cried out, "the dread  
That long has oppressed  
All the world? Is Death but a last  
Disrobing for rest?"

And out of the dream I had dreamed  
This comfort there grew—  
At bedtime our Father in Heaven  
Is our Mother, too.

—William Hervey Woods in the Independent.

In the egg trade a broken egg is not lost to the market. When in the course of the packing at the large houses an egg is broken it is frozen and offered for sale in that way. A writer in an Eastern paper says: "Frozen eggs in great masses are not bad to look upon. They are not allowed to thaw until the time comes for use. They are shipped in refrigerated cars, and such consignments as go to Alaska for the gold regions are put into cold storage on board of the steamships. The Klondike demand does not begin to take all of the frozen eggs. Missouri alone furnishes millions of cracked eggs in the course of a year. Nine eggs will average a pound. The frozen egg product is sold by weight. With the large bakers and cracker-makers in the cities the frozen eggs are in demand. Some restaurants also buy the big tin buckets of the frozen article. Certain classes of restaurants serve scrambled eggs and omelets in winter made from the frozen eggs, and patrons are none the wiser."

O'Phiddion—"Phwat's the maning of patriot-ism?" MacLaurian—"Love o' country." O'Phiddian—"Phwat country?" MacLaurian—"T'other feller's!"—Sydney Bulletin.

The End of the Nineteenth Century witnesses the unprecedented success of G. H. Munn's Extra Dry; imports in 1899 being 109,303 cases, or 72,495 cases more than of any other brand. These facts speak, not misleading figures hid at auction sales.

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Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P. M. and immediately after the last race. R. E. MILROY, Sec. THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, JR., Pres.

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## BLANCHE BATES'S LATEST HIT.

"Naughty Anthony," David Belasco's First Experiment as a Writer of Comedy—Why It Is the Talk of New York.

Blanche Bates has had another opportunity to show New York theatre-goers her versatility, this time in a farce-comedy called "Naughty Anthony." The New York critics are unanimous in expressing their disappointment at Belasco's first experiment as a writer of comedy, for, while he has written one which will doubtless enjoy a long run and continue to be the talk of the town for some time, its risky plot and crude treatment are a far cry from what was expected from the author of "The Wife," "The Heart of Maryland," and "Zaza." But if the play is condemned, Blanche Bates—despite the fact that she has to impersonate a wicked hosiery model—comes through the ordeal with flying colors.

Franklyn Fyles, of the New York Sun, sums up her success and that of the play as follows: "If Blanche Bates as the temptress in 'Naughty Anthony' had as many feet as she has stockings, she would be able to do the work of a large ballet. That she would halt at such centipedal service is unlikely in view of the public use she makes of the two feet she has, and a variety of hosiery. This actress is thoroughly an artist. She did not grow into facility on our stage, but came to us from California fully trained and equipped. That was only last year. Augustin Daly brought her across the continent, and New York first saw her as the adventuress in 'The Great Ruby.' She commanded attention at once, and so much of it that, according to common report, her retirement at the end of a week was due to potent jealousy. She was quickly put into 'The Three Musketeers' in the Liebler production of the Dumas romance at the Broadway. There she enacted the wanton spy with fine contrasts of nicety and vehemence. By the time that close observers had fixed her rating as a portrayeur of wicked vixens, she compelled an extension of the record by playing a gentle, circumspect, and affectionate daughter and sweetheart in 'Children of the Ghetto.' In this characterization there was no trace of either of the creatures she had depicted before. So the estimate of her abilities had to include versatility. She could be lovable within the lines of strict propriety.

"The question does not concern her professional reputation as an artist, but it may, nevertheless, affect her standing as a woman. Is she wise to figure as the beguiler of Anthony in the new piece at the Herald Square? Audiences have a way of confounding actors with the parts they play. Will not this be a detriment to Miss Bates? The same thing may be asked as to David Belasco, hitherto a sober playwright, but now the author of a piece described succinctly by its title of 'Naughty Anthony.' Let the points pass unanswered. They can hardly be settled. There can be no dispute, however, that the author and the actress are remarkably clever in two of the scenes which he has devised for her to perform. It is plain enough that Mr. Belasco intended them to be naughty without flagrancy. He meant that they should be piquant enough to make people talk about them, yet not salacious. The point of departure in the plot is a kiss which a Chautauqua teacher of moral culture gives to a young woman of his class. But the audience sees nothing of that encounter. It has happened on the evening before the play begins to show the troublous consequences. The first scene is in the professor's lecture-room, where the girl comes to take her usual lesson. She wants another kiss. It does not appear that she cares much for the kiss itself, but the hussy delights in bedeviling men. As to him, he would like to kiss her again, but his indulgence of the night before, being detected, makes him afraid of a repetition. So she tempts him, but he resists, and there is no second kiss. Miss Bates is not beautiful, but she is comely, wholesome, and very modish. Her tricks of enticement in this scene of the new Anthony's temptation are all neat and nice. They are roguish rather than wicked. They do not approach indecency. The proffered lips of the girl are not touched by the man. That is the Belasco method of dealing with a French farcical situation, and making exquisite comedy of it.

"Mr. Belasco located his farce at Chautauqua, the whole length of New York State from the Tenderloin, and on the other side of the world from Paris. Nevertheless, it has one episode of a kind with the 'undressing acts' lately notorious on the stage in both cities. But there is a radical difference. Hitherto each repetition of this thing has been a further descent into indecency. But it is cleaned up, deprived of grossness, and almost etherealized, at the Herald Square. Do not misunderstand this as defending or excusing what is, after all, a surrender of conscience by an able playwright and a skillful actress to people with deplorable inclinations. But it demands consideration as an exploit in stagecraft. Miss Bates is employed by an importer of hosiery to show his goods on. That employment has made her extremely conscious of her stockings. She wears fine ones finely. She tells the professor that on some days at Chautauqua the men follow her as they do in New York. 'On what days?' he inquires. 'On rainy days,' she replies. Whereupon she trips daintily over imaginary

puddles and lifts her skirts a bit above her low shoes, doing it so deftly and innocently that nobody wishes to look the other way.

"The elaborate hosiery episode does not come until the last act. Nothing connects it with the rest of the action. But it is important to the play's prosperity, and it has been prepared by Mr. Belasco with as much care as he gave to the belfry excitement in 'The Heart of Maryland.' The room is a houndoir, exquisitely beautiful with pink satin and white lace hangings. Thus an 'atmosphere' of purity is attained. Miss Bates is not in a revelatory costume. She comes from a walk in a big, purple hat and a full gown of the same hue. A box of hosiery samples is delivered to her. She takes them out, and femininely admires them. Three Salvation Army lasses enter. They wear the sober garb of their order, but have bright faces, and eyes that opeo wide at the gay stockings. Miss Bates becomes enthusiastic over the colors and textures of the silken thiogs. The influence of her trade comes over her. She says she will show how they look in use. She sits on the floor, and the three lasses on a bench facing her. It seems that her love of stockings leads her to wear many at once. She strips off one after another, commenting on their beauties after they are off, until half a dozen pairs have been removed. In this exploit she exposes each leg nearly to the knee six times. It is a shameful exhibition, as measured by the conventions. To be sure, you may see quite as much with perfect propriety at a summer bathing-beach, but this show is by a long-skirted girl in a well-ordered house, and it is intended to be such an exploit as would pique public curiosity. But mark the guilelessness of it, so far as its place in the play was concerned. No peeping man is introduced. The only witnesses are of the girl's own sex. She shows the stockings to them primarily, and her calves only incidentally. Not even a word of bashfulness, or an apologetic gesture, calls attention to those members. The hosiery is all that seems to be seen or thought of—on that side of the footlights. But on the other?"

Clement Scott, in a eulogistic article in the New York Herald, found Miss Bates "clever throughout, charming from start to finish"; Acton Davis, of the Evening Sun, says: "She fairly huddled over with fun and offered the best embodiment of the dry-goods district hussy that has yet been seen on the stage"; Sidney Sharp, in the World, thinks the success of the play is due mostly to Miss Bates, but considers it well-nigh incredible that "she should have consented to lower her standing and her art to the point of making a sensational exhibition of herself"; Alan Dale, of the Journal, says: "Nothing could have been prettier or more jocular than her comedy throughout"; Hillary Bell, of the Press, is sure "St. Anthony himself, to say nothing of his farcical descendant, must have yielded to such a fascinator. Miss Bates is an adept in all the arts of her sex, from winks to pouts and caresses, and the hero, being human, immediately fell a victim to her. So did most of the audience"; Edward Dithmar, of the Times, is sorry to see Miss Bates's talent wasted on such a banal rôle, but agrees that her "impersonation is pleasingly buoyant in every scene, and is as tasteful as, in the circumstances, it possibly could be"; even staid old William Winter, of the Tribune, waxes enthusiastic by declaring that "Miss Bates, even more than usually beautiful, made Cora, who is his tempter, a compound of demure simplicity and arch and piquant glee, and, in her complete frustration of the professor's moral beroids, she was a most delightful incarnation of honest, beathful, triumphant woman nature."

Among the other favorites in the cast were Frank Worthing, William J. Le Moyné, William Elton, Charles Wyngate, Claude Gillingwater, E. P. Wilkes, Fanny Young, Albert Bruning, Samuel Edwards, Brandon Tynan, Maud Harrison, Mary Barker, and Olive Redpath.

## The Races.

At the Oakland track this (Saturday) afternoon the Lissak Handicap for two-year-olds and upward will be run. The purse is \$1,500 and the distance one mile. The event of most importance next week will be the Naglee Selling Stakes to be run on Saturday, February 3d. It is for three-year-olds and upward, the value of the purse being \$1,500, and the distance seven furlongs, and, as there are some sixty-five entries, there will doubtless be a large field.

A new advertising scheme was recently employed by a firm in a Southern city (according to the New York Tribune). The junior partner of the firm swore out a warrant for the arrest of the senior partner on the ground that he was selling goods below cost, and that the firm was constantly losing money thereby. The case came up in court, and the counsel for the senior partner asked for a postponement in order to have more time to prepare his case. The judge granted the request, bail was fixed, and the senior member released. As he left the court-room the junior partner arose and exclaimed: "If he is released the sacrifice will go on!" The news soon spread and the firm did a better business. When the case was again called on plaintiff appeared, and the charge was dismissed. The firm had succeeded in their object—advertisement.

## STAGE GOSSIP.

Last Week of the James-Kidder-Hanford Company.

The novelty of the third and final week of the engagement of the James-Kidder-Hanford Company will be the presentation of Sheridan's brilliant comedy, "The Rivals," on Monday and Friday nights, with Mr. James as fighting Bob Acres, Miss Kidder as Lydia Languish, Mr. Hanford as Captain Absolute, and Mrs. Vandenhoff as Mrs. Malaprop. On Tuesday night "Othello" will be given; on Thursday and Saturday nights and at the special Wednesday matinee "The Winter's Tale" will be repeated, while on Wednesday night and Saturday matinee "The School for Scandal" will be performed. The farewell production on Sunday night will be "Macbeth."

The Bostonians are to follow on the evening of Monday, February 5th. In addition to "The Sere-nade" and "Robin Hood," they will produce two new comic operas, "The Smugglers of Bayadez," which has met with great success in the East, and "The Viceroy," which will be given its first metropolitan presentation.

## Success of "The Idol's Eye."

"The Idol's Eye" has settled down to a prosperous run at the Tivoli Opera House, and on Monday night it will enter on its third week. The success of this production is due not only to the beautiful scenery, the excellent stage management, and the effective work of Ferris Hartman, Alf C. Wheelan, Annie Lichter, Frances Graham, Tom Greene, Annie Myers, William Schuster, Phil Branson, and Julie Cotte, but to the chorus, which, since its ranks have recently been weeded out and recruited with a bevy of pretty girls, sings, and dances, and acts with a dash and abandon which is decidedly refreshing.

When the drawing powers of "The Idol's Eye" begin to wane, a comic opera entitled "Manila Bound" is to be produced, after which "The Wizard of the Nile" will be given.

## The Frawleys in French Farce.

The Frawley Company will continue another week in the farcical comedy, "In Paradise," adapted from the French of Hennequin, Billhaud, and Carre by B. B. Valentine. It is hardly the kind of a production we expect from this popular company, but it must be said that their clever treatment of the risky scenes makes it naughty but not vulgar. While there are occasional periods of questionable humor, there is much sparkling dialogue, and some really laughable situations. The cast is as follows: M. Pontichot, J. R. Amory; Raphael Dalacroix, an artist, Francis Byrne; M. Gresillon, Theodore Hamilton; Baron Flechard, Wallace Shaw; Pico, a lion tamer, Harrington Reynolds; Claire Taupin, Mary Van Buren; Mme. Pontichot, Phosa McAllister; Mme. Gresillon, Mary Hampton; Jeanne Pontichot, Marion Barney; Justine, Minnette Barrett; and Rosalie, Pearl Landers.

The last week but one of the Frawley Company's engagement will be devoted to another successful farce-comedy, "The Cuckoo."

## At the Orpheum.

The programme at the Orpheum next week will be an exceptionally strong one, for in addition to Papinta, whose new dances are enthusiastically received, James O. Barrows and company, Edna Bassett Marshall and company, and J. Newman, who have been retained from this week's bill, there are to be four new specialties introduced. They include Bruet and Reviere, French duettists and mimics, whose songs and imitations of people, birds, and animals are said to be inimitable; the Holloways, who will present one of the most sensational acrobatic acts seen in this city on the high wire and revolving ladders; Maude and Augustus Sobkle, assisted by five clever little pickaninnies; and Irene Franklin, the dainty little soubrette, who became a great favorite when she was here before. She will sing a number of new songs which were written especially for her by an Eastern song-writer.

A corset made of rubber is adapted for the use of women who are learning to swim. This corset is cut on the same general lines as all corsets, and made double so that the air space between the two thicknesses may be blown up and serve not only to present a neat appearance to the figure, but also to buoy it up and give confidence to the timid. A lack of confidence is responsible for the slowness with which this accomplishment is learned by woman, and this corset should prove a boon to women who delight in aquatic sports but have no hardihood for them. The very knowledge that they can not sink leaves their brain clear enough to think of the proper strokes for hands and feet, and as soon as they find they can move through the water from one place to another, and become accustomed to these movements, the corset may be discarded. It is much more shapely than the big rubber rings and cork life-preservers, and, in fact, does not show at all, as it conforms to the shape of the wearer.

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## VANITY FAIR.

There has been some controversy recently in New York as to the proper manner of dressing on Sunday. It has been frequently contended that a man should dress differently on that day from any other, simply because his daily routine is somewhat changed. New York (according to a writer in the New York Times), however, has grown so very cosmopolitan these last few years that all the old rules have been set aside. Fifteen years ago the majority of New Yorkers went to church on Sunday, had a little street promenade afterward, and reached their homes about half-past one. The time for dinner, which during the week was set at about six o'clock, was changed to two, and almost the whole city partook of the early Sunday meal. The afternoon was devoted to reading, a little walk, or a visit to near relatives, and at seven o'clock there was high tea. At this last meal intimate friends would drop in, and in houses where there were younger people there was an open invitation to young men to come to Sunday tea. In fact, there were but few houses where this informal hospitality on Sunday evenings was not the rule. Men consequently dressed but once on Sunday. They arrayed themselves for church in the morning, wearing their frock-coats, their top-hats, dark trousers, and patent-leather shoes. Except for an afternoon tea, a reception, or a wedding, this outfit was seldom worn. It was considered, and is still considered, entirely out of place to wear evening clothes in church, except on the occasion of a night wedding, and no one to-day would go to evening service in white tie and swallow-tail. But other habits and customs have crept in, and the Continental Sunday is adopted very generally both in New York and London. The building of many handsome hotels and restaurants has proved in one way a boon to housekeepers, and in another to those who are not church-goers and who do not know what to do with their Sunday evenings. Even in the most fashionable houses, where large staffs of servants are kept, there is always the problem concerning the "Sunday evening out." It has been solved with a great many people by having an elaborate luncheon in the middle of the day and by going to a hotel or a *table d'hôte* in the evening. Others again have evening receptions and musicales, and make such arrangements with their servants as to preclude the half-Sunday holiday.

If a well-bred gentleman is asked to a dinner Sunday evening (continues the Times), he must wear his evening clothes. If he is asked to tea even, he is supposed to wear evening clothes, or, at least, dinner-coat and black tie, unless he has been visiting at the house and is informally asked to stay and share the evening meal. Then it would be ridiculous for him to run home and change his dress. If you go into any one of the large restaurants on Sunday evening, you will see the majority of men dining there in evening-dress, formal or semi-formal. If you go to a Sunday evening concert at the Metropolitan, you will find quite a number there also in the same costume. Again, it is just as absurd to insist upon a man wearing a frock-coat and top-hat because it is Sunday. If he is going to church, it is the proper dress. If he is going to walk on the avenue and make calls, it is the proper dress. If he is going to stay at home, he can dress as he pleases, and if he is going out in the country to play golf or to pass the day, it is very bad form to travel in frock-coat and top-hat. The entire matter must be governed by common sense. There is no more reason in the world why people should dress entirely differently on Sunday than they should eat differently. Unfortunately, the latter idea still prevails in some households. Of course where it is a question of servants, the custom must be kept up, but, as a rule, nothing so upsets the digestion as a heavy meal in the middle of the day on one day of the week, when on six others a light one is taken. Sunday has become, owing to Continental custom, more of a day of recreation and rest, and it is therefore, as regards dressing, more or less go-as-you-please.

New-Year's Day at both the Roman courts—the Quirinal and the Vatican—is perhaps the busiest in the whole year (points out the *Pall Mall Gazette's* Roman correspondent). At the Quirinal the world is early astir, as the king and queen, in full dress, surrounded by the court, receive the great dignitaries of state, a ceremony which occupies more or less all day. In the evening there is a grand official dinner which is not over until midnight. Indeed, "uncle lies the head that wears a crown"—on New-Year's Day. At the Vatican the ceremonial is not so fatiguing, and each year is less so as the Pontiff grows older and is more easily tired. The morning of the first day of the year he receives in formal audience all the cardinals in Rome, who go personally and together to wish him the compliments of the season, one of their number being chosen as spokesman. After an appropriate reply from the head of the church, the lesser prelates are admitted. Then the guests break up into groups to take refreshment, and to the stranger looking down upon the scene it is one rich in color and interest. The Pontiff, all in white, seated on the throne, surrounded by imposing figures in red silk and white lace, or purple silk, according to their rank, with a background of richly painted and tapestry-hung

walls, is a spectacle unique in the world. All Rome seems to wake up on "Capo d'Anno," as they call it. The night before has been filled in with a great dinner and an absurd variety of wines, and the new year toasted with an enthusiasm impossible to describe. On New-Year's Day gifts are exchanged, which is a custom of Roman origin, and these gifts are called "Strenna," from the goddess of that name, the protectress of youth, strength, and health. In the beginning the "Strenna" was merely a branch of verberna, but it was gradually changed into rich gifts, mostly from client to patron, and were imposed like taxes until the abuse became so great that modest families were ruined. Even Augustus, one of the best of the Roman emperors, not only took new year's presents from his poorer subjects, but actually used to go about the streets begging for a "Strenna." Tiberius finally abolished the custom. On the first day of the year all the theatres are in full swing, all the *cafés* and places of amusement overflowing, and each and all persons put away care, at least for one day, and enjoy life as only an Italian can.

The American woman, who the world over is admitted to possess the charm of readiest sympathy in manner, the quickest intelligence of apprehension, the best combination of dignity and fearlessness in demeanor, ought surely to be the one to create a twentieth-century *salon* (says Mrs. Burton Harrison in the *Bazar*). The materials are ready to her hand in our large communities, to which every nation contributes a quota of its best intelligence and ripest culture. It would be an ideal conception, that of bringing together as *habitués* of one's house, men and women surely as accomplished as any of those who graced the reunions of the *beau monde* of old France. Besides, in these days, and among us especially, it would not be people's opinion and theories only that we might invite to be associated thus. It would be their experience, the results of their personal study and observation of all the interesting places, people, researches, and sciences of the world. It is impossible to go out into general company in New York and not encounter somebody of first distinction in his or her especial line of thought or work. Those old French philosophers and poets, and logic-choppers and phrase-makers who howed and smiled and clinked glasses and made rhymes in the eighteenth-century drawing-rooms, had not a tenth of the vital interest to their fellow-beings of the people we meet to-day. And what music could the hostesses of the famous old *salons* offer to their guests to equal what thrills and pulses in the very air we breathe? The artists we honor in our drawing-rooms have previously watched the world with their melodies, and their number is virtually inexhaustible. All the great masters of the modern brush and palette come across the seas to be welcomed by us; also the most famous actors, discoverers, scientists—leaders all along their respective lines. Given, then, the right elements and houses in which any reunion of society must be a pleasure to eye and imagination, why does the movement lag? Surely the hostess so well equipped need not tremble at the audacity of her undertaking. To her it is but useful to bring together the right people, to afford them opportunity, to create around them an atmosphere of ease and informality to make them *want* to come and come again. How a few *dames châtelines* of this variety would shine upon the background of modern hospitality! But alas! we find them not.

The peroxide blonde is utterly out of date, but any one who argues feminine wisdom and reform from that is sadly mistaken (remarks the New York Sun). The women have not changed their principles. They have changed only the color of their hair. The varying shades of auburn and chestnut are the thing, and the bleached are becoming the dyed. On the whole, it is rather an improvement. Titian red, artistically concocted, is not so aggressive as golden blonde. Then, too, it does not quarrel so loudly with complexion's never intended, by nature, to consort with golden tresses; and it does not show the same indiscreet tendency to turn olive-green with age, which marked the blonde's hair. Of course, it is a nuisance for those who were blonde to go in for auburn; but, after all, they are better off than the brunette who must jump to Titian glory without any intermediary stage. Dark hair must be bleached before it can be colored auburn; so the artificially blonde are already half way along the road. That is the reward for having kept up with the procession in the past. The auburn hair, like the blonde, requires constant encouragement. The color is fairly permanent; but the new growth of the roots of the hair should be treated with the red dye at least once a month, and, preferably, once every two weeks. Some women try to attend to that phase of the dyeing for themselves, but the results are usually disastrous, both to the hair and the scalp, and it is far wiser to intrust the care of artificially colored hair to an expert *coiffeur*. Bleaching and coloring unquestionably do affect the quality and vitality of the hair. The hair-dressers acknowledge that, but insist that the damage is very slight, if the work is done scientifically and only the best preparations used. "Bungling, hasty, and cheap work will ruin any hair," said a New York hair-dresser, "but hair can be dyed so that the life and gloss will remain in

it. It is very hard to accomplish that result in the case of bleaching, but that, too, can be done by patience and skill. The red hair, so popular just now, is hard to obtain in just the right shade, but it usually has a beautiful gloss and sheen. We have comparatively few calls for complete coloring of the hair, save from theatrical people—not nearly so many as we had five or ten years ago; but it would surprise you to know how many charming women come to us to have the first gray hairs colored. It is easy to do that without injuring the hair in the least, and without any possibility of the dye being noticeable."

Skating in Paris is a picturesque proceeding always, but especially so this season (writes a Paris correspondent), as the *batons de velours* (velvet stiffs) of the Second Empire have been revived, and add much to the beauty of the scene at the Horseshoe Pond on the Bois de Boulogne. These stiffs were brought into use by Empress Eugénie when that exalted unfortunate took her first lessons in skating. The empress had two instructors, but etiquette forbade their holding the hands of their pupil to guide her uncertain glides over the ice. M. Carter was at that time the king of skaters, and he invented the staff, which consisted of a stout rod covered with wadded velvet. The ends of the rod were held by the two professors, while the empress, placing her hands in the centre and leaning her weight upon it, was supported and guided without having occasion to touch the skating masters. The staffs have appeared this season in great number, and are of all colors, but bright red and blue predominate.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, January 24th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.				
	Shares.			Bid.	Asked.
Contra C. Water 5%	3,000	@ 107	106 3/4	107 1/2	
Hawaiian C. & S. 5%	3,000	@ 106 1/2	106 1/4	107 1/2	
Los An. & Pac. Ry.					
5%.....	4,000	@ 102-102 1/2	102 1/2	103	
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	5,000	@ 104 1/2-105	104 1/2	106	
Market St. Ry. 6%.....	3,000	@ 126 1/2	126	127	
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	9,000	@ 117 1/2-118	117	118 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	12,000	@ 114	113 1/2	114 1/2	
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	26,000	@ 105	104 1/2		
Omnibus C. R. 6%.....	2,000	@ 127 1/2	128		
Park & C. H. Ry. 6%.....	15,000	@ 104 1/2	104 1/2		
S. F. & N. P. Ry. 5%.....	15,000	@ 113 1/2-113 3/4	113 1/2		
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	5,000	@ 116 1/2-118	116 1/2	117 1/2	
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%.....	3,000	@ 110 1/2-110 3/4	110 1/2	110 3/4	
S. V. Water 6%.....	7,000	@ 115-115 1/2	115		
S. V. Water 4%.....	4,000	@ 104 1/2	104 1/2		
S. V. Water 4 3/4.....	5,000	@ 102 1/2-102 3/4	102 1/2		

	STOCKS.				
	Shares.			Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.	395	@ 72 1/2-75 1/2	75 1/2		
Spring Valley Water.	390	@ 92 1/2-93 1/2	93 1/2	93 3/4	
Gas and Electric.					
Equitable Gaslight ..	150	@ 4 1/2-5	4	5	
Mutual Electric.....	105	@ 13 1/2-14	13 1/2	14	
Oakland G. L. & H. Co.	60	@ 43 1/2	44	44 1/2	
Pacific Gas Imp. Co. 55	@ 45 1/2-46 1/2	46	47 1/2		
Pacific Lighting Co. 50	@ 41	41 1/2			
S. F. Gas & Electric. 515	@ 50-52	50 1/2	51 1/2		
S. F. Gas.....	1,615	@ 4 1/2-5	4 1/2	5	
Banks.					
Bank of Cal.....	5	@ 401 1/2	400		
Cal. S. D. & T. Co. 10	@ 97	97 1/2	98		
Street R. R.					
Market St. ....	100	@ 61-61 1/2	61	61 1/2	
Powders.					
Giant Con.....	110	@ 94 1/2-95	94 1/2	95	
Vigorit.....	700	@ 2 1/2-3	2 1/2		
Sugars.					
Hana P. Co.....	1,710	@ 7 1/2-7 3/4	7 1/2	7 3/4	
Hawaiian.....	115	@ 86 1/2-88 1/2	86 1/2		
Honokaa S. Co.....	635	@ 30 1/2-31	30 1/2	31 1/2	
Hutchinson.....	155	@ 26 1/2-26 3/4	26 1/2	26 3/4	
Kauai S. Co.....	220	@ 43-43 1/2	43	43 1/2	
Onohua S. Co.....	195	@ 27 1/2-27 3/4	27 1/2	27 3/4	
Panama S. P. Co.....	55	@ 27-27 1/2	27 1/2	28	
Miscellaneous.					
Alaska Packers.....	55	@ 119 1/2	119 1/2	120	
Oceanic Steam. Co. 365	@ 94-97 1/2	97	98 1/2		

The sugar stocks have been weak on sales of about 3,600 shares of all kinds, Hawaiian selling off 1 1/2 points on sales of 175 shares, Hana selling as low as 7 1/2, and the balance of the list about holding its own.

The water stocks have been steady, Spring Valley Water holding its own, Contra Costa advancing 2 1/2 points to 75 1/2.

The gas stocks have been quiet, and sold a fraction off on small sales.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

GEO. R. SANDERSON, A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

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Stocks and Bonds—We buy and sell strictly on commission all first-class Hawaiian Stocks and Bonds. Members of Honolulu Stock Exchange.

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526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,213,146.69

Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00

Deposits December 30, 1899..... 28, 63,655.41

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOWN; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GODFREY.

Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, D. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS BANK.

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1900.....\$26,110,681

Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000

Reserve Fund..... 210,067

Contingent Fund..... 407,391

E. B. POND, Pres., W. C. B. FREMERY, Vice-Pres.

LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Asst. Cashier.

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## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000

SURPLUS..... 1,000,000

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT. 2,365,968

October 1, 1899.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President

CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President

THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier

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Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

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H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst.-Cashier;

H. L. MILLER, Second Asst.-Cashier.

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Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869-

451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco,

417 California Street.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Harry Lehr, of Baltimore, made a very tart reply to Mrs. J. Coleman Drayton, whose name was much in the public mouth a few years ago, at the new year's german. He had been prattling to the lady for some time, when, anxious to get rid of him, she snapped out: "Now, trot along, Mr. Lehr; you are entirely too lady-like for me." Whereupon Mr. Lehr replied: "I am sorry I can't say the same for you, Mrs. Drayton."

G. R. Glenn, superintendent of public instruction of the State of Georgia, one day explained the powers of the X-ray machine to a gathering of darkies at a school commencement. After the meeting was over a negro called him aside and wanted to know if he was in earnest about the machine. Mr. Glenn assured him that he was. "Boss, I wants ter ax you ef er nigger et chicken kin you look in him an' see chicken?" "Why, yes, Ephraim," said Mr. Glenn. "Well, boss, I wants ter ax you one mo' question. Kin you look in dat nigger an' tell whar dat chicken come from?"

Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, and Colonel Pepper, of whisky-making fame, were discussing horses, when Representative Crain, of Texas, entered. "What are you talking about?" asked Crain. "Horses," said Blackburn. "Oh," remarked Crain, "why don't you talk about something worth while? Why don't you discuss literature or something to improve your minds?" "Literature?" said Blackburn, "what kind of literature do you recommend?" "I like poets," answered Crain; "I am particularly fond of Tennyson and Longfellow." "Longfellow?" interrupted Colonel Pepper, suddenly taking an interest in the conversation; "oh, yes, I know Longfellow. He was the greatest horse ever bred in Kentucky."

Some evenings ago (says the New York Tribune) a man was seated in the corridor of one of the large hotels smoking a fragrant cigar. On the lounge next to him were seated a woman and her daughter, the latter next to the smoker. The draft blew the smoke across the younger woman's face, to which the smoker remained oblivious or indifferent. Finally, after several quite audible remarks to her mother apropos of the rudeness of men in general, which passed rapidly into a somewhat hectic comment on this smoker in particular, turning savagely to the tormentor, she said: "If you were my husband, do you know I'd poison you?" "And do you know, madam," replied the man, calmly removing his cigar, "were you my wife, I'd take that poison?"

On the opening day of the session of the Fifty-Sixth Congress (says the Criterion), a tall, gaunt man, shambling of gait, with "high-water" trousers, a slouched hat mashed in any old way, and an overcoat that needed brushing, presented himself at the centre door of the House of Representatives. He started to walk right in, but was stopped by one of the doorkeepers, who said to him, testily: "Say, don't you know you can't go in there?" "No, I didn't know it, my friend; I thought I could," he said, mildly. "Nobody but members allowed in today." "Well, I'm a member; Congressman Cushman, of Washington." "Oh! I beg your pardon; walk right in." As Mr. Cushman strode into the hall the astonished doorkeeper looked after him for a moment, and then, turning to his assistant on the door, said: "Say, Bill, did you see that? Well, after that I ain't got the nerve to stop anything."

When William Jennings Bryan first went to Nebraska, he was hired to take the stump against Thayer, who was running for governor, and said some hard things against the candidate. "Thayer was elected," Bryan is quoted as saying in the Chicago Times-Herald. "After he took the governor's chair he was called to be toast-master at a banquet at which I was set down for a speech. I did not care to go to that banquet. I did not wish to meet the governor. I remembered all that I had said of him, and I felt cheap. But I went, and sat there through the early proceedings quite uncomfortable. Finally it came time for the governor to call upon me. He rose from his seat, with the programme before him, and slowly said: 'Mr. Bryan—Bryan.' Then he slowly turned his eyes upon me and addressed me: 'Do you speak or sing?' That is all I ever heard from Governor Thayer as to what he thought of my campaign speeches against him."

When Colonel Cartwell was military governor of Norfolk under the Confederacy in 1862, he ordered the British consul to report for duty on the home guard. To this the Englishman objected on the ground of being consul at Norfolk. "To what government?" asked Colonel Cartwell. "To the United States Government," was the reply. "But you are in the Confederate States, and you must show papers accrediting you to the Confederate States of America," said the colonel. "But my government doesn't recognize you as a government," said the consul. "Very well, then, my government doesn't recognize you as consul," briskly retorted Colonel Cartwell; "shoulder your musket

and join your company." At this the consul threatened to have a gunboat come and bombard the place before he would serve. "That's just what I'd like to see," returned the colonel, cheerily, "for then the United States will fight you, as she claims that Norfolk is still part of the Union, and between England and the United States fighting we shall go free." At last the consul appealed to Mr. Benjamin, the Confederate secretary of war, who ordered his exemption from military duty, and the "three-cornered war" so desired by Colonel Cartwell never came to pass.

## HE KNEW HOW.

VON BLUMER, after asserting that his wife, who has been unsuccessful for two weeks in securing a servant, did not use the proper tact, has volunteered to fetch one home in twelve hours. Now, after a hard day's search, he appears in company with a Celtic stranger, whom he shows into the kitchen and thereupon joins MRS. VON BLUMER.

MRS. VON BLUMER—How did you manage it? VON BLUMER—Easiest thing in the world. Just told her to come, and she came.

MRS. VON BLUMER—You didn't find her right off, did you?

VON BLUMER—Well, hardly that, my dear. I've been to every agency in town, more or less, and walked steps which, if placed on top of the other, would have led me through the pearly gates. As I told you, it takes persistence.

MRS. VON BLUMER—Has she any references? VON BLUMER—References? What do you think I am? I asked one girl for references, and she thought I was making some insinuation against her character. That's not the thing to do.

MRS. VON BLUMER—Well, what did you do? VON BLUMER—Used a little tact. I treated her in a kind, pleasant manner.

MRS. VON BLUMER—Did you ask her if she could cook?

VON BLUMER—Not much; but I told her she would have a nice, comfortable home.

MRS. VON BLUMER—Did you tell her our washing was heavy?

VON BLUMER—Certainly not. I said you never would ask her to do anything that you weren't perfectly willing to do yourself.

MRS. VON BLUMER—How kind of you! Did she ask you any questions?

VON BLUMER—Of course, but I parried them all with a light, cheerful smile. Ours was a home, I said, where all was harmony. We would both take a personal interest in her welfare. That's the way to get around them.

MRS. VON BLUMER—Did she ask about wages?

VON BLUMER—Oh, yes. She wanted twenty-two dollars a month, and I said that was more than we paid, but I knew she was a bright girl, and the mere pleasure of having her around was worth a few dollars more, and I would pay it cheerfully. Flattery, that's what did it.

MRS. VON BLUMER—And she agreed to come?

VON BLUMER—Well, she's here, isn't she? That's more than you've been able to do.

MRS. VON BLUMER—Did she say she would come on trial?

VON BLUMER—She mentioned it, and I said I knew you could arrange that beautifully between you.

MRS. VON BLUMER—Well, I'll go down and see her. What's her name?

VON BLUMER—Delia. I tell you, it takes a man, after all, to arrange these things. Tact did it.

MRS. VON BLUMER [entering kitchen only to find Delia backing out]—How do you do, Delia. What, you are not going, are you?

DELIA—Yes'm, I am. O've bin reflectin' the mather over, an' the place won't suit.

MRS. VON BLUMER—But what makes you think that?

DELIA—Sure, ma'am, your husband is altogether too palaverin'. Them's the kind that always makes the most trouble.—Life.

## The Craving for Stimulants.

This question has lately attracted a great deal of attention from the medical profession. The use of stimulants seems to be increasing. This clearly shows an exhausted condition of the nerves and blood, which may be remedied only by strengthening the stomach. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will do this for you. It brings all the energy of a stimulant with no injurious effects. It cures dyspepsia, constipation, and nervousness.

General—"Are you sure you don't know where the Boers are?" Subordinate—"Yes, sir." General—"And you don't know how strong they are?" Subordinate—"No, sir." General—"Then let the advance begin."—New York Herald.

**BROWN'S** Bronchial Troches  
(Made only by John I. Brown & Son, Boston.)  
give instant relief in  
**Hoarseness**

## An Effective Remedy.

"We have had quite an experience at our house," said Dinkley to his friend Googins. "You remember our conservatory?"

"Do you mean that glass closet, about the size of a dry-goods box, that is built on the side of your dining-room?" inquired Googins.

"That's it. I call it the conservatory to please Mrs. D. She has an astonishing number of plants in there; not many orchids, but a lot of geraniums and things. The other day she discovered that said geraniums were alive with insects. She asked a florist how to get rid of them—the insects, I mean—and he told her that tobacco-smoke was the best remedy. So she took that box of cigars which she gave me for a Christmas present—I couldn't smoke them because I had resolved to swear off smoking on the first of the year. Unfortunate resolution, wasn't it?"

"Very," said Mr. Googins, dryly.

"Yes. Well, as I was saying, Mrs. D. took those cigars, and giving them to the hired man told him to go into the conservatory and smoke for an hour."

Here Mr. Dinkley paused, and Mr. Googins inquired: "Did it kill the insects?"

"Well," answered his friend, reflectively, "I should think it probable that it did. It certainly killed the plants, and the doctors haven't pronounced the hired man out of danger yet."—Joe Lincoln in the Bazar.

## Health-Giving

Qualities to infants are contained in every can of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. "It saved the baby's life" is the message received from thousands of mothers. Eagle stands first.

A Dewey joke: "What is the difference between Dewey and a floor-walker?" "One sails about the seas, and the other sees about the sales."—Judge.

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**Scotch Whisky**  
Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

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## AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.

St. Paul.....February 7 | St. Louis.....February 21  
New York.....February 14 | Friesland.....February 28

## RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.

Westernland.....February 7 | Noordland.....February 21  
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To Alaska and Cold Fields.

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**Alaska Commercial Company**

-FOR-

**NOME, ST. MICHAEL, DAWSON**

-AND-

**ALL POINTS ON YUKON RIVER.**

## FOR NOME DIRECT:

From San Francisco.....S. S. PORTLAND.....April 30, 1900  
From Seattle.....S. S. DORA.....April 30, 1900  
From San Francisco.....S. S. RAINIER.....May 10, 1900

## FOR NOME, ST. MICHAEL, AND ALL OTHER POINTS:

From San Francisco.....S. S. ST. PAUL, May 25th  
A STEAMER WILL BE DISPATCHED EVERY FORTNIGHT THEREAFTER.

**FOR JUNEAU, SITKA, PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND, COOK'S INLET, KODIAK, AND ALL INTERMEDIATE POINTS:**

From Seattle.....S. S. BERTHA, commencing April 8th  
AND MONTHLY THEREAFTER.

For new folders, maps, and further particulars as to freight and passage, apply to ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY, 310 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
For Seattle sailings apply to CAPT. JAS. CARROLL, Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wash.

**OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.**  
**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.**

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1900.  
Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Thursday, Feb. 1  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Feb. 27  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Friday, Mar. 23  
Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Apr. 17  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

**Toyo Kisen Kaisha**  
(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

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Nippon Maru.....Friday, February 9  
America Maru.....Wednesday, March 7  
Hongkong Maru.....Saturday, March 31  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

**OCEANIC**  
Steamship Company  
S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Feb. 7, 2 P. M.  
S. S. Alameda sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8 P. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgomery Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

**Pacific Coast Steamship Co.**

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., January 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, February 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10 A. M., January 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, February 5, and every fifth day thereafter.  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., Jan. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, Feb. 3, and every fifth day thereafter.  
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., January 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, February 4, and every fourth day thereafter.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., January 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, February 2, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.  
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month.  
The company reserves the right to change without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing.  
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10,000 tons. 582 feet long.

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Twin Screw, 12,552 tons, 600 feet long, one of the largest steamships afloat.

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For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER, 613 Market Street, or to official railway and steamship offices on Pacific Coast.



## SOCIETY.

## The Buckbee Costume-Dinner.

Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee entertained a number of friends at an elaborate dinner at her home, 1609 Sutter Street, on Wednesday evening, January 24th. The guests had been hidden to come in fancy costume, and all did so, the majority being in the dress of little children. The dinner was a merry one, and at its conclusion the hostess cut a large pie that had adorned the centre of the table and drew forth from it amusing gifts for each of her guests. The evening was concluded with an impromptu dance.

Those at table were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Therese Morgan, Miss Florence Josselyn, Miss Adelaide Murphy, Miss Kate Dillon, Miss Bernice Drown, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., Mr. Willard N. Drown, Mr. Harry M. Holbrook, and Mr. Pierre de l'Estaille.

## The Shreve Tea and Dinner.

A tea was given by Mrs. George R. Shreve on Thursday afternoon, January 25th, in the parlors of the Palace Hotel. The hostess was assisted in receiving by Mrs. J. Malen Ver Mehr, Mrs. Frederick H. Beaver, Mrs. E. L. Jacobs, Mrs. William G. Dodge, Mrs. F. R. King, Miss Elizabeth Shreve, and Miss Bernice Bates, and a large number of callers were most hospitably entertained.

In the evening Mrs. Shreve was the hostess at a dinner, those at table being Mr. and Mrs. George R. Shreve, Mr. and Mrs. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Beaver, Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs, Mr. and Mrs. King, Miss Bates, Miss Shreve, and Mr. Frank D. Madison.

## An Army and Navy Cotillion.

A cotillion was held by La Jeunesse Club at Native Sons' Hall on Friday evening, January 26th. It was the "army and navy cotillion," and the ball was artistically decorated in the colors of the two services. Almost all of the five hundred who had been invited were present. The leaders were Lieutenant John P. Hains, Third Artillery, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Emory Winslip, U. S. N., and the figures included one in which a mortar was fired, scattering military huttons, which were used as favors, a sabre figure, and one in which the participants danced around a large American flag, while the orchestra played the national airs.

## The Mullins Supper.

The pretty custom of inviting a number of friends to supper after the club cotillions was followed by

Miss Maud Mullins on Friday night, January 19th. After the dance of the Friday Fortnightly Club, Miss Mullins invited several of the couples to her home, at 1809 Gough Street, where a bountiful supper was enjoyed.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mullins, Mrs. B. B. Cutter, Miss Alice Mullins, Miss Maud Mullins, Miss Spreckels, Miss Lillian Spreckels, Miss Loughborough, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Elizabeth Ames, Miss Ella Bender, Miss Charlotte Field, Miss Mary Polhemus, Mr. William G. Harrison, Mr. George Lewis, Mr. Harvey Tomh, U. S. N., Mr. Edward Kalfhus, U. S. N., Mr. Rex Norris, Mr. A. Lewis, Mr. Alfred Poett, Mr. Herbert Gee, Mr. William Sanborne, Mr. E. de la Vega, and Mr. James Bishop.

## The Friday Fortnightly.

The fourth cotillion of the Friday Fortnightly Club was held in Cotillion Hall on Friday evening, January 19th. Mr. Reddick McKee Duperu led, with Miss Mary Greenwood Josselyn as his partner, and the young ladies in the first set were Miss Sara Collier, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Crittenden, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Florence Josselyn, Mrs. A. D. Keyes, Miss Adelaide Murphy, Miss Edith Preston, Miss Margaret Salisbury, and Miss Mary Scott.

## Golf Dances in Oakland.

The golf cotillion given by the members of the Oakland Golf Club at their club-house on Saturday evening, January 20th, was a success in every way. The members and their guests were present to the number of one hundred and fifty, and several novel and pretty figures were introduced by the leader, Mr. Peter E. Bowles. The affair was under the management of Mrs. Peter E. Bowles and Mrs. J. H. T. Watkinson.

Another dance will be given at the Oakland Golf Club's house on Wednesday evening, January 31st, but it will not be a club affair. Mrs. J. C. Tucker and her daughter, Mrs. Edington Detrick, are to be the hostesses, and they are giving the dance in honor of Miss Havermeier, of Chicago, who came out to the coast to be a bridesmaid at the wedding of Miss Mae Tucker and Mr. A. S. Macdonald, and is now Mrs. Tucker's guest. There will first be a "kinder symphony," directed by Miss Virginia de Fremery, with Mr. William King as pianist, Mrs. Philip Williams and Mr. Horace Miller, violins, and Miss Kate Clement, flute, and Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr., Miss Bessie McNear, Mr. Paul Miller, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Donald Y. Campbell, Mr. Vail Bake-

well, Mr. Herbert Veeder, Mrs. Edington Detrick, and Miss Carrie Haven will be "happy musicians." Later, there will be a cotillion led by Miss Havermeier.

## Notes and Gossip.

The marriage of Miss Mamie McMullin and Mr. Jesse Godley, which had been erroneously announced for last Tuesday, is to take place on next Tuesday evening, January 30th.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Averill, niece of Mrs. William Ashburner, of 1014 Pine Street, and of the late Justice Stephen J. Field, of the United States Supreme Court, to Lieutenant Reginald R. Belknap, U. S. N.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Jessie Coit, of Oakland, and Mr. Wilfrid Ransome, of New York. Miss Coit is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Coit. She is a sister of Miss Carrie Coit, whose engagement to Lieutenant Howard Avery, U. S. A., was announced last summer. The Ransomes lived for many years in East Oakland. Mr. Wilfrid Ransome is superintendent of construction of the Ransome concrete industry. He is on the coast for a brief visit, and intends to return shortly to New York. The marriage will take place in the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Dickinson Moore have sent out cards announcing the marriage of their daughter, Miriam Phillips, to Mr. Edward Jenkins Pringle on Monday, January 15th, at "Grey Rocks," Exeter, Tulare County.

The marriage of Miss Augusta Dela Evans and Mr. Churchill Taylor took place on Wednesday evening, January 17th, at the residence of the bride's father in Oakland. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. R. Dille in the presence of relatives and intimate friends. Mr. and Mrs. Churchill Taylor have gone to the southern part of the State on their wedding-tour to be absent a month. Upon their return they will make their home in Oakland. The bride is a daughter of Captain J. F. Evans, and the groom is a son of Mrs. Laura M. Taylor and the late James M. Taylor, a prominent member of the San Francisco bar.

Miss Lillian Follis will give a luncheon in honor of Mrs. James L. Flood (née Fritz) on Tuesday, January 30th, at her home, 2330 Washington Street.

The dance to be given by a number of the young ladies who are members of the San Francisco Golf Club at the club-house on Monday evening, January 29th, is not to be a golf dance, so far as costumes are concerned, the hostesses and their guests being expected to wear half-gowns and ordinary evening-dress. About one hundred and fifty persons will be present.

Miss Cora Jane Flood gave a reception in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. James L. Flood recently at her home on California Street.

Mrs. C. William McAfee gave a tea at her home, 2921 California Street, on Saturday afternoon, January 20th, in honor of Mrs. Hunter, of Kentucky, who is here on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis. Though the hostess had made elaborate preparations for her guests, the affair was an intimate one, only thirty ladies being invited. The bours were from two to six, and among those who called were Mrs. A. M. Parrott, Mrs. Loughborough, Mrs. Harry T. Creswell, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. John V. Middleton, Mrs. W. T. Harrington, Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Miss Throckmorton, Miss Carrie Gwin, and Miss Garber.

Miss Bernice Drown gave a dinner at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Drown, 2550 Jackson Street, recently, those present being Mr. and Mrs. Drown, Miss Drown, Miss Azalea Keyes, Miss Alma McClung, Miss Edith Stuhbs, Miss Leila Voorbies, Mr. Willard N. Drown, Mr. Chester Murphy, Mr. Percy King, Mr. C. Palmer, and Mr. Walter Scott.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith gave a tea on Tuesday afternoon in honor of her sister, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, formerly Miss Gertrude Hyde, who is now here on a visit to their mother, Mrs. George Hyde.

## A Loan Exhibition.

The loan exhibition of bronzes and statuary now being held under the auspices of the San Francisco Art Association at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, was opened on Thursday evening, January 25th, by a reception and promenade concert. The exhibits constitute a very notable collection, and were greatly admired. During the evening an orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman, played the following selections:

"Jubilee," Stern; "Night in Grenada," Kreutzer; "Tannhäuser," Wagner; "Blue Danube," Strauss; "Am Meer," trombone solo, Schubert; melody in F, Rubinstein; "Ernani," Verdi; "A Tot," Czibulka; Werner's song, "Trompeter v. Sekkingen," cornet solo, Nessler; "La Susana," Rosey; "Singing Girl," Herbert; American national airs, Gilmore.

A special concert will be given under Mr. Heyman's direction on Thursday evening, February 1st.

A service in memory of the late Giles A. Easton, rector emeritus, will be held in St. Mark's Church, Berkeley, February 2d, at eleven o'clock. The sermon will be preached by the Right Rev. W. F. Nichols, D. D., bishop of California.

## Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

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## G. H. Mumm &amp; Co.'s Extra Dry

WHILE words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. MUMM & Co.'s EXTRA DRY in 1899 aggregating 109,303 cases, or 72,495 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

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LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee  
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THE HOTEL RICHELIEU  
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First-class quiet Family Hotel.  
D. W. JAMES, Proprietor,  
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ROYAL  
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The dainty cake,  
The white and flaky tea biscuit,  
The sweet and tender hot griddle cake,  
The light and delicate crust,  
The finely flavored waffle and muffin,  
The crisp and delicious doughnut,  
The white, sweet, nutritious bread and roll,—  
Delightful to the taste and always wholesome.

Royal Baking Powder is made  
from PURE GRAPE CREAM OF  
TARTAR and is absolutely free  
from lime, alum and ammonia.

There are many imitation baking powders,  
made from alum, mostly sold cheap. Avoid  
them, as they make the food unwholesome.



## SOCIETY.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. A. M. Parrott left on Monday, January 22d, for England, where she will remain with her daughter, Mrs. Archibald Douglas-Dick, during Mr. Douglas-Dick's absence in South Africa.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller have returned from a flying trip to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Follis (*nee* Gwin) sailed on Wednesday last for China, whence they will continue on a tour of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey have returned from their visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Tevis came up from Bakersfield early in the week and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Jessie Dietrich has returned from a visit to her brother, Dr. Robert T. Bowie, in Japan.

Miss Mary Foster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster, of San Rafael, is expected to return soon from a visit to her uncle, Colonel Scott, in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Morrison are in town from San José, and are guests at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George Davis Boyd came over from San Rafael in the early part of the week, and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Boyd at 2020 Washington Street.

The Rev. Frederick W. Clappett, D. D., the new rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, arrived from Baltimore on Saturday, January 20th, and is at the Occidental Hotel. Mrs. Clappett and their children, who are now in Illinois, will soon join him here.

Mr. George Crocker left on Saturday, January 20th, for Portland, Or., whence he will go to New York City. Mr. Homer S. King accompanied him to Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Brander (*nee* Forman) have postponed their start for Australia until February 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Burdell and Dr. Galvin Burdell are in town from Burdell's, and are at the California Hotel.

Prince D. Karvananaoa and Mr. George D. Gear, of Honolulu, made the trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson returned on Monday, January 22d, from a six weeks' visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Wright, who have been occupying the Gerstle cottage in San Rafael until a month ago, sailed from New York for Bremen on January 4th. They purpose being away a year.

Mr. N. G. Kittle is in town from Fresno for a few days.

Mr. Charles Holbrook and Miss Olive Holbrook were among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Dr. and Mrs. M. C. Grove have come up from Modesto, and are at the California Hotel.

Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger sailed from New York for Paris, by way of Southampton, on January 4th.

Dr. Clinton Cushing has returned from abroad.

Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., is in New York City.

Mr. George Davidson and Miss Jean Davidson enjoyed a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Foote, Mr. and Mrs. Varney W. Gaskill, and Mr. William E. Dargie, Jr., sailed for Southampton from New York on January 4th.

Mrs. John W. Mackay and her daughter, the Princess Colonna, are in Nice for the winter.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Dr. and Mrs. F. M. McNeal, Mr. F. M. McFarland, Mr. A. W. Smith, Mr. P. R. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Pierce, Mr. W. R. Dudley, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Nash and Miss Pearson, of Stanford, Mr. W. D. Duke, of Reno, Mr. and Mrs. R. Roca, of Hollister, Mr. Francis de Capelle Brooke, Mr. R. G. Morrison and Mr. E. W. Wright, of Bakersfield, and Mr. J. S. Hackley, of Louisville.

Among the week's guests at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. John M. Burnett, Miss Sarah Burnett, Mrs. H. B. Underhill, Miss Underhill, Mr. Seymour R. Church, Mrs. C. E. Gibbs, Mrs. H. McCarthy, Mrs. Mary Ralston, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hills, Mr. P. B. Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Searle, of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. S. Wallace and Mr. A. J. Whipple, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Biddle, of Portland, Or., Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Reynolds, of Denver, and Mr. J. B. Sharpe, of New York.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Colonel James M. Bell, Twenty-Seventh Infantry, U. S. V., has been appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers.

Mrs. McCrackin, wife of Lieutenant-Commander Alexander McCrackin, U. S. N., executive officer of the *Oregon*, returned from Manila on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Doric* on Friday, January 19th.

Brigadier-General Thomas M. Anderson, U. S. A., has been retired, having reached the age limit.

Lieutenant-Commander Benjamin Tappan, U. S. N., has returned from Manila, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Captain V. T. Cattman, U. S. N., has returned from Manila, having completed his term of service on the Asiatic station, and is at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant-Colonel Richard I. Eskridge, Twenty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., is now commanding officer at the Presidio.

Lieutenant-Commander Chauncey Thomas, U. S.

N., and Mrs. Thomas arrived on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Doric* from the Orient on Friday, January 19th, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

## Golf Notes.

The first match of this season in the home-and-home contest between the San Francisco and Oakland Golf Clubs will take place on Saturday, January 27th, at the links on the Presidio. It is to be an 18-hole contest, match play, between teams of eight men from each club. The team from the San Francisco Club will consist of Mr. S. L. Abbot, Jr., Mr. J. W. Byrne, Mr. Richard H. Gaylord, Mr. Harry B. Goodwin, Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg, Mr. E. J. McCutchen, Mr. Charles Page, and Mr. Horace D. Pillsbury. The Oakland team will comprise Mr. R. M. Fitzgerald, Mr. Ernest R. Folger, Mr. George D. Greenwood, Mr. W. P. Johnson, Mr. Harry J. Knowles, Mr. James C. McKee, Mr. H. H. Smith, and Mr. F. S. Stratton, with Mr. P. E. Bowles and Mr. P. George Gow as possible substitutes.

The return match will be played on the Oakland Club's links on Saturday, February 3d.

The initial tournament for the Council's Cup for ladies of the San Francisco Golf Club will be played on the Presidio links on Saturday, February 3d. The qualifying round, 18 holes, medal play, will begin on Wednesday morning, January 31st, at ten o'clock, and the eight making the lowest scores will be entitled to play in the tournament. The competitors will be reduced by Saturday's play to four, who will continue the tournament on the following Monday, and the finals will be played off on Wednesday, February 7th. The cup must be won three times by the same player to become her property, but the name of each winner will be inscribed on it, as with the Council's Cup for men.

The Burlingame Country Club has issued invitations for a professional tournament to take place on the club's links on Thursday, February 22d. It is to be over 36 holes, medal play, and first, second, and third prizes of \$75, \$45, and \$20, respectively, are offered. Play will begin at 10 A. M., and entries should be addressed to the secretary of the Burlingame Country Club not later than February 20th. The directors extend the privileges of the club to members of the San Rafael, Oakland, and San Francisco Golf Clubs for the day of the match.

The handicap tournament for the trophy offered by Mr. William B. Bourn took place at the San Francisco Golf Club's links on Monday, January 22d, and was won by Miss Maud Mullins, with Miss Caro Crockett taking second prize. The record of the tournament was as follows:

	1st.	2d.	Gross.	Handicap.	Net.
Miss Maud Mullins.....	68	59	127	6	121
Miss Caro Crockett.....	68	63	131	6	125
Miss O'Connor.....	75	68	143	12	131
Miss Sarah Drum.....	76	67	143	9	134
Miss Alice C. Hoffman.....	71	64	135	0	135
Mrs. W. W. Belvin.....	88	74	162	24	138
Miss Edith McBean.....	71	73	144	6	138
Mrs. H. C. Breeden.....	78	67	145	6	139
Miss Ives.....	90	85	175	24	151

A professional tournament is to be held at Coronado on or about February 14th, and the Oakland Golf Club will probably send its two instructors, Willie Anderson and Horace Rawlins, to compete in it.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

## Value of Imports from Tropical Islands.

OTTAWA, CANADA, January 12, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your excellent editorial of January 8th, entitled "A Menace to the Protective System," you say: "With free trade between our islands and us, we lose the duty upon \$200,000,000 worth of imports, chiefly of a character to injure California."

I inclose you a statement taken from the *United States Monthly Summary of Commerce and Finance*, which shows the figures for the three years ending June 30, 1897, '98, and '99. They are as follows: \$38,659,378, \$38,664,628, and \$50,832,474. I will grant you the imports at times have been greater, but never anything like the figure you state.

It is quite true that imports from tropical countries amount to \$250,000,000 of the total \$700,000,000 imports of the United States, though I think you will grant that an error has crept into your columns in stating \$200,000,000 comes from the islands now under the flag or control of the United States.

Yours truly, F. C. T. O'HARA.

[The figures to which our correspondent objects were intended to refer to imports in the future, not those of the past. With free admission of their goods, and the stimulus of American enterprise, these islands will, in time, furnish practically all the imports from tropical countries.—Eds.]

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## MUSICAL NOTES.

## The Symphony Concerts.

The first of the series of symphony concerts to be given at the Grand Opera House under the direction of Henry Holmes, took place on Thursday afternoon, January 18th. A large and appreciative audience was present, and the following programme was presented:

Overture, "Ruy Blas," Mendelssohn; symphony in D, No. 2 (Br.: u. Har.: Ed.), adagio, allegro, andante, minuetto allegro, allegro spiritoso, Haydn; "Siegfried Idyl," ruhig bewegt, leicht bewegt, lobhaft, sehr ruhig, Wagner; "Symphony Pathétique," op. 74, f, adagio, allegro non troppo, andante moderato, mosso, andante, allegro vivo, andante come primo, //, allegro con grazia, //, allegro molto vivace, //, finale: adagio lamentoso, Tchaikowsky.

The second concert will take place next Thursday afternoon, February 1st, at three-fifteen o'clock. The orchestra has been increased to seventy musicians, and the programme will include Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, two movements of Schubert's unfinished symphony in B-minor, and the overtures to Tchaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" and Cherubini's "Les Abencerrages." The sale of seats will begin on Saturday, January 27th, at nine A. M.

## Nevada at Mills College.

In Emma Nevada's opinion we have the best singing-teacher in America right here in San Francisco in the person of H. B. Pasmore. Mme. Nevada expressed this opinion after hearing the singing of a number of the pupils at Mills College—notably, Miss Beulah George.

Nevada could not have been more royally welcomed at Mills College by both faculty and students had she been queen, and she was most gracious, singing several numbers and greeting old friends of the faculty, even remembering old Michael, the coachman of thirty years' service. She kissed him on the forehead, and exclaimed: "God bless you, faithful Michael!"—an expression of womanly sweetness which brought tears to the eyes of all present and showed that years of the highest success had in no wise detracted from the rare womanliness of the little Nevada nightingale's nature.

Mme. Nevada addressed the pupils, giving them much good advice and urging them above all things to love and fear God.

## Noted Artists Coming.

Walter Damrosch, the famous New York orchestral leader, will be in San Francisco in the early part of March, bringing with him Frauline Gadsdi, the soprano who scored such a success here during the last engagement of the Ellis Opera Company, when she was associated with Melba and De Lussan, and Davis Bispham, the baritone who was one of the best-known members of the Grau companies. The two singers will be heard in concerts at the California Theatre, and Mr. Damrosch will give a series of morning lectures on Wagner's masterpieces, in the course of which Gadsdi and Bispham will sing characteristic selections from the operas under discussion.

Later in the month Ignace Paderewski, the famous pianist, will be heard at the California in a series of recitals.

The concert given by the Minetti Quartet on Friday afternoon, January 19th, was the final one of the afternoon series, but an evening series will be given during the present season.

The London society news columns daily announce a long list of forthcoming marriages, the bridegrooms in a majority of cases being soldiers. It is a season of short engagements and sudden deaths. Momentarily expecting orders to sail for South Africa, the British officers have apparently taken the opportunity of "striking while the iron is hot," and many a quiet marriage is now followed within a few days by a farewell at Southampton. For instance, Major Maxse, who took part in the recent defeat of the Khalifa, returned to England, married Lord Leconfield's daughter, and is now on his way to the Cape.

Colonel Wingate's smashing of the Mahdi followed at once by the announcement of weekly excursions to Khartum by the tourist agency that controls the Nile traffic. Since January 4th a train leaves Wady Halfa on Thursday evenings and reaches Khartum Saturday morning. In case the hotel there is not ready, passengers will be lodged on a steamer.

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*9.00 A	Atlantic Express - Ogden and East.....	9.45 A
*9.00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	12.15 P
*9.00 A	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles.....	6.45 P
*10.00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	6.45 P
*12.00 M	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	7.45 P
11.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.....	18.00 P
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5.30 P	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	8.45 A
5.30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	6.45 P
6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.....	7.45 A
6.30 P	Vallejo.....	12.15 P
6.30 P	Oriental Mail - Ogden and East.....	8.50 P
17.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	19.55 P
8.05 P	Oregon, Willapa, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	8.15 A

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*10.40 A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	6.35 A
11.30 A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	7.45 A
12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	10.36 A
13.30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	7.30 P
14.15 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	9.45 A
15.00 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	19.00 A
15.30 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	8.35 A
6.30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	18.00 A
6.15 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	7.30 P

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A word of warning: *Wife*—"I'm going to run across the street just a minute to bid Mrs. Jones good-by." *Husband*—"Well, you'll have to hurry; the train leaves in three hours."—*Chicago News*.

*Nippon*—"Hear about Clark being in a railroad accident? Badly hurt, too." *Tuck*—"Will he recover?" *Nippon*—"Well, I don't know; his lawyer says he can, but his doctor says he can't."—*Town Topics*.

Wifely constancy: "I have been married for fifteen years, and my wife never fails to meet me at the door." "Wonderful!" "Yes, she's afraid I might go in without wiping my feet."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

*Wife of patient*—"I'm so sorry, doctor, to bring you all the way to Hampstead to see my husband." *Doctor* (from Mayfair)—"Pray, don't mention it, my dear madam. I have another patient in this neighborhood, so I'm killing two birds with one stone!"—*Punch*.

*Clerk*—"You can't get a room for him here; he's drunk." *Wytte* (supporting his "weary" friend)—"I know he is. What of that?" *Clerk* (scornfully)—"This is a temperance hotel." *Wytte*—"Well, he's too drunk to know the difference."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"Wot you got there, Limpy?" "Dat's a book I just found. I'm goin' to chuck it." "Don't you do it. Dat's de beginnin' of a free public library, see! An' it'll give us de chance to work Andy Carnegie fer de usual fifty t'ousand."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

An epitome of a century's progress: *Professor*—"Miss Flavilla, mention a few of the most wonderful scientific inventions of the nineteenth century." *Miss Flavilla*—"Yes, sir; the telephone, photograph buttons, golf capes, and ice-cream soda."—*Chicago Record*.

A success: "Was the wedding a success?" "I guess so. The bride's mother was in tears, the groom's mother went her one better and had hysterics, you couldn't hear a word of the ceremony, and the church was so crowded that three women fainted. Yes, it was a success all right."—*Life*.

He tries to make it up: *He*—"Won't yo' low me to eschoot yo' home, Miss Black? I tink yo' am too good a chu'ch membah to keep up a quarrel." *She*—"Huh! I doan' tink yo' am much ob a chu'ch membah. I done sor yo' sleepin' troo de sermon." *He*—"Wa-l, I was dreamin' ob yo'."—*Puck*.

Saving him money: *Mr. Wheatpit*—"My failure is the talk of the street! At the meeting of my creditors, to-day, I arranged to pay ten cents on the dollar." *Mrs. Wheatpit* (after a moment's figuring)—"Oh, Henry, isn't that lovely? Then the fifty-dollar hat I had sent home to-day will only cost you five dollars!"—*Life*.

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The San Francisco *Chronicle* is aggrieved at the *Argonaut's* criticisms on the un-Republican fight for free trade with our new possessions. We predicted that it would be forced to recede from its present position of disloyalty to protection, disloyalty to the American farmer, and disloyalty to the American workingman. This has touched the *Chronicle* on a tender spot. The galled jade winces.

However, the *Chronicle* attempts to defend itself, but in a weak and quavering voice. It says:

"The San Francisco *Argonaut* predicts that the *Chronicle* will recede from its position that our island possessions are a part of the United States and should be promptly supplied with territorial governments; and recede 'right away.' No, the *Chronicle* will not

recede. . . . The objection to the acquisition of the Philippines comes from the Sugar Trust."

And then follows a column of hysterical denunciation of the Sugar Trust.

The *Chronicle's* defense of its disloyalty to American industry is as disingenuous as it is weak. What has the Sugar Trust to do with the rice-growers of the Carolinas? What has the Sugar Trust to do with the tobacco-growers of Connecticut and Maryland? What has the Sugar Trust to do with the orange and pine-apple growers of Florida? What has the Sugar Trust to do with the semi-tropical fruit-growers of California? What has the Sugar Trust to do with the justly alarmed American workingmen, who see their livelihood threatened by the competition of cheap and semi-servile labor in the West Indies, and coolie and slave-labor in the East Indies? The cry of "Sugar Trust" has been very useful in American politics. But now that American industries and American workingmen are in peril, it will scarcely serve.

The *Chronicle* has been vigorously opposing a reciprocity treaty with the insignificant West Indian Island of Jamaica, because it exports oranges and other semi-tropical fruits. The State of Florida is vigorously opposing this reciprocity treaty. But Florida is also vigorously opposing the admission of Puerto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippines, and Cuba within our tariff wall. The reason is plain. Florida is an orange-growing State. But so is California. Is the *Chronicle* less loyal to the interests of its own State than is the press of Florida? And if so, why? Vague denunciations of the Sugar Trust will not save over the *Chronicle's* treachery to the semi-tropical fruit industry of California. Does the *Chronicle* wish to see the fruit interests of these tropical islands thrive at the expense of the citrus interests of California? Is it more interested in the success of capitalists employing coolies, semi-slaves, and slaves in our new tropical islands than it is in the success of American fruit-growers employing white American workingmen in the State of California? If so, why?

We here omit completely the question of coolie competition with American sugar-beet growers. That is a vast industry, but it is only one of the many threatened. And it is the only one which is in the slightest degree affected by the Sugar Trust. As for the others—and they are legion—they have nothing to do with the Sugar Trust.

But most vital of all—even more important than protection to the various agricultural industries threatened—is the threat to the Republican doctrine of protection to American labor. The *Argonaut* believes that if the *Chronicle's* revolutionary theory be carried into effect—namely, making these tropical islands Territories and ultimately States, and their mongrel peoples ultimately American citizens, it will mean the degradation of American labor. Even if semi-servile laborers from the West Indies and Asiatic coolies from the East Indies do not come here in hordes—and we firmly believe that they will—the products of their labor will come. Ten millions of Asiatics are at our very doors, now dwelling under the American flag. While they and their land are the "property" of this country—bought from Spain and paid for—they are not citizens of it, thank God! And despite the *Chronicle's* advocacy of Asiatics becoming American citizens, they never will be. If they should become so, the wages of the American workingman in this great, free republic of ours would soon sink to the level of the Asiatic coolie. And we think that the workingmen of California will speedily convince the *Chronicle* that it must cease its attempts to degrade them, impoverish their families, and make their children hare-footed he-gars.

Again the *Argonaut* warns the *Chronicle* that it will recede from its position. It will stop its treacherous assaults upon our protective tariff wall against semi-tropical islands. It will stop demanding that our new possessions be made Territories. It will cease insisting that these tropical islands be ultimately erected into States. It will stop clamoring for an extension of our tariff laws to Asiatic islands, thus making the products of Asiatic coolie labor compete

in our markets with those of white American workingmen. And if it does not stop now, it will be forced to stop.

The *Chronicle* will have to eat its words. And that right soon.

The continued reports of outbreaks of the hubonic plague in all parts of the world are by no means reassuring, and justify a fear that it may become pandemic as the grip was a few years ago. Besides its ravages in India and Southern China, where its activity never ceases, reports have come of its appearance in Egypt, Portugal, Spain, Russia, Brazil, Japan, Hawaii, Manila, and New Caledonia. In Oporto alone there have been two hundred and eighty cases since the plague appeared, and ninety-eight have died. Europe has been invaded from the east and the west; America is threatened on both the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts. The cities of the Eastern States have taken the alarm. Michael C. Murphy, president of the New York board of health, has refused to allow coffee coming from Brazil to be landed even after disinfection; the Boston board of health was not so strict, but took every possible precaution; New Orleans was thrown into a fever of alarm by the arrival of the *Willowdene* with a cargo of coffee from Brazil.

This city has no cause for a feeling of over-security. It is true that the security is greater since the present board of health wisely refused to follow the example of its predecessor in interfering with quarantine regulations for the sake of having a little extra patronage to distribute, but the danger is still grave. Should the plague once succeed in entering San Francisco, it would find a most favorable field for development in the Chinese quarter, and thence would spread in all directions throughout the city. The experience of Honolulu is proving that its ravages are not confined to the filthy sections. The federal quarantine officials are doing all in their power to prevent the scourge gaining a lodgment here, but experience elsewhere has shown that all precautions may fail. Sanitary regulations have been adopted in this city, and these should be rigidly enforced. The United States Government has taken a wise step in establishing Asiatic stations where the disease may be studied by trained physicians, and, so far as possible, the shipment of the germs to this country may be prevented.

The great danger for this city at present is that the plague may be introduced from Hawaii, and the experience at Honolulu may well be considered. The first case there was discovered November 10th, but it was not until a month later that it appeared in virulent form. It has continued to spread in spite of the utmost precautions. The physicians were thoroughly informed of the nature of the disease, and did all in their power to prevent its spread. The city was divided into quarantine districts, guarded by military cordons; the most rigid inspection was enforced; the streets were cleaned, and garbage was removed and burned; disinfection was resorted to; patients were isolated as soon as their condition was discovered, and the bodies of victims were cremated; buildings in infected quarters have been burned to the ground. At last advices ten blocks of buildings in the Chinese quarter have been destroyed, and the entire section was to be burned.

In spite of these precautions the disease has continued to spread. During five weeks forty-seven cases have been reported, and of these forty had died. The case of the first white woman who succumbed is significant of the insidious character of the plague. She was the wife of a prominent contractor living in a fashionable quarter of the city, and managed the art department of the largest store in Honolulu. One day a dead rat was discovered in her department and she superintended its removal, though she did not touch it. The same day she was taken ill, and four days later she died.

The situation in Honolulu is most distressing. The people are panic-stricken, and are vainly striving to get out of the city. The report is significant that the only steamers that will carry them are those running to San Francisco. These vessels demand an agreement that such passengers



shall remain in quarantine for two weeks after arriving here, but this precaution is wholly inadequate; one infected person may spread contagion throughout the entire ship. In the meantime intercourse between Honolulu and the outside is entirely suspended, business is at a standstill, provisions are running low, and famine is threatened. The people of Hilo, headed by their sheriff, positively refused to permit steamers to land passengers or goods, in spite of the protests and threats of Attorney-General Cooper. At the quarantine station are two thousand Japanese immigrants, and one thousand more are on vessels in the harbor, not permitted to land.

Against the reproduction of such scenes as this in this city the people must guard themselves. When the *Argonaut* first pointed out the danger of such an invasion of death there were those who sneered and regarded this paper as an alarmist. One after another of these skeptics has come to see that it was by no means imaginary. Twice the danger has been averted, but this good fortune may not continue. Every citizen should second the efforts of the health and quarantine officials in removing every condition favorable to the spread of the disease. To be prepared is one-half of the battle.

The scheme for the founding here of a commercial museum such as has at Philadelphia demonstrated its value and its power of expansion, has already been suggested in these columns. The suggestion has been received with unanimous approval, and, indeed, the reception has been marked by a gratifying enthusiasm. There is no doubt that such an institution would on this coast accomplish a great work, while the extent of its growth, keeping pace with and stimulating industrial growth, would soon cause it to develop to a notable magnitude. The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce and the State university have both displayed active interest in promotion of the project. Doubtless every trade organization on the Pacific Coast will join, for the museum is not to be a local affair. That in Philadelphia has a distinct energy, felt to the bounds of commercial life. Here in the West there is a vast territory locally, and stretching toward the Orient a veritable kingdom of the mercantile world, vassal to the United States, and finding its port on the western coast. At this point, then, is the logical site for a museum, provided the utility of establishing it can be made clear. To do this requires but another glance at the history, the work, and the purpose of the Philadelphia model.

The report of Professor George Davidson, who went to Philadelphia as a delegate for the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, having on his mission the sanction of the university, has been issued in pamphlet form. He prefaces it with a series of recommendations based upon observations taken with interest, care, and admiration. "In my judgment," says Davidson, "no commercial centre should be without such an organization and such an exhibition." Further on he adds:

"I have been so impressed with the value of such a museum to this Pacific Coast that I earnestly implore the Chamber of Commerce in every legitimate way to promote and secure such an institution on this Pacific Coast. It would be the broadest, easiest, and, in reality, the cheapest means of giving aid and information to every industry in the Pacific States—information that can be gotten in no other manner."

The Philadelphia museum grew out of the foresight and liberality of some residents of that city, who, while visiting the Columbian Exposition in 1893, recognized the wisdom of purchasing the vast array of natural products on display there. These collections were presented to the municipality of Philadelphia, and so appreciated that liberal provision has since been made for their care. The State and federal governments have also made necessary advances, thus making possible the recent export exposition, an affair of much dignity and of far-reaching effect. Among these effects has been that of calling attention to the museum itself, and those revealing the possibilities of the immense field it is exploiting.

There are to be seen at the museum more than two hundred thousand samples of raw products, materials, and the partly finished manufactures of nearly all nations. The producer, manufacturer, merchant, and investigator have the benefit of definite information in the form most concrete and impressive. Professor Davidson declares himself astonished at the remarkable showing, its breadth and thoroughness. Accustomed to see exhibitions whenever there are any open to the public, Professor Davidson professes delight and astonishment at what he beheld at Philadelphia, regarding it as surpassing everything else ever attempted along similar lines. Advancement of trade is the object of the museum. The merchant or manufacturer must know the nature of the market open to his wares, the demand, what is to be expected in return. It is for this the raw material is shown, then the partly manufactured, and finally the completed product. While the arrangement is in part geographical, illustrating the capabilities of different countries, each complete in itself, there is also a monographic arrange-

ment of oils, kaolins, barks, and other articles produced in different parts of the world.

Accessible in connection with the display is tabulated information regarding each feature of it. There have been compiled all necessary statistics regarding markets, prices, tariffs, transportation, interest, banking methods, customs. Especial pains are taken to point to opportunities for the introduction of American goods, from needles to locomotives. The standing of business houses all over the world is made a matter of record. The museum is in touch with three thousand banks in trade centres, has connection with many foreign agencies, and the consular service, under instructions, gives it information on a wide variety of topics. Its report of trade conditions are eagerly sought, because so reliable, and because they cover every section to which the commercial instinct leads.

It will be seen that the term "museum," applied to this institution, is in some measure a misnomer. To make an interesting show is but a part of its mission. There is not a feature of it that fails to appeal to the judgment. A similar museum in San Francisco would at once demonstrate its utility, spring into instant favor, and grow immense both in visible extent and in influence.

Elsewhere in this issue we refer to an article in which the San Francisco *Chronicle* valorously refuses to withdraw from its disloyal attitude toward American industry and American labor, as the *Argonaut* predicted it would do. But our contemporary is in a dangerous predicament. If it thus remains a traitor it will soon have allied against it the rank and file of the Republican party, the American farmer, and the American workman. The *Chronicle* must recede. Vapor as it may, to this complexion must it come.

For the comfort of our perplexed contemporary we will point out to it a parallel. Three weeks ago the New York *Tribune* was as fierce an advocate of free trade with our Asiatic islands as is the *Chronicle*. Like the *Chronicle*, it has always been a staunch advocate of Republican tariff protection. Of late, too, the *Tribune* has been an administration organ, for its editor, Whitelaw Reid, is very near to the imperial throne.

But within ten days the *Tribune* has experienced a change of tone if not a change of heart. It has been forced to alter its attitude. Both the protection wing and the labor wing of the Republican party have taken alarm at the threats of free trade with our new tropical islands. With all modesty we say it, the warning came from the Pacific Coast and the *Argonaut* was the first journal in the United States to sound the alarm. The other Republican newspapers of California entered into a conspiracy of silence. They affected not to notice it. But they will have to notice it before we are through, and we observe that the *Chronicle* is noticing it now.

The New York *Tribune* is broader than the California daily press. It sees that there is danger of a division in the ranks of the Republican party because of the threat of free trade with the tropical islands. The entering wedge is the Foraker bill for extending our laws to Puerto Rico. Already differences of opinion have developed on this matter between the leading members of the House and Senate committees. Representative Payne, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, says he can force the Puerto Rico free-trade bill through with administration influence, and that he is going to do it.

A fortnight ago the New York *Tribune*, like the *Chronicle*, was a heated advocate of free trade with our tropical islands. But it has changed its views—it has been forced to change them. Within ten days it has printed five leading editorials upon this question. The first was an ambiguous article, in which the *Tribune* was feeling its way. Concerning the demand of the Puerto Rican delegates "to be put on the same basis in regard to trade as the States of the United States," the *Tribune* made this Delphic utterance: "If they did say that, they spoke injudiciously, and expressed a desire for that which certainly should never be granted. That is not to say that free trade should not be granted. It is to say that if it be granted it is to be on other grounds."

A few days later the *Tribune* grew bolder and said: "The laws of the United States are not to be applied to any place outside of the United States, and Puerto Rico is outside of the United States."

Later the *Tribune* said: "Puerto Rico is not a State. It is not a Territory. It has no claim to be considered one now or hereafter."

And yet again the *Tribune* said: "This country has taken possession of Puerto Rico, and holds it as its property. It has not annexed it to this Union and has no intention of doing so."

A few days later the *Tribune* noticed Chairman Payne's intention of forcing through the bill giving free trade to Puerto Rico. It said: "We should be sorry to see this bill

become a law, as we greatly fear it will. And we record our warning that the United States Government will regret any precedent so established."

The latest number of the *Tribune* to hand contains an article on this island free-trade question even stronger than the preceding. All of these articles, be it understood, are printed prominently at the head of the editorial columns. The latest one is a "warning to thoughtless Republicans," among whom we fear the *Chronicle* will have to be classified. The *Tribune* says:

"The Democrats are acting cleverly with a view to political expediency. They want to make the administration's action in acquiring Puerto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines hateful. They hope to raise the spectre of Tagal States to frighten the people, and they can do it in no way more effectively than by establishing the constitutional doctrine that all these islands are already under the constitution, entitled to all its privileges, and subject to all its checks upon government. . . . Of course, if they should succeed they would not be rescuing this country from the danger of Malay and Kanaka partnership, but would be only fixing the evil firmly and permanently upon us, but if they could arouse enough apprehension or indignation at the idea of subjecting American destinies to the voice of distant and foreign peoples they might overturn the Republicans, and they care more for power than patriotism. Their policy is easily understood. But why should Republicans help them?"

Why, indeed? And why should the *Chronicle* help them? Is the *Chronicle* a Republican newspaper? Is it in favor of protecting American industries and American workmen, or is it in line with the Democrats and in favor of free trade?

The *Tribune* warns Republicans that this Puerto Rico bill will be a precedent for the admission of the Philippines and Cuba to Statehood. It says: "Republicans should keep the laws of the United States of America for the United States of America. Otherwise the Republican party might as well prepare to welcome Malay States. The United States of America should be nothing but the United States of America, no matter where its flag may be unfurled."

If the *Chronicle* wants a good example, there is one. The New York *Tribune* has always been stalwart Republican. It has been an elder and better soldier in our party ranks than the *Chronicle*. The latter journal had better follow the lead of the *Tribune*, and abandon its attitude of disloyalty to protection, to Republican principles, and to American labor.

Among the recommendations of a joint legislative committee in New York upon the subject of State taxation is one that all mortgages shall be taxed at a low rate, and that no mortgage shall be permitted to escape assessment. The mortgage tax proposed there is a five-mill rate, certainly not excessive, provided the principle is just. In commenting upon it, the New York *Evening Post* remarks that this would mean that a mortgage of \$10,000 shall be taxed at \$50, and that if the mortgage bear interest at 5 per cent., the probable rate, the tax would be one-tenth of the income. This view of the matter clearly indicates a belief that the new form of taxation will touch not the borrower, but the lender. The shifting of this burden will constitute a nice problem in finances, but one which there is reason to suppose will be worked out to the satisfaction of capital.

A collateral question arising out of the New York situation is whether there is justice in permitting the exemption from mortgage tax now enjoyed by savings-banks and insurance companies to continue. Objection is made that an exemption so vast would make the whole law farcical. Not only would the revenue to be derived from these sources be enormous, but the certainty of collecting it would cheer the assessor. New Yorkers are now considering whether this new tax will become ultimately an additional burden upon real estate, and seem inclined to think it will not. What reasons the committee have for the faith that is in them is not set forth. Certainly it can not be based upon the experience had in California, concerning which an elaborate analysis made by Professor Plehn points clearly to the opposite conclusion.

Savings-banks in San Francisco, lending over \$60,000,000 on mortgages, opened their books to the professor, enabling him to arrive at the average rates of interest for a period of half-years beginning with 1871. From this data he extracted the information that after 1880 there had been a steady fall in the interest on mortgages, amounting by 1884 to almost two per cent. lower than before the constitution became of force. On the face of these figures the contention that the owners of realty were not being burdened anew would seem wholly reasonable; but the showing is made also that the rate on other loans has fallen even more markedly, and the contention is overthrown. After exhaustive effort, Professor Plehn sums up the result of his researches in this paragraph:

"The average difference for nineteen years between the rate of interest on mortgages and the rate on other loans equally secure but untaxed was 2.73 per cent. This, then, is the amount by which the tax raises the rate of interest."

The workings of the economic law which shifts the mortgage-tax on the borrower have not been definitely



followed, but the proof that such a law exists is manifest. The hardship to which the borrower is subject, provided his security be land, may readily be understood by examination of a supposititious case. The rate of taxation in San Francisco for State, city, and county purposes for ten years after the constitution of 1879 went into effect averaged \$1.80. The mortgagor had \$2.73 added to his rate of interest, paying the tax and 50 per cent. more. Nor was this the sum of his load. Real estate is usually assessed at one-half its market value. A man owning property worth \$25,000 pays \$1.80 on a valuation of \$12,500, or \$225. So much for his inevitable tax. He borrows \$12,500 on the property. He then pays on a valuation of \$6,250 (one-half of the value of the remainder) at \$1.80, and on \$12,500 at \$2.73 above the rate for loans of another nature. The total yearly expenditure becomes \$457.50, representing a loss of \$232.50. Granted that the valuation, \$6,250, may be somewhat reduced, the process of loss is interfered with only in quantity.

Carried into figures of more magnitude and the burden put upon the borrower becomes immense, while in humbler transactions, involving only a few hundreds of dollars, it is relatively greater and more difficult to be borne. A fact, admitted and in character most reprehensible, is that many forms of wealth escape a just share of taxation either through shirking by subterfuge, and evasion deliberately planned, or by adroitly shouldering responsibility upon others. If a tax on mortgages is in reality wrung from the men already howled by debt and the necessity for meeting interest, it surely goes awry of its purpose. The object is not wholly the raising of revenue, but the distribution among all classes of the cost as well as the benefit. When some of the large corporations forced their patrons to pay a war tax that the corporations themselves should have paid, the condition was in many respects analogous.

Perhaps in New York there is some method in view by which a tax on mortgages will in reality be paid by the holder, and not by the giver of the mortgage. In California the problem has not been solved, for in the hands of such a man as Plehn figures do not lie.

The Sacramento *Record-Union* is unsuccessfully attempting to allay the alarm of the workmen of California, due to the *Argonaut's* articles on cheap labor and free trade, but, in common with some other apologetic newspapers, it is having a hard time of it. It can not explain away the danger, and it can not quiet the alarm. The workmen of California have had one experience of Asiatic coolie competition. They do not want another.

The *Record-Union* adopts the expedient of the attorney with a bad case and "abuses the other side." It calls the *Argonaut* "a persistent alarmist," and hurls at it epithets, statutes, and law-books. It then erects a straw antagonist, which it proceeds to batter most valiantly.

But we must point out to the *Record-Union* that its citations, its statutes, and its law-books have nothing to do with the case. The *Argonaut* did not say, has not said, and does not believe that the Filipinos are full-fledged citizens of the United States. We have not said that they are under the American constitution as are the people on the mainland of the United States. We have not said that they have acquired citizenship or any civic rights guaranteed by the American constitution. We have not said that they had acquired any civic rights at all.

As to our "doubting the power of Congress to do what it pleases with our new tropical islands" or "doubting the soundness of Judge Morrow's decision," the *Record-Union* will find that this journal, many months ago, saw the importance of that decision before any other newspaper in the United States; that we commented upon it at length as soon as it was handed down; that we remarked at the time that it was an "epoch-making decision"; and we will further add, for the information of the *Record-Union*, that we are convinced Judge Morrow will willingly admit the truth of the foregoing assertions if he be interrogated concerning the matter.

Inasmuch as the *Argonaut* did not claim that the Filipinos acquired citizens' rights by the treaty of annexation, the *Record-Union* might have spared its long list of authorities proving that they did not. What the *Argonaut* said was that Congress possesses absolute power over our new island possessions; that, having such power, it must exercise it to protect American industries and American workmen; that the silence of a Republican Congress on the question of excluding coolie immigration coming from our new tropical islands will not do; that the silence of a Republican Congress on the question of free trade with our new tropical islands will not do; that Congress must at once pass laws forbidding coolie immigration, and forbidding free trade; that neither the cheap labor nor the cheap-labor products of these tropical islands must be allowed to come into competition with our free white American workmen.

Our contemporary's statement of our position is pre-

posterous. The *Argonaut* could scarcely have demanded that Congress should pass these sweeping laws concerning our new island possessions if we did not believe that Congress possessed the power to pass them.

Now let us ask our contemporary a pointed question. It says: "There need be no question whatever about Congress protecting our home people from any industrial or other visitation by the Filipinos." We have, we trust, proved to the *Record-Union* that it is in accord with us on the question of the absolute power of Congress over our new tropical possessions. But is it in accord with us also in our demand that Congress shall protect American industry and American workmen from the cheap labor and the cheap-labor products of those islands? Will the *Record-Union* side with the *Argonaut* in its demand that Congress at once pass laws prohibiting cheap-labor immigration, prohibiting free-trade importation, and protecting from island competition the American manufacturer, the American farmer, and the American workman?

Some weeks ago a proposition was advanced in this city to require the street railways to reduce their fares during the morning and evening hours when the laboring classes and school children make most use of the cars. The answer of the companies was, of course, that such reduction meant ruin for them. In this connection the experience of Milwaukee is interesting. In that city a similar movement was inaugurated and met with a similar answer. Later, however, the companies made the reduction voluntarily, together with other concessions. The city agrees to extend the various franchises—most of which expire before that time—until 1934, and to permit the companies to extend their lines over certain streets. In return the companies grant a transfer system of permanent duration, a reduction of fares from five to four cents during the crowded morning and evening hours, and at all hours after the expiration of five years, a reduction of children's fares to three cents, and free transportation for city officials. They also agree that all franchises shall expire in 1934, and that the city may compel them to extend the system over new streets whenever public welfare demands it. According to the mayor, the permanent transfer system will save the citizens more than three hundred thousand dollars a year, the reduction in fares will amount to one hundred thousand dollars more, and the city will gain ten thousand dollars in the free rides for its officials. Whether such regulation will be better than municipal ownership remains to be seen, but it marks a long step in that direction.

Those quidnuncs who pooch at the danger to American workingmen from free trade with our island colonies will find it difficult to bolster up their theories when free trade gets to work. Why should capitalists in California manufacture goods here which they can have made in the Philippines, another part of the United States, for one-twentieth the cost in labor? Waiving the question of the danger to California's semi-tropical fruits and beet-sugar industries from the competition of our new tropical islands, let us take a local industry. Let us take the Tubbs Cordage Company. This concern has been in existence in California for over a third of a century, and employs large numbers of white American workmen. Its raw material is hemp, which comes from the Philippine Islands. It brings its raw material to California, white workmen manufacture it into cordage, and the company pays its white workmen living wages. Many hundreds of men, women, and children—American workmen's families—are maintained by the Tubbs Cordage Company.

Yet, if free trade with the Philippine Islands begin, it will be folly for this company to do its manufacturing here. Its raw material grows in the Philippine Islands, and not here. It can get labor there for from five to ten cents a day, as against two dollars and upward here. It would be no more than ordinary business policy for the Tubbs Cordage Company to begin manufacturing in Manila instead of San Francisco. Nothing but sentiment would restrain them, and sentiment in business "does not go." But if the free traders are squelched, and American farmers and American workmen protected by a tariff on Philippine products and manufactured goods, the cheap labor of Philippine coolies could not compete with our own American workmen.

The cowardly assassination of Senator Goebel at Frankfort this week, regrettable though it is, can not be regarded as other than a natural result of the situation that he himself was most instrumental in creating. He stood as a type of all that is worst in the politics of this country—the politician who seeks self-advancement and adopts any means, however unscrupulous, to accomplish his end. Senator Goebel gained the position he held not by the display of any broad-minded

statesmanship, but through his ability as a manipulator and tricky politician. His first prominence in the political field was gained by winning a victory for the "boys" at a primary election, and since that event he has been the recognized leader of that faction in the Democratic politics of Kentucky. For eight years he held the position of State senator, and then laid his plans for promotion to the governorship. These plans were eminently characteristic, and involved the capture of the entire election machinery of the State. The Goebel law, which he succeeded in having passed by the legislature, enabled him to secure the election boards in the various counties, and thus equipped he entered the campaign. How that campaign was conducted is too recent history to require repetition at this time. The bitterness of feeling was intense; threats were openly made that the election would be carried by force, if not otherwise; passions were aroused to the highest pitch in a State never conspicuous for calmness in controversy. The result of the election was so decided that even the Democratic election board was forced to declare Goebel defeated, and then the attempt was made to force his election by action of the legislature. As has been said, the assassination was the natural outcome of the situation he created. The act of the assassin is indefensible; but not the least unfortunate feature is the fact that the horror inspired by this cowardly act will serve to obscure the reprehensible features of what has come to be known as "Goebelism."

In a recent issue the *Huntholdt Times* discusses the *Argonaut's* article on the dangers to American industry and American workmen from our new island possessions. The *Times* says that "the *Argonaut* is now engaged in an effort to alarm the American workman, through the danger to free labor from the absorption of the Philippines." The *Times* presents at length the arguments of this journal tending to show that cheap laborers may be imported to compete with American workmen, and that even if they do not come in large numbers, the products of their cheap labor may be imported, free of duty, to compete with the products of our white labor.

The *Times* demurs on the ground that "Philippine laborers receive only a few cents a day, which is all they are worth," and that "cheap labor is not profitable." How a California paper can advance such astounding arguments with the history of Chinese immigration staring it in the face, it is difficult to understand. The Chinese coolies in China work for a few cents a day. Their labor in this State has been cheap. Will the *Times* maintain that it has not been profitable to the employers of Chinese labor? Let it ask the American workmen who have been jostled from their places by the cheaper labor of the Chinese coolies. As to the argument that England "could fear the immigration of cheap labor from India with its teeming millions"—that is even more preposterous. The rigid doctrine of caste which prevails in England's Indian empire would prevent Indian immigration. They lose caste who sail over seas. And as for the *Times's* closing argument of "American energy developing the islands," that "they are a vast field for manufacturing energy," and that "American capitalists will need all the labor there for manufacturing, etc.," we agree entirely. And that is another danger to the American workman. For American capital with Asiatic coolies in the Philippines will manufacture goods so cheaply under free trade with those islands that thousands of American workmen now manufacturing goods here for living wages will be thrown out of a job and idly walk the streets.

The latest evidence of the influence of the bicycle, and its more modern relative, the automobile, upon highway improvement, is found in a bill fathered by the League of American Wheelmen. This bill proposes an appropriation of five million dollars by Congress for the construction of military roads. These roads are to run from New York to Chicago by way of Albany, to Boston, and to Philadelphia. Of course, everybody knows that these roads would never be used for military purposes—the railroads would furnish more rapid and better transportation—but the shrewdness of the league in taking advantage of the present popularity of national defense is apparent. The lack of shrewdness in supposing that the rest of the country will take kindly to this proposition to improve the roads in that section having the best roads at present is equally apparent. The roads around Boston are now the finest in the country, furnishing shining examples of what can be accomplished by local enterprise. Those in the neighborhood of the other proposed beneficiary cities are almost as good. If the national government is to expend five million dollars to construct "military" roads, it would be far better to locate the roads where they would serve as object-lessons, and encourage the construction of modern highways in localities where they do not now exist.



## EAST-SIDE THOMPSON'S PETITION.

A Story of the Alkali Plains.

It was not a pretty story, but it was more. It was fraught with that primitive ruggedness one gets an impression of along with cutting prairie winds, bucking broncos, the crack of a revolver, the whiz of a bullet.

The fellow's name was Thompson, and he could handle a bunch of steers with the best of them, but there was an air of metropolitanism about him that assorted ill with his surroundings. And although he drank harder, swore better, and went rougher than any man of them, he had never been able to live down his nickname of "East-Side" Thompson. Under the influence of rolling prairies, the boundless sweep of cloud and sky, an intimacy with the elements, and reliance upon nothing but his own wit and courage, a man grows to be a strong, sagacious, vital creature, so different from our circumscribed ideas of a man that, for want of a better term we call him a "cow-puncher."

The Three-X outfit of cow-punchers had been on the trail more than a month, and, according to all precedent and reason, the rains should have set in weeks before, but they had not. The grass that had sprung up with the first early showers had seared and died before the next rain came to keep it alive. The shallow, sluggish little streams of brackish water that crawled along the bottom of their beds, which the year before had been swollen beyond their banks, finally gave out utterly. In every direction the white alkali plains glistened away to the meeting line of the sky in an infinitude of isolation. The oldest inhabitant in all the country round could not recall a winter that equaled this in dryness.

Howbeit, Nevada was then a new State, and the population migratory. Wilson, the boss of the outfit, had hoped to get out of the sage-brush country and strike the California line somewhere above Bodie by the end of the first month out, but there was no rain, no water, and the plains lay in open cracks. Day after day the sun arose, smiled down upon the parched little bunch of men and cattle fourteen long hours as he sailed across a cloudless sky, serenely unconscious of the maledictions hurled against him, while the bare, burning prairie stared back in unblinking defiance. There were gorgeous sunsets every evening—moments when the great fiery ball seemed almost to stand still to give a long backward glance before dropping out of sight, and with a Midas touch turn all the world to molten gold. But to the played-out cow-puncher sunset means nothing but bed-time—bed-time after a hard, parched, hopeless day. There were clear, chaste moonlight nights of wondrous radiance, too, but the moon was seen only in the early morning, when they rose to another day, more hard, more parched, more hopeless. The cattle—mere anatomical charts by this time—went staggering about in crazy circles, too weak to need watching, the three Xs on their flanks reduced to half the original size by the shriveling of the hide, or fell heavily to the earth to rise again, after many seasons of sun and shower, as prairie-flowers and salt grass. Their bellowing was reduced to a moan almost human in its misery, for the one voice common to all created things, animal or human, is the voice of suffering.

The Missourian, a great, hulking young fellow, was first of the men to show signs of weakening. That is the most terrible moment in all like experiences, when the men who have held on grimly and endured together see one of their number losing his grip. This had been an ill-assorted outfit when they started out with the cattle across the plains, but standing together, shoulder to shoulder, defying Death against fearful odds knits a man deeply into the life of his fellow. Among these men there was no spoken sympathy, no overt act of kindness, but in their very sullenness was that grimmest of all sacrifices, each man enduring in stoic silence in order that he might not intrude his own sufferings upon his already overcrowded neighbor. The clinching of the lips to suppress a groan when one is thirst-maddened may require more heroism than facing a cannon with flags flying and drums beating, inasmuch as "he that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

At last one day the Missourian gave out utterly. He was not of the cow-boy build in the first place, but his splendid horsemanship and enthusiasm had induced Wilson, the boss, or "Yankee Bill," as he was called, to take him on. In his delirium he lay and cried for water, day and night. He blubbered and begged for water, and called upon the names of those he had known in his childhood. Every man went about his own business, which was largely the formulating of fervent and eloquent oaths anent the heat, the drought, and the delay; and apparently no one heard his cries. Water was the one thing he wanted, and the one thing they could not get, so, after they had put his boots under his head to make him comfortable, they let him alone. Under ordinary circumstances a Missourian more or less was of no great consequence to "Yankee Bill," but this break in the ranks shattered the last vestige of hope. Whatever may have been done after that in the effort to keep up their spirits was mere bravado, for each man foresaw the end.

The Missourian had been a quiet sort in the camp, and no one had ever heard him talk much, but now he talked incessantly in the soft, thick drawl of the South. And all ways of home scenes, of the memories of boyhood that whetted the edge of their torture till it was beyond all enduring. Now he was fishing along some stream and swearing in round terms at some "fat-head nigger" for scaring the fish; now he was in school struggling with some problem he could never solve beyond "carry seven." Always coherent enough to call up memories in their own minds of a youth, misspent for the most part. They could not move farther away because they were camped under the only shade in sight. They thought of dragging him off beyond ear-shot, but while every one would have been glad to have it done, no man could do it himself. Their horny hands had grown gentle in their ministering touches.

Escape was long since out of the question, for the horses

were worse off than the men; not one of them could carry a saddle, much less a rider. Each man had saved a last charge in his revolver, knowing that that perhaps would be their only deliverance from a death too horrible to name. All but "East-Side," who, when a decision had to be made between himself and his horse, had led her out behind a little acclivity and put his last charge through her game little heart. Now he must make his exit in some other way, if he would let his disembodied spirit pass on unincumbered by a sun-parched frame. The knife he carried in his boot was a miserable hack of a thing, fit only for shaving tobacco or chunking bacon. He felt a momentary regret as he ran his fingers along its jagged edges that a man with his record should be obliged to make his end with so mean a weapon. The big Swede in a moment of madness, had raised his pistol as if it had been a jug, saying: "Wal, boys, here's to a wetter country!" But he had not shot. The cold iron seemed to cool the rashness of his brain, and the mirage of hope lured them on a day farther.

After the second day the Missourian's talk began to grow less, his raving subsided into a weak, incoherent babbling; at last it ceased altogether, and he lay staring wide-eyed into the relentless sky. As they had done everything else, they did this silently, stoically. A shallow bed was scooped out and the canvas taken off the wagon for a winding-sheet. When the broken circle closed in around the open grave, the boss cleared his throat and said: "Boys, before we go any farther, some one must make a prayer, *sabe?*"

They *sabed*, but although every man's soul might be consumed with a voiceless cry to some power above himself for the repose of the departed soul, and release from a like fate, they were all dumb when confronted by the thought of taking the name of God reverently. Instinctively they turned to "East-Side."

"It's your lead, 'East-Side,'" they said. And "East-Side," groping blindly backward toward the memories of his youth, tried to recall something of religious import. Slowly through his desiccated brain percolated a line from a church hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," but although the thought was pleasant in this burning desert, the words were not to the point—besides, that was all he knew of it. He shook his head sorrowfully. "In the beginning"—he thought he had struck the right lead there—"In the beginning, God created—" But again he was stuck and could go no further.

"Lead up, 'East-Side'!" they urged. Then the light broke. The backward groping had brought him down to the days of his childhood, to the words his grandfather had been wont to say, as with bowed heads, the family, to the third and fourth generation, was gathered around his table on Thanksgiving Day. So, under the burning sun, whose only shadow was cast by the flocks of carrion birds that circled above the remnant of the outfit, they stood over the grave of their dead companion, waiting for a like fate, or death by their own hands, to be torn by coyotes perhaps before the breath was out of their bodies, the six gaunt men with bowed, uncovered heads, while "East-Side" pronounced in solemn tones:

"Oh, Lord, for what we are about to receive make us devoutly thankful. Amen."

A prayer was a prayer to "East-Side." Anything that began with "Lord" in reverent terms and ended with "amen" was a prayer. His grandfather had been a godly man, and he had said it, therefore it was appropriate on this occasion. The effect was the same upon the others, for the words smacked of the phraseology of the wandering exhorters they had heard.

After the passing of the Missourian there was even less to do; the men were more taciturn with each other, but there was noticeably less profanity among them, possibly because they harbored their strength more jealously and the exertion was unnecessary, or because their mouths were too dry to articulate many words. It was now six weeks since they had set out across the "sink," expecting to get the cattle off their hands and have a little "time" in the city before starting back to the camp, but the wild-eyed, sorry-looking things seemed unpromising enough now even for a glue factory.

As "East-Side" lay on the ground looking up through the holes in his hat—they stood upright and walked no more than was absolutely necessary, for that required an expenditure of strength—lazily watching the flocks of birds that swooped and poised in the air above him, he discovered, or thought he did, that they cast a shadow against the sky—a tiny gray shadow that he watched for the utter lack of anything else to watch. When the birds flew lower, the shadow seemed to grow larger, but when finally they flew away there was still the shadow, larger and darker. With a wild whoop he sprang to his feet, forgetting the value of harboring his strength as he grasped the import of that shadow. It was a cloud! Every man sprang up at that tiny speck and went to work with white face and unsteady hands. The speck grew larger and the men worked harder; every hole or trough that led to the basin was cleared for action so that not one precious drop might be lost. Their words were few but kindly as they scraped away, with one eye on the ground and the other on the cloud slowly but unmistakably growing larger and coming their way.

During the night those sun-scorched dreamers dreamed of moist winds, and rain-clouds foregathering over the moon, then of rain-drops pattering gently until they made a soaking down-pour. But they had often dreamed that—dreamed it when their parched tongues hung out of their mouths and cracked for dryness. By this time they had grown wary; even in their sleep they were on their guard and not to be beguiled into believing.

When at last in the early morning the rain did come, with the first pattering drops every man forgot everything in the world but the all-consuming passion to slake his burning thirst; until their hats had caught enough to drain, they sucked their shirt-sleeves. Then, because his own need for that last charge was no longer imperative, the outfit boss

drew a bead on the likeliest animal in the herd, and they feasted royally, joyously, uproariously on steak and water. And in the exuberance of their glee no one noticed that for convenience they had chosen the mound that covered the Missourian for their table.

After the feast every man lay down in his trench, which was now filled with water, and soaked, soaked through to the marrow, rousing himself only to drain his hat, then falling back and soaking more. And when, after twenty-four hours of soaking they got up out of their trenches, each water-logged man was a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer.

MARGUERITE STABLER.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1900.

## THE EARTH, THE WORLD, AND I.

"Child," said the Earth to me,  
"What can you do?  
Why do you try?  
Can you not see  
That all you are and can ever be  
Is the product of Heredity—  
Merely the outcome, sure and true,  
Of other lives gone by?  
Because your ancestors were such,  
Back to primeval slime,  
Therefore you all and sin so much,  
Therefore 'tis waste of time  
For you to seek to steer your course  
Free of this cumulative force.  
Beast, plant, and rock, your story runs  
Back to the power that swings the suns;  
And can you disobey the laws  
That move you from the primal cause?  
Peace, fretful child! Be still!  
And do my will!"

"Child," said the World to me,  
"What can you do?  
Why do you try?  
Can you not see  
That all the effort you have spent  
Is the product of Environment—  
That your surroundings govern you,  
And circumstances nigh?  
Because you're born in such an age,  
Because you're taught from such a page,  
Because your friends are so and so—  
Therefore you act and feel and know  
Just as you do. In vain you've tried  
To throw this influence aside,  
Fruit of your century and race,  
Your family and dwelling-place,  
Your education, work, and friends—  
You have no individual ends!  
Peace, fretful child! Be still!  
And do my will!"

Said I to the Earth: "Dear Dirt,  
Your remarks don't hurt,  
Being peacefully, perfectly true—  
But the fact of my coming from you  
Does not alter another, my dear—  
This fact—I am here!  
Evolution's long effort to Be  
Has resulted in me,  
And I hark with respect to your tones  
As I would to my bones  
Should their feelings new utterance give,  
Should they say, 'We allow you to live!  
Heredity? Yes, I admit  
All you're claiming for it.  
The 'first cause' is still running your ranch  
But I'm a collateral branch!  
In which the same power is set free,  
To be handled by me.  
You don't see it? No matter, old friend,  
It's all one in the end."

Said I to the World: "I can take  
No offense at the statements you make,  
They are truthful as far as they go—  
But there's much you don't know.  
Your power you correctly define,  
But you fail to see mine.  
You make me, in part, it is true—  
But, my friend, who makes you?  
The environment's force on our race  
Is not climate or place  
So much as each new demonstration  
Of our social relation.  
Our strongest impressions we take  
From conditions we make;  
And when we don't like the effect  
We can change—can select;  
Can unmake and remake and choose  
The conditions we use;  
Just think what the product will be  
When I make you make me!"

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson in February Cosmopolitan.

James Pyle, the soap-manufacturer, died a few days ago at his home in New York City. It was when located in the vicinity of the old *Tribune* office that Mr. Pyle, who had become acquainted with Horace Greeley, learned the value of that advertising in which he afterward expended sums aggregating millions. His advertisements were notable for their phrases and epigrams that were calculated to catch the public eye and impress themselves upon the public memory. He was the first to utilize in advertisements the letters "O. K." in their business significance of "all correct." He had read the version of the origin of the use of these letters by Jackson as an indorsement, and was struck by their catchiness. By his extensive employment of them he probably did more than any other person to raise them to the dignity of a popular term and an established business institution.

A good deal of fun is being poked at some of the irregular troops which Great Britain has been sending to South Africa (according to *Lestie's Weekly*). The London newspapers remark that some of the volunteers from the city are including in their army outfits such things as air-pillows, cork mattresses, canvas buckets, water-filters, boxes of candles, pajamas, clothes-brushes, and writing portfolios. Imagine the American volunteers in the Philippines burdened with such impedimenta! How they would be laughed at! Imagine the sharp-shooting Boers, secure in their trenches, being besieged by an army accoutred with towels, pajamas, filters, and canvas bath-tubs!



## CUBA'S NEW GOVERNOR.

Major-General Leonard Wood's Work in Santiago Province—Anecdotes of His Tact and Endurance—Why He Is Popular with the Cubans.

Major-General Leonard Wood, the new governor of Cuba, is of the type of man which excites the warmest admiration among Americans—he is altogether self-made. According to O'Neil Sevier, in the New York *Evening Sun*, he owes his tremendous popularity among the Cubans to the fact that he has always been honest with them. He never deceived them by telling them that they were capable of doing all things that a people ambitious for self-government should be able to do. He realized that three hundred years of Spanish misrule was not calculated to teach a people much about liberal government, and told the ardent patriots who were anxious to plunge right into the experiment of governing themselves without help or guidance from the outside as much in the beginning. Having said this, however, he did not stop, but set to work to show them the right way. He has always been careful not to excite their prejudices or wound their vanity, but when emergencies have required plain talking he has never hesitated to do so.

He had occasion to talk plainly one day in August, 1898, a week or so after he relieved General McKimhen of the military governorship of Santiago city:

"The city was reeking in the accumulating filth of two or three centuries, and the death rate had reached unheard-of proportions. People were dying of dysentery, diarrhoea, typhoid, calentura, yellow fever, the effects of starvation, and of countless ills contracted during the pilgrimage to Caney, when the bombardment was threatened, to the number of one hundred and fifty or two hundred a day. The cemetery force was not large enough to bury the dead, and General Wood had to resort to the expedient of burning the dead. He did not think that the merchants of Santiago were entering into the work with him in the proper spirit. The supply of medicines for use among the sick and of nourishing food for convalescents sent down by the United States Government, by the Red Cross Society, and contributed by individuals in the United States, although considerable, was not sufficient to meet the demands, yet the Santiago merchants were asking exorbitant prices for what they had. General Wood paid these prices with great forbearance for a while. One day a rain-storm put out the fire by which the dead bodies in the cemetery were being consumed. General Wood's officers had no more oil, and they had to go to the merchants of the city to buy some. The merchants, although aware of the necessity of the American officers, demanded one Spanish dollar a gallon for their oil. This was more than General Wood could stand. He asked the merchants to meet him at the palace the next morning, and they gathered to the number of thirty or forty, and he made a few remarks that will always be remembered.

"I have called you here," he began, icily, "to tell you what you are doing. We have come to Cuba at your call to relieve your distress. We have driven the Spaniards away and are feeding your starving, curing your sick, taking care of your dead, cleaning your city, and endeavoring to restore your island to prosperity. The only compensation we expect to receive is the consciousness of having done our duty. You are repaying for our unselfish efforts by trying to make money out of us and out of your country's distress. You profess to be patriots and to be grateful to us. You are queer patriots and have a queer way of showing your gratitude. I call such conduct murder."

"The general delivered his speech without a trace of passion. No one attempted to answer him, but the merchants went their several ways and he had no more trouble on that score."

Three months later, in a discussion as to a scheme of municipal taxation, with a committee representing all the merchants and the chamber of commerce of the city, it became necessary for him to talk plainly again:

"The tax-schedule had been framed by a commission of American and Cuban officers. The commission had worked hard for two months on the schedule and had done its work thoroughly. The tax-scheme evolved was about fifty per cent. more reasonable than the Spanish schedules, and the burdens of taxation were more evenly distributed. The Santiago merchants had been doing business for three months without paying for protection, and were in no hurry to have Wood's schedule instituted. They planned to bolt it up, and in pursuance of this scheme opened the conference with General Wood's commission by viciously attacking the fairness of the schedule. The first speaker, who was a German merchant, by the way, began his speech by saying that it was more unfair in many respects than anything ever perpetrated by the Spaniards. General Wood, who presided at the conference, interrupted him before he got very far.

"In order to arrive quickly at a clear understanding in this matter," he said, coldly, "we must be honest with each other. Nothing is to be gained by lying. I know what the old Spanish schedule was and am not to be deceived."

"Before the conference was over the merchants had themselves suggested advances which, had the schedule become operative, would have increased the revenues derived from it by fifty thousand dollars a year."

The thing which most impressed persons who were thrown in contact with General Wood at Santiago was his endurance. Nothing seemed to tire him:

"He was up and about at the break of day, and he was always the last man to leave the palace. His efforts were not confined to making plans and issuing orders. He personally saw to it that his plans were carried out and that his orders were obeyed. He was here, there, and everywhere in the rush season of August and September. He had no regular time for making his rounds, but was likely to drop in at the military hospital, two miles back of the town, visit the wharves where the government property was stored, and take a run up to the camps at San Luis and Songo, twenty miles away in the mountains to the north of the city, all in one afternoon. General Wood was never accompanied on these trips by a gorgeously uniformed staff, as the Spanish officers had been, and he did not ride to San Luis and Songo in a special car. He used to get in the cab of a locomotive placed at his disposal by the manager of the Santiago railway with the engineer and fireman, and make the trip discussing the mechanism of the locomotive with the engineer. Sometimes a member of his staff accompanied him, but often he went alone. When he had anything for an officer to do, it was not his habit to make known his wishes through a formal military order, but summoned the officer to the palace and told him in a confidential way what the job was, and how he wanted it worked out. In this way he secured the intelligent cooperation in his undertakings, as well as the obedience of his subordinates, and the work of reconstructing Santiago went smoothly and swiftly forward."

General Wood used to astonish the Cubans in the early days of the street-cleaning work by his personal interest in their work:

"He would alight from his horse and show a clumsy wielder of a bamboo broom that it was easier to sweep down hill than up, or the collector of refuse after it had been swept up that it was better to drive his cart to the trash-piles than to stop on the side of the street opposite the pile, and take the trash to the cart forkful by forkful. A general not afraid to soil his hands in such work, and who could attend to the simple duties of his office without having requests pass through the hands of half a dozen secretaries and requiring pages of reports and opinions about them, was something new to the people of Santiago, who had been accustomed for so many years to the elaborate formality and tedious red-tape methods of the Spanish military system. General Wood well understood that as soon as the Cuban people had got enough to eat and began to look at things normally, they would begin

to think a government without some formality was not altogether a government. Accordingly, when the rush was over and the wheels of the municipal machine had got to running smoothly, he began to assume the dignity his position demanded. He had the palace cleaned up and painted, new curtains hung, and the furniture all cleaned, and received committees in a regularly appointed audience-chamber. Seeing him personally became a difficult matter, and petitions and petitioners were attended to by secretaries and adjutants. They were attended to promptly, however, because General Wood personally supervised everything."

In the early days of the American occupation, General Wood lived with General Lawton, who was the first American military governor of Santiago Province, at a private hospital two miles outside of the city on a high hill established by General Wood for officers of the army and for citizens able to pay for attention when sick:

"General Wood slept in one room at the end of the old building. The floor of this room was asphalted and the furniture consisted of a bed, a washstand with the piece of a broken looking-glass lapped up over it, and a bath-tub. The general used to take his dinner at a little table on the veranda in front of his room. His food consisted of such canned goods as was issued to the soldiers. It was served on a table covered by an oilcloth, in tin or galvanized-iron vessels. A friend whom the general was entertaining at dinner one evening asked for a napkin. 'You'll have to make out with that,' General Wood said, indicating by a nod a pile of fresh, clean gauze bandages piled on the corner of the table. 'It's the best we've got. I haven't seen a napkin since I took my farewell dinner at the Tampa Bay Hotel a few days before General Shafter's corps sailed for Santiago.'"

General Wood was not a well man while he was doing this work. He contracted calentura in the campaign through the jungle, and had had more than one attack of chills and fever before he assumed the military governorship:

"Often when he was working hardest his skin was a sickly yellow and his eyes lustreless and heavy from fever. Many a day he worked eighteen hours with a temperature of 102 or 103. When his officers would remonstrate with him, he would simply say:

"The work has to be done, and I have been put here to attend to it."

"A man with a constitution less robust would have broken down completely. May he Wood might have succumbed also if he had been a less determined man. No one realized better than he that he had the chance of his life, and he was not the man to give up because of an attack of malarial fever. He knew that if he went away another ambitious man might take his place, and he realized that it would be a difficult matter to dislodge an ambitious man once he had gained a foothold. It was not until Mrs. Wood and the children had joined him in November, and he had moved into the old Ramsden residence, which is picturesquely situated on a rugged hill overlooking the bay two miles and a half south of the city on the old Morro trail, that General Wood began to keep reasonable hours. Mrs. Wood simply would not let him go on working himself to death."

A former officer of volunteers who was in Santiago Province for half a year after the occupation, tells this little story in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, illustrative of General Wood's remarkable tact:

"One of the chief difficulties encountered in re-establishing government down there," he said, "was the disinclination of the better class of Cubans to lend a hand. The wealthy and well-educated natives could have been of the greatest assistance, but they refused to accept civil officers and hung back and sulked, complaining that too many of the minor positions had been given to Spaniards. One of the places where those conditions prevailed was a small town not far from Santiago, where General Wood was particularly anxious to secure a good Cuban mayor, but he had been warned in advance that none of the men considered available would dream of taking the post. One day the principal store-keeper of the town came to the palace to see about a small contract for fodder. He was a typical native of the mercantile class—fat, garrulous, and conceited, and it was evident that he was the chief gossip of his neighborhood. After concluding the business matter the general pretended to consult a letter. 'By the way, señor,' he said, 'you are an old resident of this country, and I would like you to give me a little advice.' 'I am at your excellency's service,' said the store-keeper, swelling with pride. 'Is it true, then, as is stated to me,' continued the general, 'that the Cuban gentlemen are very indifferently educated and fear to accept civil offices lest they appear to disadvantage compared with Spanish employees?' 'No, your excellency!' roared the Cuban, indignantly; 'that is all Spanish lies. Some scoundrel Spaniard wrote you that just for to make you prejudiced. Our Cuban gentlemen—and he poured forth his wrath and patriotism for nearly half an hour. 'Ah, well,' said Wood, quietly, 'I merely wanted your opinion and am sure I'm very much obliged. You'll consider this conversation private, of course.' 'Certainly,' said the store-keeper, and, as the general anticipated, he hurried home and told it to everybody in town. A few days later one of the leading Cuban citizens was appointed mayor and at once accepted. He is still administering the office with great success."

Entering the governor-general's office with his year and a half of experience in Santiago behind him, and fortified by his larger duties by the good-will of Cuban as well as American opinion, Major-General Wood's administration promises the largest measure of progress toward the true goal of American trusteeship—an orderly and stable local government.

Captain W. Just, a former British artilleryman, had been laboring for some time on the invention of a torpedo, when his fiancée, Dr. M. J. Alshau, came to his assistance and solved the difficulty, planning the steering device, worked by gravity balance, and making drawings of the needed side-gearing. Dr. Alshau is a New York woman, considerably under forty, and has a large practice in New York City. She has always displayed a decidedly inventive turn, but has, previous to the perfecting of this engine of war, devoted her talents to surgical instruments and electric appliances to be used in her profession. A company with a capital of one million dollars has been incorporated to manufacture the new projectile, and arrangements have been made for experiments with it in New York harbor. Should these tests, one-fifth of the cost of which will be paid by the United States Government, prove successful, the invention will first be offered to this government, and if it should decline to become the purchaser of the exclusive right, the company will sell its product to any and all countries. The invention has already won the indorsement of the United States, British, and Austrian authorities.

Another blue grotto, like that on the island of Capri, has been discovered on the shore of the promontory of Skinari on the Ionian island Zante. The entrance is from the sea and is larger than in the Capri grotto, but the interior is smaller.

Taxation of corporations in Paris has led to the transfer of many main offices to Brussels, French societies being incorporated there under the laws of Belgium to avoid the French income tax.

## ENGLAND'S VOLUNTEERS.

Called Out for Foreign Service for the First Time in History  
—A Hearty Response—The Duke of Marlborough  
a Captain of Yeomanry.

Criticism of the war office is not rare in our journals, but any expression of fear or doubt as to the result of the war could not be found and can not be heard upon the streets. With the calling out of the reserves the personal interest, which so far had been confined to the families of the nobility and landed gentry represented by the officers, and the relatives of the men in the ranks, was awakened in the great middle class, and the response shows that Englishmen are united for the cause. The yeomanry, the volunteers, and the reserves have not hesitated, as the enrollment is going on at a rate which makes certainty of the belief that seventy thousand men could be had as easily as the seven thousand called for. It is the first time in a hundred years that any call has been made for fighting men outside of the regular army, but the same spirit that animated the thousands who sprang to arms in 1793 to resist the threatened invasion by revolutionary France still lives in the present generation and is manifested in many ways, and in all ranks and conditions.

To you in America there may be some confusion in the terms used to describe the citizen soldiery of Great Britain. The reserves are men who have served their term in the army and retired, but whose names are still carried on the rolls of their regiments, and who receive small hut regular pay to hold them for service in case of emergency. The volunteers are organized for home defense, and when called on for foreign service can decline if they choose to do so; though if seventy-five per cent. of the men in a regiment come forward in response to the call the remainder can not refuse to go. Volunteers have weekly drills and target practice and a yearly review at Aldershot. The yeomanry is a cavalry force made up of men who can furnish their own equipment, and the drill and practice is more severe than in any other branch of the reserve forces.

The yeomanry includes some great names in its list of officers, the Duke of Marlborough being a captain, under Lord Valentia. The duke is to go to the front at once, his departure being set for the twentieth, a week hence. The Churchill family, by the way, still attracts a large share of public attention. Lieutenant Winston Churchill's service and escape at Pretoria are well known, and Lady Sarah Churchill Wilson, who was captured and exchanged, has been one of the prominent figures of the campaign. The only son of Lord and Lady Edward Churchill left for the front some time ago. Lady Randolph Churchill sailed for South Africa in the hospital-ship *Maine* a few days ago, and her younger son, John, a handsome young fellow who has not yet attained his majority, will go out with the duke next week. It is said that the Duchess of Marlborough would gladly accompany her husband, but for the demands made upon her by her children.

Numerous applications have been made by Americans wishing to enroll themselves with the yeomanry, some claiming to have seen service with the famous Rough Riders, but they could not be accepted, only British subjects being eligible. An organization, by the way, that will much resemble the American cavalrymen is being formed by Mr. H. S. H. Cavendish, the noted explorer, who is thoroughly acquainted with the Transvaal, and proposes to take out a corps of experienced South African campaigners to act as scouts at the front. If there are no American riders among those enlisted, there are many American horses. Lord Lonsdale, who is in charge of this line of equipment, favors the medium-sized, active animals brought from the United States, even above those from Australia and the Argentine Republic. This not altogether because of their quality, but because they are shipped with more intelligence and care, and arrive in better condition. They make better mounts than any to be secured in large numbers here.

Among the women of England there is as much patriotic fervor as can be found elsewhere. Few are spared in these demands upon the reserves. There is hardly a lady of title who has not more than one relative in the field, and more to go. And their part is something more than waiting in dread of sorrowful tidings from fields of battle, for one and all they have taken up the work of cheering and aiding the soldiers. Relief committees have been organized without number, and throughout the kingdom they are making or gathering up comforts to be sent to the men at the front. Princess Christian is the head of a society which has sent thousands of socks to the soldiers. Lady Airlie, Lady Leamington, and Lady Theodora Davidson are in similar positions, and the Tam o' Shanters, socks, and Balaklava capes furnished under their direction almost weigh down the tons of supplies intended to gratify the appetites of the wearers of khaki scattered over the Transvaal.

There have been many stirring scenes in the city during the enrollment and mustering-in of the volunteers. One of the most notable was the parade of the London Rifle Brigade to the Guildhall yesterday, where the Duke of Cambridge and the lord mayor in his official robes welcomed them, and to each volunteer presented a parchment granting the freedom of the city to the holder, the greatest honor the city can bestow, and one that has been accepted by many great men of military, professional, and civil life. Lord Kitchener received this mark of distinction only recently. The gathering at the presentation to the rifle brigade was attended by a great crowd of interested spectators, among whom were a number of Japanese man-of-war's men. The enthusiasm shown at the stations when the first contingent of volunteers went away to-day, and at Southampton, where they embarked on the *Briton* and the *Garth Castle*, can hardly be described, but was probably equal to that which marked similar occasions during the war experience on your side last year.

LONDON, January 13, 1900.



## MRS. LANGTRY IN GOTHAM.

The Former Professional Beauty Presents "The Degenerates" to New York Audiences—Grundy's Dramatic Biography of the Jersey Lily.

Perhaps no one in San Francisco ever heard of Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, and to the great majority of New Yorkers he is known only as the husband of his wife. But he set down his foot last week and issued an ultimatum which should win him a small niche in the temple of Fame. When Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who is now the leading spirit of the ultra-fashionable set in this city, casually mentioned to her spouse that she intended having Mrs. Langtry recite Rudyard Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar" as the *pièce de résistance* of the vaudeville show she was going to give at her second "Saturday Night," Mr. Fish is reported to have said: "No, madam, that is where I draw the line. I will not have you bringing hussies into my house."

That is where we of New York are different from the Londoners, and, even if it brings down on us the charge of provincialism, I, for one, thank God that we are so. What they are—that is, some of them—in London, Mrs. Langtry and her play, "The Degenerates," show with a candor that in other circumstances might be refreshing, but in this case is little short of stifling. A visit to the Garden Theatre, where the erstwhile professional beauty is playing Mrs. Trevelyan in "The Degenerates," is like an evening spent in a charnel-house, and we may well be called even rustic if the term is an acknowledgment that there does not exist in our society such a devil's circle as that which revolves around Mrs. Trevelyan.

Mrs. Trevelyan is a divorcee whose life and character, it was said in London, were modeled by her creator, Sidney Grundy, the dramatist, largely on Mrs. Langtry's own. Mrs. Trevelyan's past is but vaguely sketched, but her reputation is, as she expresses it, "so full of spots that one spot more or less doesn't count," and her present is passed in transient *affaires de cœur*. Her only conscience is the existence of her daughter, which fact she crushes out of her mind as completely as possible. But at last the girl grows too big to be longer concealed in a boarding-school, and one night when Mrs. Trevelyan has a bacarat-party in her house and is anxious that they should go before the arrival of Sir William Samourez, with whom she has an appointment, the eighteen-year-old girl comes home. The alleged moral of the play lies in this scene—and in one other—for the purity of the young girl is supposed to win her erring mother back to rectitude. The latter certainly sends word to the wicked baronet that she is "not at home," but her martyrdom is robbed of its picturesqueness by the fact that there is absolutely no other course open to her.

The other scene where the "moral" is again pointed in is the third act. Mrs. Trevelyan having won Sir William Samourez—chiefly to spite his wife, as it appears—the latter lady determines to revenge herself in kind on her husband, and to this end keeps a midnight appointment with a Brazilian Lothario in his rooms. Mrs. Trevelyan's newborn goodness finds expression in saving the tempted wife from the plunge, and in sacrificing her own reputation to save the other woman's. Unfortunately, however, for the effectiveness of Mrs. Trevelyan's second essay at the virtuous, the tempted wife, when the Brazilian proposes merely a little jaunt on the Riviera, with no thought of marriage after her husband shall have divorced her, prefers rather to bear those ills she has than fly to others that she knows not of. Mrs. Trevelyan's repentance is thus practically futile, and her succeeding sacrifice, in pretending that it was she whom the infuriated husband has followed to the Lothario's room, is inconsiderable in view of the already "spotty" nature of her reputation. Truly, "one spot more or less doesn't count."

Perhaps Mrs. Trevelyan's reformation would be more convincing if these incidents had been better handled. Certainly "The Degenerates" is far below Mr. Grundy's standard. The critical situations are not original and they are not well-handled, and the only really spontaneous applause greeted the entrances of Mrs. Trevelyan's daughter—a tribute less to actress or dramatist than to the refreshing sweetness of her purity in all this corruption. As to the dialogue, generally one of Mr. Grundy's best points, it is brilliant in spots far less frequent than those which dimmed the lustre of Mrs. Trevelyan's reputation. One of the best-applauded lines in the play was the reply of the duke—the most reputable man in the play, though he is willing to marry Mrs. Trevelyan in spite of her past—when the foiled villain hisses at him: "You're the devil himself!" "In that case," suavely rejoins the duke, "we shall meet again," and the house howls with delight. Akin to this is the correction one woman makes when another exclaims: "How bare-faced!" at some bold remark of Mrs. Trevelyan's. "How bare-backed, I call it," says the other, while Mrs. Langtry in her low-cut gown turns away from the audience that no one may fail to see the point. Better than these is the cynical remark when some optimist ventures to say: "He acted a noble part." "Yes," is the reply, "he acted it." The cynicism of the characters, however, occasionally descends to rank brutality, as in the scene where the Brazilian Lothario declines to marry the lady who has come to his chambers. "Then good-by," she says. "Perhaps it is as well," he assents. "And is that what you call love?" she demands. "The other," he replies, "is what I call marriage."

I mentioned Mrs. Langtry's low-cut hodie just now. Such an exposure, front and back, I have never seen before on the stage. But really, one can not blame her. There are hollows in her cheeks and about her eyes, the eyes themselves are faded and need heavy outlining in black to give them their former brilliance, her mouth seems larger than it is, and her teeth more prominent when she smiles, and her arms have become thin and muscular. But her torso remains what it was in the zenith of her beauty, magnifi-

cantly proportioned, firm, and satiny in texture. From her chin down she is a superb woman still, and in her beautiful gowns she is, if not *grand artiste*, always *grand dame*.

But I am wandering from my text, Mr. Fish's ukase against hussies. He voices the sentiment of practically all New York men. But it must be very different in London. There is in this city, as every well-informed inhabitant knows, such a class as Mrs. Trevelyan typifies, an upper half-world whose women possess establishments, gowns, jewels, carriages, all the externals of life as luxurious and costly as those of the wives of Fifth Avenue. But they live a life apart, and no New York man would for an instant consent to their mingling with his own womankind. London may be more lax, but Mr. Fish voices the universal American sentiment when he draws the line at hussies.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, January 24, 1900.

## KIPLING'S POPULAR SONG OF THE WAR.

[Orders for copies of the *Argonaut* containing this poem have been so numerous that the edition is exhausted, and it is reprinted to comply with the requests of many subscribers.—Eds.]

## "The Absent-Minded Beggar."

(A contribution to the cause of soldiers' families.)

When you've shouted "Rule Britannia," when you've sung "God Save the Queen,"

When you've finished killing Krüger with your mouth,  
Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little tambourine  
For a gentleman in khaki ordered South?

He's an absent-minded beggar and his weaknesses are great,  
But we and Paul must take him as we find him;  
He is out on active service wiping something off a slate,  
And he's left a lot o' little things behind him.

Duke's son—cook's son—son of a hundred kings,  
(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay),  
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look  
after their things?)

Pass the hat for your credit's sake and—pay—pay—pay!

There are girls he married secret, asking no permission to,

For he knew he wouldn't get it if he did;  
There is gas and coals and vittles, and the house-rent falling due,  
And it's more than rather likely there's a kid.  
There are girls he walked with casual; they'll be sorry now he's gone.

For an absent-minded beggar they will find him;  
But it ain't the time for sermons with the winter coming on—  
We must help the girl that Tommy's left behind him.

Cook's son—Duke's son—son of a belted Earl,  
Son of a Lambeth publican—it's all the same to-day;  
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look  
after the girl?)

Pass the hat for your credit's sake and pay—pay—pay!

There are families by thousands far too proud to beg or speak,  
And they'll put their sticks and bedding up the spout,  
And they'll live on half o' nothing paid 'em punctual once a week,  
'Cause the man that earned the wage is ordered out.  
He's an absent-minded beggar, but he heard his country's call,  
And his regiment didn't need to send to find him.  
He chucked his job and joined it—so the job before us all  
Is to help the home that Tommy's left behind him.

Duke's job—cook's job—gardener, baronet, groom—  
Mews or palace or paper-shop—there's some one gone away.

Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look  
after the room?)

Pass the hat for your credit's sake and pay—pay—pay!

Let us manage so as later we can look him in the face

And tell him—what he'd very much prefer—  
That while he saved the empire his employer saved his place,  
And his mates (that's you and me) looked out for her.  
He's an absent-minded beggar, and he may forget it all;  
But we do not want his kiddies to remind him  
That we sent 'em to the work-house while their daddy hammered Paul.  
So we'll help the home that Tommy's left behind him.

Cook's home—Duke's home—home of a millionaire—  
(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay),  
Each of 'em doing his country's work—(and what have you  
got to spare?)

Pass the hat for your credit's sake and pay—pay—pay!  
(Copyright, 1899, by the London Daily Mail.)

Some of the forms of the French state trials have a mediæval quaintness. Maitre Dupuis, process-server of the high court, in proclaiming the decision that certain defaulters are contumacious persons, must, according to the strict letter of the law, have the paper read "to the accompaniment of a horn or drum." That duty devolved upon him recently, and Maitre Dupuis, it appears, preferring brass to the resonant drum, purchased a bicycle-horn at a bazaar. This he sounded three times before each reading. The ceremony was repeated in five different places—outside the respective abodes of the two defaulters, who are the Count de Lur Saluces and M. Marcel Habert, the deputy; in front of the town halls of the arrondissements in which they reside, and, lastly, in the court-yard of the Luxembourg Palace. The officer was anxious to avoid undue publicity in the carrying out of his duties and to escape notice from Parisian small boys, so he proceeded on his mission before daybreak. Maitre Dupuis was called upon ten years ago to conduct the same legal ceremony in the case of General Boulanger and others whom the high court tried by default.

According to the American consul at Chingting, China, the people of China are not so far behind the procession as may be thought. At least, Mr. Smithers gravely reports to the State Department that in the department called Yungpei, Chih-li T'ing, gold is found in abundance by washing in the valley near the city. The inhabitants of the neighborhood keep large flocks of geese to work the gold-fields for them. When the geese are found to be very heavy they are killed, and their craws emptied of the gold contained therein. A flock of geese is sometimes worth a good deal of money, but geese dressed ready for eating are very cheap, indeed—from fifteen to twenty cents each.

One of the ways by which Mascagni has attracted attention to himself, and made people talk about him, is to turn the leaves for his concert-master, while he himself is conducting.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

A contract has been signed for Maitre Labori, who was counsel for Alfred Dreyfus during the trial at Rennes, to lecture for thirteen weeks in the United States next autumn.

It is said in political circles in Rome that King Humbert has decided to visit the Paris exhibition. He will be accompanied by the Prince of Naples and the Duke of Genoa. Communications on this subject have passed between the French and Italian Governments.

General Jamont, the French commander-in-chief, when on a recent tour of inspection along the coast, narrowly escaped drowning at Quiberon. In the dark and the fog he walked over the quay and fell into the sea. His aid-de-camp and orderly-sergeant at once plunged in after him and succeeded in bringing him to land.

Captain William E. English, of Indianapolis, is one of the most remarkable officers who served Uncle Sam during the Spanish-American War. After the war the captain, who is a son of the former Democratic candidate for Vice-President, refused to draw his pay. When the department sent him a check for \$1,172.25, he returned the same with the announcement that he did not care to accept the pay, as he entered the service purely from patriotic motives.

The oldest Daughter of the Revolution, Mrs. Sarah Doran Terry, who lives with her granddaughter in Philadelphia, is in her one hundred and ninth year, having been born at Pemberton, N. J., on September 26, 1791. Her father, Stacy Doran, was a soldier of the Revolution and the head of a prominent family. She rode in almost the first railroad cars, and she remarked while riding in an automobile carriage recently that this seemed a fulfillment of one of Mother Shipton's prophecies: "Carriages without horses shall go."

Camillo Antona Traversi, the dramatist and literary historian, who is a leader among the younger writers of Italy, has been condemned to eight years' imprisonment at Bologna for forgery. He was deep in debt and signed the name of the young Duke Sforza-Cesarini, who had been his pupil, to a mortgage for eighty thousand lire, with which he hoped to put off his creditors. The judgment was given in his absence, as he had fled to Paris. Until recently Antona Traversi was a professor in the University of Rome. He has written hooks on Ugo Foscolo and Leopardi and several successful plays.

Senator Vest, who recently announced his intention to retire from politics at the end of his present term, became a resident of Missouri under peculiar circumstances. In 1853, after being admitted to the bar, he left Kentucky on a wagon train for California. Becoming snow-bound at Georgetown, Mo., he decided to practice law there for the balance of the winter, and prospered so that he did not resume his journey in the spring. His first court case was the defense of a negro slave accused of a capital offense. He undertook the case at the request of the slave's master, and remained in it despite the threat of a vigilance committee to lynch him for so far disregarding the proprieties as to defend a "nigger."

Under the present administration there are ten Harvard graduates in the diplomatic and consular service of the United States. Of these two are ambassadors, two are ministers, and six are consuls. Their names and the places to which they are sent are as follows: Ambassadors—Joseph H. Choate, '52, to Great Britain, and Charlemagne Tower, '72, to Russia. Ministers—George Herbert Bridgman, '81, to Bolivia, and Bellamy Storer, '97, to Spain. Consuls—Frank Dyer Chester, '91, to Buda-Pesth; Joseph Waite Merriam, '56, to Iquique, Chile; Talbot Jones Albert, '68, to Brunswick; Thomas William Peters, '69, to Plauen, Germany; Robert Fletcher Patterson, '78, to Calcutta; and Richard Theodore Greener, '70, to Vladivostok, Russia.

Quite a sensational story has been going the rounds of a rebuke administered to Mrs. Arthur Paget by Swinburne, the poet. Lady Paget, and M. "Bertie" Stopford, who is the crack cotillion leader of London, went to call on Swinburne to ask him to write the masque for the forthcoming charity benefit over which Mrs. Paget has supervision. The poet received them in a dirty dressing-gown, and berated them and the charity schemes in general in so vigorous a manner that Mrs. Paget and Mr. Stopford made a hurried escape from the house. There seems to be a reaction in London concerning these charity entertainments for the benefit of the orphans and widows of the soldiers killed in the Transvaal war, especially those arranged by Americans. They have been attacked as schemes simply to force an entrance into society. Not one of the great South African millionaires has contributed a penny to them.

It is just a year since Lord Curzon was appointed Viceroy of India. He is already acclaimed as "the most autocratic and most popular viceroy," and this despite the fact that the difficulties of the year have been numerous, including the plague, the famine, the finance, and frontier issues, and the question of furnishing help to the empire in South Africa. At the present moment 3,178,000 persons are on the relief lists in the distressed districts. A remarkable feature of the situation is the almost unanimous praise of the native press. The only criticism seems to be that Lord Curzon is too autocratic, while he and Lady Curzon are too lavish in expenditure, and insist on too much ceremony. The charge of being too autocratic does not matter much in a country essentially needing a strong man at the helm. Lord Curzon has not offended the proudest native nobility, who are enthusiastic in his praise. The social charge has been absurdly exaggerated in England and America, a well-informed New York *Sun* correspondent writes, but "there is a grain of fact in the statement that the unusually elaborate ceremony and punctiliousness have rather dampened the ardor of Anglo-Indian society."



## THE LAND OF IRONIES.

G. W. Stevens's Pen-Pictures of India—Bombay and Its Plague-Stricken Districts—The Higher Education—Justice from the Native's Standpoint—The Gorgeous Taj Mahal.

"In India" is the title of the third book which has appeared within a year from the pen of G. W. Stevens, the brilliant newspaper correspondent, who died at Ladysmith, in South Africa, on January 15th of enteric fever. The first, "With Kitchener to Khartum," published shortly after the fall of Omdurman, proved an instant success and a remarkable example of vivid word-coloring; the second, "The Tragedy of Dreyfus," was a masterly portrayal of scenes in the trial of the unfortunate French captain; the latest volume, "In India," is the result of the author's visit to India, when he went out as correspondent for the London *Daily Mail* to report the ceremonies at Bombay attendant upon the arrival of Lord Curzon and his installation as viceroy. The volume is composed of some thirty-eight chapters, all bristling with interesting information, and written in a bright, epigrammatic style which is delightfully entertaining.

The first sight of India, Mr. Stevens says, is amazing, entrancing, stupefying. Landed in Bombay, you have strayed into a most elaborate dream, infinite in variety, spinning with complexity, a gallery of strange faces, a buzz of strange voices, a rainbow of strange colors, a garden of strange growths, a book of strange questions, a pantheon of strange gods:

It takes time to come to yourself. At first everything is so noticeable that you notice nothing. You pin your eyes to the little fawn-colored, satin-skinned, humped oxen in the carts, to the blue cows that dance and spar in the gutters. They are the very commonest things in India, but just because they are common bullocks—yet with humps!—common cows—yet blue!—their fascination is entrancing. The white ducks you wear all day are like a girl's first court dress, and you sit down to breakfast at eleven off a fish called "pomphlet" with the sensations of a Gulliver. When things begin to come sorted and sifted, Bombay reveals itself as a city of monstrous contrasts. Along the sea-front one splendid public building follows another—variegated stone facades with arch and colonnade, cupola and pinnacle and statuary. At their feet huddle flimsy huts of matting, thatched with leaves, which a day's rain would reduce to mud and pulp. You sit in a marble-paved club, vast and airy as a Roman atrium, and look out over gardens of heavy red and violet flowers toward, choking alleys where half-naked idolaters herd by families together in open-fronted rooms, and filth runs down gullies to fester in the sunken street. Yet, for all its incongruities, Bombay never will have you forget that it is a great city. If it had no mills it would be renowned for its port; if it had neither, it would be famous for its beauty.

He thus describes Bombay's streets:

The windows are frames for women, the streets become wedges of men. Under the quaint wooden sun-hoods that push out over the serried windows of the lodging-houses, all over the rickety, paintless balconies and verandas, all over the tottering roofs—only the shabbiness of the dust and dirty plaster relieves the gorgeousness of one of the most astounding collections of human animals in the world. Forty languages, it is said, are habitually spoken in its bazaars. That, to him who understands no word of any of them, is more curious than interesting. But then every race has its own costume; so that the streets of Bombay are a tulip-garden of vermilion turbans and crimson, orange and flame color, of men in blue and brown and emerald waistcoats, women in cherry-colored satin drawers, or mantles, drawn from the head across the bosom to the hip, of blazing purple or green that shines like a grasshopper. You must go to India to see such dyes. They are the very children of the sun, and seem to shine with an unreflected radiance of their own. If you check your eye and ask your mind for the master-color in the crowd, it is white—white, bordered with brown or fawn or amber legs. But when you forget that and let the eye go again, the scarlets and yellows and shining greens—each one alive and quivering passionately like the tropical sun at midday—fill and dazzle it anew: in the gliding light the very arms and legs show like bronze or amber or the bloom on ripe damsons. You are walking in a flaming sunset, and come out of it blinking.

To the nervelessness of the Bombay native, one race furnishes an exception—the Parsi:

The Parsi, as his name tells you, comes from Persia, whence he was persecuted for worshipping fire. Persecuted races develop their own virtues and their own aptitudes; and now, under the British peace, the Parsi flourishes exceedingly. He is the Jew of the East—leaves other people to make things while he makes money. Banking, agency, commission, brokerage, middleman's profits are the Parsi's Golconda. He has perceived the advantages wherever a European education equips him for these pursuits, and has sedulously educated himself into the most European of all Asiatics. He walks out with his wife—a refined-looking creature in a pale-pink or lemon-yellow gown, with a pea-green, crimson-edged shawl passed over her head—to hear the band at sunset, and talks to her as a man might talk to his friend. He takes a holiday at Darjiling in the starling frost, and professes himself much braced by it. And when the young Parsi speaks of "going home," he means not Persia—where he would not be received with enthusiasm—but England. . . . The Parsi's rupees are very many. Sir Jamshidji Jijiboy, the richest, is worth about five millions sterling. Many others baste in his footsteps. So greenly flourish the Parsis that they have nearly filled up all the eligible sites on the Ridge, the best part of Bombay.

While the rich Parsi lives in an airy bungalow, English ladies have to hire land and live thereon in tents. This is an irritating evil, which is felt in Calcutta, also, and will in time be felt, Mr. Stevens thinks, unless it be provided against, in all the great Indian cities:

The British residents, supposed to be lords of the city, have no place to live in. Our rule has enriched the natives till they outbid us for the luxuries and even the necessities of life. The pinch has come first in Bombay, partly because the Parsis have been quicker and abler than other races in taking advantage of the peace and industrial facilities we have afforded; partly because the city, lying on a narrow island, can only extend in one direction. Nobody grudges the Parsi the fruits of his level-headed enterprise. But he is not always a pleasant neighbor to the fastidious eyes and ears and nose of the European—though, indeed, things have now gone so far that the European would put up with that in return for a possible bungalow, and can not get it. The best part of Bombay is the Ridge and Malabar Hill, and here house after house is passing into native occupancy. The result is that young and slenderly paid Europeans—and even many married men—have literally nowhere to live. The chambers in the clubs are all full, and, in the season, are the comfortless hotels. At an exorbitant rate they hire land to pitch tents on; and even from this they may be driven at the will of the native owner. The remedy for this state of things is to mark off reservations in all large cities to be occupied by Europeans alone. It should be done at once, for every year makes it more difficult and expensive.

One of the most novel chapters, entitled "Lord, Have Mercy on Us!" deals with the tenement quarters of Bombay and Calcutta during the plague, which is caused by sheer piggy, dirt and darkness, foul air, and rabbit-warren overcrowding:

The huge houses, with their ranks of windows, their worn plaster, and scratched, rickety shutters, have slum written all over them in a

universal language. . . . On stamped earth floors, between bare walls, by the dimness of one tiny window, you see shapes squatting like monkeys. They stir, lithe but always languid, and presently you see that they are human. Babies, naked children, young women and youths, mothers and fathers, shriveled grandfathers and grandmothers—whole families stifle together in the thick darkness, breed, and take in lodgers. In the room, where there is hardly space to move, they sleep, and work at trades, and cook their food with pungent cakes of cow-dung. Because January is cold to their bare limbs, they shut doors and windows, to fester worse. The lower rooms are worn down beneath the level of the street and of the drains; the upper are holes beneath the sloping roof, where a man can not stand upright. On the stories between these are dens lighted only from the dark corridor. You look into them, and at first see no more than a feeble wick fluttering in a night-glass; then moist eyes shine at you out of the darkness, and again two, four, six, ten men and women are sitting motionless against the wall. They neither speak nor stir—just sit and ripen for pestilence. On the door-jamb of this house are a dozen red marks—dates with a line round them, in some semicircular, in others a complete circle. Each means a case of plague—the full circles a death, the halves a removal to hospital. For your own part you wonder that anybody in the poisonous lair is left alive.

Improvement is coming—tardy and partial, still an improvement on the worst. Mr. Stevens adds:

At this house we fell in with an English gentleman, a man of business and a member of the municipality, who was devoting his money and time and life to saving these wretches. Equipped with large powers of compulsion, he was forcing the landlord to pierce shafts through the whole height of the house, to replace small windows by big, to do away with the garrets. The landlord, a Hindu, had all the native's terror of spending a farthing; he had argued and pleaded and dangled, but this morning he was at last beginning. We came across him—a fat, yellow-faced, spotted white turban, shirt, and drawers, with a red kummerbund—half-sulky, half-fawning, trembling to the naked eye. For most of his rooms he will be getting two rupees a week. A native dockers' pay is only seven; but a native can easily live on two rupees a week, and afford the rent out of the five. There are perhaps fifty rooms in the house, so that it is not wonderful that the yellow tooth grows fat.

Mr. Stevens considers the independent Rajput State of Jodhpur the most sporting country in the world. As the guest of the prime minister, he drove around the suburbs of the capital, and this is what he saw:

Beyond the Maharajah's palace we came to a spacious polo-ground, laid down with faultlessly rolled grit—to this is attributed the fact that they had never had anybody killed at this game. Past the polo-ground was a race-course; on it more horses were being exercised; and when you raised your eyes to the sandy horizon, behold! it was thick with horses on every side—young horses and old. Walers and Arabs and country-breds, racers and pig-stickers and polo-ponies, hackneys and even a pair of Shetlands, grays, chestnuts, and blacks—the whole country was a whirl of horses wherever the eye could see and as far as the eye could reach. . . . State affairs are not neglected, but the cavalry and the polo, the racing and the pig-sticking, remain the serious business of life. The horse, who abases the base, is to these simple aristocrats the salt that keeps their life sweet and clean. He keeps them in a happy mean between the half-baked civilization of the babu and the besotted sensuality of the old Asiatic rulers. He solves for them the great problem of the ruling races of India—how to employ themselves innocuously now that in India there is no more war.

The higher education in India is a farce, and if not actually disastrous, at least almost profitless in effect:

It is organized solely with a view to results on paper. The universities have been modeled on that of London, which is probably the worst in the world. They do not teach, but only examine. Not merely that, they only examine on set subjects and on set books. The candidate must not be expected to know anything outside his cram-books. Such an examination can never be any real test of capacity or even of knowledge, but only of memory—a useful gift, but no more; of real education it furnishes no criterion whatever. The consequence is that, in Calcutta at least, a man of fair but not extraordinary intelligence, but of powerful memory, can attain to his B. A. degree by simple, ignoble learning by rote. An analysis of the examination papers shows that a native, if he will take the trouble to learn by heart the introductions and notes to his books of English literature, the texts of his books on psychology and ethics, the introductions to his Latin books and Bohn's translation of the same, can write himself a B. A. without the feeblest approach to anything that could be called a thought of his own.

"That, you say, must be a very hard examination, but you can hardly believe that anybody would have the memory or the application to perform such a feat," remarks Mr. Stevens. You are wrong. It is actually done:

A few years ago, at Calcutta, a candidate for the degree of M. A. took up Latin. His translations were literally flawless. Only the examiner noticed that in every case he began his rendering a few lines before the passage which was printed on the paper given him and finished a few lines later. He had learned the crib by heart, fixing his places by proper names, or when these were scarce, by some mnemonic arrangement of his own—and there he was! After all, the same thing has been done at Oxford and Cambridge. The examiner in this case reported that his man had failed, whereon the candidate appealed to the governing body. This was mainly composed of natives, who, having the interests of education—that is, of getting degrees at heart, insisted on the man being allowed to pass in Latin, though on his own admission he hardly knew a word of the language. For the bad system is made worse by the fact that the universities have been allowed to come under native management, which means laxity and utter carelessness.

The value and necessity of an education in India is evident from the following extract from a leading article which lately appeared in one of the most influential of the native newspapers in Calcutta:

"It is hard to determine who is the more unfortunate man here—a man who has a marriageable daughter, but can not provide for her marriage, or a man who has a son who has failed to pass an examination. Take the case of the latter first. He starves himself to provide for the education of his son. The son, let us suppose, does his best to pass an examination—most boys do so in this country. But it happens that he fails ill on the first day of his examination. He must thus wait another year. The subjects of his study disgust him, for he had once gone through them. He appears at another examination, but unluckily a sudden dizziness seizes him one day while writing his answers; he fails to recollect something with which he was quite familiar, and again fails in the examination. When the news is brought to him that he has failed, he falls down in a swoon—or something like an idiot for life. If his unthinking parent chastises him after this, he purchases four pipe worth of opium and kills himself. What is a failed candidate? He is a doomed man! He is as doomed as a life-convict. Night-keeping and hard study had destroyed his health. Luckily he does not live long. A failed candidate, generally speaking, does not survive his disgrace. He dies either of consumption or of indigestion. He knows he is not wanted in society. If he has evil propensities, he becomes a dangerous member of society. But, luckily, youths belonging to those classes who compete for university honors seldom carry with them any criminal proclivities."

Most things in India, when examined, assume the features of a huge jest, and justice is like the others. When you come to see it in action, it means the guess-work of shrewd European magistrates steering through hilly seas of perjury:

It would probably be wrong to say that the native does not appreciate honesty in his judges; but he appreciates it mainly with the sporting notion that it is a good thing to be sure that the litigant who cheats best will win. Every day cases come into court in which every word of the evidence is carefully, lovingly fabricated beforehand. Prosecu-

tion and defense are alike masterly and elaborate perjuries, for the native—especially in cases where, as usual, both sides are to blame—will never be content with improving on the truth. It is the morality of the country, and you live longer if you laugh at it than if you weep; yet sometimes you get a case that is truly devilish. The false witness begins before the crime is even committed. In the districts about Peshawar especially, where murder is the equivalent of writing a newspaper article, we saw us, men will go to the police, at intervals, for months, to point out So-and-So's hated So-and-So. One, in the fullness of time, Such-an-One is found dead, with a knife through his back, and So-and-So is arrested. But the real murderers were the men who had warned the police; so that magistrates will hardly ever dare to convict a man lest he be an innocent victim, and murders have gone up about Peshawar to four hundred or so a year.

Not a single native is to be trusted:

Many no doubt are impeccable; but with instances of dishonesty among the ablest and longest unsuspected, it is next to impossible to be sure of anybody. The truth is, that native opinion does not utterly condemn corruption. The jail authorities encourage prisoners to write petitions that they may get *backsheesh* from the dealers who provide the government paper. The police are notoriously corrupt, the officials are corrupt, the officers of the court are corrupt, the very native magistrates and judges are corrupt. A case is adjourned and adjourned, every time on a plausible pretext, for months; meanwhile the judge's jackals are out in the villages hinting to the suitor that if he will but agree to this or that compromise, the cause shall be heard and settled at once. As a rule, they take bribes from each side, and then decide the case on its merits. The man of really scrupulous honesty takes the same present from each side, and then returns the money to the loser.

The jails, which are compact, well-ordered, and well-directed, while they restrain the prisoners apparently do not teach them a lesson:

The natives have no sense whatever of guilt. The prison leaves no flavor of crime in the mouth. There is no evil conscience and little silliness. The convict really can not see why the sirkar should take that little affair of killing the co-respondent so seriously; still, it must be accepted as part of the general madness of sahibs, and, after all, the place is not such a bad one.

But the prisoners are not all docile. Mr. Stevens says:

The other morning the superintendent, on his round, saw through a grille a quarrel between a warder and a Brahman. That afternoon the Brahman brought a complaint against the warder, and twenty unanimous witnesses to prove what the officer's own eyes had showed him to be false. Another had been struck by a warder, and next morning appeared covered, not only with weals, but with raw strips of flesh torn away also. The doctor was puzzled, till an ancient warder whispered: "Examine their pajama-strings, sahiv." So each man had to bring up the string that runs round the waist of his drawers, and the tenth or so was found covered with blood and skin. The man had spent all night at this torture merely to make the case sure against his enemy.

Here are a few other cases of their utter contempt for truth:

Not less inhuman was the group who pierced their thighs with bodkins and strings soaked in oil and dung, giving themselves agonizing tumors to avoid a moderate day's work. Or the men who conceal pills to make them ill in holes cut in their flesh—it is too sickening to detail. A little needed comic relief was furnished by a Sikh, who evidently got forbidden opium, though nobody could tell how. At last, it was observed that his hair—a Sikh's religion forbids the cutting of his hair, so this is not done, even in jail—was curiously sticky. It was washed, and the results analyzed, whereon it turned out that the night before imminent conviction the Sikh had soaked his head in a strong solution of opium. He absorbed enough to last him for months, and sucked it off his hair by night.

Mr. Stevens's chapter dealing with the life of the famous ruler, Shah Jehan, the story of his love for the beautiful Mumtaz-i-Mahal, and the erection of the incomparable monument in which her dust reposes, is full of genuine poetic feeling. Here is a characteristic extract:

"Now follow him to the Taj," he says. "Under the great gateway of strong sandstone ribbed with delicate marble, its vaulted red arch cohesed with white threads, and then before you—then the miracle of miracles, the final wonder of the world. In chaste majesty it stands suddenly before you, as if the magical word had called it this moment out of the earth. On a white marble platform it stands exactly four-square, but that the angles are cut off; nothing so rude as a corner cutting fine places in its soft harmonies. Seen through the avenue, it looks high rather than broad; seen from the pavement below, it looks broad rather than high; you doubt, then, conclude that its proportions are perfect. Above its centre rises a full, white dome, at each corner of whose base nestles a smaller dome, upheld on eight arches. The centre of each face is a lofty-headed gateway rising above the line of the roof; within it is again a pointed caving recess, half arch, half dome; within this, again, a screen of latticed marble. On each flank of these, and on the facets of the cut-off angles, are pairs of smaller blind recesses of the same design, one above the other. From each junction of facets rises a slim pinnacle. Everywhere it is embellished with elaborate profusion. Molding, sculpture, inlaid frets, and scrolls of colored marbles, twining branches and garlands of jade, and agate, and corallian—here is every point of lavish splendor you saw in the palace combined in one supreme embodiment—superb dignity matched with graceful richness."

"But it is vain to flounder amid epithets, the man who should describe the Taj must own genius equal to his who built it. Description balts between its mass and its fineness. It makes you giddy to look up at it, yet it is so delicate you feel that a brick would lay it in shivers at your feet. It is a rock temple and a Chinese casket together—a giant gem. Nothing jars; for if the jewel were away the setting would still be among the noblest monuments on earth. The minarets at the four corners of the platform are a moment's stumbling-block; they look irreverently like the military masts of a battle-ship, and the hard lines where the stones join remind you of a London subway. But look at the Taj itself, and the minarets fall instantly into place; they set off its glories, and, standing like acolytes, seem to be challenging you not to worship it. At each side, below the Taj, is a triple-domed building of sandstone and marble; the hot red throws up the pearl-and-ivory softness of the Taj. The cloisters round the garden, the lordly caravansary outside the gate, the clustering domes and mosaic texts from the Koran on the great gate itself—all this you hardly notice; but when you do, you find that every point is perfection. As for the garden, with shady trees of every hue, from sprightly yellow to funeral cypress, with purple blossoms cascading from the topmost boughs, with roses and lilies, phloxes and carnations—and the channel of clear water with twenty fountains that runs through the garden, and the basin with the goldfish. It is pure Arabian night!"

Among the other notable chapters are "Delhi" (the most historic city in all historic India), "The Rulers of India," "The District Officer," "The Forest Officer," "The Shrine of the Sikhs," "The Malakand" (the home of the guides), "The Complete Globe-Trotter," "Madras," "The Rupee," and "The Army and Mutiny."

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

One of the amazing features of the war in South Africa has been the incredible swiftness with which the Boers seem able to move from place to place, taking their heavy guns with them. They get over the mountains like coyotes over a prairie. They have anticipated with masterly foresight every attack or advance made by the British. And all this, too, while concealing their own designs and numbers.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Other Winston Churchill's Novel.

There might be some doubt in England as to which is the "other" Winston Churchill, but over here Winston Churchill is the man who wrote "Richard Carvel." Not one in a thousand Americans knows that Lady Randolph Churchill has a son who writes, though he has done admirable war-correspondence for the English papers, and made of his letters a book that has been well received in his own country. It is, perhaps, to conserve his own identity that the Englishman has brought into evidence his middle name and signs himself Winston Spencer Churchill.

Winston Spencer Churchill, then, has made an incursion into romance and brought forth a novel. It is not such an achievement as "Richard Carvel," but it is a very creditable story. It is not historical, like the American's novel, it is pseudo-historical, after the manner of "The Prisoner of Zenda," to name its most famous prototype. It is called "Savrola," and sets forth the events before and during the revolution that effected the overthrow of the dictator who had arrogated to himself the supreme power in the imaginary republic of Laurania.

There is much fighting in the story, of the modern Parisian or South American sort, with Mausers over harricades, but it is more strenuous—so strenuous, in fact, that some fourteen hundred men are killed in the streets of the capital between midnight and noon. But the freshest glimpse it gives of warfare is through the eyes of a young subaltern—such an enthusiastic young apprentice in the trade of man-butcher as England has been training by the hundreds in her armies for the past century. He fights because it is his profession to fight, with the added enthusiasm of his years; but he is, for all that, a gallant and charming lad, and the reader's heart warms to him as it never does to the clear-headed demagogue who guides the revolution, or the wife whom the eminence of its dictator's position kept at his side while he was supreme, but who turns from him as a flower lifts its head at the rising of a new sun.

The psychology of these last two characters is poorly worked out, though they are the central figures in the tale, but the book has other and better points which augur well for Winston Spencer Churchill.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

## Both Sides of the Transvaal Question.

"Briton and Boer," which gives an account of "both sides of the South African question," is composed of a series of articles upon the present situation in the Transvaal which has recently appeared in the *North American Review*. The opening chapter is by James Bryce, who sketches the history of South Africa from its earliest occupation to the present time, and, although he admits that the Boers are unprogressive, and two hundred years behind the age in some of the elements of modern civilization, and while he acknowledges that the grievances of the Uitlanders are many and great, and that the Boer Government is corrupt, still, he thinks Oom Paul's people are justified in their course, on the principle of self-preservation.

Sydney Brooks takes the British side of the question and says:

"The Uitlanders, seven-eighths of whom belong to the English-speaking race, outnumber the Boers by more than two to one. They own half the land, and contribute nineteen-twentieths of the public revenue. It is through their brains and energy that the Transvaal has been raised from bankruptcy into its present prosperity. They are citizens of the most progressive countries in the world, accustomed to self-government, and intolerant of any encroachments upon their liberty. The Boers have altered little, if at all, since the days when the Dutch East India Company planted them at the Cape, except to add some of the vices of the nineteenth century to the ignorance of the seventeenth. . . . The Uitlanders are not allowed to vote, except for a legislative chamber that can not legislate; they have no voice in the spending of the money taken from their pockets; they see millions of dollars lavished on the secret service and fortifications at Pretoria, while Johannesburg remains a pest-hole; their language is proscribed in the schools and law courts of a city where not one man in a thousand speaks anything but English; a clipped and barren dialect, as much beneath pure Dutch as Czechish is beneath pure Russian, is enthroned in its place; and their children are forced to learn geography and history from Dutch text-books after passing the elementary standards—the president seeking to popularize his native 'teal' by a tax of one hundred per cent. on foreign books. It is grotesque to think of Englishmen and Americans being treated in this fashion, and it is quite beyond the imagination that they should rest passive in such a house of bondage."

"A Diplomat" answers Mr. Brooks with "A Vindication of the Boers," his argument being based upon the supposition that the Transvaal is completely independent, and that it has a right to oppress the Uitlanders to maintain its own existence. Andrew Carnegie is sure Britain is in the wrong, because some of his tenants on his Skibo estate have relatives in the mines, who write home that the British there do not wish the franchise.

Among the other chapters are "A Transvaal View," by F. V. Engleburg, a Pretorian Boer; "European Opinion," by Karl Blind, an English-

man by adoption, who fled from his own country because of oppression; "Will the Powers Intervene?" by Frances Charnes; "A Possible Continental Alliance Against England," by Demetrius C. Boulger; and "The Philosophy and Morals of War," by Max Nordau.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

## Sienkiewicz's New Story.

There is a large proportion of the novel-reading public who read for the story, and to them the legend "to be continued" is as a red rag to a bull. All such should be informed about "The Knights of the Cross" as it stands at present. Jeremiah Curtin has translated the first half of it into English and published this portion while the Polish author is still at work on the second half. It makes a book of more than four hundred pages, and unless one notices the words "first half" on the title-page, one will read it right up to the last page before the fact becomes patent that one is to be left a quiver with uncertainty for six months or so, while Sienkiewicz is writing and Curtin is translating the conclusion.

But the story, so far as it goes, is nothing less than splendid. It has the panoramic magnificence of the author's "Quo Vadis," but it grips the emotions more firmly, not only reproducing the life of a most picturesque period but seeming to make the reader actually live in its stirring scenes. The hero is a youthful Lithuanian knight in the days when the Knights of the Cross, grown corrupt and worldly, were toppling to their fall, and the incidents this story relates gave the needed impulse that brought them down in ruins. They steal the young knight's bride, and the first half of the story leaves them with the wrath of Poland impending over them like the shadow of doom.

The Lithuanians were a fierce people, believed by Western Europe to be little better than pagans, but their knights were brave and chivalrous. Among a people where brides could with their own fair hands twist an iron rod into a ring for the groom's finger, Sienkiewicz's hero is stronger than most men, and, inasmuch as he vows to his lady fair to kill as many Germans as there are fingers on her two hands, it is easy to see that there will be fighting a-plenty in the book.

There is loving, too, for when he is condemned to death, the lady of his vow saves his life by claiming him for a husband, and he loves her with a chivalric devotion; but there is another girl whose heart has fallen captive to his grace and valor, and, though he has married the first lady in the half of the book already published, the last pages leave her in hard case for her life: she is captive in the castle of cruel and treacherous Knights of the Cross, and her escape alive means a mighty scandal that will shock all Christendom and inevitably bring on a fierce war between them and the Polish king.

The best excuse and palliation for the translator in giving us the story in its present incomplete state is that there is more of it to come.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

## "Liberty in the Nineteenth Century."

Frederick May Holland, the author of "The Rise of Intellectual Liberty," "Frederick Douglass," etc., has long been a vigorous and effective fighter in the "liberation war of humanity." The latest of his contributions to that cause, "Liberty in the Nineteenth Century," is of great interest. It reviews most instructively all the great struggles for freedom of this century. To re-read the history of such an eventful period, in the light of the principles involved, and under the guidance of an exhaustive student and remarkably clear thinker, is a keen pleasure and a lasting benefit. The book stirs one deeply. It is of great value, too, for its *obiter dicta* on men and events, which are original and suggestive.

A list of the chapters will show the wide range of the volume: "Napoleon and His Work," "Fruits of Peace," "Democrats and Garrisonians," "Emancipation," "Emerson and Other Transcendentalists," "Platform versus Pulpit," "The Evolutionists," and an appendix on "Sunday Recreation."

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Gertrude Atherton has written a new novel called "Senator North." It is said to be partly a love-story and partly a political sketch, calculated to specially interest Americans.

Count Tolstoi is recovering from his recent severe illness and is again at work upon his interminable revisions of the proofs of his "Resurrection." The American edition of this novel will be brought out before next autumn.

What is said to be the first collection of short stories written in the English language by a Japanese will shortly be published under the title of "Jroka," being tales and folk-lore stories of old and new Japan by Adachi Kinnosuké, who dwells near Glendale, Cal.

"Let There Be Light," the story of a working men's club, its search for the causes of poverty and social inequality, its discussions, and its plan for

amelioration, by David Lubin, has just been published.

It ought not to be necessary for the little *Philistine* to say these things: "'David Harum' is ready to be buried deep in the mold where now rest the works of the Rev. E. P. Roe. The only reason a person of brains should read 'David Harum' is so to intelligently gauge the average capacity of American readers."

F. Marion Crawford's "Via Crucis" is proving one of the most popular books of the day. Extracts of some of the most striking scenes will appear in next week's *Argonaut*.

Arthur Henry Savage Landor, author of "In the Forbidden Land," is in this country, not only to lecture, but also to put the finishing touches to his new book, "Mountain Climbing in the Himalayas." It is not generally known that last summer Mr. Landor revisited the scenes of his captivity and torture; this time, however, from the east and with a guard of trusty followers, so that, although his party had several fights with the natives, no serious misfortune befell it.

Some twenty German officers have contributed a chapter each on "The Franco-German War," which has been translated into English and edited by Major-General J. F. Maurice, C. B., and Captain Wilfred J. Long, and which the Macmillan Company will publish immediately.

Mrs. Craigie said she chose her pen-name, "John Oliver Hobbes," for two reasons: "To correct any tendency to sentimentality in myself; and because I thought, by choosing so harsh a name, that no one would suspect a woman had selected it."

In the same volume with Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "The Autobiography of a Quack" will be included "The Case of George Dedlow," which was first published anonymously in the *Atlantic Monthly* many years ago.

"The Love of Parson Lord, and Other Stories," by Mary E. Wilkins, will be brought out soon.

Max O'Rell, who visits America for the sixth time as a lecturer, is making a three months' tour under the management of Major Pond.

The *Cambridge Magazine* recently published a series of articles headed "Kipling & Co.," and purporting to have been written by "McTurk," a character in one of Kipling's books. Another English college journal, the *Cantab*, impugned the authenticity of the articles. The *Cambridge Magazine* has brought suit for libel, and has subpoenaed Kipling and "McTurk" as witnesses.

Andrew Lang's researches among the Stuart papers at Windsor are said to have resulted in various "new lights" upon Prince "Charlie," a monograph on whom Mr. Lang has nearly completed.

The Royal Academy of Sciences in Turin has offered a prize of thirty thousand francs for the best critical history of Latin literature which will be issued between this and the thirty-first of December, 1906. All nationalities can take part in the competition. Only printed works and not manuscripts will be taken into consideration.

Archdeacon Cyrus Townsend Brady, author of "For Love of Country" and "For the Freedom of the Sea," will write for the Appletons' Great Commander Series the volume on Paul Jones, which will be entitled "Commodore Paul Jones."

Kipling has written a new story about one of his Soldiers Three, Private Othertis. Another character in the tale is Othertis's dog Garm.

A new romance by J. Bloundelle-Burton has just been completed, and will be entitled "Servants of Sin." It is a story of the French regency, when France had become bankrupt by the breakdown of Law's system, known as the Mississippi scheme.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Stately Sonnets and Simple Songs.

Katharine Coolidge, daughter of Francis Parkman, the historian, is author of "Voices," a volume of poems divided by sub-titles among "Sonnets," "Will and Fate," "Voices," and "Dreams." There are few echoes from the work of others in this little book, and the thought of a poet shines out from every page. Beauty of form is not the highest aim in these, yet grace is never wanting. Among the sonnets one would choose this, perhaps:

As long as lilies bloom and zephyrs hush;  
While seas reflect the ever changing hue  
Of heaven, and immemorial rivers flow  
Through golden forests to the ocean's blue;  
As long as mountains lift their massive might  
Above the valley's undulating grace,  
And Evening's saffron flames call silent Night  
To show the starry splendor of her face;  
While the omnipotence of motion thrills  
In waves of rapture through the earth and air,  
And color revels o'er the wooded hills;—  
No breaking heart need yield to dim despair!  
Irradiant Beauty shall keep strong and pure  
Our will to live, our courage to endure.

There are several extended efforts in the book that better display the power of the poet, though this selection, one of the briefest of the poems, has all of their distinctive qualities:

## EVENING.

Across the shadows of a dying day  
Soft, lonely woodland winds are whispering,  
And o'er the silvered waters' trackless way  
Love reaches out to thee, and memories cling  
To soul and sense. Darkly the bonds of space  
Bear on the human need to touch thy hand;  
To see the love-light waken in thy face,  
While tenderness of shadow resteth o'er the land.  
Among the "Voices" there are none more musical than this:

## "OPEN SESAME."

Where the wide hall window looks to the west,  
Tall lilies shine in the sunset light,  
And the jessamine's fragrance fills the air;  
The clouds float low  
In a golden glow,  
While sweet, from the shadows that fall within,  
Come the notes of a violin.

Surely our heaven lies very near,  
If just the voice of a violin,  
And the way a lily looks in the light,  
Give the magic key,  
The swift sesame  
That opens a way to the passing gleam  
Of a world our spirits dream.

Another sense, like a new-born star,  
Is flashed on the unknown heaven, revealed  
When the deathless depth of our quivering hearts  
Is touched by the light  
Of a lily's white:  
By the subtle scent of a jessamine,  
And the voice of a violin.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

"Some Homely Little Songs," by A. J. Waterhouse, is a volume made up of selections from verse contributed to coast newspapers during the past few years. To those who know of the author's work in prose, and his humorous yet kindly view of life, it will need no introduction, but its merry conceits and tender sentiment should win a much wider circle of readers. There are traces of the pressure of daily journalism in some of the selections, and sometimes faults of a more serious nature. What narrowly missed being one of the strongest bits of descriptive verse brought out by the war in the Philippines is spoiled for most readers by a bit of newspaper wit in the closing lines. But the book is not chiefly given to serious endeavor, and it is in its rhymes of childhood and the love of home that its greatest charm appears. This is a characteristic selection:

## NOW WHY WAS THIS?

When the baby came he was homely as sin,  
With a very bald pate and a very weak chin,  
With gums that were toothless and watery eyes,  
A nose like a blur and a talent for cries.  
And the women all said as he wiggled and scowled  
And puckered and twisted and bellowed and howled—  
They said as they viewed him with critical eye:  
"He's just like his father. Now isn't he? My!  
Why-y-y!

You can see the resemblance with half of an eye."

As the baby grew he was ugly some days,  
With a strong inclination a hubbub to raise;  
That his temper was grievous was plain to be seen,  
And with squalling and bawling he kept himself lean.

He howled till his mouth wore a permanent twist,  
And the pleasure of living he constantly missed;  
And when he yelled loudest the women would cry:  
"He favors his father. Now, doesn't he? My!  
Why-y-y!

You can see the resemblance with half of an eye."

But a change was seen as the baby grew,  
For his looks improved and his temper, too,  
And his smiles chased the frowns and the scowls away,

And the sunbeams loved in his dimples to play;  
And I thought him sweet, in my fatherly pride,  
As he toddled along on the floor at my side;  
And then all the women who saw him would cry:  
"He's just like his mother. Now isn't he? My!  
Why-y-y!

You can see the resemblance with half of an eye."  
Mr. Waterhouse has the gift of pathos common to all genuine humorists, and it marks some of the

sweetest of his songs. The sentiment in this rings true:

## MY DAUGHTER'S PRISCILLA.

My daughter's Priscilla. I know not how  
She came to my life from the Puritan days,  
With the calm, true eyes, and the tranquil brow,  
And the voice as sweet as a hymn of praise;  
But if some picture from days of old  
Might step from its place in an oak frame  
Bearing no trace of the gray past's mold,  
I fancy that picture would look the same—

The same as my daughter, whose calm, slow eyes  
Look to my own, while the love shines through,  
As a star ray pierces the evening skies  
Or a sunbeam cleaves through the dome of blue.  
In the touch of her hand all comfort dwells,  
And Peace through her dear lips makes her plea,  
For her voice is as sweet as a chime of bells—  
My daughter Priscilla, who blesses me.

My daughter's Priscilla. Ah me! Ah me!  
My heart is turbulent, wild, and worn;  
But her tranquil eyes I need but see  
And the cloak of unrest from my soul is torn.  
I know not how—I say it again—  
She came from the past with her eyes a-shine,  
But this I cry to my soul's amen:  
"I thank the Father that she is mine."

Published by the Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco; price, \$1.00.

## What the Prairie People Were.

There is something about Hamlin Garland's stories that is at once as convincing and as shocking as a photograph of a repulsive subject. You might hesitate to believe on mere hearsay that such conditions ever existed. But when he puts them down in black and white there is no doubting.

And it is sad to have to believe that only twenty, or at most thirty, years ago there was such squalor, ignorance, and apparently hopeless degradation as is painted in some of Mr. Garland's stories of "Prairie Folks." The collection starts in well enough with the rough but sincere wooing of "William Bacon's Hired Man," who wins a prairie flower in spite of her hard father's opposition, and the psychological crisis that changed "Elder Pill, Preacher," from a revivalist to a power for good in the world. And there are diamonds in the rough in most of the other tales.

But the most lasting impression is made by "A Day of Grace" and "Lucretia Burns," and they are as depressing as a nightmare. The first of these describes a camp-meeting where the calculated fervor of lecherous exhorters fans to frenzy the religious emotions of neurotic women already half-crazed by the loneliness and monotony of their lives. As Mr. Garland says, it is from this class that the great part of the inmates of insane asylums comes. It is a terrible picture of the human female in her lowest condition, for neither the savage nor the outcast of the slums is so horrible a distortion of God's handiwork.

And in "Lucretia Burns" Mr. Garland shows the conditions that make such creatures possible—a life of unceasing drudgery that is beyond all things brutalizing, for the victim has neither the irresponsibility of the slave, nor even his faint glimmer of hope for herself or the children that crowd upon one another's heels with terrifying rapidity.

It is a pity that such tales as these two are bound in the same book with the others.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

## New Publications.

An Olga Netherlands edition of Daudet's "Sapho" has been brought out in paper covers by Street & Smith, New York; price, 25 cents.

A volume of verse containing some pleasing fancies is "Living in the World," by Frank Putnam, Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

"Aboard the American Duchess," the latest issue in the Hudson Library Series, is a detective story by George L. Myers. Published in paper covers by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents.

A well-told story with a plot of old acquaintance is "The Final Goal," by Bessie Dill, the latest issue in Lippincott's Select Novels Series. Published in paper covers by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents.

Students of the French language will welcome an edition of Molière's comedy, "Les Précieuses Ridicules," with explanatory notes and a memoir by G. Fontaine. Published in paper covers by William R. Jenkins, New York; price, 25 cents.

"How to Be Pretty, Though Plain," by Mrs. Humphry, is the latest issue in the Ladies' Home Journal Girls' Library. It talks of hygiene as well as dress. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

Without the author's name, "Behind the Veil" is offered on its own merit to those who speculate concerning the nature of life after death. The little volume is suggestive if not satisfying, and its style commends it. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents.

In the Appletons' Home Reading Books Series the latest volume is "The Family of the Sun," by Edward S. Holden. This elementary work on astronomy is written in the form of familiar conversations with a child, and will interest young readers

especially. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

Good stories of fishing, hunting, and trapping along a small Western river are told in "Just About a Boy," by W. S. Phillips. It will entertain boys with an inclination for outdoor sports, and men who care to recall memories of happy days in the woods. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

In the Columbia University Studies in Literature Series the latest issue is "Spanish Literature in the England of the Tudors," by John Garrett Underhill. The work represents no small amount of research, and is rich in literary biography and historical incident. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

Sir William Phipps, who, when a poor boy, found a treasure-ship and was knighted for honesty, who restored to the colonies their chartered rights, and who became a governor of New England under the new charter, is made the hero of "The Treasure-Ship," by Hezekiah Butterworth. The story is a stirring one, yet most of its pictures are drawn from historical facts. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Plays for young people, and suited to parlor representation, make up the volume entitled "The King's Jester," by Caro Atherton Dugan. There are eleven of the plays, all of which have songs and music, in some instances written for the piece, and in others adapted from other works. The author is to be praised for successful work, and the book will fill a real need for short, bright, musical pieces. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

The burden of the author's meditations is pictured in the title, "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable," by Ernest Crosby. The psalms and parables are in Whitmanesque paragraphs usually, though there are some rhyming stanzas. The dedication to the book is an apostrophe to Tolstoy, and the essays that follow are evidently suggested by the Russian teacher's views of society, government, and religion. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

"Coontown's 400," by E. W. Kemble, needs no recommendation beyond its title-page. The artist's drawings are inimitable, and if there are no colored people like his, so much the more is his work to be enjoyed. The pictures tell their own amusing story, but the conversations appended furnish many new expressions of humor. The volume is dedicated to "The Lambs" of New York, "The Bohemians" of San Francisco, and "The Savages" of London. Published by Life Publishing Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

## Last Year's Popular Books in England.

The following interesting reflections on the most successful books of '99, which recently appeared in the London *Daily Chronicle*, shows that while our literary tastes are growing more akin with those of our English cousins, the most popular American novels of the past year, such as "David Harum," "Janice Meredith," "Richard Carvel," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," and "Via Crucis," have received little more than passing notice in London:

"What novels have made the hits of '99? Why, Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's 'Double Thread,' Mr. Richard Whiteing's 'No. 5 John Street,' and, only the other day, Miss Cholmondeley's 'Red Pottage.' These are the noteworthy instances where authors have at a bound advanced into the first rank of popularity. All three have written quite as well before, but they had to wait until '99 for the arrival of the public. What a weary business this waiting for the public must be to a gifted writer! Yet, appreciation of really good work generally comes some time. One can only hope that it does not sometimes come too late.

"Novelists who were already in the first ranks have been busy, as witness Mr. Rudyard Kipling with 'Stalky and Co.' Here is a book, which, whether you like it or not, has more in it—say, more originality, more of the creative—than Mr. Kipling's previous volume, 'The Day's Work.' Yet it has not sold so largely; and the curious person asks why. Things that are apart from a book have much to do with the vogue of that book. Mr. Kipling's 'Recessional' made many people read 'The Day's Work' who otherwise might have let it go past. The personal interest, you see—the brotherly personal interest in at least one new author. Secondly, Mr. Kipling's lines carried him to many a fresh fireside.

"Sir Walter Besant, like Mr. Lecky, is decidedly an author with 'a following.' That following has been greatly increased under the winsome Old London smile of 'The Orange Girl.' Sir Walter should really write a group of novels setting out for us Old London in so many 'living pictures.' Who knows that he may not do so when he has the 'Survey of London' off his hands? Anthony Hope, Miss Beatrice Harraden, Mr. Zangwill, 'Q,' and Mr. Henry James, are other novelists who have been on active service during the year. Is the 'journalism book,' given a subject which has sufficiently seized the public, going to run hard even the most 'booming' novel? The instance of Mr. Stevens's 'With Kitchener to Khartum' rather suggests that it had a wonderful campaign. There will be various books of the same sort when the present war is lost and won. In the interests of the trade generally, publishers would be glad if these books were coming out now."

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The Tempest. Two Gentlemen of Verona.  
Cymbeline. Merry Wives of Windsor.  
Measure for Measure. Comedy of Errors.  
Much Ado About Nothing.  
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Midsummer Night's Dream.  
As You Like It. Taming of the Shrew.  
All's Well That Ends Well.  
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In the comedies of the Restoration there was little true humor. Some of them were witty, many savagely cynical, most openly brutal. Congreve's elegance and wit covered a sardonically contemptuous estimate of humankind, an easy disbelief in all honor, and a tendency to find legitimate subjects of mirth in the cozening of the simple and the deception of the ingenuous. Wycherly, with a ferociously brutal style, was really a man of finer point of view. Humor, as we understand it to-day, he was absolutely devoid of, but he was moved by a sense of revolted indignation against the corruptness of the society around him.

Vanbrugh, who was a great dramatist with a capacity of delineating crude character that none of his fellows possessed, had in him a gleam of that robust, coarse, but genuine humor which shone out so strongly in the novelists that followed. Of the four, however, that are rightly classed as dramatists of the Restoration, Farquhar, with the same moral easiness of conscience that Congreve had, possessed a genialness of disposition, a cheery amiability of mood, that made his comedies, with the usual accompaniment of conscienceless gallants and frivolous heroines, more humane and less repelling than those of any of his contemporaries.

The traditions of this quartet were bequeathed to Sheridan. The stage was not quite what it had been when he came into his inheritance. People were not over-nice, but they had rebelled against a drama to which ladies—even the easy-going ladies of the Restoration—went in masks. Refinement was on the increase. Humor was not found in the depicting of cruel deceptions and savage jests. Audiences began to demand a higher standard, where the good element was rewarded and the bad brought low in the dust. They still laughed at what we to-day might find rather matter for gravity. In one of the memoirs of the time there is a description of some one passing the theatre on the first night of "The School for Scandal," and hearing, out in the street, the shouts of laughter of the audience when the screen fell. At the present day nobody ever laughs at "The School for Scandal" when the screen falls. Any one who has ever seen the play will recollect the hush of suspended interest and alarm that falls on the audience at that crucial moment. We regard it as a climax of the deepest dramatic import, and would no more laugh at it than we would at the entrance of the ghost in "Hamlet."

Sheridan was of the same order of mind as Farquhar. It would have been difficult for him to have ever—no matter what demands his audience made—found matter of mirth in the sufferings of the feeble, or the betrayal of the innocent. He was a genial, merry soul, full of the warmth, wit, and buoyancy of the Irish. But the fashion of the day had its effect upon him, and in his greatest comedy his wit often bites like vitriol. The scene in Lady Sneerwell's room in "The School for Scandal"—which has an almost identical resemblance to a similar scene in "The Plain Dealer"—is repulsive to twentieth-century taste, but in the day when Mrs. Abingdon was the great Lady Teazle, we may be sure it convulsed the audience, even as the falling of the screen did.

In "The Rivals" Sheridan approached a more genial plane. His sarcasms on the life of the day are less acid. The figures he has selected to caricature are less repelling and are handled with a gentler touch. The sentimental young girl, gorged with romance from much reading of novels, is a very different person from the country wife, dazzled by her town success, and peeping, fearful yet fascinated, over the precipice. The follies of Mrs. Malaprop are things that rouse real laughter, while those of Lady Sneerwell fill us with a shrinking repugnance. There is no villain like Joseph Surface, and no befuddled, berated, and bemused old man like Sir Peter. A sentiment of kindness runs through the comedy, which gives it warmth and light even to-day.

To play it, this sentiment should animate the company. The old graces, courtesies, and punctilio, a franker, more elaborate and less complex society than ours should mark its performance. Those were the days when deportment counted and elegance of bearing was taught to members of the world of fashion. The young accorded the old a polite subservience before their faces, and a gay indifference behind their backs. Servants were confidants, and understood the virtue of silence. Young ladies were austere chaperoned and eloped when they got the chance. Young gentlemen were all soldiers with no wars to fight and nothing to do but write sonnets to their lady's eyebrow, and when they were satisfied as to her jointure, plan clandestine

meetings with her in the back garden by the sundial.

Graciousness, simplicity of aim, and elaboration of bearing are all wanting in this week's production of "The Rivals." The company is too good to give a poor performance, but certainly eighteenth-century comedy is not their strong point. The rich flavor of the Sheridan humor is almost lost. The punctilious courtliness that marked the epoch is only suggested in the acting of Mrs. Vandenhoff and Mr. Harry Langdon. These two players are the only ones in the cast that show any respect for the classic tradition. Everybody else appears to be trying to modernize the play, to freshen and brighten it with an introduction of a sort of up-to-date breeziness.

It must be confessed that I have always thought the part of Lydia Languish a poor one. Few men—of any type, or age, or epoch—understand a girl of seventeen. As an idea she was excellent, but when it comes to writing her down and making her live and breathe in the old, stuffy, Chippendale parlor, with all her little tempests of temper, her romantic transports, her artless ebullitions of love, her sudden falling down into abysses of disappointment, she was not half so quaint, or lovable, or distracting as the author intended her to be. An eighteenth-century stiffness, as if from a perpetual sitting in Chippendale chairs and working on a sampler, seems to have turned all her pretty curves into angles; and her delightful, foolish girl's dreams have underneath their charming extravagance something that looks uncomfortably like the first indications of an old maid's rasping temper.

Miss Kidder is so clever that she does everything well, but certain characters suit both her temperament and style better than others. She does not simulate well the romantic effusiveness of a fanciful girl. She is so straightforward that anything pertaining to the overwrought and extravagant is antipathetic to her. Her Lydia is a good deal of a cat. One point in her portrayal worthy of praise is its appearance of youth. I never before saw a Lydia Languish who looked the seventeen years accredited to her. This one does, though she is a tall, flat, over-grown seventeen, of more stately proportions than any man in the play, and towering in gawky, loose-jointed girlishness over Captain Absolute himself. In her sternly rigid frock, short in the skirt and the sleeves, with a low neck, an innocent sash-ribbon round the waist, and a glimpse of sandaled slippers under the flounced edge, she looked like a very big, sulky, elongated Kate Greenaway child, who has some way or other shot up into the unexpected proportions of an exceedingly tall woman.

To the women of the company the honors of the evening belong. Even Lucy should come in for her share of praise. She gave a very good portrayal of the scheming, witty, and sympathetic maid. But to Mrs. Vandenhoff the success of the performance is due. Now that Mrs. John Drew is no more, we may consider Mrs. Vandenhoff the best Malaprop on our stage. Her performance was rich with humor, and was carried forward in the best spirit of old comedy. Its self-satisfied elaborateness was inimitable, and the unctuous gratification with which she brought out each misapplied word was comically funny. Even Mrs. Drew herself was not more irresistible in the shocked gravity with which she remarked: "Come, gentlemen, let us have no honor before ladies!"

None of the men shone star-like, or even with the mild lustre of nebulous matter. Harry Langdon is a good, reliable comedy actor, and has been well trained in the traditions of classic comedy. The Sir Lucius O'Trigger of Mr. Johnstone was original, pleasant, and attractive. Moreover, his brogue was a really good one, and it stuck by him to the end, which all stage brogues do not do. There was a good deal of quiet humor about Mr. Johnstone—not the exuberant Irish kind that Sir Lucius was supposed to have—but a very nice variety of a twinkling, inward sort.

Neither of the stars, Mr. James or Mr. Hanford, were at their best. Mr. Hanford was a big, dark, solemn sort of Captain Absolute. In order to invest the character with the debonaire dash of the handsome soldier, he tried to make it off-hand and swaggering. The effort was not a success, as it resulted in making Captain Absolute indifferent and heavy. In the scene with Mrs. Malaprop he sat solemnly staring at the footlights, as if the matter under discussion hardly claimed a fraction of his attention. The scapegrace charm of Jack Absolute was entirely absent in his portrayal. This was not all his fault, as it is difficult for a man of Mr. Hanford's massive proportions and ponderous style to suggest the insouciant charm of even an old scapegrace, much less a young one. But he might at least have been a little more courteous in his style and a little more animated in his manner.

As Bob Acres Mr. James is quite miscast. The rollicking, unconscious humorlessness of the squire of Clod Hall is entirely outside his talents. There was not the least suggestion of the bumpkin about him. In the scene before the glass he is clad with the greatest elegance, and is made up to present an appearance of costly finish. David's remark about his hair becomes quite as pointless as his practicing of the steps before the mirror. His wig is irreproachable and his steps are executed with the easy accuracy of a dancing-master's.

He never for once is in accord with the spirit of

the character. All its wealth of jocund, broad, boorish mirth is undeveloped in his rendition. Acres' lack of sophistication is never suggested. Indeed, Mr. James's Acres seems to be in every way a confident, capable, bragging sort of fellow, whose fear in the duel scene instead of being ridiculous becomes contemptible. Mr. James's interpolations and cuts are also very unfortunate. They were quite as bad in "The School for Scandal," but were more in keeping with the character of Charles Surface than they are with that of Acres. Mainly because of these deviations, and his lack of understanding of the part, the whole scene with Sir Lucius dragged, and the audience found it long and tiresome. The duel scene can not be spoiled, but the fear exhibited by the country squire must be of that naïf and childish kind which wins the spectators to delighted amusement, and does not repel them to a condition of irritated contempt. GERALDINE BONNER.

#### MUSICAL NOTES.

##### Concert at the Art Association.

The loan exhibition of bronzes, which has been a strong attraction at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art during the past week, came to an end on Thursday evening, February 1st. On that occasion a special concert was given under the direction of Henry Heyman, with the assistance of Mrs. Edith Norman Klock, Mrs. Marguerite C. Olcese, Miss Belle Livingston, Miss Ethel Grant, violinist, Hugh Callender, tenor, and Emil Cruells, organist and accompanist. The programme presented was as follows:

Organ, "Prelude et Corteggio Nuziale," Gounod, Emil Cruells; song, "Anchored," Watson, Hugh Callender; songs, (a) "The Flowers are all Aglow," Pfefferkorn, (b) "May Morning," Denza, Mrs. Edith Norman Klock; violin, "Romance," Hansen, Miss Ethel Grant; songs, (a) Slavonic song, Chaminade, (b) "Sunrise," Wekerlin, Mrs. Margarete C. Olcese; organ, "Old English Air" (with variations), Holst, Emil Cruells; songs, (a) "Das Zauberlied," (b) "Old German Rhyme," Meyer-Helmund, Miss Belle Livingston; violin, (a) Simple Aven, Thome, (b) Mazurka, Wieniawski, Miss Ethel Grant; song, "Queen of the Earth," Pinsuti, Hugh Callender; organ, "Royal March," Keller, Emil Cruells.

##### The Symphony Concert.

The second of the series of symphony concerts being given at the Grand Opera House under the direction of Henry Holmes took place on Thursday afternoon, February 1st. A large audience was present and enjoyed the following programme:

Overture, "Les Abencerrages," largo, allegro spiritoso, Cberubini; symphony, "Eroica," op. 55, allegro con brio, march funebre, adagio assai, scherzo, allegro vivace, finale, allegro molto poco, andante, presto, Beethoven; two movements in B-minor (unfinished symphony), allegro moderato, andante con moto, Schubert; overture-fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet," andante non tanto, moderato, allegro giusto, Tchaikowsky.

The third concert will take place on Thursday afternoon, February 15th, when the programme will include Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture and the overture to "Tannhäuser," "Fraternity," a symphony in F by Henry Holmes, and Brahms's "Variations on a Theme by Haydn."

A concert will be given by Mrs. Adelaide Lloyd-Smith, a dramatic soprano, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Tuesday evening, February 6th. The principal will have the assistance of the Minetti Quartet; E. J. Stark, baritone, cantor of Temple Emanuel-El; Roscoe Warren Lucy, accompanist; and Elias M. Hecht, who will play a flute obbligato. Mrs. Lloyd-Smith will sing Ardit's "Se Saran Rose," Bishop's "Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark," and "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster," from Von Weber's "Oberon."

Clarence Eddy, the famous organist, has been in town for a few days, and opportunities to hear him have been afforded on two occasions. The first was at Grace Episcopal Church, where he played during the morning service on Sunday, January 28th, and again in the afternoon, and at Temple Emanuel-El, on Sutter Street, where he exhibited the new three-manual organ at a recital on Tuesday evening.

The fifth chamber music concert of the Minetti Quartet will take place on Friday evening, February 16th, at eight-fifteen, when a most interesting programme will be given. Mrs. Alice Bacon-Washington, pianist, will assist.

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### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.

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By Minkowsky and Ranken.

In Preparation....."The Viceroy."

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Mr. and Mrs. Perkins Fisher; Cyrus Dare; the Funny Mitchell; the Hollaways; Brad & Riviere; Schick's Pickaninies; Irene Franklin; Partie Trio; and Papina.

Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

### SHERMAN, CLAY & CO.'S HALL

Tuesday Evening, February 6th, at 8:15.

#### CONCERT

GIVEN BY—

Mrs. Adelaide Lloyd Smith

Dramatic Soprano. Assisted by

The Minetti String Quartet and Cantor E. J. Stark, Baritone. Roscoe Warren Lucy, Accompanist. Flute Obligato by Elias M. Hecht.

Reserved Seats .....\$1.00  
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Oakland Mode connect with San Pablo Avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland; and all

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## AN IMPROMPTU FARCE.

Daly's Comedians and the Image in the Audience.

Charles Matthews, the veteran English comedian, came over to act at Mr. Daly's. His was a graceful, polished, volatile style of acting, and he had a high opinion of his power as a maker of fun; so that he was considerably annoyed one night when he discovered that one of his auditors would not laugh (says Clara Morris in the *Critic*). Laugh?—would not even smile at his efforts. Mr. Matthews, who was past seventy, was nervous, excitable, and—well, just a wee bit "cranky"; and when the play was about half over, he came "off," angrily talking to himself, and ran against Mr. Lewis and me, who were just about to "go on." "Look here!" he exclaimed, taking from his vest-pocket a broad English gold piece and holding it out in his hand. "Look here!" he added, pointing out a gentleman seated in the box opposite; "do you see that stupid dolt over there? Well, I've toiled over him till I sweat like a harvest-hand, and laugh he won't—smile he won't!"

I remarked musingly, "He looks like a graveo image." And Lewis suggested cheerfully, "Perhaps he is one."

"No!" groaned the unfortunate star, "I'm afraid not. I'm—I'm almost certain I saw him move once. But look here. Now, you're a deucedly funny pair. Just turn yourselves loose in this scene. I'll protect you from Daly. Do anything you like, and the one who makes that wooden man laugh, wins this gold piece."

It was not the gold piece that tempted us to our fall, but the hope of succeeding where the star had failed. I seized a moment in which to notify old man Davidge of what was going on, as he had a prominent part in the coming scene, and then we were on the stage.

The play was "The Critic," the scene a burlesque rehearsal of an old-time melodrama. Our opportunities were great, and heaven knows we missed none of them. New York audiences are quick, and in less than three minutes they knew the actors had taken the bit between their teeth and were off on a mad race of fun. Everything seemed to "go." We three knew one another well, each would see another's idea and catch it, with a certainty of a boy catching a ball. The audience roared with laughter; the carpenters and scene-shifters, against the rule of the theatre, crowded into the entrances with answering laughter; but the man in the box gave no sign.

Worse and worse we went on. Mr. Daly, white with anger, came behind the scenes, gasping out, "Are they utterly mad?" to the little Frenchman—whom he had made prompter because he could not speak English well enough to prompt us—who, frantically pulling his hair, cried: "Oui! oui! they are all mad—mad like ze dog in ze summer-time!"

Mr. Daly stamped his feet and cleared his throat to attract our attention; but trusting to Mr. Matthews's protection we grinned cheerfully at him and continued on our downward path. At last we reached the "climax," and suddenly I heard Mr. Matthews say, "She's got him—look!—I think she's won!"

I could not help it—I turned my head to see if the "graven image" could really laugh. Yes, he was moving! his face wore some faint expression—but—but—he was turning slowly to the laughing audience, and the expression on his face was one of faint wonder!

Matthews groaned aloud; the curtain fell, and Daly was upon us! Matthews said the cause of the whole business was that man in the box. Upon this Mr. Daly angrily declared: "The man in the box could have had nothing to do with the affair, since he is deaf and dumb, and has been so all his life!"

I remember sitting down very hard and very suddenly. I remember Davidge, who was an Englishman, "hasting" a good many things under his breath, and then Mr. Matthews exclaiming with wonder that he had been playing for years in a farce where this very scene was enacted, the whole play consisting in the actors' efforts to win the approbation of a man who was a deaf-mute.

## A Forgotten Prima Donna.

There died the other day in a little village near Florence, Italy, in the sixty-sixth year of her age, Marietta Piccolomini, widow of the Marquis Gaetani della Fargia, who made in her time a phenomenal record as a prima donna, though her vocal abilities did not entitle her to the rank of seconda or even terza donna. The old-stagers of the late 'fifties will have no difficulty in recalling her winsome presence, which excused a thousand faults. The present generation of opera-goers was born too late to have enjoyed the enthusiasm of the Piccolomini craze (says the Chicago *Tribune*). They missed the rarest and most delightful illusion the operatic stage ever has furnished.

Piccolomini was born at Sienna in 1834. She made her debut at Florence in "Lucrezia Borgia," and later sang at Turin in "Traviata." She created Violetta in the last-named opera at Paris and London, and later she increased her repertoire with such characters as Norma, Adina, Zerlina, Susanna, and Arline in Balfe's "Bohemian Girl." Her career was

brief. She came to this country in 1858, and sang in concert in Chicago, and young Chicago and a large part of old Chicago, for that, went wild over her. She returned to Europe with a big pile of money, and took her first farewell of the stage in London at Her Majesty's in 1860, that year being the date of her marriage to the marquis. She had fewer farewells than the average prima donna, for her final one occurred at Drury Lane in 1863. Since then she had been living in retirement.

The Piccolomini glamour long since disappeared, so that the reasons for the craze are sufficiently apparent. First, she was of the noble Piccolomini family, which has produced *littérateurs*, soldiers, cardinals, and a Pope. She was *petite*, symmetrical in figure, and graceful in bearing. She was wonderfully beautiful. The extraordinary combination of birth, breeding, and beauty was so rare that her victims forgot to inquire if she could sing, and did not even observe that she had not ordinary musical ability, while her managers—Lumley abroad and the redoubtable Colonel Mapleson, of her majesty's service, in this country—did not care whether she had or not. It was only necessary to announce her name and people fell over each other trying to get into the presence of the little enchantress. Piccolomini herself knew she was a failure, but she was piquantly philosophical about it. She once said: "They call me a little impostor, and they give me bouquets, and applause, and moneys. Why not be a little impostor?" Certainly, why not, especially if one be as pretty as a picture and one's presence is "a thing of beauty," but unfortunately not "a joy forever," for Piccolomini grew old and faded, and is dead. "Where are the roses of yesteryear?" as old Villon said.

## STAGE GOSSIP.

## The Bostonians in a New Opera.

The most notable event at the theatres next week will be the re-appearance of the popular Bostonians for a limited engagement at the Columbia Theatre. Their opening week will be devoted to their latest success, "The Smugglers of Badayez," composed by Giacomo Minkowsky, a young San Franciscan. It was arranged especially for this excellent organization, and all the principals are said to be happily fitted with congenial rôles. This season the Bostonians have made several radical changes in their forces. The list includes the genial comedian, Henry Clay Barnabee; the well-known baritone, W. H. MacDonald; George Frothingham; Helen Bertram, the prima donna soprano; Marcia Van Dresser, prima contralto; Frank Rushworth and Frederick Knights, tenors; John Dansmure, basso; Josephine Bartlett; Charles R. Hawley; W. H. Fitzgerald; Grace Cameron, lyric soprano; Edith Hendee, Margaret Stewart, Edith Bradford, and others, with chorus and orchestra under the direction of S. L. Studley.

## "The Cuckoo" at the California.

The Frauleys will discard the naughty "In Paradise" after to-night (Saturday) for a bright farce-comedy, "The Cuckoo," which, we are assured, is entirely within the bounds of propriety, and more in line with the plays we expect from this favorite company. L. R. Stockwell has been especially engaged to play the rôle of Mr. Penfold.

The play derives its name from a newspaper entitled the *Cuckoo*, which figures conspicuously in the troubles of the Penfolds, who are not happily mated. Upon the advice of her husband, who has a little affair of his own, Mrs. Penfold takes an outing on Maidenshouse-on-the-Thames, where, by appointment, she meets her admirer, Hugh Ferrant, who incidentally distinguishes himself by rescuing an unknown drowning man, and afterward saves the life of a blackamoor king by recapturing a lion that has escaped from a traveling show. While at the Flowerpot Inn, Mrs. Penfold is recognized by one Colefax, and the inn *attaches* conclude that Ferrant is Mr. Penfold. The *Cuckoo* publishes an account of the supposed Penfold's bravery, and then, having offered as a prize for such deeds a medal, seeks to bestow it upon the real Penfold, who, of course, does not know what it all means. In the resultant confusion, Mrs. Penfold sees a way out of her escapade by showing him the story in the *Cuckoo* and accusing him of having been at Maidenshouse with another woman. All sorts of ludicrous complications ensue, but in the end both manage to come out of the ordeal unscathed.

"An Unconventional Honeymoon," with Keith Wakeman, a California girl who has won fame in England and the East as E. S. Willard's leading lady, will follow "The Cuckoo."

## Fourth Week of "The Idol's Eye."

"The Idol's Eye" is proving one of the strongest attractions which the management of the Tivoli Opera House has offered since "The Geisha" was produced, and it promises to eclipse the long run which that tuneful opera enjoyed. On Monday evening it enters on its fourth week, and it will probably not be necessary to change the bill for some time to come. Ferris Hartman, Alf. C. Wheelan, Aona Lichter, Frances Graham, Tom Greene, Annie Myers, William Schuster, Phil Branson, Julie Cotte, and all the other favorites appear to advantage, and

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the chorus has two dainty concerted numbers which are admirably rendered.

When "The Idol's Eye" is finally withdrawn it will be followed by a sumptuous production of "Manila-Bound," in which some pleasing surprises will be introduced.

## The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

The most important new-comers at the Orpheum next week will be Mr. and Mrs. Perkins Fisher, two clever comedians, who will appear in a sketch by Ezra Kendall, entitled "The Half-Way House." It is said to be one of the quaintest hits of character work on the vaudeville stage. The other new entertainers include Cyrus Dare, a ventriloquist, who has been associated for some time with Chevalier, the coarser-singer, and the Mitchells, eccentric comedians, who will present an amusing skit called "Aunt Mandy's Mishaps." The hold-overs are the Holloways; Bruet and Riviere; Sohlke's Pickanninies, who have scored a big hit; Irene Franklin, a charming *soubrette*, who has some new songs and stories; the Parti Trio; and Papinta.

## The Races.

There will doubtless be a large attendance at the Oakland track to-day, for the Naglee Selling Stakes for three-year-olds and upward, which is to be the special event, promises to be an unusually interesting race. The purse is \$1,500, the distance seven furlongs, and, as there are some sixty-five entries, there will doubtless be a large field. On Tuesday, February 6th, the special features will be a selling handicap for four-year-olds and upward, each entered to be sold for \$200, and a high weight handicap for three-year-olds and upward, for a purse of \$600, the distance being six furlongs.

## Keep Your Youth

If you are young. If you are old, why appear so? Keep young inwardly and we will look after the outward appearance. *Crème de Lis* entirely eradicates and prevents wrinkles, and "creates a perfect complexion."

Greece has followed Italy's example in forbidding the exportation of antiquities. Notice has been served on foreign governments and learned societies.

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## VANITY FAIR.

It has not often happened that a marriage takes place in any of the families of the plenipotentiaries of the diplomatic corps while they have been stationed in Washington, and this greatly adds to the interest which is felt in the nuptials of the daughter of the British ambassador and Mr. Robert Bromley, which occurs at high noon on February 24th (says the *Bazaar*). For two weeks before the wedding the embassy will contain a merry household, although the guests from abroad will not be as many as had been anticipated. Miss Curzon, a cousin of the viceroy of India, had expected to be present and to be the Honorable Lillian's first bridesmaid, but she had the misfortune to be in a carriage accident some weeks since, and this will not only detain her at home, but her father as well. The parents of the groom, Sir Henry and Lady Bromley, his sister, Miss Esther, and his brother, Mr. Bromley-Wilson, will be the only guests from the other side. The marriage takes place at St. John's, the most fashionable Episcopal church of the city, in which Lord Pauncefoot and his family have been pew-holders during their residence in America for the past ten years. The wedding will be typically English in all of its details. The church, like the house, is to be a bower of palms and white flowers, and the chancel and altar will be almost hidden beneath the wealth of white and green. A few moments before twelve o'clock the organ of the church will begin pealing forth the "Lohengrin" march, and the full choir of white-surpled boys will file in, singing the accompaniment. Promptly at noon the wedding party will drive up to the door of the church, Miss Pauncefoot especially insisting on promptness. The bride will come into the church first, leaning on the arm of her father. A very fair and attractive bride she is sure to be. Her gown—which, like all the rest of her *trousseau*, was made by Paxton Cooper, of London—is of ivory-white satin, with high neck and long sleeves, and elaborately trimmed with lace and chiffon. The tulle veil will be held from her face by a wreath of orange flowers, and buds of the same will hold it in place at her back. The full court-train will be carried by a most picturesque little page, Master Sidney Kent Legaré, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Legaré, of Washington, who will be dressed in a Charles the First cavalier costume of white satin slashed with pale-blue velvet. This small boy, with his rich and effective costume, promises to be one of the most novel features of the pretty bridal procession, which as a whole will be dainty, and at the same time striking in the coloring of the costumes worn. The fact of having her train carried will be, no doubt, a veritable boon to Miss Pauncefoot, as most brides complain of the weight of a long train when it comes to the stately walk up a long church-aisle; and the train worn on this occasion is to be an unusually long one, the gown being planned to be worn when the bride is presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria soon after the wedding.

The popularity of the bride-to-be and her sisters is the fact which causes the keenest interest in the coming marriage. During their years of residence in Washington they have been uniformly gracious and tactful. Their home, beautiful in every way and a typical English home with its stateliness, has had always an atmosphere of simplicity which has given it a charm all its own. The formal and informal entertainments at the embassy have been much-enjoyed occasions, and those fortunate persons who had the *entrée* to the warmly hospitable "peep-house" of the Pauncefoots will have many pleasant hours to cherish as memories when the British ambassador and his family have gone back to England, as they expect to do during the coming spring. The tact of Lord Pauncefoot's daughters has been often commented on as one of their salient characteristics. In the course of their social experiences it was inevitable that questions of precedence should arise, both at home or in the homes of others, at formal functions. The unfailing courtesy and tact which they have shown on such occasions have added much to their popularity. English girls they undoubtedly are, in spite of their ten years' residence in America; and yet with all their thoroughly British characteristics, both physical and mental, they have acquired much of the American spirit of independence. Those who know them best say they will be quite sad at leaving their life in Washington, and the charming home on Connecticut Avenue, where they have seen and assisted at so many good times. Lord Pauncefoot himself will be sadly missed in social as well as in official circles. He is always a welcome figure in the various functions at the capital. Mr. Maurice Bromley-Wilson, who will act as best man for his brother, has taken his last name on account of an inheritance—Dallam Towers, Westmoreland. They—he and the groom-to-be—are sons of Sir Henry Bromley, of Stoke Hall of Nottingham, and Ashwell of Rutland. The guests from England will arrive some time before the wedding, and a series of entertainments in their honor will add to the festivities of the close of the season in Washington.

My observations lead me to believe that many men, although they are correctly dressed in every outward respect, are apt to err in the matter of walking-sticks," points out a writer in the *Haberdasher*.

"The most incongruous combinations are often seen in places of amusement and assembly, as well as upon the public streets in this connection. I do not think the average man gives sufficient thought to the matter of walking-sticks. The stick-carrying habit is by no means on the wane. The man who walks, as well as the man who rides, must have a stick if he would be perfectly equipped. For all informal occasions one need not be very particular as to the style of the stick; although under no circumstances can the use of the fantastically carved ivory, the huge bone, or the very prominent gold-headed sticks be used. The mode does not sanction the use of anything odd or peculiar, and one must avoid the stick that is so remarkably made, or so remarkably expensive that it attracts attention. The heavy, well-balanced, rough-finished styles are best suited for the morning walk, for business, and for outing. For all occasions, where dress in its various stages is necessary, a man should be very careful to have the proper stick. For afternoon, the dark opera-crook partridge, about five-eighths of an inch in circumference, with very small nose-ornament in gold or silver, is the best. The bamboo of dark tone, with small tack ornaments, is also a good dress-stick; but, on the whole, the partridge is to be preferred. A man does not carry a stick in the evening unless he intends to walk. Then, especially if he is to escort a woman, a stick is a necessity. The best form for evening is the very dark opera-crook partridge, with neat, dull-finished silver nose. For the race-track, the field, and about the country, the bamboo switch, or light stick, or the fine heavy natural ash, free of ornamentation, are quite the best models."

According to the *New York Sun*, the French ball, which took place in New York a fortnight ago, came nearer being the real thing than any function of the sort in a long time. The gaiety was not of the formal, artificial sort that was so painful last year. It was more or less spontaneous. A large proportion of those on the floor danced, and seemed to enjoy it. There were nearly as many women as men in the Madison Square Garden. And, as a consequence, the mere sight-seers of other occasions were not in evidence. Who can forget the groups of black-coated and solemn casuals from the clubs who gave a funeral aspect to the big building on former occasions? These individuals were there this time, but they were in the picture and did their best to add to the life of the gathering. Never in the recollection of the oldest rounder present were so many scantily clad women turned loose in a public place. The three hundred damsels, employed to entertain the hundreds of men who go to French balls, alone wore little enough clothing, but they were put out of competition by the box-parties. Women came out on the floor in gowns cut so low that it seemed as though the slightest motion would shake them off. Others revealed themselves in silken tights. Others wore skirts cut at a point three inches above the knee and waists that might have served as sashes. There were hundreds of these women, and when they came upon the floor things really began to hum. The professionals' costumes were effective. The women were shapely. From the moment the wine began to flow they showed an utter disregard for the proprieties, doing splits, playing leap-frog, standing on their heads, and kicking bats off men's heads. From two o'clock until five o'clock the fun raged on the dancing-floor and in the wine-room. Groups of women were cutting up everywhere, and around each group a circle of men formed. High-kickers in long skirts drew the largest audiences. They raised their skirts high enough to kick freely, and *lingerie* and silken bosomy met with the approval of those around them. In the wine-room women stood on tables to do their high-kicking. A girl in pink tights conceived a fondness for rushing at the little round tables, leaping in the air just before reaching one, and landing in the centre of it with a thump, in a sitting posture. She had done this a dozen times when she spied an unoccupied table across the room. She made a run for it and landed right in the centre with great force. Immediately she began to shriek, and jumping to the floor ran around wildly. The party last at the table had amused itself by breaking glasses on it. Friends took the girl away.

War news takes precedence over all other sorts, even in society, in London. Henry Labouchère is sarcastic in his references to the work of the American women in London in increasing the various war funds. He writes in the current number of *Truth*: "A series of *tableaux vivants* is announced for February, under the auspices of one of the American ladies who have accepted a British matrimonial yoke. The attraction apparently is that all the swagger society beauties are to figure in the tableaux, and the proceeds of the entertainment are to be given to some fund connected with the war. I make no doubt that a considerable amount will be collected in this fashion, all the more if the newspapers, after their wont on such occasions, advertise the amount that each pushful snob pays for his box or his stall. But is it not time that all these advertising jollifications in aid of war funds should cease? There has been a perfect rage to get them up or to figure in them. They jar with the stern realities of war. If, however," he continues, "we must have them, I would suggest that the *figurantes* should



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follow the example of the Duchess of Devonshire at the Westminster election, when she promised to kiss all who voted for Mr. Fox. Let a line of well-dressed society beauties stand on a stage and let each one of the spectators have the right to kiss any one of them for a certain price. Or the kisses of each might be put up to public auction. This would create a healthy rivalry among the respective adorners, with much profit to the war funds. If we really consider that good taste should be eschewed for the benefit of the cause, it is as well to do the thing thoroughly." The *tableaux vivants* referred to by Mr. Labouchère have been planned by the indefatigable Mrs. Arthur Paget, Mrs. Paron Stevens's daughter. The patrons include Queen Victoria, as well as the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and others, while the general committee includes the Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Roxburghe, the Duchess of Leeds, and the Duchess of Montrose. The executive committee is composed exclusively of the wives of the officers commanding the household cavalry. The price of admission to the stalls is to be ten guineas (or \$52.50) the best seats in the dress-circle are five guineas, and prices range downward from three guineas to one guinea.

## The Highest Standard

Of excellence is demanded from the beginning to the end of the production of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk—a system maintained for forty years. Never buy unknown brands.

First Briton—"Another overwhelming victory yesterday in the Transvaal." Second Briton (studdering)—"Is it so bad as that?"—Life.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, January 31st, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.	Closed.
	Shares.	Bid. Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	500 @ 110½	110½
Los An. & Pac. Ry. 5%.....	1,000 @ 101¼	102
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	11,000 @ 105	104½
Nevada Co. N. G. R. 7%.....	1,000 @ 105¾	105
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	4,000 @ 114	113¾
Oakland Gas 2d 5%.....	1,000 @ 109½	109
Oakland Transit 6%.....	4,000 @ 112	111 112½
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	2,000 @ 104¾	105 105½
Park & C. H. Ry. 6%.....	7,000 @ 104¾	104 104½
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	7,000 @ 116	115½ 116½
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%.....	10,000 @ 110½	110½ 111
S. V. Water 4%.....	2,000 @ 104¾	104¾
	STOCKS.	Closed.
	Shares.	Bid. Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	640 @ 72-74½	73½ 74
Spring Valley Water.....	216 @ 93½-94½	93½ 93¾
	Gas and Electric.	
Equitable Gaslight.....	680 @ 4-4½	4 4½
Mutual Electric.....	180 @ 13½	13½ 14
Oakland G. L. & H.....	155 @ 44-44½	44 45
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	160 @ 47½-49½	48½ 49½
Pacific Lighting Co.....	25 @ 41½	41½ 42
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	535 @ 50¾-51¾	50¾ 51¾
S. F. Gas.....	200 @ 2½	2½ 4¾
	Insurance.	
Fireman's Fund.....	10 @ 227	220
	Banks.	
Bank of Cal.....	15 @ 40½	40½ 40¾
Cal. S. D. & T. Co.....	40 @ 97-98½	98 100
Mutual Savings.....	50 @ 45	45
	Street R. R.	
Market St.....	200 @ 61	61
	Powders.	
Giant Con.....	600 @ 94¾-95¾	93¾ 95
Vigorit.....	200 @ 2½	2½
	Sugars.	
Hana P. Co.....	420 @ 7½-7¾	7½ 7¾
Honokaa S. Co.....	1,230 @ 29½-30½	29½ 30½
Hutchinson.....	650 @ 26-26½	25½ 26½
Makaweli S. Co.....	520 @ 42¾-43¾	42¾ 43¾
Onaka S. Co.....	280 @ 26¾-27¾	27 27½
Pauahau S. P. Co.....	515 @ 26¾-27¾	26¾ 27
	Miscellaneous.	
Alaska Packers.....	43 @ 117½-119¾	117½ 120
Oceanic Steam Co.....	645 @ 94-97¾	93¾ 95
Pac. C. Borax.....	60 @ 144	143¾

The week ending Wednesday, January 31st, has been a quiet one in the Stock and Bond Exchange. The fact that February is upon us, with the supervisors' duty of fixing the rates to be collected by the water and gas companies for the coming year, based on an uncertain feeling among traders and investors, the closing to-day being about the same prices as those this day week.

Giant Powder has increased its dividend from 50 cents to 75 cents, the new amount to be paid for the first time on February 10th. The advance was evidently discounted last week, as the closing prices are one point off from that of a week ago. Mutual Electric Light Company will pay its fifth

dividend of 8 cents per share on February 9th. The Pacific Lighting Company will pay a dividend of 35 cents per share on February 5th. The San Francisco Gas and Electric Company will pay a dividend of 35 cents per share on February 1st.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

GEO. R. SANDERSON, A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO. Tel. Bush 24. 238 Montgomery Street, S. F.

LESTER & McCARTNEY, Financial Agents, - Denver.

Care and sale of property for non-residents. Local reference, Edward Brown & Son, S. F.

## Hawaiian Trust & Investment Co., Ltd

Stocks and Bonds—We buy and sell strictly on commission all first-class Hawaiian Stocks and Bonds. Members of Honolulu Stock Exchange.

In General—We are prepared to look after property both real and personal, collect and remit incomes, and execute any business commission for persons residing abroad.

References—Messrs. Welch & Co., 220 California Street, San Francisco, Cal. Bank of Hawaii, Limited, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

GEORGE R. CARTER, Treasurer, 409 Fort Street, Honolulu, H. I.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,213,146.59  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits December 30, 1899..... 28, 63,655.41

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOWN; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GODFELLOW.

Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhardt, Emil Rohde, D. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1900.....\$26,110,681  
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000  
Reserve Fund..... 210,067  
Contingent Fund..... 407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
Directors—George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, Geo. Tashira, E. B. Fond.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000  
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000  
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT..... 2,365,968  
October 1, 1899.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
S. PRESTON SMITH.....Assistant Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier  
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

## CORRESPONDENTS:

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.  
The Bank of New York, N. B. A.  
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank  
Boston.....The National Shawmut Bank  
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank  
Philadelphia.....Union National Bank  
The Philadelphia National Bank  
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank  
Virginia City, Nev.....Agency of the Bank of California  
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Freres  
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft  
China, Japan, and East Indies. Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China  
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

## WELLS FARGO & CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000  
JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager  
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst. Cashier;  
H. L. MILLER, Second Asst. Cashier.

Directors—John J. Valentine, Andrew Christeson, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John F. Birmingham, Dudley Evans.  
Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869,451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.  
COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco, 411 California Street.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The mantle of Sir Boyle Roche has descended upon M. de Blowitz. In a recent issue of the London *Times* he achieved a hull which rivals the famous "Sir, I smell a rat; I see it in the air; but I will nip it in the bud." A passage from the Paris *Liberté* prompted M. de Blowitz to this surprising piece of natural history: "I quote this because the *Liberté* is one of those amphibious journals that, waiting to see which way the wind blows, sometimes unexpectedly turn the scale."

A "befo'-de-war" matron was teaching one of the little darkies on her plantation how to spell. The primer she used was a pictorial one, and over each word was its accompanying picture, and Polly glibly spelled "o-x, ox," and "b-o-x, box," etc. But the teacher thought that she was making too rapid progress, so she put her hand over the picture and said: "Polly, what does o-x spell?" "Ox," answered Polly, nimbly. "How do you know that it spells ox, Polly?" "Seed his tail," replied the apt Polly.

Bulwer-Lytton committed many crimes against taste in the decoration of his mansion at Knebworth. It is a beautiful house, but the novelist did his best to spoil it by false stucco ornaments externally, in the way of gargoyles and quasi-gothic pinnacles. Time and the weather did not treat these ornaments with much respect, each frost bringing down in the life of his son ("Owen Meredith") some pinnacle which the father had deemed permanent. The poet was walking on the lawn one morning after a sharp night's frost, when the gardener came to tell him of the fall of another gargoyle with these words: "If you please, my lord, there is another of them—monkeys fallen down in the night."

Illustrative of the dirtiness of the Afghan, it is said that on one occasion General Roberts captured a native who was so exceptionally dirty that it was thought necessary, for the safety of the whole camp, that he should be washed. Two "Tommy Atkinses" were told off for that purpose. They stripped the prisoner, and scrubbed him for two hours with formidable brushes and a large quantity of soft-soap. Then they threw down their brushes in disgust and went to their captain. "What is it, men?" "Well, sir," they replied, somewhat excitedly, "we've washed that 'ere Afghan chap for two hours, but it warn't any good. After scrubbing him, sir, till our arms were like to break, blessed if we didn't come upon another suit of clothes!"

A story is going the rounds at Harvard concerning a last year's graduate; a dutiful son and an industrious student, yet withal a somewhat literal youth. At the beginning of his concluding year, his father, who was just setting out for Europe, said to him: "Now, Harry, you get your degree, and I'll send for you to come over and travel all summer." Harry was delighted. "Father," said he, "I will." He studied faithfully all the college year, and in June went through, with flying colors. Then he cabled his father: "Yes." But the father had forgotten his impulsive offer. He mused over the message, wondered, and then cabled back: "Yes, what?" The son was in turn perplexed, but being a well-trained lad, he did not remain long in the dark, and fired by dutiful zeal, cabled back: "Yes, sir." Letters of explanation followed, and he is now making the "grand tour."

A commercial traveler relates in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* that he once arrived in a small settlement in Arkansas, and at once repaired to the Eagle House, which was situated on the outskirts of the town, on the bank of a small stream. After a dinner of side-meat and corn bread the drummer lighted a cigar, and the proprietor said: "Stranger, is there anything we 'uns kin do foh you all?" Thinking to confound his host, the drummer answered: "Well, yes; come to think of it, I'd like to have a bath." The proprietor let his feet drop from the railing upon which he had hoisted them, disappeared in the house, and returned in a moment with a huge tin cup full of soft soap, a rough towel, and a pick and shovel, which he offered to the drummer. "What's the pick and shovel for?" the stranger asked. "Wal," answered the landlory, "th' wathu's low, and yo' all 'll hev to dam up th' creek."

William Gibson, the editor of *Puck*, recently arranged for a special jest to be administered to Mr. Munkittrick, who can not understand practical jokes. He provided a trick telephone which emitted a shower of flour when anybody spoke into it. When Mr. Munkittrick arrived it was suddenly discovered that the paper had gone to press and that his copy was too late. There was only one chance, Mr. Gibson said, and that was to telephone to the printer and tell him to stop the presses until his matter should be set up and inserted. He asked Mr. Munkittrick to go to the 'phone at once. Then the staff sat still and held their sides waiting for the explosion. Finally Mr. Gibson rushed to the telephone and found his friend deluged in flour, but still persistently calling "Hello" through the 'phone.

He led him hack and carefully explained the joke. When he finished, Munkittrick calmly remarked: "Still, I think we ought to let the printer know about my copy; don't you?"

## RUDYMINSTER'S DRAFT.

## Difficulty He Experienced in Having It Cashed.

"He wa'n't exactly cheerful, this man Rudyminster wa'n't," observed Mr. Milo Bush, "but he was always hopeful and a-looking for better things. Used to think a good deal, and seem to be casting his gaze over into the middle of next week, or somewhere, but he never found fault. I s'pose no man ever suffered the disap'intments he did with that draft, but he didn't throw up the sponge—not much. 'I'll get it yet,' he used to say; 'patience and perseverance will h'ist mountains.'"

"It begun the first day he struck town. He come in here to Shanks's for some groceries. Shanks was down cellar trying to discover why the boy had put the kerosene spigot in the barrel of molasses, and I was looking after the store for him. Says the feller, 'I wish to purchase some groceries,' just like that, sort o' high and mighty; and says I, taking the pencil from behind my ear, says I, 'Blaze away, old hoss; there ain't nobody holding you!' My ice always being that a salesman should be pleasant but dignified. Well, he ordered some codfish and sugar and tobacco and other fambly supplies, and then he sort o' stops and seems to hesitate. 'Anything else to-day?' says I—'rubber boots, wash-b'ilers, saleratus, b'ar-traps, harness ile?' 'No,' says he. 'Three seventy-five,' says I. Then he sort o' hesitates some more, and pulls a letter out of his pocket, and squeezes the open end, and looks down in with one eye, and partly draws out a paper, and says he, 'My cash is pretty well exhausted to-day. Could you use a draft?' 'How hefty a one might it be?' says I. 'A matter of \$1,000,' says he—'part of a legacy.' 'I'll ask Shanks,' says I; and when he comes up I says to him, 'Shanks, here's a gent in the legacy business; got a draft for a thousand, and wants the change—\$996.25.' 'I'd like to 'commode you, stranger,' says Shanks, 'but I don't happen to have that much in the drawer. It's all right, though; pay next time you come in. Anything else to-day—rubber boots, wash-b'ilers, saleratus, b'ar-traps, harness ile?' 'Not to-day,' says the feller, and he started out.

"Well, you can't know nothing about the trouble Rudyminster had getting that there draft cashed. There wa'n't any bank here then, except McCracken's Square-Dealing Faro Bank, which was different. He got pretty discouraged over it sometimes. 'Mebby 'tain't right that I should have this yere draft,' he would say; 'mebby 'twasn't ordained that way. Sometimes I think p'raps I oughter give it to an orphan asylum, or some such doings.' But we cheered him up and told him to hang on to it. You bet he didn't suffer for anything. Everybody trusted him on the strength of the draft. He'd take out the letter every time he bought anything, and haul out the draft a little ways with a pleading look at the feller; then he'd shove it hack and sigh sort o' mournful, and tuck the goods under his arm and light out. He was a liberal buyer—take most anything you offered him—new clothes, hoss and buggy, p'inter-dog—anything. Shanks sold him all his specialties. One day he come into the post-office and got a stamp, and hauled out his draft. 'If you could use this and give me the change, it would be a great 'commode'—\$999.98, as I make it.' 'Oh, that's all right,' says the postmaster; 'pay when you get it cashed.' Then Rudyminster turned to us, and says he, 'It's hard to be without any pocket-money. Sometimes I reckon it ain't intended that I should have this yere—' 'That's all right, Mr. Rudyminster,' says Colonel Millikan; 'lemme lend you a ten till you get it cashed.' Rudyminster took it, have another sigh, and went out.

"Well, it run on for two or three months, Rudyminster getting things and hauling out that draft, and tucking it back solemn and resigned. At last, one day when he was in the post-office, a passel of us got talking the thing over and figuring on it, and we found that Rudyminster had got about \$1,500 on his draft so far, cash and other stuff. We seen that something had to be done. So that night we held a little meeting at Shanks's, and we all chipped in and managed to raise an even thousand. We give it to Shanks, and told him to just gather in that draft, and give Rudyminster a chance to settle up round town as fast as it would go.

"Well, the next morning in he come, saying he'd have to have a few more of them fancy groceries. He give in quite an order, including some axle-grease for the huggy and condition-powders for the hoss, and it amounted to \$4.40. Then he sighed and reached for his pocket. 'I shall have to offer you that draft which I got on my legacy again, Mr. Shanks,' says he. 'Sometimes I think mebby Providence didn't—' 'Oh, that's all right!'

says Shanks; 'I've been taking a little flyer in the legacy business myself, and I can cash your draft for you. Just indorse it, won't you?' 'Wot! Ah, yes,' says Rudyminster; 'light comes after months of darkness. Now I can taste freedom once more, pay my debts, and look every man in the eye.' Then he reaches in his pocket and paws around, and says he: 'I'll be switched if I didn't leave that draft in my other clothes. I'll just step up to the house and get it.' 'All right,' says Shanks; 'I'll be doing up your things. Will you have the axle-grease and the cheese in the same parcel, Mr. Rudyminster?'

"Rudyminster went out, and we sot and waited. 'It's a good deed we're doing,' says Colonel Millikan; 'the way we'd like to be done by. This is the kind of thing that h'ists along the brotherhood of man. It shows that we are not like them there beasts that perish.' Just then the boy comes in, and says he: 'You wouldn't think he was no such runner, just to look at him.' 'Wot you talking about?' says we. 'Rudyminster,' says the boy; 'he's going for the depot like a bloo streak.' Then we got up like one man, and followed as if we'd been shot out of a cannon. We caught up to him on the platform as the train was starting. 'Shell out that draft, you Tom-drafted old critter!' yells the colonel, getting hold of his coat-tail. The coat come off, and Rudyminster clumh on the train and rode away. 'We've got the draft, anyhow,' says the colonel, pulling the letter out of the coat-pocket. 'Yes, but probly it ain't indorsed,' says Shanks. Then the colonel studied it a minute, and says he: 'Well, as a business man, I say that that kind of draft don't need indorsing. It's a summons in justice court at the last town where he lived for \$17 he owed a butcher. That there hutch appears to 'a' been one of those yere low-lived men that don't foller the golden rule.'"

—Hayden Carruth in the *Bazar*.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS  
(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.VVO  
Scotch Whisky

Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

## HAWAII

The Land of Sunny Days.

Programme of Spring Tours free on application to

THOS. COOK & SON,

621 Market Street, San Francisco.

## International Navigation Co.'s Lines

## AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.

New York.....February 14 | Friesland.....February 28

St. Louis.....February 21 | New York.....March 7

## RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.

Kensington.....February 14 | Friesland.....February 28

Noordland.....February 21 | Southwark.....March 7

## EMPIRE LINE.

To Alaska and Gold Fields.

Rates and Sailings for 1900 now ready. For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

## Alaska Commercial Company

-FOR-

## NOME, ST. MICHAEL, DAWSON

And All Points on Yukon River.

## CARRYING UNITED STATES MAIL

## FOR NOME DIRECT:

From San Francisco.....S. S. PORTLAND.....April 30, 1900  
From Seattle.....S. S. DORA.....April 30, 1900  
From San Francisco.....S. S. RAINIER.....May 10, 1900

## FOR NOME, ST. MICHAEL, AND ALL OTHER POINTS:

From San Francisco.....S. S. ST. PAUL, May 25th  
A STEAMER WILL BE DISPATCHED EVERY FORTNIGHT THEREAFTER.

## FOR JUNEAU, SITKA, PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND, COOK'S INLET, KODIAK, AND ALL INTERMEDIATE POINTS:

From Seattle.....S. S. BERTHA, commencing April 8th  
AND MONTHLY THEREAFTER.

For new folders, maps, and further particulars as to freight and passage, apply to ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY, 310 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
For Seattle sailings apply to CAPT. JAS. CARROLL, Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wash.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING!  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1900.  
Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Thursday, Feb. 1  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Feb. 27  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Friday, Mar. 23  
Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Apr. 17  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. H. STUBBS, General Manager.



## Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND  
U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M. for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1900.  
Nippon Maru.....Friday, February 9  
America Maru.....Wednesday, March 7  
Hongkong Maru.....Saturday, March 31

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.



J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agents, 114 Montgomery Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., February 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, March 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For E. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10 A. M., February 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, March 2, and every fifth day thereafter.  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., February 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, March 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., February 4, 9, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, March 5, and every fourth day thereafter.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., February 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, March 2, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.  
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month.  
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.  
Ticket Office 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel)  
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St. S. F.

## WHITE STAR LINE.

## AMERICAN SERVICE.

The New Twin Screw Steamship  
OCEANIC  
The Largest Vessel in the World.  
17,040 tons, length 704 feet, width 68 feet.  
28,000 horse-power.

## TEUTONIC and MAJESTIC

Twin Screw.

10,000 tons. 582 feet long.

## CYMRIC

Twin Screw, 12,552 tons, 600 feet long, one of the largest steamships afloat.

## GERMANIC

Well known to ocean travelers, and now completely refitted.

## Wednesday sailings from New York.

S. TENNEY FRENCH, G. W. A., 94-96 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER, 613 Market Street, or to official railway and steamship offices on Pacific Coast.



Neglect of a Cough or Sore Throat often results in an Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. For relief in Throat troubles use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, a simple yet effective remedy. Sold only in boxes.



## SOCIETY.

## The Raoul-Duval-Tobin Engagement.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Beatrice Tobin and Mr. Charles Raoul-Duval. Miss Tobin is the third daughter of Mrs. Tobin and the late Richard Tobin, for many years a lawyer here and a director of the Hibernia Bank. She made her debut five years ago at the marriage of her brother, Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, and Miss May Dimond, and has since been prominent in society at Burlingame and in this city. Mr. Raoul-Duval is a wine merchant in New York City. He has a country-place at Hempstead, Long Island, and is a member of the Meadow Brook Hunt Club, of the Country Club of Westchester County, and of the Racquet and Tennis Club, of New York. His father, who died a few years ago, was a director of the Bank of France and a member of the Chamber of Deputies. His uncle is at present in the French Chamber. The date for the wedding, which will take place at the home of the bride's mother, at the south-east corner of California and Taylor Streets, has not yet been set.

## The Godley-McMullin Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Mamie McMullin, daughter of Mrs. George O. McMullin, to Mr. Jesse Godley, third son of Mrs. Godley and the late Montgomery Godley, took place at the home of the bride's mother, at 1104 Post Street, at noon on Tuesday, January 30th. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Frederick W. Clappett, D. D., rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, in the presence of the relatives and a few intimate friends of the contracting parties, as the recent death of the groom's father made the wedding a very quiet one. There were no attendants, and the bride was attired in a traveling-gown. A wedding breakfast was enjoyed, and later in the afternoon the young couple left by the Sunset Limited for the East. They will visit Washington, New York, and Philadelphia, and return by way of Coronado and Los Angeles. Their future home will be on Pacific Avenue.

## La Jeunesse Cotillion.

The army and navy cotillion of La Jeunesse Club, held at Golden Gate Hall on Friday evening, January 26th, was one of the prettiest dances of the winter. The decorations were of flags and tri-colored bunting, and most of the ladies were in gowns of red, white, or blue. Twice the usual number of guests had been invited, and they were received by the patronesses, Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mrs. Phebe Hearst, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. J. W. McClung, Mrs. W. A. McKittrick, Mrs. W. H. Mills, and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies. The cotillion was led by Lieutenant John P. Hains, Third Artillery, U. S. A.—Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. N., who was to have been his associate, was not present, owing to the non-arrival of the *Iowa*—and several novel and pretty figures were introduced. After the dance, supper was served. Those who danced in the first set were:

Miss Cockrill and Mr. Frederick Poett, Miss Clara Huntington and Mr. Percy King, Miss Elizabeth Huntington and Mr. Dupont Coleman, Miss Georgina Hopkins and Mr. Harry N. Stetson, Miss Kate Dillon and Mr. Arthur Foster, Miss Spreckels and Mr. Roy Pike, Miss Bernice Drown and Mr. Stevenson, Miss Margaret Cole and Lieutenant William Kelly, Jr., Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., Miss Laura Crellin and Mr. Abraham Lewis, Miss Anna Voorhies and Mr. Chester Murphy, Miss Ruth McNutt and Mr. Reddick McK. Duperu, Miss Isabelle O'Connor and Lieutenant Guy T. Scott, Third Artillery, U. S. A., Miss Ardella Mills and Mr. Lawrence I. Scott.

## The Friday Fortnightly.

The Friday Fortnightly Club held a very enjoyable meeting at Cotillion Hall on Friday evening, February 2d. The cotillion was led by Miss Thérèse Morgan, assisted by Mr. Percy King and Mr. Burbank G. Somers, and the ladies in the first set were:

Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Haven, of Oakland, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Mary Greenwood Josselyn, Miss Alice Moffitt, Miss Adelaide Murphy, Miss Nina Preston, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Valentine, of Oakland, and Miss Watson.

## The Pope Dinner.

Mrs. George A. Pope gave a dinner on Friday evening, February 2d, at her home on Pacific Avenue, in honor of her brother, Mr. Augustus C. Taylor, and his fiancée, Miss Helen Hopkins. Those at table were Miss Helen Hopkins, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Edna Hopkins, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Edith McBean, Mr. Augustus C. Taylor, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Frederick

W. McNear, Mr. Harry N. Stetson, Mr. George Almer Newhall, Mr. Samuel C. Boardman, Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope.

## Mrs. Irwin's Progressive Euchre-Party.

Mrs. William G. Irwin entertained a number of ladies with progressive euchre at her home, 1315 Van Ness Avenue, on Saturday afternoon, January 27th, from four o'clock until six. Eight tables were used, and four pretty bronzes were the prizes. Mrs. Irwin's guests were:

Mrs. Gaston M. Ashe, Mrs. William L. Ashe, Mrs. William Wayne Belvin, Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mrs. A. Chesebrough, Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mrs. B. B. Cutter, Mrs. Jessie Bowie-Detrick, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. E. R. Dimond, Mrs. Oliver Eldridge, Mrs. Florence Frank, Mrs. R. C. Foute, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. W. B. Harrington, Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Mrs. James W. Keeney, Mrs. E. J. McCutchen, Mrs. J. W. McKinstry, Mrs. W. P. Morgan, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. George Oulton, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. S. W. Rosenstock, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Mrs. Hyde-Smith, Mrs. Sydney V. Smith, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Cyrus Walker, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. M. A. Wilcox, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Kate Dillon, Miss Carrie Gwin, and Miss Laura McKinstry.

## The Follis Luncheon.

A luncheon was given at the University Club on Tuesday, January 30th, by Miss Lillian Follis in honor of her cousin, Mrs. James L. Flood. The guests, who were seated at five round tables, were:

Mrs. James L. Flood, Mrs. James Keeney, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Miss Follis, Miss Bessie Ames, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Ethel Brigham, Miss Fannie Baldwin, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Sarah Collier, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Alice Colden Hoffman, Miss Helen Hopkins, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Edna Hopkins, Miss Mary Greenwood Josselyn, the Misses Kane, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Adelaide Murphy, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Mary Thomas, Miss Anna Voorhies, and Miss Jessie Watt.

## The Pillsbury Tea.

Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury gave a tea in honor of her mother and sister, Mrs. Charles H. Taylor and Miss Taylor, of Boston, who are now visiting her, on Friday afternoon, February 2d, at her home, 3521 Clay Street. The hours were from four until seven, and during that time a large number of friends called. The hostess was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Paul Jarboe, Mrs. Robert Harrison, Mrs. Charles Bentley, Miss Pillsbury, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Florence Josselyn, Miss Adelaide Murphy, and Miss Eleanor Wood.

## A Dance at the Golf Club.

A dance was given in the club-house of the San Francisco Golf Club, near the First Avenue entrance to the Presidio, on Monday evening, January 29th, by several young ladies who are members of the club. It was not a "golf dance," the hostesses and their guests being in ordinary evening-dress. Dancing began at an early hour, and the affair was over by half-past twelve, when special cars of the Sacramento Street line brought the company back to town.

The hostesses of the occasion were Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Alice Colden Hoffman, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Cora Smedberg, and Miss Carrie Taylor.

## A "Kinder Symphony."

The Oakland Golf Club's house at Adams Point was the scene of a merry party given on Wednesday evening, January 31st, by Mrs. J. C. Tucker in honor of her niece, Miss Havermeier, of Chicago, who came West to be a bridesmaid at the wedding of Miss Mae Tucker and Mr. A. S. Macdonald. About two hundred guests were invited, and there were few absentees. Both men and women wore golf costumes, in which red was the predominating color.

The programme opened with the "Kinder Symphony," in which Mrs. P. A. Williams and Mr. Paul Miller played violins, Miss Kate Clement the flute, Mr. Will King the piano, and Miss Virginia de Fremery, Mr. Horace Miller, Mrs. George McNear, Jr., Miss McNear, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Donald Campbell, Mr. Vail Bakewell, Mr. Hubert Veeder, Miss Carrie Havens, and Mrs. Edington Detrick played baby instruments. A cotillion, led by Miss Havermeier, followed, the figures being danced to nursery rhymes and the favors being childish toys.

## A Colonial Evening.

A "colonial evening" was given by the California Club at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall on Tuesday evening last. The members and their guests wore Continental costume, and many relics of colonial days were used in the decorations of the rooms. The guests were received by the officers of the club—Mrs. Lovell White, Mrs. J.

W. Orr, Mrs. A. R. Cotton, Mrs. J. H. Jewett, Mrs. W. H. Mills, Mrs. John Jay Scoville, Mrs. Hadwen Swain, Miss Bernice J. Scoville, Mrs. A. D. Sharon, Mrs. John Russ, Dr. Dorothea Moore, and Mrs. George Law Smith—and, after a grand march at eight o'clock, the following programme was presented:

Madrigals (a) "Awake! Sweet Love" (John Dowling), 1597, (b) "Now Is the Month of Maying" (Thomas Morley), 1595, Miss Doane, Miss Kerr, Alfred Wilkie, and W. C. Campbell; "The Thorn" (William Shield), 1760, Alfred Wilkie; "The Boston Tea Party," 1773, Miss Isobel Kerr; "The Bonnie Earl of Moray" (old Scotch song), Walter C. Campbell; "The Law with the Delicate Air" (De Arne), 1770, Miss Florence J. Deane; madrigal, "Down in a Flowery Vale" (Constantius), 1547, Miss Doane, Miss Kerr, Mr. Wilkie, and Mr. Campbell.

It was the intention to have minuets and country dances, but these were forbidden by the rules of the association which owns the hall.

## The Mardi Gras Ball.

The San Francisco Art Association will issue invitations for its annual Mardi Gras ball next week. Preparations have already been begun for this notable society event of the year, made more notable on this occasion by the fact that it inaugurates the opening of the new art gallery, erected and presented to the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art by Mr. Searles.

There will be two large orchestras of thirty pieces each, one in the gallery and the other in the hall of the main building. Boxes will be provided for those who prefer looking on to dancing, both in the upstairs balcony of the main building and in the gallery proper. Applications for these may be made to the executive committee.

Every indication goes to show that the number of those appearing in fancy costume will be larger than ever this year. Gentlemen are expected to come in costume, but will not be allowed the privilege of masking, while with ladies who occupy the floor masking is imperative.

## Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels gave a dinner on Friday evening, February 2d, at their home on Howard Street, complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Brander, formerly Miss Gertrude Forman. Covers were laid for sixteen.

Mrs. E. R. Dimond gave a progressive card party recently at her home at 2204 Pacific Avenue. There were five tables of seven-handed euchre, and the prizes were won by Miss Beaver, Miss Gertrude Bates, Miss Laura McKinstry, Mrs. Cole, and Mrs. Preston. The consolation prize was won by Mrs. Magee.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels gave a Japanese luncheon recently at which she entertained Mrs. Jessie Bowie-Detrick, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. William Irwin, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Hyde-Smith, Miss Jolliffe, and Miss Laura McKinstry.

Mrs. George R. Shreve gave a party for little ones at the Century Club on Thursday afternoon, February 1st, at which she entertained a number of her children's friends.

The Misses Morrison, of San José, entertained a house-party from Friday, January 27th, to Monday, at their residence at the corner of Fifth and Julian Streets. Their guests were Judge and Mrs. Belling, of Portland, Or., Judge Gilbert, Miss Gilbert, and Mr. S. C. Houghton. Several affairs were given in their honor. The party returned to this city on Monday morning, January 29th.

The estate of the late Charles F. Crocker has decided to build a thoroughly modern family hotel on the north-east corner of Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street, and last week sent General R. H. Warfield, lessee of the California Hotel, in company with an architect and a contractor, on a tour of the principal Eastern cities to examine the newest hotels and determine what features should be incorporated in the new caravansary.

## Artificial Sight.

A Russian inventor has perfected an electrical appliance which he claims will enable the blind to see. This will bring much happiness to those who have defective eyesight. Another great discovery which will bring much happiness to those whose stomachs have become deranged is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It has made a world-wide reputation for itself as a certain cure for such ailments as indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, and malaria, fever and ague.

The year 47 B. C. was the longest year on record. By order of Julius Caesar it contained four hundred and forty-five days. The additional days were put in to make the seasons conform as nearly as possible to the solar year.

JUST AS OF OLD MILD

ALEXANDER

Pears'

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap?

Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

THE GREAT LEADER OF  
CHAMPAGNES

G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry

WHILE words tell, statistics prove.

The importation of G. H. Mumm & Co.'s EXTRA DRY in 1899 aggregating 109,303 cases, or 72,495 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

ROSNER'S HUNGARIAN ORCHESTRA

E. M. ROSNER,  
Tel. Steiner 2751.

B. JAULUS,  
Tel. Sutter 1036.

From 12-1, Sherman, Clay & Co.

A magnificent gift, amounting to \$1,055,000 in value, has been received by the University of France from M. Raphael Bischoffsheim, a deputy and a member of the Institute. It consists of the Observatory of Nice, with eighty-six acres of land, two auxiliary observatories, with their instruments, and the library, and, further, \$500,000 in cash for the maintenance of the observatory.

THE HOTEL RICHELIEU

N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.

The Principal and Finest  
Family Hotel of San Francisco  
HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

HOTEL BELLA VISTA

1001 PINE STREET.

THE PIONEER FIRST-CLASS FAMILY  
HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. M. W. DENVER.

THE COLONIAL HOTEL

Cor. Pine and Jones Sts.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE  
LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee  
San Francisco, Cal.

THE LENOX

628 SUTTER STREET.

First-class quiet Family Hotel.  
D. W. JAMES, Proprietor,  
Late of Paso Robles Hotel.

**ROYAL** Baking Powder  
Absolutely Pure.  
Made from Pure Grape Cream  
of Tartar.



## SOCIETY.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Anoexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, who has been visiting Mrs. Harold Sewall in Honolulu, has taken a cottage there and intends to remain in the islands for a couple of months yet.

Mrs. Edgar B. Carroll, who returned only last week from New York, where she has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. George Crocker, for the past four months, went East again last Thursday, accompanied by Mr. Carroll and their son. They will hereafter make their permanent home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Hobart came up from San Mateo on Wednesday and were guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Arthur Sewall, of Bath, Me., has returned to town after a visit to his son, Mr. Harold M. Sewall, in Honolulu.

Dr. and Mrs. George H. Powers have changed their residence to 3340 Clay Street, between Central Avenue and Walnut Street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Lord, of the Dalles, Or., are guests at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Loewe are at the Palace Hotel for the remainder of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Lawrence Requa, of Piedmont, have returned from their visit to New York and Washington.

Mr. Horace G. Platt left on Monday, January 29th, for the East as the guest of Mr. George Crocker in his private car. Mr. Platt will visit his sister, Mrs. Kent, in New York, and then go South to Georgia to visit his other sister, Mrs. Owens.

Mrs. John P. Jones and the Misses Jones, of Santa Monica, are in Paris, where they will remain throughout the greater part of the exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Avery have returned from a six weeks' visit to New York, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Cory are in town from Fresno, and are stopping at the California Hotel.

Mrs. Caroline L. Ashe is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Harold Sewall, in Honolulu.

Mrs. Herrman Oelrichs intends to sail from New York on February 14th, to join Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Pease, who have recently arrived from New York, made a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais on Tuesday.

Dr. Frederick O. Chamberlain is in town, and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Katherine Powers is in Washington, D. C., the guest of her cousin, the wife of Senator H. C. Hansbrough, but is expecting to return to San Francisco early in March.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson is not expected back from the Hawaiian Islands until the end of Lent.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lawrence and Miss Lawrence are in town from Portland. They made a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. P. R. Mahury and Miss Mabury, of San José, are staying at the California Hotel for a few days.

Judge N. G. Bond, of Santa Clara, will leave this week for New York and Washington.

Mr. Frank W. Runyon, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Parrish, of this city, Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Ripley, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Billing, Mr. Walter Gregory, of Chicago, and Mr. Charles Ruddock, of Los Angeles, constituted a party who enjoyed a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Hart have taken an apartment at the Palace Hotel.

Among the week's guests at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. M. Van Vleet and Miss Van Vleet, Mrs. L. B. Brandt, Mr. Clarence King, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Hobson, and Mr. H. Sherwood, of this city, Mrs. George T. Hawley and Mrs. L. A. Stuart, of Oakland, Mr. J. D. Vintue, of Montreal, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Schmidt, of Philadelphia, Mr. L. C. Gordon, of London, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Duggan, of Trenton, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Shepherd, of Spokane, Mr. F. W. Thompson, of Helena, Mont., and Mrs. D. E. Baker, of San Rafael.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. George F. Burroughs, of Idaho, Mr. H. G. Laugenberger, of Los Angeles, Mr. W. R. Rainey, of Chicago, Mr. G. A. Fraser, of Sherbrooke, Canada, Mrs. W. P. Veuve, of Los Gatos, Mrs. G. M. King, of Rossland, B. C., Mr. B. D. Buller, of Omaha, Mr. F. G. Munzer, of Bakersfield, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Gorrell, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. George Merkel, of Milwaukee, Mrs. A. Houghton, of Chicago, Dr. A. M. Gardner, of Napa, Mr. Earl Rodgers and Dr. E. M. Pallette, of Los Angeles, and Mrs. J. Gregg and Mrs. J. P. Newell, of New York.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

General William Montrose Graham, U. S. A., and Mrs. Graham are expected here in a few days from Atlanta, Ga., en route to Manila.

Dr. Reginald K. Smith, U. S. N., has been relieved from duty at Mare Island, and is now ordered to Yerba Buena, the new station, familiarly known as Goat Island. As there are no quarters for the officers' families on the island, Mrs. Smith will make her home at present with her father, Mr. Irving M. Scott.

The marriage of Miss Harriet Louise Smith, daughter of Mrs. Walter Brown, to Lieutenant Rogers F. Gardner, Third Artillery, U. S. A., took place on Wednesday noon, January 31st, at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Stanley Ewing. The ceremony, which was witnessed by only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties, was performed by the Rev. J. H. Macomber, chaplain

at the Presidio, and Lieutenant Ralph P. Brower, Third Artillery, U. S. A., was the groom's best man. After a brief honeymoon, Lieutenant and Mrs. Gardner will go to housekeeping at the Presidio, where Lieutenant Gardner is now stationed.

Miss Caroline Stetson Ayers is visiting her cousin, Lieutenant Charles D. Rhodes, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., at Fort Logan, near Denver.

Major L. H. Haskell, Captain C. C. Ballou, Lieutenant John B. Clayton, and Lieutenant L. D. Breckinridge, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., who arrived on the transport *Thomas*, are guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Captain Edwin F. Glenn, Twenty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. V., has been relieved from duty with the Cook's Inlet exploring expedition, and is ordered to proceed to San Francisco.

Captain Harry L. Haskell, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Haskell have returned from Maaila accompanied by Miss Sarah Kerr, and are guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Captain William R. Abercrombie, Second Infantry, U. S. A., and First-Lieutenant Walter C. Babcock, Eighth Cavalry, U. S. A., have been ordered to report in person to Colonel George M. Randall, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., now in Washington, D. C., under orders to assume command of the Department of Alaska, for assignment to duty in that department.

## Golf and Tennis Notes.

A ladies' singles tournament was held at the courts of the California Lawn Tennis Club on Thursday afternoon, February 1st, with the following results:

First round—Miss Edith Waterman defeated Miss Bernice Drown by the latter's default; Miss Marion Hall defeated Miss Winifred Mason, 6-2, 6-0; Miss Hunter defeated Miss Edith Chesebrough, 6-0, 6-1; Miss Georgina Hopkins defeated Miss M. Eisen, 6-2, 6-3; Miss Elsie Clark defeated Miss Ruth Foster, 6-4, 6-3; Miss Isobel Sherwood defeated Miss Alice Colden Hoffman by the latter's default; Mrs. S. M. Haslitt defeated Miss Dorothy Eells, 6-0, 6-0; Miss B. N. Bowman defeated Miss Helen Chesebrough by the latter's default.

Second round—Miss Hall defeated Miss Waterman, 6-0, 6-0; Miss Hunter defeated Miss Hopkins, 6-4, 6-1; Miss Clark defeated Miss Sherwood, 6-3, 6-3; Mrs. Haslitt defeated Miss Bowman, 6-2, 6-3.

Semi-finals—Miss Hall defeated Miss Hunter, 6-2, 6-3; Mrs. Haslitt defeated Miss Clark, 6-2, 6-0.

Finals—Miss Hall defeated Mrs. Haslitt, 6-1, 6-2.

Miss Hall thus won first prize and Mrs. Haslitt second. A third prize is to be played for in a consolation tournament next Thursday afternoon, those who lost their first game in last Thursday's tournament being eligible.

The first match in the home-and-home contest between the San Francisco and Oakland Golf Clubs took place on the Presidio links on Saturday afternoon, January 27th. It was over 18 holes, match play, and resulted as follows:

E. J. McCutchen, S. F. . . . . . Out 6 6 6 6 5 5 6 6 7-6 up-5 up  
In 6 6 7 5 6 8 5 6 7

H. E. Knowles, O. . . . . . Out 8 7 7 5 5 7 7 7 8  
In 6 5 7 4 5 8 9 6 8-1 up

J. W. Byrne, S. F. . . . . . Out 5 5 5 4 4 5 6 6 7-6 up-4 up  
In 7 6 6 7 5 6 6 7 5

E. G. Gow, O. . . . . . Out 7 6 7 5 5 9 7 6 6  
In 7 6 7 4 5 5 5 5 6-2 up

H. D. Pillsbury, S. F. . . . . . Out 6 7 5 6 4 4 6 5 7-1 up-0 up  
In 6 6 6 5 4 6 6 5 6

G. D. Greenwood, O. . . . . . Out 7 6 5 4 5 5 6 6 6  
In 6 6 6 4 6 6 6 5 5-1 up

H. B. Goodwin, S. F. . . . . . Out 7 5 4 4 6 5 7 5 7  
In 7 5 6 4 5 4 5 4 5-5 up-4 up

E. R. Folger, O. . . . . . Out 6 5 6 5 6 6 6 6 7-1 up  
In 7 5 7 5 5 6 6 4 6

R. H. Gaylord, S. F. . . . . . Out 6 6 6 4 5 6 5 4 6-3 up-4 up  
In 6 6 6 5 5 7 6 4 6-1 up

J. C. McKee, O. . . . . . Out 6 9 5 5 4 8 5 6 7  
In 7 7 4 5 5 6 6 6 6

Charles Page, S. F. . . . . . Out 5 7 7 5 5 4 5 5 6-2 up-1 up  
In 5 6 8 5 5 4 5 7 7

F. S. Stratton, O. . . . . . Out 5 7 5 5 5 7 6 5 7  
In 8 5 7 5 6 4 6 6 6-1 up

S. L. Abbot, Jr., O. . . . . . Out 6 5 6 5 5 5 5 5 5-2 up-6 up  
In 6 4 5 4 5 5 6 4 7-4 up

W. P. Johnson, O. . . . . . Out 6 5 7 5 6 4 7 5 2  
In 5 6 6 5 6 6 5 5 7

L. O. Kellogg, S. F. . . . . . Out 4 6 5 6 7 5 5 5 7-5 up-3 up  
In 6 5 5 5 6 6 5 6 6

T. R. Hutchinson, O. . . . . . Out 7 5 6 7 8 5 8 6 7  
In 4 5 8 4 5 6 5 5 7-2 up

San Francisco wins by 27 up

The second match will be played on the Oakland links on Saturday, February 3d, commencing at two P. M. The scores of the two matches will be added together, and the winning club will hold the challenge trophy for which they are playing, until the second series has been played off. Then, if either team has won both series, the trophy goes to its club permanently, but if each team wins once, a fifth match will be played on neutral grounds.

The San Francisco Club's team will consist of eight men chosen from the following: S. L. Abbot, Jr., Harry Babcock, J. W. Byrne, Major

Hugh J. Gallagher, U. S. V., R. H. Gaylord, Harry B. Goodwin, John Lawson, Lansing O. Kellogg, E. J. McCutcheon, Charles Page, Horace D. Pillsbury, and A. B. Williamson; and the Oakland team will be much as it was last week, with the possible substitution of R. M. Fitzgerald and Charles P. Hubbard for two others, Mr. Hubbard being almost entirely recovered from his recent illness.

The first round of the first tournament for the Council's Trophy for ladies of the San Francisco Golf Club will take place at the Presidio links on Saturday morning, February 3d, beginning at ten o'clock, the semi-finals and finals following on Monday and Wednesday, respectively. The qualifying round was played on Wednesday, January 31st, the results being as follows:

Miss Alice Colden Hoffman . . . . . Out 7 7 8 6 7 6 6 5 8-60  
In 6 7 7 6 6 6 6 8 5 6-57-117

Miss Maud Mullins . . . . . Out 8 10 9 7 6 6 9 7 10-72  
In 9 8 8 5 6 7 6 6 11-66-138

Mrs. H. C. Breeden . . . . . Out 8 9 8 6 8 6 7 7 10-69  
In 8 7 10 5 7 8 9 7 8-69-138

Miss Sarah Drum . . . . . Out 11 9 8 4 7 8 7 9 13-76  
In 8 8 8 4 5 7 8 6 9-63-139

Miss Caro Crockett . . . . . Out 10 7 11 6 8 6 8 7 10-73  
In 7 7 7 8 5 6 10 12-67-140

Miss Mary Scott . . . . . Out 8 9 7 5 10 6 7 6 9-67  
In 9 7 11 7 5 6 12 7 10-74-141

Miss Edith McBean . . . . . Out 9 9 8 5 8 7 14 7 11-78  
In 12 11 9 7 6 8 8 7 10-78-156

Miss Ella Morgan . . . . . Out 11 11 10 7 7 8 11 5 11-81  
In 11 8 9 6 7 8 10 8 10-77-158

Miss Carrie Taylor . . . . . Out 10 12 15 6 7 7 7 6 12-82  
In 10 9 7 9 6 7 10 9 11-78-160

Miss Ives . . . . . Out 11 12 9 9 7 9 15 10 12-94  
In 10 12 9 8 9 10 14 6 14-92-186

The first eight of these will compete in the tournament, which is over 18 holes, match play.

With her flags at half-mast, the transport *Thomas* arrived in port Tuesday, January 30th, bearing the remains of General Henry W. Lawton, Major John A. Logan, Jr., and Lieutenant Bennett and Dr. J. L. Armstrong. In the cabin of the vessel were about twenty passengers, including Mrs. Lawton and her children. The caskets containing the bodies were landed at the transport dock, and later taken to an undertaker's under an escort of artillery, to await transportation to the East by special train. General Shafter was specially detailed by the Secretary of War to accompany the remains. The train consisted of a baggage-car, a composite-car, and two Pullmans, and left Thursday afternoon. In the first Pullman were Mrs. Lawton, her four children, Mrs. Armstrong and her friends, General Shafter and his aid, Lieutenant Wilson, Lieutenant-Colonel Edwards, Captain E. L. King, Captain Robert Sewell, Lieutenant Breckinridge, and Chaplain Pierce. Mrs. Logan, her three children, her mother, Mrs. Andrews, Miss Parnlee, of Cleveland, Major Tucker and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bentley, of Youngstown, were assigned to the other Pullman. At Chicago the remains of Major Logan will be transferred to another train and taken to Youngstown, O., where his mother is awaiting their arrival, and where the interment will take place. The body of General Lawton will lie in state, both at Fort Wayne and Indianapolis, Ind., and will then be taken to Washington for interment.

The mail facilities of Alaska will be much superior this year to those of any previous season. Beginning on April 30th, the Alaska Commercial Company, which has been awarded the contract by the government, will take mail twice a month from San Francisco and Seattle to Nome, St. Michael, and other points on the Yukon River. The service will be kept up as late as October 15th, and regular postal rates will prevail.

There is a complete failure of the olive crop in Southern Italy and in Sicily this year, owing to the ravages of the oil fly, which appeared in unusual numbers on account of the prolonged drought of last summer and fall. The loss to the provinces of Bari and Lecce alone is estimated at sixty million lire, or twelve millions of dollars.

The Tavern of Tamalpais is a pleasant destination for those who wish to get away from the noise and bustle of city life and enjoy a pleasant day's outing. For ferry time-table see ad. on page 10.

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# The Argonaut.

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ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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The election of Thomas R. Bard to represent this State in the United States Senate puts an end to what was a disgraceful situation. With a Republican majority in each house the legislators were unable during thirteen months to unite with sufficient strength upon any one candidate to secure his election. During the regular session more than one hundred ballots were taken without any important change in the result, the regular business was delayed and neglected, the session was unduly prolonged, involving heavy expense upon the tax-payers, and the air at Sacramento was filled with scandal and rumors of scandal. It was perfectly evident long before the close of the session that none of the leading

candidates could be elected, yet they persisted in their contest and rendered necessary the extra session, which was in reality called solely for the purpose of selecting a senator. The compromise among the warring factions that put an end to the situation might equally well have been reached during the regular session, and, had this been done, it would have been a distinct advantage to the party.

Apart from the delay the result is most satisfactory. Thomas R. Bard, though he has been comparatively little known in the northern part of the State, has been a leading citizen of Ventura for many years. He has been a consistent Republican, is familiar with the needs of California, has had no entangling alliances, and may he trusted to represent the interests of the State intelligently and well in the national legislature. On the other hand, the defeat of Colonel Burns is a distinct gain. There may have been nothing against his personal character, but he had been distinguished as a political manager, not as a statesman, and his associations were such as to discredit his candidacy. The developments during the early part of last year left little doubt in the minds of candid observers that as a candidate he represented the interests of the railroad company; he was the choice of William F. Herrin, and his election would have been accepted as an acknowledgment that Mr. Herrin controlled the actions of the Republican party in this State. The selection of Mr. Bard is a repudiation of such control, and relieves the party of a considerable disadvantage. Mr. Bard has announced that he believes in the policy of expansion, and he defines his Republicanism by saying that he will support the administration consistently.

The long struggle that has thus been brought to a close emphasizes anew the necessity for adopting some other method of selecting United States Senators. Three States remain with one-half of their representation in the upper House on account of the inability of their legislatures to agree upon any candidate. The investigation into the election of Senator Clark, of Montana, now being conducted at Washington, illustrates another undesirable phase of the present system. In the State legislature a constitutional amendment has been introduced providing that the voters may express their preferences for a senator at the election preceding his selection by the legislature, but this would clearly not be binding upon the legislators. In Congress a constitutional amendment is pending providing that the method of selecting senators shall be left to the option of the several States.

Less than two months ago the Argonaut printed the first of its articles warning the American people of some unsuspected dangers from Asiatic annexation. We showed then that Asiatic annexation would inexorably and inevitably lead to coolie labor and free trade. Our owlish San Francisco dailies at first ignored the question utterly; then they sneered at it as being "sensational"; then they denounced this journal for attempting "needlessly to alarm the wage-earners." At the time we warned the Republican press of California of these grave dangers, but they would not listen. The rural press took their cue from the San Francisco dailies, and also attempted to sneer the danger away. But it is one of those issues that can not be whistled down the wind.

Regarding the second of these issues—that of free trade with our new island possessions—the Argonaut's prediction of its importance has been verified by events. Within a month it has suddenly become the leading issue before the American nation. Within a month it has engrossed the attention of the Executive, the Senate, and the House. And within a month it has brought about differences of opinion between the insular committees of both Senate and House, differences of opinion between the President and both committees, and even differences of opinion between the members of the committees themselves. It has resulted in a complete change in the attitude of leading Eastern Republican journals toward the question of free trade with our new tropical islands. It has caused the President to recede from the utterances in his recent message, in which he recom-

mended free trade with Puerto Rico and a complete Territorial government for that island. In addition to the recommendation in his message, the President had many conferences with Republican leaders in Congress, and strongly urged free trade with that island. Representative Payne, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, conferred with the President, and as a result prepared a bill extending our customs laws to Puerto Rico, thereby giving the Puerto Ricans absolute free trade with this country. This was in the House. In the Senate, the Foraker bill, extending our laws to Puerto Rico, also had the approval of the President.

Now the President has become alarmed at the attitude of the extreme protectionist Republicans, who suspect him of coquetting with Democratic theories of free trade. He has therefore withdrawn his approval of both the Payne and Foraker bills. Within a month there is thus a complete reversal of the administration's policy regarding free trade with our new island possessions. It is believed now that the administration will cease to urge free trade with the islands, but will postpone such insular tariff legislation until the next Congress. By that time many things may happen—among other things a supreme court decision settling the status of Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines.

It is scarcely credible, but not a word or line was printed concerning this grave issue in any California newspaper until weeks after the Argonaut had pointed out this danger. Did these shallow newspapers believe that they could keep their Republican readers in ignorance of so grave an issue vitally affecting the welfare of the Republican party? Did they believe that the tom-tom clamor they have kept up over Asiatic annexation would drown its dangers? Did they believe that all their readers are as shallow as themselves, and that reasoning, thinking, intelligent Republicans are to be led by the nose by a time-serving and mercenary press? If so, we can assure them that they are mistaken. The Argonaut pointed out this grave issue, which they have attempted to ignore. The Republicans of California now know of it. Its gravity and its danger are shown by the complete somersault of the administration upon the question within one short month.

Now let us take up the other branch of this issue, which also was first pointed out by this journal—THE CHRONICLE WANTS COOLIES MADE CITIZENS. that of the menace of Asiatic coolie labor. If our California contemporaries were silent concerning the threat of free trade, they were amused at the menace of coolie labor. The Chronicle, for example, denounced our warning as "an appeal to the laboring classes by making a scarecrow of the labor question as affected by the exigencies of territorial expansion." The Chronicle stigmatized our warnings of the coolie danger as "lugubrious nonsense." That journal earnestly advocates making Asiatic islands into States of the American Union and making Asiatic coolies into citizens of the United States. Yet it has the presumption, in the same breath, to declare that American workingmen need not fear the competition of these coolie fellow-citizens. The Chronicle must have a low opinion of the intelligence of American workingmen if it thinks they will believe such statements. But the Chronicle must necessarily have a low opinion of American workingmen when it is trying to degrade them to the level of Asiatic coolies. We will leave that journal to explain to the workingmen who read it why it advocates conferring American Statehood on Asiatic islands, American citizenship on Asiatic serfs, and lowering the wages of white American workingmen to the level of those received by yellow Asiatic coolies.

We are aware that the Argonaut's warnings of the Asiatic peril might be denounced as editorial opinions merely, and sensational opinions at that. Very well. Let us come, then, to facts and not opinions. On January 27th there was given in New York a banquet by the American-Asiatic Association. The reader need not start. There is already in this



republican an "American-Asiatic Association." If it accomplishes its ends, and if the *Chronicle* and similar journals accomplish theirs, we shall soon have, in addition to the German-American and Irish-American vote, the Asiatic-American vote. The *Argonaut* hopes that day may never come. The *Chronicle* would have it now.

But to return to the banquet. The dinner was laid at Delmonico's. The guests were numerous and distinguished. Among them were senators and representatives of the United States, ex-Cabinet ministers, and several foreign ministers, including Wu Ting Fang, Chinese minister to the United States. Speeches were made by Colonel Denby, Philippine commissioner and ex-minister to China; John Barrett, ex-minister to Siam; Jotura Komura, Japanese minister to the United States; and Wu Ting Fang, Chinese minister to the United States. The speeches were all on the same lines—the advantages of Asiatic annexation "and what there is in it for us." They were on the same lines as Senator Beveridge's speech, of whom, when he had finished, Senator Hoar said caustically that the senator had spoken freely of trade and commerce and mines of gold, but that he had not had occasion in his speech to use the words "justice," "morality," or "honor."

We said the speeches were all on the same lines. We were in error. One was on different lines—that of the Chinese minister, Wu Ting Fang. This gentleman "spoke in excellent English, his address lasting for over half an hour." He is reported *verbatim* in the New York papers. His speech is of much interest to California, to California's workingmen, to California's newspapers, and to the *Chronicle*. The Chinese minister said that China possesses a population of over four hundred millions; that she wants the wheat of Dakota, the cotton of Carolina, the iron and steel of Pennsylvania, and American goods and manufactures generally; that the United States could secure a large share of the China trade, "but," said the minister, "you must be a little civil and polite in your dealings with us if you want to secure a share of the China trade. It will depend upon your treatment of my countrymen, not only in this country, but especially in your newly acquired colonies. Your efforts to get our trade will be frustrated by unjust treatment of the Chinese, either here or in the Philippines."

The minister closed by saying, in plain language, that "if the United States wants China's trade, this country must not preclude the Chinese from coming here." He further insinuated that "the Chinese Government would take retaliatory measures for any such treatment"—meaning exclusion. He also threatened that "in view of the severe enforcement of the Chinese exclusion law China may boycott American goods."

Here we have the whole matter in a nutshell. We have heard a great deal about the "open door." Many candid people will admit that they do not know what the "open door" means. We will tell them. It means the opening of the door which California shut years ago, and which bars out Chinese coolies from the United States. Different definitions prevail, however. Secretary Hay and the administration, for example, say that the "open door" means free access to China for American trade. But the Chinese minister says that the United States shall have no open door to China unless China has an open door to the United States.

We commend this bold and open threat of the Chinese minister to the consideration of the *Chronicle* and other journals that have labored to bring about Asiatic annexation. They have talked much about the "open door" and the "trade of the Orient." They have brought about Asiatic annexation, and now wish to make Asiatic islands American States and Asiatic coolies American citizens. Are they also willing to barter the birthright of free American workmen for a mess of Oriental pottage? Are they willing to open the gates, not only to Philippine coolies, but to Chinese coolies as well? Are they willing, in exchange for an open door to China's trade, to open our door to China's coolies?

Our compliments to the *Chronicle* and our other Asiatic contemporaries. We should really like to hear from them, and learn what they have to say.

The inauguration of the municipal government under the new charter promises to precipitate an avalanche of legal questions, many of which will be appealed to the courts for decision and will necessitate expensive litigation. Already the legality of the election of a tax collector has been referred to the superior court; the board of health is defending itself against an attack brought in the name of the former health officer, and the secretary of the superseded fire commission is seeking judicial aid to prevent his position being declared vacant. The city attorney is being deluged with requests from the various departments for opinions as to their powers and as to the interpretation of provisions in the charter, and, owing to the importance of the interests involved, the final interpretation must be left to the courts in many cases.

This is unfortunate, though it was to have been expected as incident to any such radical change in the form of government.

The most serious question that has arisen, however, is in connection with the two issues of bonds voted for by the people last December. It will be remembered that those two elections were held under the provisions of State laws authorizing the issue of bonds, and were held just prior to the time when the charter was to go into effect. One of the supervisors has raised the question whether the proceedings can be completed under the present government, and a number of lawyers are of the opinion that he has called attention to a fatal defect. The supervisors derive their powers from the charter; that instrument defines in detail the proceedings to be had when bonds are to be issued, and it is claimed that the bonds will not be legal unless every step is strictly in accordance with those provisions and under their authority. The two State laws, according to this contention, were repealed so far as this city is concerned when the charter went into effect, and no further proceedings can be had under them.

Whether the point is well taken as a legal proposition, the *Argonaut* is not prepared to say. The decision will have to come from the supreme court, for capitalists are inclined to avoid investments where the security is doubtful, particularly when the amount involved is ten million dollars. Even were it possible to float the bonds without a decision sustaining their validity, the prices obtained would not be as large as would have been received had no such question arisen. Had impatience not led to the elections being held before the charter went into effect, the expense of litigation would have been saved, and the delay which has arisen would have been avoided.

Probably the most eloquent orator in the Democracy is W. Bourke Cockran, of New York. His speeches in Democratic conventions and elsewhere have made a marked impression upon the public. Even those who do not agree with him must admit that Mr. Cockran is eloquent, earnest, and honest. He is a born leader of men. And he is not as politic as some politicians, for he refused to accept the Chicago platform four years ago, and supported Major McKinley. In short, Mr. Cockran was one of those high-minded Democrats who made possible the running of the gold-Democratic ticket, and who contributed not a little to the success of the Republican candidate.

Considering Mr. Cockran's prominence in the Democratic ranks, a statement given out by him last week, defining his position in the coming campaign, will be read with interest. Briefly summarized, Mr. Cockran says: That in 1896 he supported Major McKinley, as he had conscientious objections to the Chicago platform; that he had no objection to Mr. Bryan; that he had served with him in Congress, and had the highest opinion of him personally; that "this high opinion is now held by the whole American people"; that there were vicious principles in the Chicago platform; that they will be omitted from the Democratic platform of 1900; that the issue in the next election will be imperialism; that it can not be silver; that even with Democratic success on a silver platform "we could not go on a silver basis for at least four years"; that "a question which can not be decided by the election can not become one of its issues"; that "the American people have never waged a Presidential contest upon an abstraction"; that "the silver question has been postponed by the people for at least four years"; that the Democratic platform will re-affirm its faith in silver without pressing the issue this year; that the campaign will be fought out on the issue of imperialism by the Democrats "with the aid of all citizens who abhor the attempt to clothe this republic in the tawdry rags of imperialism." And Mr. Cockran closes by saying to the Democratic party: "I would re-affirm the Declaration of Independence, and go to the people on that alone."

This statement should be construed as a warning by the Republican leaders. It means that this year we are not to have the support of the gold Democrats. It means that Cockran and men like him, who four years ago were fighting against Bryan and for McKinley, will this year be fighting against McKinley and for Bryan. It means that wise counselors like Cockran will urge Bryan to subordinate and postpone the silver issue to such a distant date as to enable wavering anti-imperialists, whether Democrats or Republicans, to rally under the Bryan banner.

Again the *Argonaut* urges the administration and the administration organs to pause before committing this country irrevocably to free trade, cheap labor, and imperialism. Already the menace of free trade with our tropical islands is disheartening protectionist Republicans. The menace of coolie competition with our free white labor is striking a chill to the hearts of the workmen on the Pacific Coast. The gold-Democratic split in Bryan's party is evidently to be healed, and we shall have to meet a united Democracy with

a dissident and divided Republican army. We earnestly urge the Republican leaders to pause while there is yet time.

In the efforts to make capital of the attractions naturally afforded by a tropic island, transportation companies have been urging colonists to Cuba. If anything is to be judged from the stories of those who have accepted the bait, the glowing advertisements are in token of heartless fraud. They were subject to hunger, exposure, extortion, and at the end of a journey marked by hardship found nothing to induce them to stay. The settlement to which they had looked for a home was a collection of tents in the heart of a virgin forest. There was no way to reach it except by a road little better than a trail, across a morass. La Gloria is the name of the spot to which many had looked forward so eagerly. The proprietors seem to have named it in a spirit of jocularly. It is not only far from a market, in an unhealthy region, but there is no prospect that a market will be created for it for many years. Expenses are high, and there is a total absence of opportunity to work to advantage, as the only improvements are those being made by the concern responsible for the scheme, and one hopeful colonist who essayed to earn enough to pay his way out to civilization was surprised to ascertain at the end of a week that he owed his employers twenty-five cents, they having charged him this much more for board than the amount of his wages.

The La Gloria project was organized under the laws of New Jersey, which seem ready always to cloak any plan of fraud so designed as to bear the outward appearance of legitimacy. In the circulars put forth there are glowing descriptions of Cuba, of its wealth, its genial climate, its boundless chances, its sure and quick response to the touch of industry. It is pictured as exceeding New England in extent, and yet having a population of only 1,500,000, while New England has 11,000,000. The most radiant promises were made, and, indeed, a free rendering of the prospectus would be that the land flowing with milk and honey only awaited the coming of somebody with intent to garner its riches. The statement was made that La Gloria Company had 80,000 acres open to settlers. The truth seems to be that the company has nothing of the sort; that it holds doubtful title to a much smaller tract, and that the land it seeks to sell could not be given to a person having actual knowledge of the situation. Hence it is that the once hopeful colonists are drifting back to the United States, if they happen to have sufficient funds, and are sending warning to friends to keep away.

This particular game does not differ essentially from others that appeal for support of the credulous. The person who is made to believe that by going to Cuba he will fall into an easy living is merely the victim of misrepresentation. Opportunities there undoubtedly are, but these do not go a-begging. Such resources as Cuba may possess will develop in due time, but at present a lodge in a wilderness there is no better than a lodge in any other wilderness. Evidently the accounts issued by transportation companies are to be taken *cum grano salis*. La Gloria, described in a pamphlet, is a place to long for; in the light of truth is a clearing in a dismal forest, unfit for habitation, devoid of promise, and held at a higher figure than improved lands far more accessible.

It is not infrequently that senators and representatives in the United States Congress strongly bent on the prosecution of some—in their view—necessary reform in the policies or methods of government, strive to cut the Gordian knot of obstruction to their plans by proposing new amendments to that "Supreme Law of the Land," the constitution. In the present Congress there is probably an unusual tendency in that direction, expressed in some forty amendments which have already been proposed.

An amendment which is of current interest on account of the recent exclusion of a polygamous representative from Utah, is one which proposes a new article in the constitution providing that neither polygamy nor polygamous cohabitation shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to its jurisdiction, and that no polygamist shall be eligible to any office of honor or emolument, civil or military, or permitted to vote at any election. In the present temper of the people, who have been aroused by the Roberts case, there is a bare possibility that such an amendment might pass Congress by the requisite vote, and that three-fourths of the States might subsequently ratify it. But in view of the fact that there are laws in every State against polygamous relations, and the other fact that it might be considered a precedent for congressional interference with the reserved rights of the States under the constitution, it is more than likely that such an amendment would eventually be regarded as not only unnecessary, but provocative of evil.

Another amendment proposed which is seemingly plausible and harmless, is one which aims to prohibit the States

THE TROUBLES  
OF THE  
NEW CHARTER.



as well as Congress from passing any law respecting the establishment of a religion, or hindering the free exercise thereof, or the contributing of money in aid of any religious denomination or of any institution wholly or partly under sectarian or ecclesiastical control. The resistance to encroachment upon the powers reserved to the States by the constitution alone would be sufficient to shelve such an amendment, if proposed by Congress. The difficulties with most of the suggested amendments are similar, in that they tend to infringe upon the jurisdiction of the States. There are several other proposed amendments whose common purpose it is to give to Congress the right to establish uniform laws relating to marriage and divorce throughout the United States.

Each House of Congress has before it an amendment giving Congress the power to levy taxes on all incomes, such taxes to be uniform, and to be collected without regard to the sources from which the income may be derived. The object of the amendment is to confer upon Congress a power which has already been denied it by decision of the United States Supreme Court. It is not likely to pass in either House.

The proposed amendment providing that United States Senators shall be chosen by the direct vote of the people has undoubted merit, but it is doubtful whether it can be passed in the Senate by any vote, and it can not possibly expect to secure a two-thirds vote. For the present that reform must be left to the people of the various States acting at their primaries or in conventions in such a manner as to give binding instructions to their State legislators.

An amendment is proposed giving Congress the power to enact uniform laws against trusts and combinations of capital, but notwithstanding the anti-trust sentiment, people are not yet ready to give Congress the right to regulate trade and production within the boundaries of a State.

Two other proposals are equally impracticable. One is a proposition to limit the Presidential term to six years and make the President ineligible for reelection, and the other is to allow the President to appoint senators or representatives to Cabinet positions without impairing their right to continue in Congress. The former as any improvement over the present method would be, at least, questionable, and the latter involves a too radical change in our type of government to be popular with the people.

In view of the number and character of these proposed amendments, it is fortunate that constitution-tinkering has been made difficult. In one hundred and twelve years there have been but fifteen additions. The first ten of these were added in the first three years, in order to cover the strenuous objection of many of the States that the constitution-makers had not included in that instrument a bill of rights for the people. The eleventh amendment was adopted in 1798, to limit the jurisdiction of the supreme court, which it was believed should not extend to cases in which one of the States should be the defendant. The twelfth amendment, which regulates the proceedings of the electoral congress in selecting a President and Vice-President, was put in force in 1804. Since then—nearly a century ago—only three amendments have succeeded, and those only through the upheaval caused by civil war.

Never was there a wiser saying than "A little learning is a dangerous thing." Mr. Rider Haggard, the novelist, may be learned in literature, but he is not learned in dietetics. He knows almost as little of the food properties of milk as a lairy-maid or a physician.

These facts are shown by Mr. Haggard's own anecdote of his own achievement. It seems that he was elected guardian of the Heckingham Institution for pauper children. He discovered that they were being, he says, "fed upon watered skim-milk. I was very indignant, and at the next meeting moved that the children should have whole milk. To my surprise, an ancient worthy fiercely opposed me, saying, 'Do you know, sir, that fresh milk is too rich for them? It will ruin their stomachs.'"

But Mr. Haggard's indignation was so great that he carried his point, and the little Heckingham paupers had whole milk.

Probably ninety out of a hundred people would agree with Mr. Haggard. This weakens his case. All mothers and physicians would agree with him. This utterly destroys his case. As a matter of fact, he has not a (lacteal) leg to stand on. Skim-milk contains all of the necessary proteins, sugar, and salts of whole milk. Furthermore, milk is better or children diluted than undiluted. Cows' milk contains more albuminous matter and less sugar than human milk; cows' milk is acid, while human milk is alkaline; the casein of cows' milk undiluted frequently forms a hard, insoluble curd in the juvenile stomach; the juvenile cow has four stomachs, and can get away with it, but the juvenile human has but one stomach, and frequently fails. The digestive albumen in human milk is nearly double that in cows' milk. The indigestible casein in cows' milk is five times

greater than that in human milk. All of the artificial foods designed to replace human milk are largely based upon cows' milk. But all of them endeavor to do the very thing which caused Mr. Haggard's horror, namely, to reduce the amount of free fat (or cream) and dilute the milk in various ways to render it more digestible. Giving the little Heckingham paupers diluted skim-milk was a crude way of assisting their digestion. Giving them whole milk would seem kindly, but it would be a mistaken kindness.

Even healthy children do not thrive on an ill-balanced dietary. Pauper children are rarely healthy, are frequently feeble and rickety, and often inherit disease. It is probable that the well-meaning Mr. Haggard has ruined the digestion of the Heckingham juveniles, and that their little tummies will fail to produce the requisite number of calories of energy to assimilate their whole milk. This will break down their hepatic and duodenal digestions. In the sweet by-and-by, the well-meaning but misguided Mr. Haggard, as a result of his work, will see hundreds of haggard little ghosts sitting on damp clouds in heaven, afflicted with acute amyolytic dyspepsia.

There seems little ground for the fear that the administration will extend recognition to the government of Krüger, or that the hysterical resolutions of sympathy for the Boers, introduced into various legislative bodies, will get farther than the parliamentary table. The attitude of this country and of its people as individuals should be one of the strictest neutrality. Expression of opinion is natural, but this does not properly include giving it official color.

According to precedent, recognition is the prerogative of the President. To dismiss representatives of foreign powers, or to refuse to receive such as may be *persona non grata*, is a privilege the executive has exercised, and Congress has not sought to interfere, or at least only to suggest. In 1811 an effort was made to cause the recognition of the new republics of South America. This was advocated by Clay, but without effect. In 1820 the effort was renewed, but when the President deemed the time ripe for recognition, he took the initiative without regard for the course of Congress.

During the war between Spain and Cuba strenuous endeavors were made to force the recognition by the United States of the Cuban government. The unyielding firmness of McKinley in opposition to this saved the country from the most serious complications, and leaves it now in a position to carry out its promise to the Cubans of a stable government, and to honorably withdraw from the field. There is no reason to suppose that in a new situation somewhat analogous, McKinley will adopt a course contrary to the one he followed before to such manifest advantage. "Not every revolt is in the direction of liberty," and to ignore this truth would be a serious mistake for the making of which no good excuse could thereafter be devised.

The State printer at Sacramento is again in trouble. The printers have threatened to strike unless the appropriations to pay for extra work in that department are passed by the legislature and approved by the governor. The original bills called for seven thousand five hundred dollars, based on the work to be done for a thirty-day session of the legislature.

When it became apparent that the extra session would continue for only about one-half that number of days, the amount was reduced to three thousand five hundred dollars by the senate, but the house refused to concur. In the meantime an evidence of the extravagance and delay in the office is presented by the facts connected with the printing of the report of the agricultural department of the University of California. The publication of that report has been long delayed owing to a dispute concerning the price to be paid. The State printer estimated that the report would fill seven hundred pages, and put the price at ten dollars a page. Two outside printers, acting separately, placed the number of pages at five hundred, and the price at four dollars a page. These figures represent a difference of five thousand dollars against the State office, which must come out of the university appropriation if the larger amount is to be paid. The university has a plant of its own, at which the work can be done at the lower rate, and there is every reason why it should be done there. The agricultural reports contain matter of great value to the farmers of the State, and it is of the utmost importance that they should receive these reports at the earliest possible date. At the university are a number of students who are supporting themselves while gaining their education, and they would be materially assisted if they could do the work on such publications. At the last session of the legislature, however, a law was passed requiring all public printing to be done in the State office, and this blocks the way for benefiting both farmers and students. The purpose of this law was to increase the patronage of the State printing office. That department has always been run on political rather than prac-

tical lines. A private office that ignored common business principles to such an extent would long ago have been forced into insolvency. As between place-seekers and students the interests of the latter should control. It is now too late to repeal this extravagant and unwise law at the extra session, but it should be repealed by the next legislature. It would be wise to go farther and reorganize the entire State printing department.

The bubonic plague has caused the prohibition of imports from certain Oriental ports. Rice from Asiatic ports is not allowed to enter, as rats invariably accompany rice cargoes, and rats are dangerous distributors of the plague germ. This purely sanitary precaution of the quarantine service is having an effect on the domestic rice market. A dispatch from Savannah, Ga., dated January 30th, says that rice has jumped half a cent a pound in the Carolinas, Georgia, and Louisiana, and is still rising. This may impress those fat-heads who affect to believe that free trade with our new tropical islands will not unfavorably affect the American farmer. If a temporary stoppage of foreign rice importations enhances the price of American-grown rice, would not a permanent duty help the American rice-grower? And if all the gates be thrown down and rice be admitted free from our new Asiatic and other islands, will it not hurt the American rice-grower?

Perhaps our free-trade contemporary, the *Chronicle*, can answer this.

The most important recent event in connection with the proposed canal connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans is the modification of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty negotiated by Secretary Hay and Ambassador Pauncefote. When the original treaty was negotiated in 1850, Graytown was inhabited for the most part by English subjects, and Great Britain claimed a protectorate over the Mosquito Indians. For these reasons a joint control over any canal that might be constructed was provided for. Under the new treaty, Great Britain abandons the claim for joint control, but retains the provisions guaranteeing the neutrality of the canal. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty provides that the canal may be constructed by the United States, acting directly or through a private corporation. This country is to manage and regulate the canal and enjoy the rights incident to construction. In order to maintain its neutrality, however, the canal, in time of war, is to be open to vessels of all belligerents as well as neutrals; it shall never be blockaded, and no act of hostility shall be committed in it. No war-vessel shall remain more than twenty-four hours within three miles of either end of it, but a vessel of war of one belligerent shall not depart within twenty-four hours after the departure of the vessel of war of another belligerent. Finally, no fortifications are to be built commanding the canal or the waters adjacent to it.

These provisions regarding neutrality are practically the same as were contained in the original Clayton-Bulwer treaty, yet it is apparent that their retention neutralizes any advantage that this country might gain from the construction of the canal as a measure of defense in case of war. Great Britain is relieved from the expense of any participation in the construction or maintenance of the canal, or in preserving its neutrality, but loses none of the advantages of its construction. It is natural that the new treaty should meet with opposition in the Senate on this account. Perhaps the best solution of the question would be for this country to acquire a strip of territory sufficiently wide along the course of the canal. Any canal constructed within this strip would then be territorial water, and not subject to interference by any other country under the rules of international law.

There is much excitement in California over the proposed reciprocity treaty with France. Commissioner Kasson, the administration's tariff expert, is being roundly denounced in this State. The articles coming from France under low duties which will affect California are nuts, prunes, olive-oil, plants, and seeds. The California producers of these articles are calling on our representatives at Washington to defeat the Kasson treaty.

We hope they may succeed. But while they are about it they had better stir up our representatives at Washington to defend them in another direction where their interests are attacked. The Kasson treaty simply puts low duties on certain articles which France exports and which California also produces. The threatened free trade with our new tropical islands takes off all duties on certain articles which California produces—notably semi-tropical fruits. California orange-growers and sugar-beet farmers had better follow the lead of the rice, cane-sugar, and tobacco-growers of the South and defend their imperiled industries from island competition before it is too late.



## CRAWFORD'S NEW NOVEL.

Scenes from "Via Crucis," a Romance of the Second Crusade—  
How Queeo Eleanor Crushed Her Own Heart Rather than  
Work Harm to the Knight She Loved.

The success of a book based on such high ideals as "Via Crucis," Marion Crawford's latest novel—which in three months has reached its sixtieth thousand—argues well for the soundness and moral health of novel-readers about whose degenerate taste we hear so much from pessimists. For it is a glowing picture of the Christian knight of the Middle Ages that Mr. Crawford has drawn in Gilbert Warde, the young Crusader, who, after many troubles and temptations, after much brave fighting for the good cause of the faith against unbelievers, "learns and understands that the cause of God lies not buried among stones in any city, not even in the most holy city of all; for the place of Christ's suffering is in men's sinful hearts, and the glory of his resurrection is the saving of a soul from death to everlasting life, in refreshment and light and peace."

Love, fighting, and religion made up a gentleman's life in those days, and Gilbert Warde has all three a-plenty. He possesses in perfection "the inward grace of the gentleman, which," as Mr. Crawford says, "can not manifest itself outwardly save in good manners, modesty of hearing, and fearlessness; and such things in earlier days were profoundly associated with the inward principles and outward rites of Christianity." In addition to these, though only a youth of twenty years, he has great height and strength and a perfect mastery of his weapons to fight the world physically, and a clear head and simply honesty to save him from pitfalls. Given such a hero in the troublous times of the Second Crusade, one may well imagine that his adventures are worth the telling.

The opening scene is laid in Northern England in the middle of the twelfth century, when Robert of Gloucester goes forth into Berkshire with his followers and a host of masons and laboring-men, to build a new castle on the heights of Farringdon for his sister, the Empress Maud, who is the rightful sovereign. When the castle is but half built, King Stephen, with a great host, falls upon them unawares, and in the bloody fight which ensues, Raymond Warde, a devoted follower of the Empress Maud, suddenly finds himself face to face with his neighbor, Sir Arnold de Curboil, a supporter of the king and a secret lover of the Lady Goda, the former's wife. Recognizing his friend, he drops his sword-arm and smiles, and is about to turn away to fight another, when Arnold de Curboil treacherously thrusts his sword through the head and hood of his mail at one stroke, killing him instantly.

All this Raymond Warde's young son Gilbert observes, and three days later he journeys to Stortford Castle and proposes to Sir Arnold that they ride together for a little way in the greenwood that they may speak alone upon a matter of weight. Gilbert accuses Sir Arnold of treachery, and when they reach an open space where the sword is smooth and hard, he challenges him to mortal combat, whereupon they dismount, and Sir Arnold replies:

"I should by no means object to fighting you if I had killed your father in treachery. But I did not. I saw you as well as you saw me. Your father was either beside himself with rage, or did not know me in my mail. He dropped his point one instant, and then flew at me like a bloodhound, so that I barely saved myself by slaying him against my will. I will not fight you unless you force me to it; and you had better not, for if you do, I shall lay you by the heels in two passes."

"Bragging and lying are well coupled," answered Gilbert, falling into guard. "Draw before I have counted three, or I will skewer you like a trussed fowl. One—two—"

Before the next word could pass his lips, Sir Arnold's sword was out, keen and bright as if it had just left the armorer's hands, clashing upon Gilbert's hacked and blood-rusted blade.

Sir Arnold was a brave man, but he was also cautious. He expected to find in Gilbert a beginner of small skill and reckless bravery, who would expose himself for the sake of bringing in a sweeping blow in *carle*, or attempting a desperate thrust. Consequently he did not attempt to put his bragging threat into practice, for Gilbert was taller than he, stronger, and more than twenty years younger. Unmanned, as he stood in his tunic and hose, one vigorous sword-stroke of the furious boy might break down his guard and cut him half in two. But in one respect Curboil was mistaken. Gilbert, though young, was one of those naturally gifted fencers in whom the movements of wrist and arm are absolutely simultaneous with the perception of the eye, and not divided by any act of reasoning or thought. In less than half a minute Sir Arnold knew that he was fighting for his life; the full minute had not passed before he felt Gilbert's jagged blade deep in the big muscles of his sword-arm, and his own weapon, running past his adversary, fell from his powerless hand.

In those days it was no shame to strike a disarmed foe in a duel to the death. As Sir Arnold felt the rough steel wrenched from the fleshwood, he knew that the next stroke would be his end. Quick as light, his left hand snatched his long dagger from its sheath at his left side, and even as Gilbert raised his blade to strike, he felt as if an icicle had pierced his throat; his arm trembled in the air, and lost its hold upon the hilt; a scarlet veil descended before his eyes, and the bright blood gushed from his mouth as he fell straight backward upon the green turf.

A few months later, thanks to the kindness of the brothers of Sheering Abbey, who find him unconscious in the forest, and who nurse him tenderly, he recovers from his wounds, only to learn that his mother, the Lady Goda, has married Sir Arnold and sworn allegiance to King Stephen, whereby his estates are transferred to his father's murderer, and he is left homeless and landless.

We next find him at the court of Eleanor of France, whither he has drifted in the train of Geoffrey Plantagenet and his little son Henry, the future king of England. Queen Eleanor fairly throws herself at his head. Inheriting from her father the indomitable and lawless spirit that had made him invincible alike in war and in love, and being the fairest woman of her day, she has an utter contempt for her "spoon-faced monk" of a husband, King Louis. But Gilbert, in his honest simplicity, while admiring her beauty, will not recognize her passion and soon proceeds to Rome. Eleanor manages to entice him back to France by sending him a message that Beatrice, the daughter of Sir Arnold and the playmate of his childhood, has come to France.

Gilbert immediately retraces his steps and joins the court at Vézelay, where preparations for the crusade to Jerusalem

are under way. He seeks in vain for Beatrice, and not until many months later, when, by accident, he wanders into the Eastern emperor's private grounds at Constantinople, does he find her. Then he learns that Eleanor, overcome with jealousy, has virtually made Beatrice a prisoner. Their happiness at meeting is marred, however, by the unexpected appearance of the queen, who has just returned from high mass in the cathedral.

The queen stood there, a veil embroidered with gold pined upon her head in a fashion altogether her own. Her clear eyes were very bright and hard, and her beautiful lips had a frozen look.

"It is very long since I have seen you," she said to Gilbert, "and I had not thought to see you here—of all places—unhindered."

"Nor I to be here, madam," answered the Englishman.

"Did you come here in your sleep?" asked the queen, coldly.

"For aught that I can tell how I got here, it may be as your grace says. I came by such a way as I may not find again."

"I care not how you find another, sir, so that it be a way out."

Gilbert had never seen the queen gravely displeased, and as yet she had been very kind to him when he had been in her presence. Against her anger he drew himself up, for he neither loved her nor feared her, and as he looked at her now he saw in her eyes that haunting memory of his own faithless mother which had disturbed him more than once.

"I ask your grace's pardon," he said, slowly, "for having entered uninvited. Yet, I am glad that I did, since I have found what was kept from me so long."

"I feared it so changed from what you had described to me that you might not care to see it after all."

Beatrice hardly understood what the words meant, but she knew that they were intended to hurt both her and Gilbert, and she saw by his face what he felt. Knowing as he did that the queen was very strongly attracted by him, she would not have been human if she had not felt in her throat the pulse of triumph as she stood beside the most beautiful woman in the world, pale, slight, sad-eyed, but preferred before the other's supreme beauty by the one man whose preference meant anything at all. But a moment later she forgot herself and feared for him.

"Madam," he said very slowly and distinctly, "I trust that I may not fail in courtesy, either toward your grace or toward any other woman, high or low, and none but the blind man would deny that of all women you are the fairest, wherefore you may cast it in the face of other ladies of your court that you are fairer than they. But since your grace would wear a man's armor and draw a knight's sword, and ride for the cross, shoulder to shoulder with the gentlemen of Normandy, and Gascony, and France, I shall tell you without fear of discourtesy, as one man would tell another, that your words and your deeds are less gentle than your royal blood."

He finished speaking and looked her quietly in the face, his arms folded, his brow calm, his eyes still and clear. Beatrice fell back a step and drew anxious breath, for it was no small thing to cross words boldly with the sovereign, next in power to the emperor himself. And at first the seething blood hissed in the queen's ears, and her lovely face grew ashy pale, and her wrath rose in her eyes with the red shadow of coming revenge. But no man's impulse moved her hand or her foot, and she stood motionless with half her mantle gathered round her. . . . And still the hard Norman eyes were colder and angrier than her own, and still the man's head was high, and his face like a mask. Suddenly she felt her lids tremble and her lips quiver; his face moved strangely in her sight, his cold resistance hurt her as if she were thrusting herself uselessly against a rock; she knew that he was stronger than she, and that she loved him. The struggle was over; her face softened, and her eyes looked down. Beatrice looked on in amazement, for she had expected that the queen would command Gilbert to leave them, and that before long her vengeance would most certainly overtake him. But instead it was the young soldier, without fame or fortune, the boy with whom she had maoy a time played children's games, before whom Eleanor, Duchess of Guienne and Queen of France, lost courage and confidence.

A moment later she looked up again, and not a trace of her anger was left to see. Simply and quietly she came to Gilbert's side and laid her hand upon his sleeve.

"You make me say things I do not mean," she said.

If she had actually asked his forgiveness in words she could not have expressed a real regret more plainly, nor perhaps could she have done anything so sure to produce a strong impression upon the two who heard her. Gilbert's face relaxed instantly, and Beatrice forgot to be afraid.

"I crave your grace's pardon," said the young man. "If I spoke rudely, let my excuse be that it was not for myself. We were children together," he added, looking at Beatrice, "we grew up together, and after long parting we have met by chance. There is much left of what there was. I pray that without concealment I may see the Lady Beatrice again."

The queen turned slowly from them and stood for a few moments looking toward the sea. Then she turned again and smiled at Gilbert, not unkindly; but she said no word, and presently, as they stood there, she left them and walked slowly away with bent head toward the palace.

Three weeks the French armies lies encamped without the walls of Constantinople, while the emperor of the Greeks uses every art and every means to rid himself of the unwelcome host without giving overmuch offense to his royal guests. At last the great multitude is brought over to Asia by boats, and marched by quick stages to the plain of Nicæa. There for the first time Queen Eleanor leads out her three hundred ladies in battle array. During their manoeuvres, however, the queen is thrown from her horse and escapes uninjured, having been saved by Gilbert, while Beatrice, on the other hand, is badly hurt.

One of the strongest scenes in "Via Crucis" is Eleanor's visit to the sick room of Beatrice. Overcome with jealousy, she points out to the helpless girl that, inasmuch as Sir Arnold has married the Lady Goda, her marriage to Gilbert can never take place. To which Beatrice replies:

"You know as well as I that the church can pass over what is a mere legal regulation to hinder marriages made only for fortune's sake. I am not so ignorant as you think. And you know what your love for Gilbert Warde is, before God and man! . . . What right have you to the man I love? No; do not answer me with another dissertation on the soul. Woman to woman, tell me what right you have."

"If he loves me, is that no right?"

"If he loves you? Oh, no; he does not love you yet!"

"He saved me yesterday—not you," answered the queen, cruelly, and she remembered his eyes. "Does a man risk his life desperately, as he did, for the woman he loves, or for another, when both are in like danger?"

"It was not you; it was the queen he saved. It is right that a loyal man should save his sovereign first. I do not blame him. I should not have blamed him had I been more hurt than I am."

"I am not his sovereign, and he is no vassal of mine." Eleanor smiled coldly. "He is an Englishman."

"You play with words," answered Beatrice, as she would have spoken to an equal.

"Take care!"

They faced each other, and on the instant the fierce pride of royalty sprang up, as at an insult. But Beatrice was brave—a sick girl against the Queen of France.

"If you are not his sovereign, you are not mine," she said. "And were you ten times my queen, there can be no fence of royalty between you and me from this hour, or, if there is, you are doubly playing with the meaning of what your lips say. Are you to be a woman to me, a woman, at one moment, and a sovereign to me, a subject, at the next? Which is it to be?"

"A woman, then, and nothing more. And as a woman, I tell you that I will have Gilbert Warde for myself, body and soul."

The girl's eyes lightened suddenly. Men said that in her mother's veins there had run some of the Conqueror's blood, and his great oath sprang to her lips as she answered:

"And by the splendor of God, I tell you that you shall not!"

"Then it is a deal between us," the queen said, and she turned to go. "To death," answered the girl, as her head sank back upon the pillows, pitifully weak and tired in her aching body, but dauntless in spirit.

Eleanor crossed the carpeted floor of the tent slowly toward the door. She had not made four steps when she stood still, looking before her. A great shame of herself came upon her for what she had said—the loyal, generous shame of the strong who in anger has been overbearing with the weak:

Quickly she came back to Beatrice's side. The girl lay quite still, with parted lips and closed eyes that had great black shadows under them. Her small white hands twitched now and then spasmodically, but she seemed hardly to breathe. Eleanor knelt beside her and propped her up higher, thrusting one arm under the pillow while she fanned her with the other hand.

"Beatrice!" she said, softly.

She thought that the girl's eyelids quivered, and she called her again; but there was no answer, nor any movement of the hand this time, and the face was so white and deathly that any one might have believed life gone, but for the faintly perceptible breath that stirred the feathers of the Greek fan when the queen held it close to the lips. She grew anxious, and thought of calling the Norman serving-woman and of sending for her own physician.

But while she hesitated, she brought water from a bright brass ewer and dashed drops upon the girl's face; she found also a cup with Greek wine in it, that smelled of fine resin, and she set it to the pale lips and held it there. Presently Beatrice opened her eyes a little, and suddenly she shuddered when she saw Eleanor and heard her voice in the deep stillness:

"As one woman to another—I ask your forgiveness."

Realizing the hopelessness of her infatuation, Eleanor does her best to fight down her love. She knights Gilbert and then puts him in command of a score of well-mounted men, to spy out the country for the advancing army. On Christmas Eve, after months of fighting and hardship, he comes into camp at Ephesus, where the crusaders intend to rest and keep the Christmas feast with great thanksgiving for their preservation thus far. A few days later he meets Beatrice by the river and, wretched with doubt and fear, she determines to find out if he really loves her:

"Gilbert what are we to each other? Brother and sister?"

He started, not understanding, and fancying that she was setting up the church's canon between them, which he knew to be an unremovable impediment.

"You are no more my sister than your tirewoman there eao be," he answered, more warmly than he had spoken, yet.

"I did not mean that," she said, sadly.

"I do not understand, then."

"If you do not, how can I tell you what I mean?" She glanced at him, and then looked away quickly, for she was blushing, and was ashamed of her boldness.

"Do you mean that I love you as I might a sister?" asked Gilbert, with the grave tactlessness of a thoroughly honest man.

The blush deepened in her cheek, and she nodded slowly, still looking away.

"Beatrice!"

"Well?" She would not turn to him.

"What have I done that you should say such a thing?"

"That is it," she answered, regretfully. "You have done great things, but they were not for me."

"Have I told you how I have thought of you day after day, hoping that you might think well of my deeds?"

"Yes; but you might have done one thing more, that would have made all the difference."

"What?" He bent anxiously toward her for the answer.

"You might have tried to see me."

"But I was never in the camp. I was always a day's march in the lead of the army."

"But not always fighting. There were days, or nights, when you could have ridden back. I would have met you anywhere; I would have ridden hours to see you. But you never tried. And at last it is I who send for you and beg you to come and talk with me here. And you do not even seem glad to be with me."

"I did not think that I had a right to leave my post and come back, even for you."

"You could not have helped it—if you had cared." She spoke very low.

Gilbert looked at her long, and the lines deepened in his face, for he was hurt.

"Do you really believe that I do not love you?" he asked; but his voice was cold because he tried to control it, and succeeded too well.

"You have never told me so," Beatrice answered. "You have done little to make me think so, since we were children together. You have never tried to see me when it would have cost you anything. You are not glad to see me now."

Her voice could be cold, too; but there was a tremor in some of the syllables. He was utterly surprised and taken unawares, and he slowly repeated the substance of what she said.

"I never told you so? Never made you think so? Oh, Beatrice!"

He remembered the sleepless nights he had passed, accusing himself of letting even one thought of the queen come between him and the girl who was denying his love—the restless, melancholy hours of self accusation, the cruel self-torment—how could she know?

She was in earnest now, though she had begun half playfully; for if the man's heart had not changed, he had grown away from her in his active life, and in the habit of hiding all real feeling which comes from living long alone or with strangers. It was true that outwardly he had hardly seemed glad to see her, and all the ring of happiness had died away out of his voice before they had exchanged many words. He felt her mood, and it grew clear to him that he had made some great mistake which it would be very hard to set right. And she was thinking how holdly she had striven with the queen for his love, and that now seemed to be no love at all.

But he, whose impulse was ever to act when there was danger, how ever much he might weary his soul with inward examination at other times, grew desperate, and gave up thinking of a way out of the difficulty.

What he loved was slipping from him, and though he loved it in his own way, it was indeed all he loved, and he would not let it go.

Thoughtless at last, and sudden, he took her into his arms, and his face was close to hers, and his eyes were in hers, and their lips breathed the same breath. She was not frightened, but her lids drooped, and she turned quite white. Then he kissed her, not once, but many times, and as if he would never let her go, on her pale mouth, on her dark eyelids, on her waving hair.

"If I kill you, you shall know that I love you," he said, and he kissed her again, so that it hurt her, but it was good to be hurt.

After that she lay in his arms, very still, and she looked up slowly, and their eyes met; and it was as if the veil had fallen from between them. When he kissed her again, his kisses were gentle and altogether tender.

"I had almost lost you," he said, breathing the words to her ear.

When they reach Antioch, where Count Raymond Eleanor's uncle, rules, King Louis resents the intimacy of his wife and her relative. And when, a few days later, she announces that she has found that her marriage to him was no marriage—that they are cousins in the seventh degree—and refuses to see him, he sends Gilbert Warde and a force of trusted men to take her prisoner. The latter promises to do his bidding, but instead, warns the queen of her danger and offers to protect her. She declines his offer, and bid him good-by, and, as he kneels before her to receive her thanks, she prints a kiss on his forehead:

Suddenly she leaped from her seat in horror, for there was another voice in the room, with a hurt cry.

"Oh, Gilbert! Gilbert!"

Beatrice was reeling on her feet, and caught the curtain, lest she should fall, and her face of agony was still turned toward the two, a



they stood together. Gilbert sprang forward, when he understood, and caught the girl in his arms and brought her to the light, trembling like a falcon leaf. Theo started to his arms and struggled wildly to be free, and twisted her neck lest he should kiss her; but he held her fast.

"Beatrix! You do not understand—you do not hear!" He tried to make her listen to him.

"I heard!" she cried, still struggling. "I saw! I know! Let me go—oh, for God's sake, let me go."

Gilbert's arms relaxed, and she sprang back from him two paces, and faced the queue.

"You have won!" she cried, in a breaking voice. "You have him body and soul, as you swore you would! But do not say that I do not understand!"

"I have given him to you, soul and body," answered Eleanor, sadly. "Might I not even bid him good-by, as a friend might?"

"You are false—false each than the other," answered Beatrix, in white anger. "You have played with me, tricked me, made me your toy—"

"Did you hear this man say he did not love me, before I bade him good-by?" asked Eleanor, gravely, almost sadly.

"He has said it to me, but not to you, never to you—over to the woman he loves!"

"I over loved the queen," said Gilbert; "on my soul—oo the holy cross—"

"Never loved her? And you saved her life before mine—"

"And you said that I did well—"

"It was all a lie—a cruel lie—" The girl's voice almost broke, but she choked down the terrible tears, and got words again. "It would have been braver to have told me—I should not have died then, for I loved you less."

Eleanor came a step nearer and spoke very quietly and kindly.

"You are wrong," she said. "Sir Gilbert is sent by the king to take me as a prisoner, that I may be carried away to Jerusalem this very night. Come, you shall hear the voices of the soldiers who are waiting for me."

She led Beatrix to the door and lifted the curtain, so that through the wooden panels the girl could hear the talking of many voices and the click of steel. Then Eleanor brought her back.

"But he would not take me," she said, "and he warned me of my danger."

"No wonder—he loves you!"

"He does not love me, though I love him, and he has said so tonight. And I know that he loves you and is faithful to you."

Beatrix laughed wildly.

"Faithful! He? There is no faith in his greatest oath, nor in his smallest word!"

"You are mad, child; he never lied in all his life to me or you—he could not lie."

"Then he has deceived you, too—queen, duchess; you are only a woman, after all, and he has made sport of you, as he has of me!"

Again she laughed, half furiously.

"If he has deceived me, he has indeed deceived you," answered Eleanor, "for he has told me very plainly that he loves you. And now I will not stand between you and him, even in the mistake you make."

I love him, yes. I have loved him enough to give him up because he loves you. I love him so well that I will not take his warning and save myself from the king's anger, and Heaven knows what he and his monks will do to me. Good-by, Sir Gilbert Warde; good-by, Beatrix."

"This is some comedy," answered the girl, exasperated.

"No; by the living truth, it is no comedy," answered the queue.

She looked once more into Gilbert's face, and then turned toward the door, stately and sad. With one movement she drew aside the great curtain, and with the next she opened wide the door, and the loud clamor of the knights and men-at-arms came in like a wave. Then it ceased suddenly and Eleanor spoke to them in clear tones:

"I am the king's prisoner. Take me to him!"

On the night of their arrival in Jerusalem, the king and queen are feasted in Baldwin's palace by the King of Jerusalem. During the festivities, the queen leaves the kings at table, and visits the Holy Sepulchre, while Gilbert, his squire, Dunstan, and her devoted attendant, Lady Anna of Auch, have gone fasting:

Eleanor had come alone to the sepulchre, and stood looking at the three, not willing to come nearer. As she stood gazing, her sins rose to her eyes and passed before her, many and great, and when her good deeds were hidden there was darkness in her soul, and she despaired of forgiveness, for she knew her own pride, that it could never be broken to her. She looked on that most faithful woman, and on that maiden knight whom she so dearly loved, sinning daily in her heart for him, and yet for his sake fighting her loving thoughts; and she would not have dared to go forward and kneel beside the pure in heart in the holy light. All alone she drew back, and when she was so far that they could not have seen her, had they looked, she knelt down by a pillar, and drew her dark veil over her face, folding her hands in the hope of forgiveness and peace, and in great loneliness.

Some comfort she found in this, that for the great love of her life, the like of which she had not known nor was to know again, though she had wished evil and dreamed of sweetest sins, she had done a little good at the last, and that the man who kept her praying had grown stronger and greater and of higher honor by her means. Yet the comfort was not of much worth in her loneliness, since she had given him to another, and none could take his place. Then she said prayers she knew, but they had no meaning, and she gazed from beneath her veil at the place where the Lord had lain; but she felt nothing, and her heart was as stone, believing what she saw, but finding no light of faith for her in the divine beyond.

At last she rose softly, as she had knelt, and, leaning against the pillar, she looked long at the man she loved, and at the shield with the cross of Aquitaine, and, in it, at the spot she had once so fervently kissed. Her hand went to her heart, where it hurt her, and with the hurt came the great, pure longing that, come what might to herself, all might be given with him; and her lips moved silently, while her eyes would have given him the world and its glory.

"God, let me perish, but keep him what he is!"

Shall any one say that such true prayers are not heard, because they are spoken by lips that have sinned? If not, God is not good, nor did Christ die to save men.

The daughter of princes, the wife of two kings, and the mother of many more in line after them, drew down her veil that none might see her face under the dim lights, and she went out thence, very lonely and sad, into the streets of Jerusalem.

Here we must end our quotations, leaving the reader to find out for himself how Gilbert and Beatrix are reconciled, and of the untimely death of Sir Arnold de Curhoil and the heartless Lady Goda.

As for fighting, the clash of arms rings in almost every chapter. First comes Gilbert's duel with Sir Arnold, then returning from Rome, he gayly joins in an assault, knowing neither whom nor for whom he is fighting, but slaying many men in the mere lust of blood. But it is after he has reached Asia with the crusaders that the real carnage comes. He is in the forefront of the fight in one mighty battle, when the Seljuks ambush the Christians, and are themselves caught in the trap, both sides hacking and thrusting with sword and spear until the narrow gully in which the battle centres becomes a river of blood. But neither the love nor the fighting makes "Via Crucis" a cloak-and-rapier romance. It is rather the picture of a Christian gentleman in the Middle Ages, moving in brave pageants such as Mr. Crawford loves to describe, and growing from a youth sturdy and clean in mind and body to the full stature of a man.

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## A LITTLE BROTHER OF THE RICH.

Count Boni de Castellane's Return to the Land of Dollars—He Unbosoms Himself to Reporters and Shocks New York with His Raiment.

The climax of the present social season was reached last Monday night, and I must confess it has proved me a false prophet. A few weeks ago, it may be remembered, in writing of the theatricals given by Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould at their Lakewood place, Georgian Court, I predicted that this was to be a "Gould winter." George Gould and his handsome wife were hand and glove with Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who leads the ultra-fashionable set, and the very smartest people in New York were among the two hundred guests at their truly magnificent entertainment. But I had reckoned without my host—or, rather, without the hostess who counts for most in this city, Mrs. Astor. Her health had been poor for some months and it looked as if she would not be able to entertain this winter, except at small and comparatively intimate dinners. But she has fortunately grown much stronger, and last Monday she gave her annual ball. And, sad to relate, the George Goulds were not there.

Their absence is a serious matter for them; for nothing else so absolutely establishes one's social position here as being hidden to Mrs. Astor's annual ball. For years she has been the head of New York society, and she is very conservative in the exercise of her autocratic power—which is one reason, perhaps, why she has held it so long. She does not drop old friends merely because they are unable or unwilling to keep up in the race with the money-spinners of the smart set, nor does she take up new people who have no other recommendation than their dollars and the willingness to spend them. Neither her frown nor her smile is bestowed without just cause. It is this fact that makes her omission to invite the George Goulds notable. Still, they have done very well in the present season, with other affairs yet to come, and another year should land them where they wish to be.

Perhaps had Mrs. Astor's hall come later, they might have been invited, for the presence of the Castellanes in town is doing not a little for them. Count Boni and his bride were among Mrs. Astor's guests on Monday night, and they were almost as conspicuous there as they had been a few nights before at the Assembly Ball. When Castellane came over to this country, some six years ago, he brought letters to Mrs. Astor, and since his marriage he and his countess have entertained her in Paris. Consequently he is a strong ally in a social way.

But otherwise Count Boni is a freak. His row with the editor of the Paris *Figaro* has been vastly amusing, and personally he is a source of joy to all who behold him. With his fair hair, smooth cheeks, and big blue eyes he has the look of an irresponsible boy, and no one really cares particularly if he has lost a pot of money on the Bourse—except those who may have to pay the fiddler. He may be temporarily embarrassed for funds, but it is incredible that a man with a wealthy and devoted wife like his, and a lot of wealthy brothers-in-law, should be posted for not paying his bills. The stock-market, politics, and his establishments, yachts, and pleasures may eat up a big sum, and they say the \$2,000,000 he received at the time of his marriage, only five years ago, is already gone; but his wife's fortune of \$13,000,000 is tied up so that he can not touch the principal, and an income of \$650,000 a year ought to keep him and the countess and their two little boys comfortable, and enable them to pay their debts in a short time. And that he can get almost any sum within reason is not to be questioned. Even if the Gould boys would not accommodate him, there is Russell Sage. The old put-and-take expert has been a hard and close man in his day, but he has always had a great fondness for the younger daughter of his old partner, and it is said, with apparent authority, that if the Countess de Castellane, or her husband, needs money, even to the extent of four or five millions, they have only to ask Russell Sage.

Since their arrival here the count and countess have had the reportorial sleuth-hounds of the yellow press on their trail from morning to night, and the count seems to enjoy their attentions. They went down to Quarantine when he came in on the *Bretagne*, and he received them with open arms. An Englishman would have promptly knocked down a reporter who asked such impertinent questions as were put to Castellane—such, for example, as whether he had come to this country to try to borrow money from his brothers-in-law; but Count Boni, with Gallic effusiveness, opened his heart and told all about his row with De Rodays, of the *Figaro*, his political ideas, his domestic happiness, and his finances, even bringing in "An-naw," as he calls his wife, to confirm his statements.

From the papers it is easy to compile an itinerary of their entire doings in the city up to date, but I shall give you merely the beginning. On their arrival in town the Count and Countess de Castellane went at once to the Waldorf-Astoria, where the count had secured an apartment before their departure from France. No one met them at the dock, but soon after they reached the hotel Miss Helen Gould called and took them down to her box at Baghy's musicale in the Waldorf. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gould called and secured them for a family dinner at their town house, Frank Gould dropped in before six, and after dinner George Gould and his wife joined them at the opera. Howard Gould and his wife, formerly Katherine Clemmons, have not been in evidence, so far as the reporters have been able to find out. The George Goulds, too, appear to the reporters to have been somewhat remiss in their attentions, for they have only met their sister and her husband at the opera, and when the count and countess visited Lakewood it was not to go to Georgian Court, but to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Harris, cousins of the Goulds. However, the reporters have been made easy by the announcement that Mrs. George Gould is to give a

musicale on an unparalleled scale of magnificence in her town house just before the visitors are scheduled to sail for home.

The reporters have not been alone in finding much food for gossip in the count and countess. The latter's appearance is a source of delight to all who see him. When he was here five years ago, he startled the town with a bottle-green topcoat. The effect of its unique color, however, was softened by the evident fact that it had been made by the best of London tailors. But now, doubtless as a result of his political aspirations, his attire is fearfully and wonderfully French. His shoulders are padded to superhuman breadth and squareness, and his trousers narrow down from hips to ankles and then suddenly flare in true spring-bottom style. This peculiarity of structure is apparent even in his evening dress, when the nether garments are short enough to reveal openwork black hose over his patent-leather pumps, and with all this he wears a frilled shirt and a flowing tie. His hats are quite ordinary, and his overcoats seem so until they are unbuttoned and reveal their fur linings. His favorite is lined with silver-fox, and another lined with Russian sable is valued at \$9,000. But it is in the daytime that he is in his fullest glory. In the morning he wears a four-button sack-coat of a delicate fawn color harred and striped with wide bands of sea-green, high collar of the obsolete "white-wings" type, a maroon tie, and dainty, high-heeled tan shoes stitched with white. For the afternoon his frock-coat is still squarer in the shoulders, if that be possible, with puffed sleeves, narrow waist, and flaring tails that reach three inches below the knee; his Ascot tie is scarlet, figured with white; and his trousers, a big black-and-white check, are tight at the ankle and flare so much at the foot that they almost cover the count's dainty patent-leather hoots.

NEW YORK, February 2, 1900.

## LATE VERSE.

### Loneliness.

I am oot lonely when I cross the lands  
Where other men are not, for at my feet  
New flowers blossom, and their fragrance sweet  
A solace is, that happiness commands;  
Nor am I sad when at the fair demands  
Of fate I walk the crowded foreign street,  
The while with oo familiar face to meet—  
Companioable are the swinging haods  
And restless feet. But when the curling smoke  
Betrays, oo desert's edge, the homes of meo  
Aod fanes of love, to me, alas, unknown;  
When coosious eyes meet eyes, and faith unbroke  
Hallows the lips I see that press, ah, then,  
God pity and forgive! I am alone.

—J. H. Adams in Scribner's Magazine.

### When Love Is Dead.

When love is dead, draw thou the lattice close,  
Shut out the world, with all its glare and din;  
Rain down the petals of the faded rose,—  
Lest pity enter io.

When love is dead, weave thou a checkered pall  
Of broken promises and faith unkept;  
For in the twilight, when the soft dew falls,  
Thy heart shall know Love wept.

The bee shall drooe his homely, humming note  
Upon thioe ear until thy day shall pass;  
The wood hird shall reproach thee from the moat,  
Aod thioes that throng the grass.

A little child shall look with wondering eye  
Ioto thioe own, and greet thy smile with tears;  
A butterfly with ghostly wings shall die,  
And haunt thee through the years.

—Virginia Frazer Boyle in February Harper's Magazine.

### Sleep and Death.

In ancient years, where yew and cypress made  
Long avenues of labyrinthine shade,  
Death, while he sauntered through their cryptic deep,  
Came suddeo upon the spectral shade of Sleep.

"How like, tho' differiog," mused he, "is our lot!  
Thou art my sister, yet I know thee not;  
Thou hast thy sorceries, even as I have mine—  
Tell me, sweet ghost, what spells do they enshrine?"

Then Sleep, with sorrowing voice: "My reign would be  
All bounty of sacred blessing, save for thee!  
To-day earth's millions cower thy servile slaves,  
Wide-wandering ooe, whose footsteps are men's graves!"

"Thy booo, I grant, is infinite release;  
But ah, how oft, before its final peace,  
The appointed paths thy vassalages tread,  
Archways of logieriog anguish overspread!"

"Ghastly thy cold halls of oblivion gleam;  
Ethereal float through mine fair forms of dream.  
How ruthless through thy ministries! In mine  
Are opiates and mandragoras divioe!"

Theo Death: "With nightmares, too, thy realm is rife;—  
Signs of our kinship, these, beioe death-in-life!  
Thus merge our mysteries, even as sea with sky;  
Sovereigns alike we reign, yet know not why."

"Sull, with strange whispers, full of charm and cheer,  
The spirit whose name is Hope hath sought mine ear.  
Boast not that thou alone from realms of rest  
Benignantly thy votaries wakenest."

"Perhaps for ny nephetes fate may bring  
Some antidote's revitalizing sting.  
Perhaps the drafts thou canst distil  
May kill far kiodlier than they seem to kill."

"Perhaps when all, sweet sister, hath beeo said,  
I am clad far more with mercy than with dread.  
Ah, take me on trust! Wait with me, through time's lapse,  
The authentication of that bright Perhaps!"

—Edgar Fawcett in the Independent.

The word "God" never appeared in any government act until the year 1864, when, at the suggestion of the director of the mint, ex-Governor Pollock, of Pennsylvania, "In God We Trust" was stamped on the copper two-cent piece. Before that time "E Pluribus Unum" had been the motto. Strange to relate, "E Pluribus Unum" on coins never was authorized by law.



## VERDAVIN'S CANDIDACY.

How the Representative of His Wife Was Elected.

Should you ever happen to visit the Department of Trois-Etoiles, and mention the name of M. Verdavin, it is safe betting that your interlocutor, no matter who he may be, will exclaim:

"Verdavin! Well, of all the ambitious, intriguing men I ever met, Verdavin was the worst!"

However, now that the *vox populi* has pronounced upon my old friend, permit me to have the honor of introducing to you the real Verdavin, that you may compare him with Verdavin the legendary.

Born of honest, but not poor, parents, Amédée—such was his name—had, from his childhood up, one single care—to live quietly and cozily on the thirty thousand francs a year bequeathed to him by his pa and ma. He had a cheery little town residence, a love of a country house. In spring he made a little trip to Paris; in summer he fished; in autumn he shot; in winter there was the club. Nothing could have been pleasanter.

Nevertheless, Amédée perceived that something still was lacking in his life. He wanted some one to keep his accounts and oversee his expenditures. How was he to get rid of this business which threatened his idleness and placidity? He made up his mind to take a wife.

She whom he had chosen was a young girl of candid brow, but full of resolution—a fact which had guided Verdavin in his selection. He had said to himself: "She will have will enough to see after all my business affairs, and I shall be saved any trouble in such matters."

\* \* \* \* \*

Yon moon that shone above—round as the crown of his hat—had not yet filled her horn six times after their marriage, when, one fine morning, my lady summoned her husband, who hastened to her apartments, bearing in his hand a package of hooks, to which he was attaching new lengths of line and gut.

"What is it, my darling?"

"Amédée, be so good as to listen to me. During the six months of our married life I have been studying your character and scrutinizing your aptitudes, for you know well that a man of your age and position can not rust in inglorious idleness."

"Why, bless me, Emmie, I thought my time was sufficiently occupied. For instance, just at this very moment, I was setting-off for the brook, where I expected to get you a mess of fish for dinner that—"

"Amédée, be serious, I beg of you, if you can. I have been canvassing the whole subject thoroughly in my mind, and have found the one pursuit—"

"But, my dear, when I say that—"

"That one pursuit in which, nowadays, a man can rise to power and honor, is politics."

"Politics! Heaven be praised, I never have gone in for politics; and, heaven helping me, madame, I never will."

"In three weeks there will be an election in this department. I will, that is to say, you will, come forward as a candidate."

"But, dearest, you have not thought—"

"Yes, dear, I have thought it over in its every aspect. Indeed, I have prepared your address to the electors."

"The deuce you have!"

"Don't swear, Amédée; swearing offends the scrupulous voters. Do you think it is very agreeable for a woman to spend all her life-time shut up in this poky old hole, absolutely unknown? The provinces do not make reputations, but they elect deputies. What would I not give to hear people say, as I passed: 'You see that pretty little woman in brown? She's the wife of our representative.'"

"Emmie, you are only jesting!"

"This, then, is the address you are to issue to the electors," and she read as follows:

"FELLOW-CITIZENS: At a time when the well-being—nay, the very existence—demands the harmonious union of all patriotic men, I feel it my duty to desire an opportunity of combating on the parliamentary field of battle for the regeneration of our beloved country. What I desire—what you must all desire—is order in liberty with liberty in order."

There were nearly three columns of this.

The next morning there began for the unhappy Verdavin a life the horrors of which it would be difficult to retrace. He, the friend of repose, the enemy of emotion!

For instance, one day madame said: "Amédée, I have drawn up a list of the leading residents of each parish in the constituency. We will call on the most prominent; you will write to the others."

"Seventeen hundred letters—I never could."

"You can easily hire secretaries. In half an hour we will set off on this indispensable journey."

For fifteen days the only man one seemed to meet on the roads, the steamboats, the cars, was the unhappy Verdavin, the candidate in spite of himself. In the pelting rain, in the broiling sun, everywhere went he. Every morning his wife drew up the programme for his day's journey; every night he had to bring home to her good and sufficient evidence that he had been at each place he claimed to have visited.

Grand outcome—the bronchitis, three mild sunstrokes, an incurable rheumatism, and a confirmed gastric disease, contracted through drinking prosperity to France with three hundred and forty-six electors daily.

"Emmie," he at last gasped, like one about to faint, "I feel that my strength—"

"To-morrow," she said, relentlessly, "you will canvass the forty-seven parishes on this list."

And on all sides nothing was heard but exclamations of "What an ambitious chap that Verdavin is! Who ever saw any one like him?"

"Amédée," she said, next day, "your address has not been circulated widely enough. I have had a hundred thousand extra copies struck off and distributed."

"But, dear, printing comes ruinously expensive. This morning only I have paid one bill of sixteen thousand—"

"You must also manage to have your name mentioned in connection with generous deeds. I have ordered six organs for as many churches in as many close parishes."

"S-i-x o-r-g-a-n-s!"

"Yes, and twelve fire-engines for villages that are unprotected from the ravages of the destroying element and where there is a large floating vote. Imagine how gratified the poor people will be."

"But, Emmie, I can not make ducks and drakes—I mean church-organs and parish fire-engines—of my fortune."

"And do you count it for nothing, then, the glory of being a statesman? Besides, once in politics, you are sure of getting your money back an hundred-fold."

"What a devil of a fellow that Verdavin is!" said the outside world in awestruck amazement and admiration; "he'll spend every franc he has before he'll let himself be beaten!"

\* \* \* \* \*

One pleasant morning—it was just a week before the election—madame aroused at early dawn M. Verdavin, who was still sleeping soundly, not having, indeed, returned from an exhausting journey to the back districts until 2 A. M.

"Amédée," she cried, "rouse yourself; the honor of our name has been vilely thrust under foot and trodden in the dust, and you must avenge it." And she handed the unhappy man a newspaper in which he read the following:

"It is about time to have done with the brazen impudence of the charlatan who is tramping round our streets and highways. This Verdavin, a fellow of the baser sort, seeks—but seeks in vain—to conceal his demagogic instincts. He demands 'Liberty.' We all know what that word means with him; behind it he prepares an ambushade for property, the family, religion. This Verdavin, dealer in votes and haunter of low taverns, is nothing more nor less than a scoundrel who has not even the courage of his incendiary opinions."

"But this is not all," said his wife, and handed him another journal, in which he read:

"Let the mask be torn off! Our intelligent voters will not let themselves be imposed upon by a Tartuffe of the gutters. Verdavin, a double-ender politician and a perfect nullity, pretends to array himself on the side of the cause of order. It is under such a guise that the friends of despotism usually do their bellicose work. This odious being, whom we will not further pollute our type by naming, has evidently been hired to complicate the situation by his candidacy. Let the electors rise in their might and sweep from the field this vain idiot."

Next morning Verdavin received a sword-thrust in the left arm from the Legitimist editor, and the day afterward one to match in the right arm from the Radical editor.

At last the day of the election arrived. Verdavin had conducted his canvass with unsparing energy; his complicated disorders had given him a corpse-like appearance; he had spent three-quarters of his fortune; he carried both of his arms in slings.

But at night the prefect made the official declaration:

"Elected—Verdavin, 23,672 votes."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a week later when he entered the Chamber of Deputies. His wife, radiant and rejoicing, was in one of the galleries. He had chosen a seat in the centre—Order in Liberty, as it were. He arrived in the middle of a debate. Precisely at that instant a vote had been taken, and, as he reached the centre of the hall, he heard the president declaring that, inasmuch as it was literally honeycombed with fraudulent practices, the assembly thereby invalidated the election of M. Verdavin.

M. Verdavin fainted.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mme. Verdavin has brought an action for separation and the management of her own estate. The bill alleges that the aforesaid Amédée Verdavin is hopelessly possessed with the mania of political ambition.

And the public say of his wife: "Poor little woman, it is a wonder she didn't bring her action sooner. That confounded idiot must have spent three-quarters of her fortune with his senseless ideas of ambition."—From the French of Pierre Veron.

The Outlanders fled from the Transvaal at the breaking out of the war, and commenting on this fact the Springfield Republican says:

"There are few cases on record of a people, who claimed to be oppressed, running away as soon as a war for their liberation began. The Outlander exodus has been one of the very extraordinary phases of an extraordinary situation. The people who 'paid nine-tenths of all the taxes, who owned half the land, more or less, who had a monopoly of the education and refinement and progressiveness of the state, who were a majority, too, of the total population, just got up and quit as soon as there was a smell of gunpowder. It may have been business, but it was not heroic."

In reply to this a Western editorial writer remarks:

"There is yet another way to look at it. These Outlanders had been given no protection in times of peace. What could they expect in a time of war? They had no arms, no local government, and were surrounded by Boer forts. They were wholly at the mercy of the Boers. The fact that thousands of them threw a few things into their bags and made their way with much suffering to the British colonies, leaving all of their property to be confiscated by the officers of the republic, throws a million candle-power search-light upon their condition."

In his volume, "Tramping with Tramps," Josiah Flynt says that there are districts in the United States which are so difficult to reach by the high-road, on account of unprofitable intermediate territory, that the hobo would never attempt to go near them if it were not easy for him to get over the disagreeable parts of the journey in a box-car:

"Take the trip from Denver to San Francisco, for instance. There is not a vagabond in the country who would undertake to walk across the American desert merely to reach 'Frisco,' and if walking were the only way to get to that city it would be left largely to 'coast beggars.' As matters now stand, however, you may see a beggar one day in Fifth Avenue in New York City, and a fortnight later he will accost you in Market Street in San Francisco. Many tramps can travel as rapidly as the man who pays his way, and I have known those who could even 'hold down' the Chicago Limited from Jersey City to Chicago without a break."

## ON THE CHAMP DE MARS.

Progress of the Buildings for the Paris Fair—Pavilions of the Nations—The Great Telescope—Exposition Bonds—Lottery Prizes and Admission Coupons.

One can easily believe that the visitor in Paris wishes that the preparations for the exposition were at an end, as fervently as does the most expectant of those who have invested in the great enterprise. The city is never at its best in winter, and now, when many of the streets are broken by excavations, obstructed by mounds of building or paving materials, with cautionary signs by day and red lights at night to be met at every turn, it can not be attractive. Even the Avenue of the Champs-Élysées wears a dusty mantle, and is sad in the brightest sunshine. The roadway is gray, the dust from the stone-cutting, carried by the winds, envelops everything, even changing the hue of the trees. The big and little buildings on the Champ de Mars, particularly those crowded in along the bank of the Seine, from the Eiffel tower to the new Chateau d'Eau, are now something more than outlines of framework. The decorators are busy outside, and inside the furnishing is being completed; in some, even, the exhibits are being put in place. With two exceptions the structures are of temporary quality. The only enduring monuments of this exposition will be the great bridge of Alexander the Third—named in honor of the Czar—and the two palaces of art.

Among the pavilions of the nations that of the United States is remarkable. It has a good position on the river bank, with a better outlook than many of its sister buildings, though it is crowded a little by the Turkish pavilion, which cuts off a part of its view from the bridge. The architect has made it a square structure, with a dome lifted high, and with many balconies and a grand entrance and porch on the water side. It will have reception-rooms in series, with every arrangement for rest and comfort, and all conveniences for writing, receiving communications, and furnishing information. There will be no formal display of exhibits.

While there is unceasing effort at this time among all the foreign commissions, the quiet activity at the American office is impressive. Assistant Commissioner-General Woodward, the New York gentleman in charge, is busy at all hours of the day. His staff consists of ten department directors, clerks, and stenographers, representing nearly all parts of your great republic. There is one Parisian *attaché* of the office who is active in diplomatic service, where official methods of procedure might delay immediate arrangements. At the doors the American visitor is greeted by the smiling face of a negro attendant, and close at hand is a young Parisian to welcome callers of his own country.

Nearly all the national pavilions will be typical architecturally, and several reproduce historic buildings in the country to which they belong. Great Britain is erecting a country manor, the original of which stands on the banks of the Avon. It will be furnished in the ancient style, and contain a gallery of eighteenth-century paintings. The German pavilion will represent the home of a wealthy noble, and its fittings will surpass all others if the good will of the Kaiser can succeed. Royal decorations, furniture, and art-treasures from the wealth of the imperial palaces will be brought almost without restriction. Twenty-two countries are represented in the two rows of buildings, and the avenue that passes down the centre is not a long walk.

To Mme. Pégard is due the credit for the Women's Palace, which will demonstrate that the example of the American ladies at the Chicago Fair was not offered in vain. There was much opposition to the project at first, but the energy of the leader in the movement cleared away all impediments. It will be an international club-house for women, with an elaborate and picturesque display of exhibits, and will depend upon the profits of its restaurant and light-refreshment rooms for funds to carry on the enterprise, as it has received no state aid.

So far as prominent distinctive features are concerned, the prospect is alluring, if not extended. The Chateau d'Eau will present a grand cataract, ninety feet high and thirty feet broad, and this will be lighted up at night in splendid colors with many ingenious electrical devices. The mammoth telescope being constructed by M. Gauthier, with a magnifying power of ten thousand diameters—more than twice as great as the largest known—will be exhibited in the Palace of Optics, and visitors will be enabled to see, projected upon a screen, a portion of the moon's surface as if it were only fifty miles away. The art galleries alone would require more than one letter like this to suggest their limits and arrangement. As usual, there is already a want of harmony through rival ambitions among the artists; this may result to the advantage of the exhibition, however, as neither faction will submit to be outdone.

No less than sixty million admissions are expected by the board of managers. The estimate nearly doubles the statistics of the last exposition, but there is all confidence that it will not prove too large. This fact is shown by the demand for the bonds issued in aid of the fair. Thirteen million dollars is being secured by the sale of the bonds—about one-half the cost of the exposition—and each bond for twenty francs carries twenty coupons, every coupon an admission ticket. Sixty-five million tickets are thus placed in the hands of purchasers, who must use or sell them to realize on their investment. To encourage investors there is a lottery connected with the bond issue, which will distribute five prizes of \$100,000 each and twenty-four prizes of \$20,000 each. There is no hesitation among the leading banks in assisting the disposal of the bonds. It is a patriotic impulse. Paris has been liberal in its aid. Appropriations by the municipality amount to three-quarters of a million dollars, and one-third of this will be devoted to the city pavilion on the exposition grounds. The returns must be large, if they appear in proportion to the outlay, and Paris has no anxiety concerning the substantial returns.

PARIS, January 10, 1900.

ST. MARTIN.



## AGUINALDO'S APPEAL.

His Version of the Events which Led Up to the Present War—His Relations with Dewey, Merritt, Otis, and Anderson.

In an official document issued from Tarlak, Philippine Islands, under date of September 23, 1899, and now first translated and printed in full in English, Don Emilio Aguinaldo y Famy, the insurgent leader, who signs himself "President of the Philippine Republic," gives what he calls the "True Version of the Philippine Revolution." It is addressed "to the civilized nations, and especially to the great North American Republic, in order that they may become thoroughly convinced of the justice which is due to the Philippine cause, expressing at the same time, by this means, his respect and admiration for the knowledge and power of the other nations, whom, in the name of the Philippine nation, he salutes with all the effusion of his soul." The document, which is of timely interest, is in part as follows:

"Spain ruled the Philippine Islands for more than three centuries and a half, during which time the abuses caused by the rule of the friars and the administration exhausted the patience of the natives, forcing them to throw off the yoke of oppression; this they did between the twenty-sixth and thirty-first of August, 1896, the Provinces of Manila and Cavite being the first to commence the revolution."

After a year's fighting, Aguinaldo pitched his camp in the wild and unknown range of Biak-nabato, where toward the end of May, 1897, he established the republican government of the Philippines. Here on the fourteenth of December, 1897, after five months of lengthy deliberations, he concluded a treaty of peace with Don Pedro Alejandro Paterno on the following basis:

"Firstly. I was to be free to live abroad with the companions who were willing to follow me, and in Hong Kong, which I had decided on as a place of residence, the payment of \$800,000 indemnification money was to be made in three installments—\$400,000 on receipt of all the arms that were in Biak-nabato, \$200,000 when the number of arms delivered up should amount to 800, and the remaining \$200,000 on the total number of the same reaching 1,000, when, as a thank offering, the 'Te Deum' should be celebrated in the cathedral of Manila. The last two weeks of the month of February were fixed upon as the final term for the delivering up of the arms."

"Secondly. The money was all to be delivered to me personally, and I was to settle without interference with my companions and the other revolutionists."

"Thirdly. Before the Philippine revolutionists should evacuate Biak-nabato, Captain-General Don de Rivera was to send me two Spanish generals, who were to remain as hostages till I and my companions reached Hong Kong and the first installment of the indemnification, that is, \$400,000, had been received."

"Fourthly. It was also agreed to suppress the religious societies in the islands, and that political and administrative autonomy should be established, although by request of General Primo de Rivera these latter conditions were not put down in writing, owing to his assertion that otherwise the treaty would be in too humiliating a form for the Spanish Government, while, on the other hand, he guaranteed on his word as gentleman and officer the fulfillment of the same."

"General Primo de Rivera paid the first installment of \$400,000 while the two generals were still detained as hostages."

"On our side we, the revolutionists, fulfilled the condition of delivering up the arms, the number of which exceeded one thousand, a fact that was known to everybody and published in the papers of Manila. But the captain-general failed to carry out the rest of the conditions, namely, the payment of the other installments, the suppression of the friars, and the reforms agreed upon, although the 'Te Deum' was sung. This caused great grief to me and my companions, grief which changed into despair on receiving the letter of Lieutenant-Colonel Don Miguel Primo de Rivera, nephew of the captain-general and his private secretary, informing us that neither my companions nor I could ever return to Manila."

But he did not remain inactive long, for soon after being assured by Consul Pratt that "the United States would at least recognize the independence of the Philippine Islands, under a naval protectorate, and that there would be no necessity for putting down this agreement in writing, as the word of the admiral and the American consul was sacred and would be kept, being not at all like that of the Spaniards, adding, finally, that the North American government was very honorable, very just, and very powerful," and promised arms by Consul Wildman at Hong Kong, he left on the *McCulloch* for the Philippines, reaching Cavite on May 19th:

"Immediately Admiral Dewey's launch, with his adjutant and his private secretary, came to fetch me to the *Olympia*, where I and my adjutant, Mr. Leyva, were received by a detachment of marines with all the honors of a general. The admiral received me in his saloon, and, after the first exchange of courtesies, I asked him whether all the telegrams which he had sent to Mr. Pratt, the consul at Singapore, in regard to me were authentic; he answered me in the affirmative, and added that the United States had come to the Philippines to protect the natives and to liberate them from the yoke of Spain. He said, besides, that America was rich in land and money, and had no need of colonies, finally assuring me that there would not be any doubt with regard to the recognition of the Philippine independence on the part of the United States. He then asked me whether I could arouse the people against the Spaniards and effect a quick

campaign. I answered him that the events would show what could be done, but as long as the shipment of arms which was entrusted to Consul Wildman to procure from one of the Chinese ports had not arrived, I was unable to do anything, and then without arms each victory would be at the cost of the lives of many valiant and intrepid Philippine revolutionists."

"The admiral offered thereupon to send a steamer to hasten the shipment of the arms, aside from the orders which he had already given to Consul Wildman. I then expressed my deep gratitude for the generous help the United States had given the Philippine people, as well as my admiration of the greatness and generosity of the American nation. I declared to him also that before leaving Hong Kong the Philippine colony had formed a junta, where the possibility of a war with the Americans was deliberated on and discussed, in case the latter, after vanquishing the Spanish, should refuse to recognize our independence, being certain of overcoming us when short of ammunition, fatigued and worn out by the war against the Spaniards (requesting him to excuse my frankness). The admiral replied that he was pleased at my sincerity, and that he believed that, as matters stood, the Filipinos and the Americans should treat one another as allies and friends, explaining clearly the possible difficulties that might at all impede an understanding between the two parties, adding that, as he had declared before, the United States would recognize the independence of the Philippine nation, guaranteed by the word of honor of the Americans, more efficacious than documents that might remain unfulfilled, if one did not care to carry out their stipulations, as has happened with regard to the treaties signed by the Spaniards."

Aguinaldo was received with joy by his people, and immediately thousands of volunteers began to pour into Cavite. On June 12th the dictatorial government issued its proclamation of independence of the Philippines in the town of Kawit:

"On the fourth of July the first military expedition from the United States arrived, under the command of General Anderson, and was quartered at the arsenal of Cavite. This worthy general called on me at the seat of the Philippine government in Cavite, and I returned this formal call, as hebeoves two friendly and allied generals in such cases. In our conferences General Anderson solemnly ratified the promises of Admiral Dewey, affirming on his word of honor that America had come to the Philippines neither to make war against the natives nor to conquer our territory, but solely to liberate the Philippine nation from the oppression of the Spanish Government. In the same month of July the admiral, accompanied by General Anderson, came to Cavite, and, after the first exchange of courtesies, said to me: 'You have now seen that all I said and promised has been confirmed.' I answered that I was convinced of the sincerity of his word, and that there was no necessity for putting in writing the agreement made with him, and as regarded the flag, he could count on having one at once if he wished it."

"Dewey continued: 'When there is no honor, the contents of documents are not carried out, as happened with the one which you drew up with the Spaniards, who failed to fulfill that which was written down and signed. Trust to my word, which I pledge, that the United States will recognize the independence of this country. But I recommend that you maintain the greatest reserve with regard to all that we have said and agreed upon. And, besides that, I beg that you will have patience, if our soldiers should yet lack discipline; for, being volunteers, they are not yet fully disciplined.'"

"I replied to the admiral that I should remember all his suggestions for observing secrecy, and that as regarded possible disorder on the part of the soldiers, suitable orders with regard to this point had already been given; I at the same time suggested the same mode of proceeding to the admiral respecting our own soldiers."

The first disagreements occurred on August 13th, when General Anderson asked Aguinaldo to order his troops not to enter Manila, which had surrendered on that day:

"This demand was refused, inasmuch as the same was contrary to agreement and the important interests of the revolutionary government, which, when taking upon itself the immense burden of besieging Manila during two months and a half, sacrificing thousands of lives and material interests to a tremendous extent, could not surely have any other object than to capture the city of Manila and Spanish garrison, which defended this fortification with energy and tenacity. General Merritt, however, stuck to his intention, requesting me, this time, however, not through the admiral, but through Major Bell, that I should withdraw my troops from the suburbs, in order to avoid dangerous conflicts, which are always to be feared in connection with a double military occupation, and that the American troops might not be exposed to ridicule, offering, in his three communications, to negotiate after his wishes had been complied with. To this I acceded, not at once, however, but gradually withdrawing my troops as far as the 'hokbaus,' so that all of the inhabitants might witness our military position and our consistent mode of procedure toward our American allies. Until then, and even until the day on which the Americans openly started hostilities toward our people, I had cherished in my soul the most well-founded hopes that the American generals would maintain in behalf of their government the agreements made verbally with the chief of the Philippine revolution, notwithstanding the symptoms to the contrary which showed themselves in their conduct, especially in that of Admiral Dewey, who, without any visible motive, possessed himself one day in October of all our ships and launches."

He heard that the American Government, at the instigation of Admiral Dewey, had decided to send a civil commission to come to an amicable under-

standing with the Filipinos. Aguinaldo had a commission nominated to receive them, and exhorted his companions to bear with the brutality of the American soldiers, which was rapidly becoming unbearable:

"Before the arrival of the longed-for American civil commission, General Otis carried into effect two actions, one as impolitic as the other."

"One was his order to search our telegraph offices in Sagundo Street, seizing the apparatus and detaining the official, Señor Reyna, at the fortress of Santiago, on the pretext that he was conspiring against the Americans."

"The other impolitic action committed by General Otis was the issuing of a proclamation on the fourth of January, establishing in the name of the President, Mr. McKinley, the sovereignty of America in these islands, threatening ruin, death, and desolation to all who failed to recognize it. I protested against that proclamation, threatening also to open hostilities at once, as the whole nation was crying 'Treason,' saying with good reason that the civil commission already announced and asked for by Admiral Dewey was a farce, and that the object of General Otis had been to put us off in order to draw more and more reinforcements from the United States so as to annihilate at one stroke our young and badly armed forces. But for the first time General Otis resorted to diplomacy, sending me a letter through his secretary, Mr. Carman, in which he invited the Philippine government to send a commission, which in conjunction with one composed of Americans was to bring about an amicable settlement between the two parties. Although I did not trust in the sincerity of the amicable propositions of the said general, whose plain intention to prevent that the commission should find the country in peace had already been proved, I acceded all the same to the said invitation, because I saw it officially confirmed in the order of the ninth of January issued by that general, and also because I wanted to demonstrate before the whole world my evident desire to preserve the peace and friendship with the United States so solemnly agreed upon with Admiral Dewey. The conference of the mixed American and Philippine Commission took place in Manila from the eleventh to the thirty-first of January. It ended in a harmonious manner, the American commissioners promising to report to their government, while we should await its answer."

He takes particular pains to show that the Americans opened hostilities, not the Filipinos:

"And while I, the government, the congress, the whole people, were waiting for the longed-for answer, the majority giving themselves up to the most flattering hopes, came the fatal day of the fourth of February, on the night of which the American troops suddenly attacked all our lines, which were practically abandoned, for, it being Saturday evening, our generals and some of our foremost leaders had asked permission to repair to the homes of their respective families."

"General Don Pantaleon Garcia was the only one who at this critical moment was at his post at Maypajo, to the north of Manila, for Generals Noriel, Rizal, and Ricarte, and Colonels San Mignel, Cailles, and others were absent enjoying their furlough."

"According to authentic information, General Otis telegraphed to Washington that the Filipinos had attacked the American army. President McKinley laid the telegram before the Senate, where the ratification of the treaty of Paris of the tenth of December, 1898, was under debate, in so far as the same referred to the annexation of the Philippines, obtaining by this criminal means the complete ratification of the treaty referred to, by a majority of only three votes, which were only given with the protestation that this was done in consideration of the state of war in these islands."

Aguinaldo concludes his document with an appeal to the American people for independence and a flowery apostrophe to his "beloved country" in which he says:

"We are too weak as compared with the leaders of the imperialistic ambition of your present government to withstand their powerful impetus; limited are our resources. But we shall continue in this unjust, bloody, and unequal strife, not for love of war, which we detest, but to defend our incontrovertible rights to liberty and independence, so dearly purchased, and to defend our territory threatened by the ambition of 'a party' which seeks to subject us."

The attempt of Senator Pettigrew to have the above document printed in the *Congressional Record* was defeated in the Senate on January 31st, when Senator Lodge read a letter from Admiral Dewey stigmatizing it as a "tissue of falsehoods" as far as it related to him and adding:

"I never promised, directly or indirectly, independence for the Filipinos. I never treated him as an ally, except to make use of him and the soldiers to assist me in my operations against the Spaniards. He never alluded to the word independence in any conversation with me or my officers. The statement that I received him with military honors or saluted the so-called Filipino flag is absolutely false."

The Dowager-Duchess of Schleswig-Holstein, mother of Empress Augusta Victoria, who has been suffering from pleurisy, died in Dresden a few days ago. All ceremonies in connection with the emperor's birthday were abandoned.

England's postmaster-general, the Duke of Norfolk, is fifty-two years of age and has borne his title for forty years, longer than any other duke outside of the royal family. His only son is blind and a hopeless imbecile.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

William Scott Ferguson, who was recently appointed instructor of ancient history in the University of California, made a brilliant record as a graduate at Cornell University, and received the degree of Ph. D. in 1897.

Aubrey Thomas de Vere, the oldest living English poet, has just celebrated the eighty-sixth anniversary of his birth. Mr. de Vere's poetical work is embraced in fifteen volumes, while ten books stand to his name in prose. It is almost sixty years since the appearance of his first volume in verse, "The Waldenses."

Pastor Albert Beyschlag, one of the most prominent Lutheran preachers in Germany, has arrived in Washington for the purpose of interesting the Protestant clergymen and laymen in a movement to erect a memorial church as a monument to Protestantism at Speyers, a little town on the Rhine, near Worms, where the Reformation actually started.

Malietoa Tanus, who was declared to be King of Samoa by Chief Justice Chambers, has asked for an education. His request was forwarded by Consul-General Osborn, now at Apia, to Secretary Hay, who has approved it and has suggested in a note to Great Britain and Germany that the three powers pay the expenses of the young man while he attends school in Europe.

William Waldorf Astor seems to be trying to follow the old adage, "If you can not speak well of another, say nothing at all." Within the last few months two notable Englishmen have died, the Duke of Westminster and George W. Stevens, the brilliant war-correspondent, and in each case Mr. Astor refused to permit an obituary of them to be published in his *Pall Mall Gazette*. He had trouble with the duke over the purchase of Cliveden, his beautiful home on the Thames, and never forgave Stevens for leaving his journal for the *Daily Mail*.

Prince Prosper of Arenberg, brother of the head of the house and cousin of the president of the Suez Canal directors and of the German Colonial Society, has been sentenced by a Berlin court-martial to three years' imprisonment and to be expelled from the army for a brutal murder committed in South-West Africa. While in command of a district station, after a talk with a native servant, he ordered a sentry to shoot the man; the man fired in the air, but on the prince repeating his order fired again, wounding the black man. It is believed that the Kaiser will interfere with the carrying out of the sentence, as he has appointed a commission to inquire into the Prince of Arenberg's sanity.

The Earl of Derby, the newly appointed censor of British news of the Transvaal war, is the sixteenth of his family to bear the title. He was born on January 15, 1841, in London, was educated at Eton College, and at the age of seventeen entered the Grenadier Guards. He represented Lancashire constituencies continuously from July, 1865, to his elevation to the peerage in 1885. Under various titles he was lord of the admiralty, financial secretary of war, and financial secretary of the treasury. In 1880 he went out of office with his party. In 1886 he was raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Stanley, and in 1888 was appointed governor-general of Canada. He was succeeded in 1893 by Lord Elgin. On the death of his brother in 1893 he succeeded to the title and to estates amounting to sixty-nine thousand acres, principally in Lancashire. When the Paris embassy fell vacant in 1896, it was offered to the Earl of Derby, but he declined it. The countess, his wife, is the oldest daughter of the fourth earl of Clarendon. The earl's father was thrice prime minister of England, and, on account of the peculiarly telling nature of his oratory, he was styled the "Rupert of Debate."

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Black Art in Modern Life.

The name of U. L. Silverrad is new to novel readers, but it will be a good recommendation for any book he or she may write after "The Enchanter" has been read as it deserves. For it is a capital novel in several ways, possessing a story that grips one from the start, a strong love-interest, an element of mysticism, and several admirable studies of character, as well as pictures of rural English life and of the vast mountains and bottomless abysses of the High Himalayas.

In the opening chapter we come upon a boy, Nick Pycroft, who is kept out of the village school because he is too much of a "limb" for even the teacher to control, but who spends his time studying the forms of nature about him—insects, fishes, stones, and grasses—and compels an invalid to teach him to read Hebrew, in order that he may study an old black-letter book on alchemy written by his ancestor, a reputed wizard. Happily, the boy falls into good hands, and his ambition to become an enchanter is turned to modern scientific research.

There had been an imperious little miss, Ira by name, who had allowed the wise brickmaker's lad to amuse her in one lonely summer of her childhood, and when he becomes a noted physicist and they meet, she still holds him as her inferior. His character, however, is too great to be affected by change of worldly circumstances, and there results a constant warfare between them in which the darts of her woman's wit fall harmless outside the wall of his indifference. Then a new element appears in the person of one Maledict Sced, a descendant of the same ancient wizard from whom Nicholas's ancestors sprang, but by birth a gentleman. He has a brilliant mind and has seen everything, done everything, thought everything, and, after long study of the occult arts, he is now in search of the secret of eternal life. Nicholas's old black-letter tome and some ancient manuscripts in Ira's possession contain clues to this, and from them he learns that the object of his search is revealed in a manuscript stored in a bleak Himalayan monastery. Thither the scene shifts, and there Ira learns to esteem Nicholas as he deserves, but it is not until their return to their English home, where she sees how he is adored by all the villagers, and after he has saved from Sced the life of a man whom the adept was murdering to prolong his own existence, according to the formula in the Thibetan manuscript, that Nicholas and Ira confess their love to each other and are happily united.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Napoleon the Third at the Height of His Career.

In his latest volume on the court of the Second Empire, "France and Italy," translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin, the popular French historian, Imbert de Saint-Armand, confines himself to the study of the year 1859, which played so important a part in the destinies of France and Italy. M. de Saint-Armand was attached to the political department of the ministry of foreign affairs during the regency of the Empress Eugénie, and enjoyed exceptional opportunities to follow every fluctuation of public opinion, to study the various ways in which the occurrences of the war were at first commented on at Paris by different classes of society, and to note day by day the impressions, criticisms, joys, and apprehensions of the public.

The period here covered is that at which Napoleon the Third touched the height of his career, and figured as the real arbiter of Europe. We see him standing almost alone in France in desiring war with Austria; preparing for it contrary to the advice of his wife, his ministers, the Senate, the Corps Législatif, and public opinion; cleverly contriving to make Emperor Francis Joseph seem to be the aggressor, while in reality that post was occupied by King Victor Emmanuel; losing control of events, notwithstanding his brilliant victories, and bringing the campaign to an unexpected termination just as Austria was apparently at his mercy, and before the accomplishment of that Italian unity he had sworn to accomplish.

M. de Saint-Armand's volume, however, does not owe its success entirely to the light which it throws upon the character of Napoleon the Third. Again he shows himself a picturesque writer, his vivid descriptions of the gay Paris carnival and the dances, receptions, and entertainments which continued through Lent and Holy and Easter weeks, the spectacular departure of the emperor for the seat of war, the bloody Battles of Magenta and Solferino, the "Te Deum" in honor of the victories, and the popular festivities by which the troops were welcomed home, being excellent examples of his remarkable skill at painting vivid pen-pictures of events of a half century ago.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Poetry and Proverbs from the Japanese.

Lafcadio Hearn, now a Japanese citizen by adoption, a lecturer on English literature in the imperial university at Tokio, is turning to good account his intimate knowledge of the country, its people, and their writings and traditions. His latest volume, "In Ghostly Japan," contains a dozen sketches, poetical prose tales, collections of proverbs,

and traditions. It is not enough to say that all are charming, and the stories of peculiar interest. They are studies of a people worthy of being better known and understood. The literature upon which Mr. Hearn draws has eminent qualities, and its beauty impresses all who are privileged to examine it.

The poetic selections are rendered in musical prose, though the author remarks that it is impossible to preserve their inner quality in a literal translation. With all their quaintness there is a tenderness in even the slightest that is effective. The proverbs are often humorous and always wise, many of them new turnings of thoughts as old as any books.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

## More Quatrains from Omar.

Still another strives to give the world the thought and cadence of Omar Khayyam's verse, and in this volume, "One Hundred Quatrains," by Elizabeth Alden Curtis, one needs but to read Richard Burton's introduction, with its tribute to FitzGerald and Le Gallienne, and Miss Curtis's modest "Foreword," to know that the task is justified. The concluding paragraph of the author's fourteen lines of preface is worthy of quotation:

"Wise men have translated the philosophy of the Persian Omar. This little book is but a 'raking after' these greater ones; lest, perchance, one crimson rosebud, one chaplet of vine-leaves, be left, forgotten by the wayside."

Here are quatrains XLVII., XLVIII., and XLIX.:  
Quick, now the creaking caravan both bend  
And strain, adown the track of Time to wend;  
Dawn whitens on the bleaching wreck of years,  
Thy lips, Beloved, till the end, the end!

We breathe a doubt, aye, in another breath  
We hang our faith on what the Koran saith;  
Believers, scoffers, lords of hold misrule,  
We can not doubt we breathe—!—for that were death.

Yea, on a breath is all existence hung,  
The thread on which these beads of life are strung;  
One day perchance, when we shall breathe our last,  
By that last breath the Secret may be wrung.

The edition is printed on Dutch hand-made paper, bound in light-green silk, and each volume is numbered. Published by Brothers of the Book, Gouverneur, N. Y.; price, \$1.00.

## Miss Pool's New Englanders.

A collection of some of Maria Louise Pool's short stories has been made since the death of the author, and the book, entitled "A Widow and Some Spinners," has as an introduction a sketch of her life by Dr. A. M. Hale, and a portrait frontispiece. Miss Pool's stories all reflect the New England life with which she was familiar, and the characters sketched are thoroughly in harmony with their surroundings. There is quiet humor in most of these sketches, and now and then a bit of pathos that has no blur of cheap sentimentality. The author's talent was never misapplied, and it gave pleasure to many readers who regret that it is only a memory now.

Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Dr. Nansen is just now busy with the scientific work on the Far North of which he is the editor. This work, dealing with the zoology, ornithology, geological structure and remains of the polar region traversed by him, is to be published in parts, the first being nearly ready; it will be completed in about two years.

Egerton Castle's new romance of the time of Sheridan, "The Bath Comedy," now running as a serial in England and America, will shortly be brought out in book-form.

Anthony Hope, in talking about the proposed scheme of pensions for authors, remarks: "Interesting to learn that authors become poor, is it? Ah! the fabulous wealth of the author is a pleasing myth. Indeed, with but a few exceptions, we are lower in the financial scale than the members of any other learned profession." Mr. Hope is now engaged on a novel to be called "Quisante." It will appear next autumn.

The Macmillan Company are to publish a book on Henry Irving which should be of interest to his American admirers at this time. It is a record and review of his life by Charles Hiatt, who wrote also a similar book on Ellen Terry.

The last novel completed by Grant Allen before his death is about to be published under the title of "Hilda Wade." It is the story of a young woman who studies medicine for the purpose of freeing her father of the imputation of a crime, and of bringing to justice the true criminal. It is also a study of the physician whose sympathies are destroyed by interest in pure science.

W. W. Jacobs, the author of "Many Cargoes," was recently married at Leytonstone, England, to Miss Nellie Williams.

A literary product of the present Boer war is a new periodical called the *Ladysmith Lyre*, copies of which have just reached London. The editors have probably appreciated the lack of humor in the con-

test, and have undertaken to furnish a little. They say:

"The *Ladysmith Lyre* is published to supply a long-felt want. What you want in a besieged town, cut off from the world, is news which you can absolutely rely on as false. The rumors that pass from tongue to tongue may, for all you know, be occasionally true. Our news we guarantee to be false. In the collection and preparation of falsehoods we shall spare no effort and no expense."

G. Birkbeck Hill's next work to conquer as editor will be Gibbon's "Autobiography," an edition on which he has been long engaged upon.

It is stated that the American rights for the new novel on which Mr. Kipling is so engaged—his first serious work since his severe illness—have been secured by the S. S. McClure Company.

"The Peace Conference at The Hague and Its Bearing on International Law and Policy" is the title of a book by Frederick W. Holls, D. C. L., which the Macmillan Company expect to publish in the spring.

Stanley Waterloo's new book, "The Seekers," has been delayed, owing to the time expended by the author on the revision of his proofs. Mr. Waterloo has gone carefully into the subject of Christian Science, and therefore the faith-healers will not be treated unmercifully in his new story.

Max Pemberton's latest novel, "Fec," the heroine of which contracts a morganatic marriage with an Austrian prince, is running as a serial in England.

The many readers of "The Adventures of Gavin Hamilton," the latest book from the pen of Molly Elliot Seawell, will learn with regret that the eyesight of this author is rapidly leaving her. Her affliction, however, has not so far caused her to abandon her literary industry. She now dictates to her secretary, who, in turn, reads aloud what has been taken down, that the author may suggest changes.

Robert Barr has changed the title of his new book from "The East While You Wait" to "The Unchanging East," a variation which somewhat alters the atmosphere of the volume.

The February issue of the *International Monthly* contains the following articles: "Art as a Means of Expression," by W. J. Stillman; "Japan's Entry into the World's Politics," by Garrett Droppers; "The Opera in America and Europe," by H. T. Finck; "The Future of the Short Story," by E. Charlton Black; and "Recent Work in the Science of Religion," by C. H. Toy.

Frank Norris is having some difficulty over the title of his forthcoming novel, "A Man's Woman." Mr. Norris finished his story last April, and named it forthwith. He did not, however, secure the title with copyright until July, when the work was published serially in several papers. About two months ago his publishers received a letter from a man in Louisville, Ky., who claimed that his sister, Anne Crawford Flexnor, had written a play, giving it the same title and had it copyrighted in June. As the matter stands, a fine point in our copyright law is once more brought to notice which does not necessarily protect a title provided the subject matter in no way resembles the other. Discrimination is shown only toward a title established as a trade mark. The publishers of Mr. Norris's book announce that they will bring it out with its title, "A Man's Woman," undisturbed, but they will add an explanatory note to the effect that a play with the same name, though having no connection with the book, has been written by Mrs. Flexnor, who deserves equally with Mr. Norris the credit of having thought out the title.

## "The Ashent-Minded Beggar."

According to the London *Daily Chronicle* an amusing correspondence, on a small matter, recently passed between Mr. Rudyard Kipling and a London firm of publishers. The immediate cause of the correspondence was a letter from America, which arrived, directed to Mr. Kipling, in the care of the firm, and was duly forwarded to the author at Rottingdean, together with the following formal note:

"The inclosed letter has just reached us from America, and you will see we had to pay a letter fine of 3d on it. Your obedient servants,  
"GAY & BIRD."

A few days later Messrs. Gay & Bird received the following acknowledgment, dated, of course, from Mr. Kipling's house, the Elms, Rottingdean:

"DEAR SIR: Mr. Rudyard Kipling desires me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of November 30th. The letter you inclose was from a firm of pirate publishers on the Pacific Slope, and Mr. Kipling is glad to learn that you are only 3d out of pocket by it. Faithfully yours, S. ANDERSON."

The publishers' reply, which closes the series, was couched in these terms:

"In forwarding you the letter from America addressed to our care we thought we were doing a courteous act. We did not know from whom it came, but because it was 'from a firm of pirate publishers on the Pacific Slope,' your secretary reports that you are glad to learn that we are only 3d out of pocket by it. This strikes us as the action of an 'Ashent-Minded Beggar.'  
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## LITERARY NOTES.

## "The White Terror."

It is an odd little introduction, but a very characteristic one, that Félix Gras has prefixed to "The White Terror." It sets forth that, when he became a monitor in the seminary where his school days were passed, he spent the time that should have been devoted to little sermons to his young charges in telling them the story of Pascalet, a Provençal lad of the troublous time immediately succeeding the Revolution, and he says that, as the narrative was rudely interrupted and forbidden by the horrified *abbé* who caught him *flagrante delicto*, he has written out the rest of the tale in order that his auditors of those days, and others, may know the end of Pascalet.

This incident may be fictitious, but whoever reads the book will feel that Gras must have been just such a boy as the little seminarist, a born teller of stories, for "The White Terror" unfolds itself easily and naturally, and yet, in spite of the grim horrors it relates, one never quite loses sight of the high-hearted fellow who is telling it.

It chiefly follows the fortunes of the Comtesse Adeline d'Ambrun, who is pursued by a rascal who murdered his master, the Comte de la Vernaye, and assumed his title. Her father is dead and her mother, threatened with shameful exposure, has written an injunction on her daughter to marry the false Vernaye; but Adeline, though only a child, loves Pascalet, who is away fighting the enemies of his country, and is unmoved by all the arguments, prayers, threats, and deceptions brought to bear on her. That these are many may well be imagined, for Calisto, the pretended count, is a determined villain who stops at no crime, and while so many are away at the wars, the entire south of France is in the hands of the Whites, hands of cutthroats who, under the cloak of the royalist cause, rob and murder all who arouse their capidity or distrust. Even in a convent of Ursuline nuns Adeline is not safe, for Calisto is abetted by his real father, a wily priest, and in the end she takes the veil to escape her persecutor.

This is the main story, but it is full of grisly incidents of the "White Terror," as that reign of anarchy was called—horrible persecutions of the innocent, and wholesale murder of men, women, and children. The Napoleonic wars, too, are shown in the recital of a returned veteran, the companion in arms of Pascalet, who fought by his side when the French routed the Prussians in Holland, and made with him the long march into Russia that found its climax in the burning of Moscow and was the beginning of Napoleon's end. Incidents of battle and of the miseries of the Russian campaign related here recall Conan Doyle's remarkable novelette, "The Great Shadow," but where the latter was grim and stern, Gras's veteran has always his emotional side uppermost, and a cheery optimism softens the tragedies he describes.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## A Strong American Novel.

Even if "A Gentleman from Indiana" were not a first book, it would win high praise. As it is, the author, Booth Tarkington, is to be commended for giving novel readers a clean, strong story of people who might be real, and whose surroundings are pictured with fidelity to nature, and congratulated on the possession of gifts that make his story-telling delightful as well as engaging.

The gentleman who gives the title to the book is a young collegian who has invested all his little fortune in a weekly journal published in a country town—a town notable only through the existence of a "White Cap" organization in its outskirts. The new editor makes war upon the ignorant outlaws, and suffers in consequence. During his first year in the place he befriends a lonely, poverty-stricken old man, who has been a teacher, and his reward for this unselfish action comes in the end. There is a heroine, not only winning but with talent and spirit, and the love-story is woven in with grace. Best of all, there is sunshine all through the tale, though there is danger and suffering too; but the happiness of conquest and wishes realized comes in the final chapter, and the twin scenes of triumph pictured there stir the emotions with a power that few pictures possess.

Mr. Tarkington will have no lack of readers and admirers so long as he can give them such pleasure as all find in this novel.

Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## A Hundred Years of Roman Empire.

A second and revised edition of Professor Samuel Dill's notable work, "Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire," has been brought out, and this within a year of its first appearance, a pleasing fact, showing as it does the favor with which it has been received.

The materials for the study which Professor Dill has made were not of easy access, for the period treated is an obscure one, yet his efforts have been marked with success, and his arrangement and presentation is attractive. How men lived, what were their thoughts and private fortunes during the conflict between paganism and the Christian empire,

and through the strenuous times that ended with the extinction of Roman power in the great prefecture of the Gauls, is shown with art and power. The work is not meant as a general history, yet no historical writer has given a more complete picture of the fifth century.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

## New Publications.

"Bushido: The Soul of Japan," by Inazo Nitobe, is a thoughtful and poetic essay on the ethical teachings of the Japanese. Published by the Leeds & Biddle Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

"The Picture Book of Becky Sharp," is a collection of portraits and scenes from Langdon Mitchell's play, handsomely printed. Published in paper covers by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents.

Thrilling novels have been written of adventure in South Africa, with a beautiful lady as the figure of chief interest, but Clinton Ross has not used such properties well in "Zuleka." It is a prosaic story. Published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

Still another addition to the literature of the present struggle in South Africa is "A History of the Transvaal," by H. Rider Haggard. It is made up of portions of a work written eighteen years ago, with some notes to bring it up to date. Published by the New Amsterdam Book Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"Microcosmography; or, a Piece of the World Characterized," John Earle's quaint essays on men and manners, is the latest issue in the Temple Classics Series. The tenth and concluding volume of the Temple Plutarch contains the lives of Aratus, Galba, Otho, Hannibal, and Scipio African, with the usual notes, and the general index to the ten volumes. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 50 cents each.

Dr. Robert H. Greene has written a practical and valuable manual in "Healthy Exercise." In its one hundred and fifty pages there are innumerable directions concerning baths, bathing, the choice of an exercise, and the proper use of the one chosen. Nearly all forms of exercise are treated, illustrations make the explanations clear, and the theory of the work is given in detail. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00.

Each issue of "The World Almanac and Encyclopedia" is an improvement on the number that preceded it, and yet there is little room for criticism in any. The volume for 1900 is simply a marvel in scope, richness of detail, compactness, and convenient arrangement. Not only in the field of politics and government, at home and abroad, but in all lines of progress and achievement is its record complete and exact. Published by the Press Publishing Company, New York; price, 25 cents.

## KIPLING VERSE AND AN ECHO.

## "Fighting Bobs."

[Just now, when the eyes of the whole civilized world are turned upon Lord Roberts, it is interesting to turn to the poem by Rudyard Kipling, entitled "Bobs," that appeared for the first time in the *Pall Mall Magazine* of December, 1893. It "ain't no bloomin' ode," as its author modestly says, but it hits off to a nicety the opinion of Tommy Atkins of the newly appointed commander-in-chief of the British forces in South Africa.—Eps.]

There's a little red-faced man,  
Which is Bobs!  
Rides the tallest 'orse 'e can—  
Our Bobs!  
If it bucks or kicks or rears,  
'E can sit for twenty years,  
With a smile round both 'is ears—  
Can't yer, Bobs?

Then 'ere's to Bobs Bahadur—  
Little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!  
'E's our pukka Kandahader—  
Fightin' Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!  
'E's the Dook of Aggy Chel,  
'E's the man that dunn us well,  
An' 'e'll follow 'im to 'ell—  
Wann't we, Bobs?

If a limber's slipped a trace,  
'Onk on Bobs;  
If a marker's lost 'is place,  
Dress by Bobs.  
For 'e's eyes all up 'is coat,  
An' a bugle in 'is throat,  
An' you will nnt play the goat  
Under Bobs.

'E's a little down on drink,  
Chaplain Bobs;  
But it keeps us outer Clink—  
Don't it, Bobs?  
So we will not complain,  
Tho' 'e's water on the brain,  
If 'e leads us straight again—  
Blue-light Bobs.

If you stood 'im on 'is 'ead  
Father Bobs,  
You could spill a quart o' lead  
Outer Bobs.  
'E's been at it thirty years,  
An' amassin' souveners  
In the way o' slugs an' spears—  
Ain't yer, Bobs?

What 'e does nnt knnw o' war,  
Gen'ral Bobs,  
You can arst the shop next door—  
Can't they, Bobs?  
Oh, 'e's little, but 'e's wise;  
'E's a terrn for 'is size,  
An' 'e—does—not—advertise—  
On yer, Bobs?

Naw they've made a bloomin' Lord  
Outer Bobs,  
Which was but 'is fair reward—  
Weren't it, Bobs?  
An' 'e'll wear a coronnet  
Where 'is 'elmet used to set;  
But we know you won't forget—  
Will yer, Bobs?

Then 'ere's to Bobs Bahadur—  
Little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!  
Pocket-Wellinton an' 'arder—  
Fightin' Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!  
This ain't no hlanmin' ode,  
But you've 'elped the soldier's load,  
An' for benefits bestowed,  
Bless yer, Bobs!

—Rudyard Kipling.

## "Bobs" and Kitchener.

[In a recent issue of the *Pall Mall Gazette* the following parody of the foregoing verses, by Philip Trevor, is printed.]

You're at it nince again,  
Fightin' Bobs,  
Un'eedin' privit pain,  
Father Bobs;  
With a big lump in your throat  
You've stepped aboard the boat,  
But Tommy's made a nnte,  
Dear old Bobs.

You're older than you was,  
Aghan Bobs;  
That don't signify, becoss—  
'Cns you're Bobs.  
You've never 'ad an nunce  
Of gas or buck or bounce,  
So them Bners I specs you'll truncoe,  
Fightin' Bobs.

With the Sirdar you're in touch  
Gen'ral Bobs;  
Some chaps don't love 'im much,  
Do they, Bobs?  
'Is officers confess  
'E aint too gay at mess;  
But the Boers will love 'im less;  
Wan't they, Bobs?

But 'e's the fighter's friend,  
Gen'ral Bobs,  
And 'is 'ead can think no end—  
Fact though—Bobs;  
Let the young 'un 'ave 'is 'ead,  
'E'll redoocs the hill o' dead,  
And 'ave victories instead  
Under Bobs!

'E's a werry punctual blnke  
'E is Bobs.  
'E'll reach Krüger on the stroke,  
'E will, Bobs;  
So if 'e names a date  
Jest write it on the slate,  
You'll find 'e won't be late,  
Gen'ral Bobs.

But just whisper 'im a word  
(Secret) Bobs,  
'Is tongue is sharp, I've 'eard,  
You knnw, Bobs;  
We're used to "damn" and curse,  
But if things was the reverse,  
Tommy wouldn't fight no worse,  
Would he, Bobs?

He don't mean any 'arm,  
Old friend Bobs!  
Let it cause yer an alarm,  
Dear old Bobs!  
But 'e don't boss this crew,  
And as you and 'im make two,  
Well—Tommy's used ter you,  
Malum, Bobs?—Philip Trevor.

## Trouble Over the Bismarck Memoirs.

An interesting piece of literary gossip comes from Berlin by way of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It appears (says this journal) that Bismarck, having written his memoirs, decided to have the benefit of his labors, and sold them to a publisher for a very considerable sum, cash down. Bismarck died, and the publisher took steps to profit by his purchase. But, in the meanwhile, the chancellor's two sons had made their peace with the emperor over the dead man's grave, and it was certain that the publication of what Bismarck had written in his sullen retreat would not be pleasant reading for William the Second. A compromise was arrived at, and for the moment only two volumes of the work were published, dealing with "old, unhappy, far-off things." But while this was being arranged, the astute Dr. Busch stepped in and took the edge off public curiosity with his installment of Bismarckiana, and the net result was a sale which did not pay the publisher. However, that gentleman looked forward with some confidence to recouping himself on the third volume, which dealt with the chancellor's dismissal. The story was written by a man still smarting from the indignity, and it was likely not to lack pungency. Dr. Busch providentially died, and could be of no more annoyance; but there were still the sons to count with. At the last moment they forbade publication, and the unhappy publisher is reduced to seek legal redress. He has paid for the right to use a thing. Shall he be permitted to use it? That is what the courts have to decide.

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Giving the characters English names and making the servants drop their h's has not done much toward disguising the foreign origin of "The Cuckoo." "Made in France" is written all over it. It has the humor that appeals to the lively Gaul left in, with the wit that appeals to all nations cut out.

There is no use trying to make a piece like "The Cuckoo" go in English. It is the typical French farce, and you can not cut the French out of it. It would be quite offensive if it were not so blandly naïve. It is really difficult to be shocked at a play in which every one is so artlessly disreputable, and goes about talking about it to everybody else. The wife tells her husband that she has grave fears that she is going to the devil. The husband tells the best friend, who is the person whose blandishments have proved so captivating, and the best friend urges the husband to let her go—not to the devil, but to visit her aunt.

The husband is only too glad to get rid of her, he having a love-affair of his own with a stout party, who goes about calling in a low-necked dress and a large hat, and gives her name as Lady Alexandra Parke. She appears to have another, which, as I caught it, sounded like "Old Tea-Cake." The wife having been cleared off the scene to make room for "Old Tea-Cake," the best friend hastens to catch the train upon which she goes to her aunt's, succeeds, induces her, without the slightest difficulty, to alight at a way-station, and hand in hand, they repair to a hostelry called "The Flower-Pot Inn." Here their billing and cooing suddenly ends, and a series of violent quarrels take place, the lady having experienced what they call in the Nonconformist churches "a change of heart."

It is difficult for American audiences to find much fun in this sort of thing. To the French, any infraction of the marriage bond seems to be fraught with the most irresistible humor. The only really funny scene in the piece was that in which the African king appears, and the king, the interpreter, and the lion are the only characters that have the least originality or true humor. The opening of act two is very comic and quite a fresh idea. Mr. Hamilton was extremely ridiculous as the king, and raised the most genuine laughter of the evening.

A married woman, eloping with her husband's best friend, while her husband has a love-affair with another woman on his hands, is not the kind of comedy that finds favor in this country. If some smart dramatist like David Belasco had taken "The Cuckoo" and made a shrieking melodrama or tragedy out of it, we would have been immensely impressed, and all the women would have gone to the matinee, eaten caramels, and wept. But to find matter of amusement in this sort of triangular intrigue is not in the national character. There is not really—from our point of view—anything funny in it, and when all the wit of the dialogue is sacrificed because that may offend us, we have nothing left.

The Frawley Company play with the dignity of a collection of self-respecting actors. They are not at home in their frisky rôles. Mary Van Buren as the wife who consults her husband as to her fears of going to the devil, is delightfully serious, handsome, and respectable. She does not look as if it were possible for her to even entertain any fears on that score, and when she elopes does so with a matter-of-fact placidity as of one who is in truth only bent upon an excursion of duty to the home of a maiden aunt. Harrington Reynolds tries valiantly to invest the best friend with a spice of Parisian diablerie, but deceives nobody. He appears a quite hopelessly proper person, who looks as if he had a wife, dressing-gown, and slippers all waiting for him in some neat suburban flat.

Despite her lack of sympathy with the part, Miss Van Buren shows much improvement. In fact, she has progressed so rapidly under Mr. Frawley's tutelage that I am beginning to be of the opinion that he has found another star. In the summer, when she first appeared here, she had no apparent qualifications for the stage except her splendid appearance and her agreeable voice. She was awkward, stilted, amateurish, and uninteresting. She is now able to take leading parts with a good deal of success, especially when they are of the society class. She is not a good villainess and has a lack of esprit that shows in parts that require piquancy and coquetry. But she has humor, sweetness, poise, and quite a remarkable amount of repose. One fault that still shows the trace of the amateur is a sort of crudeness of utterance when she has several sentences to deliver. The words are apt to stumble over each other or to be recited with a parrot-like coldness. At times she appears to lack confidence and to fear to let herself go. In "The Princess and

the Butterfly," when she kicked the flowers under the sofa, she was very stiff and almost childishly raw. But confidence will come to her with more success. In a year Mr. Frawley may present her to us as a new star in the light, brilliant, drawing-room drama.

The Bostonians have re-appeared, after a short absence, much brightened up and with several new additions to the company. The new blood is an improvement, and one that the Bostonians needed. Most of the old favorites are still to the fore, though Cowles leaves rather an aching void. Mr. Barnabee is still a miracle of buoyant friskiness; Mr. MacDonald, beautiful, impassive, and statuesque; and Miss Bertram has grown more vivacious with the passing of the months and sings a waltz song with an accompaniment of smiles and gestures that suggest the sprightly dash of Camille d'Arville.

The new members do not injure the Bostonians' reputation for good looks. Mr. John Dunsmore, who takes Mr. Cowles's place, is an exceedingly fine-looking man, with a booming baritone. It is not quite what Cowles's voice was, but it easily dominated the chorus with a rumbling resonance, and is a good, fresh, mellow voice. The new tenor, Mr. Rushworth, is very tenory in both looks and singing. He is plump, handsome, and foreign-looking, with a sweet, plaintive pipe that runs to soft falsetto high notes. He makes no attempt at acting, which is quite right for a tenor, and wears a long plumed hat, and a pair of haggard hoots, with quite a grand-opera seriousness.

Marcia Van Dresser did not appear the night I was at the Columbia. The contralto was Edith Bradford, a dark, small, large-eyed girl, who had not much voice but made up for it by energy of acting. She was supposed to be a lurid Spanish lady, with a mantilla, a vendetta, a stiletto, and several other touches of local color. She wore many disguises—one as a muleteer was very picturesque—and kept dragging people to the footlights and darkly pressing her stiletto into their hands, after which they went stealthily off and you received a hazy impression that somebody was going to be killed.

All impressions of the plot of "The Smugglers of Badayez" are hazy. I have not the least idea what it was about, except that there was a sort of Carmen flavor hovering over it. This may have been owing to the stiletto that everybody wore freely distributed about their persons, or to the scene in the smugglers' lair, or to the way the contralto and soprano had their heads tied up in colored bandanas, with Spanish turbans set a-top with a decided slant to leeward. The contralto was very Carmenesque, stealing about with her dagger and her dark thirst for revenge. I do not know what she wanted to be revenged for, or who she wanted to be revenged on, but a woman with a stiletto in her belt and a Spanish turban on one side of her head has to thirst for revenge. It is part of her make-up.

If the story was vague the music was very pretty. The second act contained several charming melodies. Miss Bertram had a quite brilliant waltz-song, of which she made the most. Mr. Barnabee had an echo-song, with the chorus hidden behind the smugglers' haies. The Carmen-lady had a most spirited muleteer song, in which she cracked a whip and comforted herself in a dashing, dare-devil style, while the female members of the chorus, in little velvet trousers and white shirts, stood lined up behind her, chanting a refrain.

The whole of this act is sparkling and attractive. The first act seemed more conventional; but the opening up of this type of operetta is always more or less dull, mainly because it is so carelessly done. One of the most remarkable things about American comic opera is the utter inadequacy of the librettos. Extremely graceful melodies are wedded to the most imbecile stories and dreary dialogue. Outside Mr. Barnabee's share—which I suppose he writes himself—the libretto of "The Smugglers of Badayez" is conceived and executed in a spirit of the most astounding dullness. Nobody says anything clever, nobody does anything amusing. No attempt is made to elucidate the mysteries of the plot, or to interest the audience in the story under portrayal. It is these impossible librettos that make our opera-bouffé actors so wooden and stolid. They can not infuse life or spirit into such dead conventional lines, so they simply recite them like parrots. And yet there are good librettos and clever librettists to be bought and employed. The book of "His Majesty," written by Peter Robertson, is so vastly superior in plot, dialogue, wit, and originality to the book of "The Smugglers of Badayez," that one can only regret the words of the one and the music of the other can not be combined. Then we would have a comic opera that really would be comic and an opera.

GERALDINE BONNER.

Exercises in acceptance of the bronze statue of Daniel Webster, presented to the United States by Silston Hutchins, of Washington, took place January 18th in the Lafayette Opera House at the national capital. After the acceptance, the unveiling ceremonies were celebrated at the site of the statue on Scott Circle. At the opera-house leading officials of the government, including President McKinley, occupied seats on the platform, and in the audience and on the stage were many members of the Senate and the House of Representatives.

## VALENTINE VERSE.

### A Valentine.

The little lovesick song that went  
From me to you a certain day,  
Upon the bard road to your heart  
Blundered and tripped and lost its way,  
And so, alack, came crying back,  
Too timid to obey.

And yet to-day unpitying  
Again I hid it on its quest;  
Sweet, if this night a little song  
Come timidly to be your guest,  
Ah, for my sake, will you not take  
And house it in your breast?

—Theodosia Pickering Garrison in Harper's Bazar.

### Three Valentines.

A valentine I gave my love  
Two years ago, a dainty thing,  
Lace-fringed, hand-painted, and above  
The motto flashed an opal ring.  
My reverent homage won her heart  
By all the wiles of love heguled,  
And, when I made myself a part  
Of the love gift, she flushed—and smiled.

Last year, when the good saint's day came,  
My love and I each other gave  
A valentine, one and the same,  
Within the church's sacred nave.  
Upon her hand I placed the ring—  
Proud in my joy that all could see—  
That made me of her heart the king  
Through life and through eternity.

Again St. Valentine's has come,  
After a year of hopes and fears;  
And of life's happiness the sum  
We know exceeds its woes and tears.  
What's this? "A valentine for you!"  
Cries the old nurse; and how she grins!  
I look, and, dumb with rapture view—  
A splendid pair of bouncing twins!

—Anon.

### Courage from St. Valentine.

Scarce I dare to tell you, Florence,  
Of the secret that I hold,  
Lest you, with a fine abhorrence,  
Say that I am over bold,  
Toss your queenly head and pout your  
Pretty scarlet lips in scorn;  
But I've dreamed so much about your  
Loving ways both night and morn,  
That at last I have decided,  
Though you think me sadly weak,  
And declare me most misguided,  
Now to speak!

When the summer's golden glory  
Made the earth divinely fair,  
First I dared to breathe the story  
Of my secret to the air,  
Longing that some spirit or spirit,  
Disembodied, lurking near,  
Listening, might chance to hear it,  
And repeat it in your ear.  
With my message no heeding  
Fairy to your chamber flew,  
Or I should not now be sending  
This to you.

Autumn's hazy skies above you  
Were as brilliant as the trees,  
When, at eve, I heard "I love you,"  
In each murmur of the breeze.  
Yet I could not summon courage,  
Could not trust my faltering tongue,  
Musing "how could maid of her age  
Care for one no longer young?"  
So the gracious autumn ended  
With its south winds blowing bland,  
And the winter time descended  
On the land.

With the new year I confided  
To myself that I'd be bold;  
Lo! a month away has glided—  
Left the secret still untold!  
Still untold—but nay, you know it,  
Dear, at last (perchance did then),  
And, no doubt, you think a poet  
Should woo better with his pen.  
Yet unless you wish to see my  
Sun of life in sure decline,  
You will promise, love, to be my  
Valentine!—Clinton Scollard.

Pepito Rodriguez Arriole is a three-year-old Spanish pianist who is astonishing Madrid audiences. He is said to play correctly and with feeling and to be already composing. He beats Mozart's record as an infant prodigy by three years. His father was a Spanish officer who was killed last year in Cuba.

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A Magnificent Production.  
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FIFTH CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT  
—PROGRAMME—  
Mozart—String Quintet in G-Minor, No. 6. (Two Violins, two Violas, and Cello).  
Tschakowsky—String Quartet No. 1 in D Major, Op. 11.  
Schumann—Piano Quintet in E-Flat, Op. 44.  
Assisting Artist—Mrs. Alice Bacon Washington, Piano.  
Reserved Seats, 75 cts. Admission, 50 cts.  
Seats can be reserved on February 15th and 16th, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music Store.

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## LONDON THEATRICALS.

Bad Effects of the South African War—Beerbohm Tree's Gorgeous Production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

The war in South Africa has resulted in the worst theatrical season known for years in London. Most of the costly holiday pantomimes which usually continue until the end of January were forced to close their doors after a few weeks' run, having entailed large deficits. "The Belle of New York," which has played to crowded houses for two years, suddenly found itself without audiences, and was huddled off hastily to this country to prevent a loss on it. Charles Wyndham has a new theatre on his hands, and an elaborate mounting of "Cyrano de Bergerac" under way, but it looks as if he would have to delay this venture, which has been announced for the middle of next month. An American actor to be caught in the depression is Robert Taber, who has just leased the Adelphi, to produce "Bonnie Doon," by Sir Henry Irving's son, Laurence. A runaway from the field is Forbes Robertson, who has dissolved partnership with Mrs. Patrick Campbell and gone to Corsica for a long vacation. Even Beerbohm Tree, Sir Henry Irving's chief competitor in London, whose sumptuous production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," under ordinary circumstances, would be a pecuniary success, is said to be losing heavily. Mr. Tree's productions of "Julius Caesar" and "King John" enjoyed long runs, and it seems unfortunate that his latest Shakespearean revival should be ruined by the war.

All the critics are agreed that a lovelier stage-spectacle has rarely, if ever, been seen. Thus, one writer says:

"No scene has ever been put upon the stage more beautiful than the wood near Athens, in which the fairies revel and the lovers play their game of hide-and-seek. With a carpet of thyme and wild flowers, brakes and thickets full of blossom, and a background seen through the tall trees, of the pearly dawn or the deep hues of the night sky—the picture is one of real charm and restfulness. All the scenery has been prepared with exceptional taste, but this one scene stands out from the rest. The mind in recalling it seems to dwell upon some actual beauty of nature, instead of a painted arrangement of canvas and pasteboard."

Special praise is awarded to the Oheron of Julia Neilson:

"A commanding and handsome figure, the very embodiment in her picturesque robes of an ideal fairy prince, Miss Neilson conquered all along the line, not merely by virtue of her clear and exquisitely balanced elocution, but also of her artistic and highly finished singing. Stately and refined, yet full of animation, Miss Neilson left nothing to be desired."

Of Mr. Tree's Bottom opinions are varied, tentative, and indecisive. Here is one of them:

"Mr. Tree's study of Bottom the Weaver has, it need hardly be said, many curiously original points about it. It recalls in its general outline the figure of Fitz-Altamont, the crushed tragedian, whose eagerness to play every part in any piece is not to be damped by the most pronounced reuff. Out of the part, however, Mr. Tree gets an immense deal of fun, and in the play scene, posing as the disappointed and envious tragedian, he contrives by many comical and broadly humorous touches to provoke roars of laughter. Mr. Tree's comedy powers are undoubted, and as Bottom he gives them the freest vein."

According to another:

"Mr. Tree makes Bottom unnecessarily unpleasant in appearance—he has the hiliulous visage of a confirmed toper, and a voice thickened with indulgence in liquor. But he presents a capital study of the conceited peasant with his faicy for playing every part in turn, and his confidence in his power of playing all equally well."

On the whole, the suggestion is rather of clowning than of actual humor. But the ass's head was a great success:

"It must have been expected that in these days of mechanical dexterity in stage appliances the ass's head with which Bottom is arrayed would be a highly ingenious piece of work, and in this respect it certainly fulfills all anticipation. He is a most expressive ass, with lips, eyes, and ears, which move most eloquently. One quaint feature of the translated Bottom's utterances being that they sometimes culminate in what should be a laugh, but is, in fact, the hee-haw of the creature whose head he wears. This is a capital idea well carried out."

Another critic says:

"Perhaps the only blot upon the whole performance is the Puck of Miss Louie Freear. Miss Freear is a quaint little morsel of Cockney humanity. She was chiefly famous at one time for being the originator of 'Sister Mary Jane's Top-Note.' In her own line of parts she is imitable, but as a Shakespearean interpreter she is anything but 'all there.' Mr. Tree has engaged her, I believe, at a big salary, but everybody was sadly disappointed with her performance, which, although sprightly enough, partakes more of the London gutter urchin than the impish fairy."

William Archer, writing at leisure for the London World, says:

"If you ask whether Mr. Tree has been mindful of Bacon's maxim, I reply with pleasure: On the whole, yes. He has certainly not spared 'cost,' but he has at the same time achieved 'elegancy.' That equal 'elegancy,' and perhaps deeper, truer, more poetic beauty, could have been attained at less cost,

I am thoroughly convinced. At a repertory theatre a skillful manager could give us the spirit and atmosphere of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' without expending on it anything like the sums which Mr. Tree has lavished on his revival. But Her Majesty's is not, and can not be, a repertory theatre. Mr. Tree necessarily aims at long runs; and a long run, with such a play, is not to be attained unless the rumor goes abroad that the production is no less 'daubed with cost' than 'graced with elegancy.' For my own personal taste, there is too much surface glitter in the mounting. The mortals wear too much gold and the fairies too much electricity."

Under existing circumstances, Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and Olga Nethersole are doubtless thankful that they are in the United States this season and able to draw crowded houses nightly.

## STAGE GOSSIP.

The Bostonians in "The Viceroy."

The last performance of "The Smugglers of Badayez" will be given by the Bostonians at the Columbia Theatre this (Saturday) evening. Next week they will present another opera new to this city entitled "The Viceroy," by Victor Herberth and Harry B. Smith, who furnished them with "The Serenade," which still remains a popular feature of their repertoire and will be revived later. This will practically be its first metropolitan production and great preparations have been made to insure its success. Elaborate scenery has been especially painted by Ernest Gros, while the costumes have been designed by Van Horn, of Philadelphia. As the action is laid in the city of Palermo, Sicily, in the sixteenth century, a most picturesque atmosphere is assured. The first act discloses the Lido, or public square of the city, with the viceroy's palace on the right and the distant view of the sea in perspective; act second, a street near the city prison; and act third, the secret grotto of the Sicilian palace.

Henry Clay Barnabee will appear in the title rôle and all the other favorites will be in the cast.

Farewell Week of the Frawleys.

Unusual interest is attached to the last week of the Frawley Company's engagement at the California Theatre, for on Sunday night Keith Wakeman, who has won great success in England and the East as E. S. Willard's leading lady, will make her first California appearance in "An Unconventional Honeymoon." It is a clever Daly farce, and under the title of "The Transit of Leo" was given at the Baldwin Theatre a few years ago with Blanche Bates in the leading rôle. As Leo Placid, Miss Wakeman will have an excellent opportunity to show her comedy talent, and, as she has a host of friends in San Francisco and Oakland, she will doubtless receive an enthusiastic welcome.

Two special matinees are also announced for next week. On Wednesday Paul Potter's dramatization of Du Maurier's "Trilby" will be revived, and on Friday Sardou's "Madame Sans-Gêne" will be the bill, in both of which Mary Van Buren will have the title-rôles.

The Tivoli's Record-Breaker.

"The Idol's Eye" has settled down to a prosperous run at the Tivoli Opera House, and enters on its fifth week on Monday night. Its drawing powers were put to a strong test this week when all the leading theatres changed their bills, but the audiences were just as large and enthusiastic as ever. Ferris Hartman as Abel Conn, the aeronaut, and Alf C. Wheelan as the "Hoot Mon" are received with roars of laughter, and Anna Lichter, Frances Graham, Annie Myers, Tom Greene, William Schuster, Phil Branson, and Julie Cotte add materially to the success of the production. It will probably be several weeks yet before it will be found necessary to put on "Manila-Bound," the up-to-date extravaganza which is to follow.

At the Orpheum.

Among the new-comers at the Orpheum next week will be Cushman, Holcomb, and Curtis, operatic vocalists, who will present a dainty musical comedy, "The New Teacher"; Monroe and Mack, singing and talking comedians, who have a hudget of new stories and jokes; Deets and Don, who call themselves "double-voiced vocalists"; the Romalo Brothers, famous for their head-to-head balancing act; and Frank Coffin, the popular San Franciscan tenor, who has been reëngaged. The hold-overs are Mr. and Mrs. Perkins Fisher, who have made a hit in Ezra Kendall's sketch, "The Half-Way House"; Irene Franklin, who enters on the last week of her engagement prior to her departure for Australia; Papinta; and the Biograph.

The Races.

On Monday the racing scene changes from the Oakland Track to Tanforan Park, where a number of interesting races have been arranged for next week. The most notable is the handicap for three-year-olds and upward, to be run on Saturday, February 17th, for which the Association guarantees a purse of \$1,000, of which \$100 goes to second and \$50 to third. The distance is one mile and a sixteenth.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

The Taking of San Miguel.

SAN MIGUEL, December 27, 1899.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The accompanying article is written from personal experience in the taking of San Miguel, the first engagement in which the Thirty-Fifth Infantry, largely a San Francisco organization, participated. As an old San Franciscan, I thought it might prove interesting to your readers, hence its appearance at your desk.

We received orders the day before to prepare to march on San Miguel, fifteen miles distant, at any moment, and consequently were much elated. At retreat our captain confined us to our quarters, and at twelve o'clock, midnight, came the order to fall in, which we promptly did. With a day's rations in our haversacks, with our canteen full of coffee, and one hundred rounds of ammunition per man, we started off at two o'clock very briskly toward San Miguel, where the notorious Del Pilar was daily threatening to "unroll the bloody scroll"—whatever that meant. A brilliant rocket shooting aloft from head-quarters notified the artillery, in advance of us, of our departure. In obedience to orders complete silence obtained. On we trudged—singly, in twos, in column of fours, etc., according to the nature of the road, passing hospital and commissary wagons galore stuck in the mud. Rumor had it that Del Pilar had fifteen hundred troops armed with Mausers and backed by artillery awaiting us, consequently we looked forward to our first engagement with mingled emotions, the chief being an unalterable determination to allow no Filipino to keep us out.

It was a beautiful night. Looking back from the first set of fours, in which your correspondent belonged, men could be seen puffing furiously at cigarettes and cigars, some chewing vigorously, but all in complete silence. Flanked on both sides by the treacherous jungle, and momentarily expecting a volley from some hidden outpost, we finally arrived within four miles of San Miguel, where we halted. The sun was now up, and the heat of the tropics was making itself felt. We were fresh and vigorous, however, from a four days' rest before our start. Hurriedly eating our breakfast—hard-tack, bacon, and coffee—we sat down in close order and awaited developments. The deafening roar of artillery to the left of us brought us to our feet like one man, only to be reprimanded by our captain and ordered to sit down again. Soon we advanced again, very cautiously, stopping every few yards, till we began to doubt if old Pilar was in existence at all. Suddenly a volley of unmistakable Mauser origin came straight over our heads from a concealed force in the rice swamp. Involuntarily we lowered our heads, and in obedience to orders took a kneeling position. I looked around and saw my old comrades smoking, and happy to get a chance at the "niggers." The bullets continued to whistle high over our heads, doing no harm whatever. Having been forbidden to fire till we could see the enemy plainly, we waited, silently, grimly, for the coveted opportunity; but, too cowardly to expose himself, the enemy continued firing, while we began to take it as a joke, it being so high. Further up the road, however, our first battalion, seeing a body of the rebels, with a series of volleys completely dispersed them, and we continued our march to San Miguel.

The artillery, with its American gunners, did the rest, and we actually walked right into the heart of the town without further molestation. Pilar, seeing from our determined advance the inevitable result of a pitched battle, had fled. The Filipinos have learned now that deep trenches, loud-sounding volleys, and threats of "unrolling bloody scrolls," do not affect Americans like Spaniards, and govern themselves accordingly. We captured all kinds of ammunition, hammoo cannon, etc., while our cavalry pursued one large band, ten times their number, and captured all their guns, etc. Company K, to which I belong, being ordered to a mountain stronghold vacated in hot haste by Pilar, we left San Miguel immediately, arriving at midnight, and finding the cavalry resting there after having chased the luckless rebels and capturing eight thousand dollars' worth of rice and more ammunition. The next day a small party of us found two thousand rounds of Mauser cartridges buried in the ground, evidently to be retrieved later on.

The beginning of the end is at hand. The insurgents are badly demoralized, broken up into small bands; they are surrendering every day. Did they fight with the bravery of the Boers the war would be over in a month. In spite of descriptions by able correspondents, the difficulties of campaigning here can not be understood by non-residents. The wholesale disappearance of insurgent armies is a mysterious feature of this war that is easily explained when it is stated that the *amigo* who greets the American and the insurgent who shoots at him are usually one and the same individual. Had I time I could write indefinitely of this mountain

country where we now are; of scenery that rivals and in some respects—such as tropical verdure—exceeds anything in the United States; of the immense caves extending far into the great limestone formation; of the innumerable army of hats that every evening issues from them, literally darkening the air in their flight, and making a noise like an immense blast-furnace. A club thrown at random among these animals will bring down a score of them, so thick are they. The writer, the other day, picked up in the bed of this river (name unknown) a piece of graphite three inches square, with which he is doing a deal of writing in lieu of a pencil.

Under the silurian domination of the Spaniard, now happily passed, the people of this country have grown to distrust the Caucasian, and the task of the American is to undo the work of the Spaniard and develop the immense resources of the islands.

CORPORAL JOHN A. HENSHALL,  
Company K, Thirty-Fifth Infantry.

Authorship of "The Green Carnation."

SAN FRANCISCO, January 29, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will you kindly inform me, through the columns of your valuable paper, whether the book, "The Green Carnation," published as anonymous and subsequently under the name of Robert Hichens, was not actually written by Oscar Wilde, and so acknowledged by him at his trial in England some years ago?

Yours truly, A SUBSCRIBER.

[No. "The Green Carnation" was written by Robert Smythe Hichens, the novelist, and published in 1894.—EDS.]

One of the most celebrated of the Alpine guides, Jean Payot, died at Chamounix not long ago in his ninety-fourth year. He was one of the best known of all his class, and had piloted many distinguished persons up the Alps. He was the last survivor of the companions of Jacques Balmat, who was the first to reach the summit of Mt. Blanc, and who perished in the Glaciers de Sixt in 1834.

Frau Louise Froehel, widow of Friedrich Froebel, the originator of the kindergarten system, died recently near Hamburg at the age of eighty-five years. She had survived her husband forty-eight years.

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## VANITY FAIR.

It is extremely doubtful whether any drawing-rooms will be held this spring (says the current number of a London journal of society). The queen feels that so many of her subjects are in mourning, and so many more are anxious about relations at the war, that it is highly probable she may dispense with the drawing-rooms before Easter. On the other hand, regard for the adverse influence this will have on London trade may cause them to be held as usual if our soldiers achieve any striking success in the next few weeks. In any case, the drawing-rooms would be extremely small, and there is not the least chance of the queen coming to Buckingham Palace for them. It is even unlikely that the Princess of Wales would hold them, so the task would devolve on Princess Christian, with only the Duchess of York, and possibly the Duchess of Connaught, to support her. The loss that the entire suspension of court functions would mean to London tradesmen is simply incalculable. Levées are said to be quite out of the question, for only retired generals, politicians, or stockbrokers could come to make their *salon* to the Prince of Wales. The present social blight certainly relieves royalty of many of the ornamental duties for which the country pays so handsomely, but it must not be forgotten that royalty has many friends among the warriors, and though the Duke of Connaught was not permitted to go to South Africa, Prince Christian Victor, Prince Adolphus of Teck, and Count Gleichen, all at the front, are branches of the vast royal tree. The prospects of the London season are very bad. The house-agents, who are cunning students of the social barometer, have warned the clients who annually put their town mansions in their hands that, if they hope to let at all, they must be satisfied with half the sum they usually get. Professional singers complain that while they have to devote their abilities for nothing to the numerous concerts on behalf of the war, they get no lucrative engagements, and the 'slump' in dances is not only phenomenal, but it means that those who cater for the amusements of the rich will now be unemployed.

Washington society is discussing with animation the recent assertion of ex-Secretary Foster that it was a mistake for the United States to create the rank in diplomacy of ambassador. A writer for the *Star* takes up the current gossip and discusses a number of recent instances where the present rules have proved embarrassing. At the diplomatic dinner a fortnight ago, it says the President escorted Lady Pauncefoot to the table. Lord Pauncefoot took in Mrs. McKinley. The next ranking ambassador, Baron Fava, took in the wife of the Mexican ambassador, and to the Mexican ambassador was assigned the Baroness Hengelmüller. The moment the latter found out who her escort was to be she protested through her husband, the Austrian minister, to the Secretary of State. A hasty consultation took place between the President, Colonel Hay, and Colonel Bingham, with the result that the lady from the country which remembers the Maximilian episode was taken to dinner by a diplomat of lower station, and an equally satisfactory arrangement allowed the Mexican ambassador to partake of the Executive salt beside another partner. Another incident concerning ambassadorial personages is still talked about. The ambassadors were not present at the recent *musical* at John R. McLean's home because they were invited to meet a personage of less rank than their own. An ambassador who directly represents his sovereign can only be invited to "meet" the President in this country. Still another tid-bit of gossip on official etiquette pertains to the first state dinner this season. The Cabinet is the honored body always at this formal opening of the White House hospitalities. On this occasion the President took out Mrs. Frye, and Mrs. McKinley was escorted by Senator Frye. This interpretation of the honor due to the Vice-President *pro tem.* is absolutely correct, yet there are those who imagined that the Secretary of State and Mrs. Hay should have ranked Senator and Mrs. Frye. It is not generally known that the recent ruling which has removed from the receiving line at the White House daughters of Cabinet officers who were wont to take their mothers' places was largely due to the criticisms of several foreign ministers. They did not object so much to the presence of these young women in the receiving line as that the rank inherited, so to speak, from that prerogative caused them to be seated ahead of these foreigners and their wives at dinners. They endured it at first smilingly, then less good-naturedly, until the present winter, when, to keep down further growls, the daughters of Cabinet officers no longer receive on the line. This ruling, of course, does not apply to the daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture, who presides over her father's household, and is in no sense a substitute, such as other young ladies of the Cabinet have been on many memorable occasions.

Few people would suspect what an extraordinary number of fortune-tellers drive a thriving trade in P. is (writes the *Pall Mall Gazette's* Paris correspondent). One of the principal functionaries at the prefecture of police informed me recently that his department had the names and addresses of over

two thousand persons who make their living, and in many cases an excellent living, by the most elementary and common of all the forms of the pseudo-science of divination, by telling fortunes from cards. There are other varieties of fortune-tellers galore: those who predict the future from a handful of pins thrown at hazard on a sort of chess-board, or from the shapes assumed by the dregs of coffee in the bottom of a saucer, those who resort to mesmerism and somnambulism, the chiropodists, the drawers of horoscopes, and many others. The cartomancists, however, are in the majority. The methods of all of them are identical, but their prices vary greatly. Their stock-in-trade, apart from some little imagination, considerable cunning, and unlimited impudence, consists solely of the *tarot*, a specially prepared pack of cards, as a rule clumsily hand-painted and pasted on to squares of cardboard. The cost of consulting the *tarot* ranges from a few shillings, eagerly paid by innumerable servant-girls and minor *demi-mondaines*, to five pounds and even seven pounds. The fortune teller who can command these latter prices deals with society ladies, but the most assiduous clients of all are actresses, who, with scarcely an exception, believe in the talents of the cartomancists, and many of them go week after week to the same wise woman and swallow, with incomprehensible docility, the contradictory revelations elaborated for their benefit. The cheaper fortune-tellers are seldom or never consulted by men, but, curiously enough, the cartomancists, whose charges are high, often have men among their customers. There is one well-known speculator on the Paris Bourse who never ventures his money unless the *tarot* has assured him of the likelihood of his being successful; and it must be admitted that his confidence in the cards has, so far, not betrayed him, for he is exceedingly rich. The police have made desperate efforts on various occasions to put a stop to this form of swindling, but they have had practically to abandon the enterprise as hopeless. The Parisienne can no more dispense with her fortune-teller than with her dressmaker or milliner. However, not a few members of the *financier* corporation ultimately get into trouble with the police by declining to be content with what must be called the "legitimate" profits of their profession. Owing to the hold they obtain over their victims, and the knowledge they acquire of their secrets, they are tempted not infrequently to launch out into blackmailing and other disreputable transactions, which land them not infrequently in the criminal dock. Indeed, an account of what goes on in connection with these fortune-telling dens would make a very curious chapter in a description of the seamy side of Parisian life.

"Americans generally have the idea that in the old days the most brilliant social element in Havana were the Spanish officials and their suites. I wish they could see the horrible little out-house in which six staff officers and their families were supposed to live at the summer palace! It would serve to accentuate their mistake," says T. Bentley Mott, U. S. A., late adjutant-general, Department of Havana, in the *Scribner's Magazine* for February. "As a matter of fact, the social circle of Havana has always been made up of Cubans; Cubans with Spanish titles (just as Canadians have English ones), and Cubans without titles; rich Cubans and poor ones, but always and preeminently, if not exclusively, Cubans. From the captain-general down, Spaniards were strangers and foreigners, who might or might not be admitted to these sacred precincts according to no law whatever. Our President and his Cabinet are often strangers in Washington; they have, of course, a circle of their own, but it is conceivable that any or all of these families might not be accepted in what is called Washington society. Just so in Havana. The Spanish official class had naturally a circle of its own, but especially of late years it was no great factor in the social life of the city, and Cubans will now tell you with great pride that not in twenty years has the captain-general so much as got his nose into Havana society."

"As in all Latin countries, Sunday in Havana is a day of amusement as well as of rest," continues Mr. Bentley. "Most of the balls, whether of a public nature or in private houses, are given Sunday evening, and foreigners seem generally to adapt themselves to this custom. One's entrance into a private house upon the occasion of any function is, if a stranger, somewhat embarrassing. The houses are all built around a square-paved court, generally filled with tropical plants. In the old walled town the dwelling apartments are usually on the second floor, while the first is used for business purposes, but in the fashionable suburbs the houses are for the most part of one story. The whole of the side facing the street constitutes the drawing-room, the other three sides of the building being devoted, respectively, to bedrooms, servants' quarters, and dining-room and kitchen. You cross the wide porch with its flagstone pavement, which invariably runs the length of the house, ring the bell, and, when the door is opened, find yourself abruptly entering the drawing-room. There is no hall or vestibule of any kind, and the problem of what to do with hat, coat, or umbrella immediately demands solution. The members of the family are usually seated with great formality in a double row of

chairs arranged facing each other and perpendicular to the wall. The guest speaks to each in succession, and may then be asked to take one of the seats, or is allowed to find his amusement elsewhere. It all seems very stiff and trying at first, but the Cubans are really the most cordial and hospitable people in the world, and in the class of which I am speaking they have that perfect directness and simplicity which is the attribute of all old and well-settled conditions of society, where every man's place has been fixed for generations and the social 'striver' is practically unknown."

One of the famous beauties of the Second Empire, the Countess de Castiglione, died recently in Paris. She came from Italy, and at court attracted the attentions of Napoleon the Third and the jealousy of Eugénie. At a costume ball in the Tuileries, she outdid anything that Paris had seen in scantiness of dress by appearing as Salammbo, clad in her hair, which reached her feet, her jewels, and very little else. When she came before the empress, Eugénie declared that she must feel cold, insisted on her wrapping herself in a mantle, and never invited her again. At that time Paul Vaudry painted her full-length nude portrait. This she tore to pieces when her beauty began to fade. She then shut herself up for more than twenty years in her house in the Rue de la Paix, near the Place Vendôme, where the shutters were closed to exclude daylight, and where her meals were brought from a restaurant, precautions being taken that the waiter should not see her. There she has just died, alone.

## Mother's Milk

Is best for any baby, but after that comes Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for young infants. Thousands of letters are received telling of its successful use. Book "Babies" sent free. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.

## SOCIAL WEEK.

The following for the week ending Wednesday, February 7th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

		BONDS.		Closed.
		Shares.		Bid. Asked.
Contra C. Water	5%	8,000	@ 105	
Edison L. & P. G.	6%	6,000	@ 129 1/2	129
Los An. Ry.	5 1/2%	8,000	@ 105	105 1/2 106
N. Pac. C. Ry.	6%	1,000	@ 103	102
N. Pac. C. Ry.	5 1/2%	5,000	@ 106	106
Oceanic S. Co.	5%	5,000	@ 104 1/2	104 1/2 105
S. F. & S. J. Ry.	5%	7,000	@ 116	116 1/2
S. P. R. of Cal.	6%			
1905		5,000	@ 109 1/2	109 1/2
		STOCKS.		Closed.
		Shares.		Bid. Asked.
Contra Costa Water		1,855	@ 72 1/2	73 1/2 74
Spring Valley Water		830	@ 93 1/2	93 1/2 94
Gas and Electric.				
Equitable Gaslight		135	@ 4	3 1/2 4 1/2
Mutual Electric		100	@ 13 1/2	14 12 13 1/2
Oakland G. L. & H.		70	@ 45	45 1/2 47 1/2
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.		340	@ 48 1/2	49 1/2 49
S. F. Gas & Electric.		655	@ 50 1/2	51 1/2 51 1/2
Banks.				
Bank of Cal.		28	@ 40 1/2	
Street R. R.				
Market St.		275	@ 61	60 1/2
Powders.				
Giant Con.		255	@ 94 1/2	93 1/2 94
Sugars.				
Hana P. Co.		665	@ 7 1/2	7 1/2 7 1/2
Hawaiian		15	@ 86	87
Honokaa S. Co.		175	@ 29 1/2	29 1/2 29 1/2
Hutchinson.		935	@ 25 1/2	26 25 1/2
Makaweli S. Co.		735	@ 43 1/2	44 43 1/2
Onomea S. Co.		180	@ 26 1/2	27 26
Pauhaui S. P. Co.		625	@ 26 1/2	27 26 1/2
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.		60	@ 120 1/2	120 120 1/2
Oceanic Steam. Co.		15	@ 9 1/2	
Pac. A. Fire Alarm		200	@ 2	2

Another quiet week has been passed in the Stock and Bond Exchange. Bubonic plague has created an unsettled feeling regarding sugar stocks. The gas and water rate question still looms up, and investors and speculators are at sea as regards results. Contra Costa Water has for the past ten days shown the fine hand of the manipulator, indicative of continued activity. It closed exactly at the same figures as a week ago to-day.

San Francisco Gas and Electric has advanced one point. Spring Valley Water prices are the same as those of last week.

Pauhaui has dropped 75 cents; Hutchinson, 50 cents; and Makaweli, 50 cents.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

GEORGE R. SANDERSON, A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

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Mrs. Blinkers—"What! Going away? Why?" Servant—"Yes, mum; when I came yesterday you gave me the keys to your trunks, and drawers, and chests, and jewel-boxes to keep for you." Mrs. Blinkers—"Yes; I did that to show that I trusted you. What is the matter?" Servant—"There don't one of 'em fit"—Ex.

## THE LATEST STYLES IN Choice Woolens

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MERCHANT TAILORS, 622 MARKET STREET (Upstairs), Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,213,146.59

Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00

Deposits December 31, 1899.....28,635,655.41

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## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN.

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1900.....\$26,110,681

Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000

Reserve Fund.....210,067

Contingent Fund.....407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.

LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier, Asst. Cashier.

Directors—George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, Geo. Tascheira, E. B. Pond.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000

SURPLUS.....1,000,000

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.....2,365,968

October 1, 1899.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President

CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President

THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier

S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier

FRANK F. MOULTON.....Assistant Cashier

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OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869,451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,339.71.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Poultney Bigelow's admiration for the Kaiser is well known. One person, however, who recently tried to joke with him about it did not get off unharmed. "You remind me—" began Mr. Bigelow. "Not of the German emperor!" cried the person addressed. "No," was the reply, "the Kaiser is a gentleman."

At an entertainment in Edinburgh, just as the Boer war broke out, the audience stopped the performance to sing the national anthem. So far this was all right, but more followed. A few hot-headed spirits caught sight of a uniform, and the wearer, despite his protests, was seized and carried around the building. When he regained *terra firma*, some one asked him for the name of his regiment, his uniform not being familiar. "Regiment 1" was the surprised reply; "man, I am the doorkeeper. What's gaun wrang wi' ye a'?"

President Krüger, when Jews first began to flock to Pretoria was unfavorably disposed toward them, and used them severely, but after a time relented, and finally gave them leave to build a synagogue. They were grateful, and when the synagogue was built they asked him to come and open it. The old man accepted the invitation, and, standing on the platform, duly said: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, I declare this synagogue opened. Now, my friends, I hope you will lose no time in becoming converted."

At the time when the war with Spain had been brought to a successful close (says a contributor to the "Drawer" in *Harper's*), a number of statesmen were discussing the future of the country over their cigars in Washington. At last one enthusiast exclaimed, addressing himself to the most prominent member of the group: "In my opinion we are drifting directly toward imperialism, and you, sir, should be the first emperor." "Not if I know it," drawled the great man; "I am not fool enough to want to be the first emperor of a nation of such good shots."

In a certain Philadelphia store there is a young assistant hook-keeper. He is a steady chap, minds his own business, and as shrewd as they make them. The other day the senior partner of the firm, who seldom comes around, made a tour of inspection, and, as he approached the assistant hook-keeper, he noticed the solemn expression on his face. Desiring to be genial, he said: "How are you, young man? I see you are at your work. That is good. Close attention to business will always bring its own reward. Tell me, what are you earning now per week?" The young man, without a moment's hesitation, answered: "Twenty dollars, sir; but I only get half of that."

A man of letters who visited Washington recently appeared at hut one dinner-party (says the *Washington Post*) during his stay. Then he sat next to the daughter of a noted naval officer. Her vocabulary is of a kind peculiar to very young girls, but she rattled away at the famous man without a moment's respite. It was during a pause in the general conversation that she said to him: "I'm awfully stuck on Shakespeare. Don't you think he's terribly interesting?" Everybody listened to hear the great man's brilliant reply, for as a Shakespearean scholar he has few peers. "Yes," he said, solemnly, "I do think he is interesting. I think he is more than that. I think Shakespeare is just simply too cute for anything."

On one of "Old Hoss" Hoey's trips across the Atlantic, the steamer, moving slowly along in a dense fog at about three o'clock in the morning, struck on the rocks off Fastnet, the light not being visible. Fortunately, nothing more than a scare for the passengers resulted. "Everybody was soon on deck except Hoey, who had been having a hilarious time the night before, and had slept all through the trouble. One of his friends sent a steward for him, and at last he appeared, still a trifle befogged. When the facts were explained to him he joined fervidly in an impromptu praise-service which the passengers were holding. Finally, there came a lull in the proceedings, and "Old Hoss" took advantage of it to propose three cheers and a tiger for the captain. This proposition caused much astonishment, and some one ventured to ask on what grounds he based the proposed honor to the captain. Drawing himself up to his full height, "Old Hoss" replied impressively, "On the ground that he is the only man sailing the Atlantic Ocean who could have hit that — rock without a light."

During an advance in Manila recently (says the *Chicago Tribune*), one company had to lie down at the side of the road for shelter from the well-directed volleys of the insurgents. One of the privates had dropped his haversack in the middle of the road away back, and, after the company had laid down, he calmly stood up and walked down the road toward the lost haversack. He made a fine target for the insurgents, and the bullets rattled around him pretty lively. "Here, come back here, O'Malley,"

yelled the lieutenant of the company; "you'll be killed." "Well," replied O'Malley over his shoulder, "I might just as well be killed as have General Otis a-runnin' me up hill and down dale and comin' over to me house ivery mornin' and a-sayin', 'O'Malley, why don't you pay the government for that havesack?' Then he calmly walked on and got the lost piece of property and, as he came back and sat down just in time to escape a volley of Mausers, he threw the haversack on the ground and said: "And when he does come to-morrow mornin' to me house I'll say, 'Otis, me little man, you're dead wrong. I never lost no havesack. There's your bloody old potato hag. Take it to the government with me compliments.'"

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## An Utterior Object.

A youth I lately met upon the street,  
A youth to me well known—I love him not—  
Not overmuch, at least; yet I, full sweet  
And courtly, smiled on him. He said he'd got  
A story—something new, which he'd relate—  
"A gleesome jest, I faith! A merry jape!"  
So said he, smirking idiot-like. (I hate  
His sappy, witless leer.) Ere I could 'scape  
He told his tale—a very senseless yarn,  
A sorry, antiquated anecdote  
That e'en in childhood was not worth a darn—  
From sense and wit and worth alike remote.  
But I, with hollow laughter, roared again  
And held my straining sides and smote my thigh  
And wiped my eyes and whooped and laughed  
again,  
Chucked and sniggered, tittered joyously,  
Protesting, cackin'ing, 'twas a gem,  
The best one I had heard for many moons,  
A pure lalaloosa and a stem—  
Winder, h'gosh, and other things. Eftsoons  
I left him. Would you ask the reason why  
I counterfeited this excessive glee?  
His father views me with a haleful eye,  
His sister, she is all the world to me.

—Chicago Record.

## The

I have been from Maine to New York, and I have been to the coast,  
And I've met with many liars great and small;  
I've listened to New England brag and Minnesota hoast,

And the wildest Western whopper of them all.  
But I want to go on record that it is my firm belief,  
That for quality that never fades nor shrinks,  
The uncrowned King of Liars, the General-in-Chief—

Is the glib and gifted Liar of the Links.

The old familiar lies of mighty deeds with rod and gun,  
The trick that caught the trout or killed the moose,  
Are simply brainless hubbles when this most accomplished son  
Of Ananias once gets fairly loose.  
He will tell you how in driving from the sixth or seventh tee,  
Some thirty minutes after set of sun,  
His ball slipped thro' the hark upon a slippery elm-tree,  
Then carromed from a branch and holed in one.

He will tell you how in lofting once his ball went up so high,  
It took at least three minutes to come down;  
And how he won by twenty holes, and didn't have to try  
Against the celebrated slasher Brown.  
He will also tell of hunkers high as any mountain peak  
Over which he's sent his ball with deadly aim,  
And with manner bold and "brassy" he will lie about the cleek  
With which he won the championship game.

He will tell about the blindfold game he played a year ago,  
When he made his famous round in fifty-three;  
He will tell how he's defeated all the best this land can show,  
And many famous chaps across the sea.  
In short, with all respect to other liars here and there,  
For versatile mendacity, methinks  
He stands alone, unparalleled and quite beyond compare,  
This monumental Liar of the Links.

—E. C. Walcott.

## Getting Back at the Editor.

"Ah, say yes!" pleaded the young editor of the *Tombstone Magazine*, as he knelt at the feet of the beautiful heiress, Bromo Moneyton. "Do not so cruelly kill the hopes that I have cherished that you would one day be mine!"

The exquisite girl moved slightly away so that she could get a good view of his attitude. She looked coldly, pityingly, almost mockingly, at him. Then she spoke in calm, measured tones:

"I regret," she said, "that, after a careful examination, I find that you do not fulfill all the requisites for acceptance. In short, you won't do."

A cold child seemed to strike and clutch his

heart in an icy grip. Her words sounded strangely familiar.

"I wish, however," she went on, "to thank you for so kindly submitting yourself, and at the same time to remind you that the refusal does not necessarily imply a lack of merit."

"Be merciful, Bromo!" he moaned. He recognized in what she said the regular rejection form of the *Tombstone*.

"In judging the acceptability of a husband," she continued, "many questions of individual plan and policy must be considered. It frequently happens that a man unsuited to the tastes and inclinations of one girl may come within the scope of some other. A more careful study of my peculiarities would have informed you more thoroughly of the general character of offers desired. I wish, however, to thank you for the privilege of considering you, and will promise you a prompt decision on the value of all future—"

"Enough! Enough is Bromo," he gasped, groveling on the rug. "What is your *nom de plume*?"

She glared mercilessly into his eyes, then drew herself to within an inch of her full height.

"Roxine Radiator," the poetess, whose verses you have been steadily refusing for the last year and a half!" she hissed in his ear, as she swept from the room.—Kate Masterson in *Life*.

## Our Increased Trade with China.

England can no longer compete with us in the shipment of many products to China. Our trade with the Chinese has increased almost forty per cent within the last year. This is merely natural. The best wins in everything. For a like reason, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the best remedy in the country, has for fifty years acknowledged no superior to cure constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, and biliousness.

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Scotch Whisky

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## AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.  
St. Louis.....February 21 | New York.....March 7  
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Nordland.....February 21 | Southwark.....March 7  
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And All Points on Yukon River.

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## FOR NOME, ST. MICHAEL, AND ALL OTHER POINTS:

From San Francisco.....S. S. ST. PAUL, May 25th  
A STEAMER WILL BE DISPATCHED EVERY FORTNIGHT THEREAFTER.

## FOR JUNEAU, SITKA, PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND, COOK'S INLET, KODIAK, AND ALL INTERMEDIATE POINTS:

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STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
1900.  
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1900.  
Coptic (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Feb. 27  
Gaelic (Via Honolulu).....Friday, Mar. 23  
Doric (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Apr. 17  
Coptic (Via Honolulu).....Friday, May 11  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.



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1900.  
America Maru.....Wednesday, March 7  
Hongkong Maru.....Saturday, March 31  
Nippon Maru.....Wednesday, April 25  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.



S. S. Alameda sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8 P. M.  
S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Mar. 7, 2 P. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgomery Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., February 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, March 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10 A. M., February 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, March 2, and every fifth day thereafter.  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., February 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, March 5, and every fifth day thereafter.  
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., February 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, March 5, and every fourth day thereafter.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., February 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, March 2, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.  
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month.  
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.  
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## SOCIETY.

## The Ohrwall-Zeile Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Henrietta Zeile, daughter of Mrs. Henrietta Zeile, to Dr. Harald Ohrwall, took place at the home of the bride's mother, at 1717 California Street, on Thursday evening, February 8th. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Church. The bridesmaids were Miss Lottie Woods and Miss Paula Wolf, and Mr. H. A. Rosenquist supported the groom as best man.

After the ceremony a supper was enjoyed, and on Friday Dr. and Mrs. Ohrwall left for a trip in the southern part of the State. They will return in a few days for a brief visit and then start on a European tour.

## The Huntington Theatre-Party.

The Misses Clara and Elizabeth Huntington gave a theatre-party on Monday evening, February 5th, in honor of Miss Ardella Mills, prior to her departure for Europe. They witnessed the performance at the Columbia Theatre, and afterward adjourned to a down-town restaurant, where supper was enjoyed.

Those in the party were Mrs. H. E. Huntington, the Misses Huntington, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Katherine May Dillon, Miss Elizabeth Stubbs, Miss Edith Stubbs, Mr. Bliss, Mr. Alexander Center, Mr. Gee, Mr. J. Metcalf, and Mr. Alfred Poett.

## Miss Shingleberger's Dinner.

A dinner-party was given by Miss Leah Shingleberger on Tuesday evening, February 6th, at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Gustav Niebaum, 1201 Hyde Street. Covers were laid for eighteen at tables decorated with red roses, and the same rich color prevailed in the general decoration of the rooms. A string-orchestra played during the dinner and afterward in the drawing-rooms.

Those at table were Miss Leah Shingleberger, Miss Alice Chipman, Miss Curry, Miss Florence Denning, Miss Mary Denman, Miss Gedney, Miss Alma McClung, Miss Meyer, Miss Leila Voorhies, Mr. John Baird, Mr. Walter H. Crowell, Mr. Frank Kiesling, Mr. Frank King, Mr. Abraham Lewis, Mr. Hermann Meyer, Mr. John O'Brien, Mr. Thomas Taylor, and Mr. Isaac Upham.

## The San Mateo Hunt.

The meet of the San Mateo Hunt on Saturday, February 3d, was preceded by a luncheon given by Mr. Francis J. Carolan, M. F. H., at the Burlingame Country Club to the members of the hunt and their guests. The luncheon was served on the broad veranda of the club-house, and music was played by a string orchestra during the two hours spent at table. Mr. Carolan's guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Beylard, Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. P. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hinshaw, Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Elwyn Lester, Colonel Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., and Mrs. Maus, Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. George Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mrs. George H. Howard, Miss Harvey, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Maenle McNutt, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Carrie Taylor, Mr. H. C. Breeden, Mr. F. H. Bulkeley-Johnson, Mr. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. Charles N. Dunphy, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. Earl B. Hough, Mr. Hugh Hume, Mr. W. O. B. Macdonough, Mr. Peter D. Martin, Mr. J. J. Moore, Mr. A. B. McCreery, Mr. E. Lynch Pringle, Major J. L. Rathbone, Mr. E. J. Tobin, and Mr. R. M. Tobin.

After the luncheon the company proceeded to "The Crossways," Mr. Carolan's place, where the meet was appointed for three o'clock, and shortly after that hour the hunt began. Those who rode were:

Mr. Francis J. Carolan, M. F. H., Mr. F. H. Bulkeley-Johnson, Mr. H. C. Breeden, Mr. E. D. Beylard, Mr. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. Charles N. Dunphy, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. J. H. P. Howard, Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, Mr. Hugh Hume, Mr. H. H. Hinshaw, Mr. Peter D. Martin, Mr. J. J. Moore, Mr. George Parsons, Mr. R. M. Tobin, Mr. E. J. Tobin, Mr. A. L. Whitney, and Mrs. J. H. P. Howard and the Misses Brittain.

Among those who took part in the run on Wednesday last were Mr. Carolan, Mr. E. D. Beylard, Mr. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. Charles N. Dunphy, Mr. J. H. P. Howard, Mr. George Parsons, Mr. R. M. Tobin, and Mr. Edward J. Tobin.

On Saturday evening, February 10th, after the run from Belmont, the members will give a dinner in honor of the master, Mr. Carolan, at the Burlingame Club.

The bunt-card of the club for February calls for

meets every Wednesday and Saturday, except in one week. There will be a special event on Washington's Birthday, when the start will be at Fair Oaks at 11 A. M., after a breakfast given by Mr. J. J. Moore. After the hunt the riders will attend the Burlingame Country Club's amateur races at the Hobart track. The card for February is as follows:

Saturday, February 3d, Crossways, 3 P. M., Burlingame, favor the master luncheon, Burlingame Club, 1 P. M.; Wednesday, February 7th, Howard Woods, 3 P. M., Crystal Spring Road; Saturday, February 10th, Southern Pacific Station, 3 P. M., Belmont; Wednesday, February 14th, Crystal Spring dam, 3 P. M., north side; Saturday, February 17th, Uncle Tom's Cabin, 3 P. M., San Bruno, luncheon at 1 P. M., by invitation of the master; Tuesday, February 20th, club grounds, 3 P. M., Burlingame; Thursday, February 22d, Fair Oaks, 11 A. M., breakfast at 9 A. M., by invitation of J. J. Moore; Saturday, February 24th, Hobart farm, 3 P. M., San Mateo; Wednesday, February 28th, the dairy, 3 P. M., Millbrae.

## The Burlingame Club.

In addition to the open golf tournament for professionals at the Burlingame Club on Washington's Birthday, which will begin at ten A. M., and probably continue in the afternoon, there are to be races at the Hobart track, beginning at two P. M. The programme is as follows:

1. Quarter-mile for polo ponies. 2. Half-mile for race ponies. 3. Three-quarter mile for carriage horses, to be trotted under saddle. 4. Polo pony steeple-chase for the Duc d'Abbruzzi Cup; about two miles; open only to polo ponies which have a certificate from the polo committee; no professional allowed to ride. 5. Five-eighths of a mile flat for race ponies. 6. Point-to-point, pink-coat steeple-chase; about four miles.

The officers of the meeting will be as follows:

Stewards—Mr. George A. Newhall, Major J. L. Rathbone, Mr. P. P. Eyre, Mr. F. J. Carolan, Mr. W. S. Hobart, Mr. E. D. Beylard, Mr. F. S. Moody, timekeeper; Mr. J. B. Crockett, judge; Mr. R. M. Tobin, official measurer; Mr. J. S. Tobin, starter; T. F. Meagher, clerk of course.

## Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey have issued invitations for a dance which they will give in honor of Miss Dillon on Wednesday evening, February 21st, at their home on Jackson and Laguna Streets. About twenty-five couples will be present, and the cotillion will be danced.

Miss Charlotte Ellinwood has invited about seventy-five friends to a "masked tissue-paper dance" which will be given at her home on Pacific Avenue and Devisadero Street on Wednesday evening, February 14th.

Miss Elizabeth Huntington has invited a number of friends to an informal dance at her home on Jackson Street on Saturday, February 10th.

A musicale will be given at the Bella Vista Hotel on Thursday evening, February 15th, for the purpose of raising money to pay the present debt of the Church of the Advent.

Mrs. W. F. McNutt gave a dinner at her home on Pacific Avenue on Tuesday evening, February 6th. Those at table were Mrs. W. F. McNutt, Miss Maenle McNutt, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Isobel Kittle, Miss Mary Scott, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. Gerald L. Rathbone, Mr. Harry N. Stetson, Mr. Nathaniel N. Wilson, Mr. T. C. Berry, and Mr. Maxwell McNutt.

The Misses Spreckels gave a luncheon on Wednesday, February 7th, at the residence of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, on Howard Street. Those at table were Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Edna Hopkins, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Alice Schussler, Miss Maud Wood, Miss Mary Josselyn, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Cordelia O'Connor, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Josephine Loughborough, and Miss Fannie Loughborough.

A luncheon was given by Miss Ruth McNutt at her home, 2511 Pacific Avenue, on Thursday, when she entertained Miss Elizabeth Ames, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Margaret Cole, Miss Mary Denman, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Charlotte Field, Miss Mary Greenwood Josselyn, Miss Edith Preston, and Miss Leila Tatum.

Mrs. Homer S. King gave a luncheon on Thursday, February 8th, in honor of Mrs. F. Hodges, of Boston, Mass., who is here on a visit to her brother and sister, Mr. Davis and Mrs. Vansicklen.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence W. Mackay on Sunday, February 4th, at their home in Madison Avenue, New York.

The days have now been fixed for the principal representations of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. The first public performance will be on May 24th. Then will follow, May 27th, June 4th, 10th, 16th, 17th, 24th, 29th, and other dates in July, August, and September. The play will begin in the morning at eight o'clock, and will last until five o'clock in the afternoon, one hour being allowed at midday for rest and prayer. The new theatre will contain four thousand two hundred spectators. The electric railway from Murnau to Oberammergau will be finished in March, and it will then be possible to leave Munich in the morning, see the greater part of the play, and return to the Bavarian capital on the same day.

## Golf and Tenois Notes.

The first return match in the home-and-home contest between teams of the San Francisco and Oakland Golf Clubs took place at the Oakland Club's links on Saturday, February 3d, resulting in a victory of 5 up for the San Francisco team. This, with their victory of 27 up of the preceding Saturday's match on their own links, gives them the first set of two matches by 32 up, and the privilege of holding the challenge trophy until the second set has been played next month. If they win the second set, they will own it, but if the Oakland Club wins, a fifth match on some neutral links will be necessary.

The record of the match is as follows:

John Lawson, San Francisco, and Ernest R. Folger, Oakland, tied; Harry B. Goodwin, S. F., and William P. Johnson, O., tied; Richard H. Gaylord, S. F., beat George D. Greenwood, O., 2 up; S. L. Abbot, Jr., S. F., beat Robert M. Fitzgerald, O., 3 up; Horace D. Pillsbury, S. F., beat James C. McKee, O., 5 up; J. W. Byrne, S. F., beat C. P. Hubbard, O., 1 up; Harry E. Knowles, O., beat Charles Page, S. F., 4 up; P. George Gow, O., beat A. B. Williamson, S. F., 5 up.

The preliminary, semi-final, and final rounds of the first contest for the Council's Cup for ladies of the San Francisco Golf Club took place on the Presidio links on Saturday, Monday, and Wednesday, February 3d, 5th, and 7th, and resulted in victory for Miss Alice Colden Hoffman. She will be the first to have her name inscribed on the cup, which must be won twice by the same player to become her property. The record of the tournament is as follows:

First round—Miss Mary Scott beat Miss Sarah Drum, 4 up; Miss Alice Colden Hoffman beat Miss Ella Morgan, 6 up; Mrs. H. C. Breeden beat Miss Edith McBean, 4 up; Miss Maud Mullins and Miss Caro Crockett tied, but on the play-off over 3 holes, Miss Mullins beat Miss Crockett, 1 up.

Semi-finals—Miss Mullins beat Miss Scott, 2 up; Miss Hoffman beat Mrs. Breeden, 3 up and 2 to play.

Finals—Miss Hoffman beat Miss Mullins, 5 up. The qualifying round, 18 holes, medal play, of the second tournament for the Council's Cup for men of the San Francisco Golf Club will take place at the Presidio links on Saturday, February 10th, beginning at 2 P. M. The sixteen players making the lowest scores will compete in the preliminary round on Saturday, February 17th, and the semi-finals and finals will be played on the morning and afternoon, respectively, of Washington's Birthday.

The second Pacific Coast Open Amateur Championship Tournament will be held on March 10th on the Oakland Club's links. Four prizes will be offered. The qualifying round, 18 holes, medal play, must be played on the Oakland links within two weeks preceding the day of the tournament, and the sixteen making the lowest scores will be entitled to play in the tournament.

The consolation tournament for those who were defeated in actual play in the ladies' singles tennis tournament at the California Lawn Tennis Club's courts on Thursday, February 1st, was played Thursday, February 8th. Miss Elsie Bowman and Miss Dorothy Eells defaulted, and the other matches resulted as follows:

Miss Edith Waterman defeated Miss M. Eisen, 6-0, 6-2; Miss Edith Chesebrough defeated Miss Isobel Sherwood, 6-3, 6-2; Miss Winifred Mason defeated Miss Ruth Foster, 6-0, 6-1; Miss Waterman defeated Miss Chesebrough, 6-0, 6-3; and Miss Mason won by defeating Miss Waterman, 8-6, 6-3.

There was an exhibition game, the same afternoon, in which Miss Marion Hall, the winner of the preceding week's tournament, defeated Miss Alice Colden Hoffman, 6-3, 6-4, 0-6, 6-2.

The round-robin doubles tournament for men begun some time ago will be continued as opportunity offers, and on February 14th there will be a class singles tournament for men.

D. M. Ferry & Co.'s "Seed Annual" for 1899 is more than a catalogue, it is a compendium of knowledge for the gardener and farmer, handsomely illustrated. The descriptions of plants and flowers have been prepared by leading horticulturists and scientific gardeners, and are valuable. The "annual" is sent free to all applicants.

Kaiser Wilhelm presented to the Ziethen Hussars, as a new-year's gift, a copy of the Dutch naval flag taken by the regiment in 1787. It then accomplished the unusual feat for a cavalry regiment of capturing a man-of-war. A ten-gun Dutch brig ran ashore in trying to break down the dikes, and the hussars managed to board her.

MADMOISELLE E. DELAHAYE, THE WELL-known French educator, proposes personally to conduct a party of ladies to the Paris Exposition. Those desiring to take advantage of this opportunity address 1825 California Street.

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CIGARS  
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

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To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

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Manufacturers of Mineral Waters  
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Given under my hand and seal  
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The Warrant is granted  
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Wm. Wolff & Co.

Pacific Coast Agents

329 Market Street

### SOCIETY.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon and Mrs. Frank G. Newlands are now in Monte Carlo.

Mrs. James A. Robison and Miss Eleoora Robinson left Paris about the middle of December for Italy, where they will pass the winter, returning to Paris in the spring.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin is visiting friends out of town.

Miss Moulder is speeding the winter in Washington, D. C., as the guest of Brigadier-General J. M. Wilsoo, chief of engineers, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wilsoo.

Mrs. R. C. Woolworth and Miss Heleo Woolworth are in Paris.

Mrs. W. H. Mills and Miss Ardella Mills leave on Monday, February 12th, for Europe.

Prince and Princess André Poniatowski and Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker left last week for a visit to the East. Mr. and Mrs. Crocker arrived in New York last Tuesday. The Poniatowskis will be in New Orleans for Mardi Gras, and thence go on to New York.

Mrs. Farish Ferman, of Milledgeville, Ga., is visiting her parents, Professor and Mrs. Joseph Le Coote, at their home in Berkeley.

Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt left on Tuesday last on a business trip to Ogden.

Mr. Francis J. Carolan came up from Burlingame last Tuesday and was a guest at the Palace Hotel.

The Right Rev. W. H. Moreland, D. D., Episcopal bishop of the Northern Diocese of California, and Mrs. Moreland returned on Thursday from their Eastern trip, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Curtis came over from San Rafael on Thursday and were guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Livingston Duon enjoyed a trip to the Tavoro of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse E. Godley (née McMullin) arrived in Washington, D. C., last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stuhls left on Saturday, February 4th, for a ten days' trip in Southern California.

General R. H. Warfield arrived in New York last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hioshaw, of London, who are paying a visit to the coast, are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. W. E. Ainsworth arrived in town from Portland, Or., on Monday, February 5th.

Mr. P. R. Mahury and Miss Mahury, of San José, are guests at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Goodman, who are here on a visit from Pittsburgh, made the trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Garnsey are in town from Los Angeles, and are stopping at the California Hotel.

Mr. E. W. Newhall arrived in New York last Wednesday.

Mr. P. N. Lilienthal, Mr. J. L. Walters, Miss Florence Hellman, and Miss H. Ottenheimer, of New York, constituted one of the parties that visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Morrow came over from Sausalito in the latter part of the week, and are guests at the California Hotel.

Among the week's visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. W. R. Parnell, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Knowlton, Mrs. J. B. Hibben and Mr. O. K. Miller, of Los Angeles, Mr. F. R. Lauterman, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Cook, of Portland, Or., Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Price, of Jamestown, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. H. Schnall, of Toledo, O., and Mr. and Mrs. J. Hocking, of Racine, Wis.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Smith, of Stanford, Mr. M. A. Aldrich and Mrs. C. A. Aldrich, of Boston, Mr. C. R. Edgerton, of Chicago, Mr. H. M. Comyns, of London, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Kenicott, of Anaconda, Mont., Mr. A. J. Richardson, of Auburn, Mr. and Mrs. J. Crocker, of San Louis Obispo, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Baldwin, of Danville, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Perry, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. H. Bremer, of San José, Mr. Thomas A. Stewart and Miss Stewart, of Portland, Mr. J. L. Chaddock, of Fresno, Mr. G. W. Benson, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Titer, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Keeler, of Mount Hamilton, and Mr. J. W. Kiogman, of New York.

#### Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Admiral Albert Kautz, U. S. N., transferred his flag and his staff of thirty-four officers from the *Philadelphia* to the *Iowa* last Tuesday. The *Philadelphia*, under command of Captain George C. Reiter, U. S. N., is at Mare Island, preparing for a trip to Samoa, and the *Iowa* is still at San Diego.

Major John M. Carsoo, Jr., quartermaster, U. S. A., has been relieved from his post on the United States transport *Thomas* and ordered to duty in the office of the quartermaster-general of the army, at Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant William H. Allerdice, U. S. N., has received orders detaching him from the *Dolphin* when relieved and assigning him to temporary duty on the *Pensacola*, whence he will be sent to the Asiatic station on engineering duty.

Dr. W. H. Williams, U. S. A., and Mrs. Williams are at the Occidental Hotel.

Major George G. Arthur, additional paymaster, U. S. V., arrived in town on Wednesday, and is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant-Colonel B. F. Pope, medical department, U. S. A., with his wife and family, returned

from Manila on the United States transport *Sherman*, and is now at the Occidental Hotel.

Captain E. T. Stroog, U. S. N., will sail from here on February 27th to take command of the *Monadnock* on the Asiatic station.

Lieutenant B. F. Hutchinson, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Henry Minett, U. S. N., arrived on the United States transport *Sherman* Wednesday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Dr. C. C. Collins, U. S. A., is a guest at the California Hotel.

Commander Franklin J. Drake, U. S. N., and Mrs. Drake came down from Mare Island on Thursday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Major William Graham, additional paymaster, U. S. A., has been ordered to this city from New York.

The following changes on the Asiatic station have been ordered: Lieutenant J. R. Morris, U. S. N., from the *Oregon* to the *Isla de Cuba*; Lieutenant J. F. Carter, U. S. N., from the *Newark* to the *New Orleans*; Assistant-Surgeon J. J. Snyder, U. S. N., from the *New Orleans* to the *Isla de Cuba*; Lieutenant M. E. Reed, U. S. N., from the *New Orleans* to the *Brooklyn*; Lieutenant A. Rust, U. S. N., from the *Princeton* to the *Don Juan de Austria*; and Lieutenant C. R. Emrich, U. S. N., from the *Brooklyn* to the *Don Juan de Austria*.

### MUSICAL NOTES.

#### Mrs. Lloyd-Smith's Concert.

Mrs. Adelaide Lloyd-Smith, a dramatic soprano, gave a concert at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Tuesday evening last. She had the assistance of the Mioetti String Quartet; Cantor E. J. Stark, harp; Elias M. Hecht, flautist; and Roscoe Warren Lucy, accompanist. The following programme was presented:

String quartet in E-flat major, op. 12, Minetti Quartet; recitative and aria, "Un Ballo in Maschera," Verdi, Cantor E. J. Stark; "Se Saran Rose," Ardit, Mrs. Adelaide Lloyd-Smith; "The Two Greasers," Schumann, Cantor E. J. Stark; "Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark," Bishop, Mrs. Adelaide Lloyd-Smith, flute obligato by Elias M. Hecht; string quartet in B-flat, op. 27, Grieg, Mioetti String Quartet; "Oceano, Thou Mighty Monster," from "Oberon," Von Weber, Mrs. Adelaide Lloyd-Smith.

At the symphony concert to be given at the Grand Opera House next Thursday afternoon, February 15th, under the direction of Henry Holmes, the leader will present his symphony entitled "Fraternity," which, though written in 1876-7, has never yet been heard. The other numbers on the programme are the "Coriolan" overture by Beethoven, Brahms' "Variations on a Theme by Joseph Haydn," and Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture.

The Minetti Quartet will give its fifth chamber-music concert at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Friday evening, February 16th, at 8:15 o'clock. The programme will include Mozart's string quintet in G-minor, No. 6, in which two violins and a 'cello are used; Tschaiakowski's quartet, No. 1, in D-major, op. 11; and Schumann's piano quintet in E-flat, op. 44. Mrs. Alice Bacon-Washington being the pianist.

### Death of Mrs. Phelan.

Mrs. Alice Phelan, mother of Mayor James D. Phelan, died on Tuesday morning at eight o'clock at her late residence, corner of Valencia and Seventeenth Streets. For some months her only outings have been in the spacious gardens which surround the old home, one of the landmarks of the Mission. Mrs. Phelan was Miss Alice Kelly, eldest daughter of Jeremiah Kelly, of Brooklyn, N. Y. She came to California in the 'fifties, and on May 12, 1859, was married to James Phelan in old St. Mary's Cathedral, Archbishop Alemany officiating.

Spion Kop will go down in Transvaal history as the Lookout Mountain of the war of 1900, while Mt. Tamalpais will ever remain the grandest outlook in the world. Now is the time of the year to take the trip up Mt. Tamalpais.

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*8.30 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago	*5.15 P
*8.30 A	San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	*Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	*11.45 A
*9.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville	*7.45 P
*9.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East	*9.45 A
*9.00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno	*12.15 P
*9.00 A	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles	*6.45 P
*10.00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations	*6.45 P
*11.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	*2.45 P
*12.00 M	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville	*4.15 P
*12.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers	*8.00 P
*13.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	*5.45 P
*4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville	*10.45 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San Jose, and Stockton	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	*10.45 A
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*5.30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno	*12.15 P
*5.30 P	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	*8.45 A
*5.30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	*6.45 P
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose	*7.45 A
*6.30 P	Vallejo	*12.15 P
*6.30 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden and East	*7.50 P
*7.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations	*19.55 P
*8.05 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	*8.15 A

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).  
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*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations	*5.50 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	*9.20 A
*11.45 P	Hunter's Excursion, San Jose and Way Stations	*17.20 P

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*10.40 A	San Jose and Way Stations	*6.35 A
*12.40 P	San Jose and Way Stations	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove	*10.36 A
*13.30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	*7.20 P
*14.15 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*10.00 A
*5.30 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations	*8.35 A
*6.30 P	San Jose and Way Stations	*18.00 A
*11.45 P	San Jose and Way Stations	*7.30 P

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Different ways: "They sat and held hands all the evening." "How silly!" "Oh, I don't know. You have to in whist."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Teacher—"Now, boys, who can tell me which is the most difficult thing to acquire in cycling?" *Chorus of yells*—"The bicycle, sir."—*TU-Bits*.

Evidence: "What makes you think they are engaged?" "Well, at Christmas he gave her some parlor furniture, and she gave him a set of dishes."—*Ex*.

Bray—"Metempsychosis? No, sir, I think it's a horrid belief. Fancy my becoming a donkey in my next incarnation!" *Funnell*—"Monotonous, eh?"—*Life*.

First street-railway magnate—"This increase in traffic means that we must get more cars." Second street-railway magnate—"Nonsense! We'll put more straps in the old."—*Bazar*.

Era of universal peace: Customer—"Have you a copy of 'Fifteen Decisive Battles'?" *Bookseller*—"No; but I can give you a copy of 'How to Be Happy Though Married.'"—*Chicago News*.

Those religious metaphors: "Only a little while ago she was claiming she had been born again, but now she is as cross and hateful as ever!" "Well, perhaps she is teething again, now."—*Puck*.

Escape flats: *Quericus*—"Let's see; the married men all have better halves, don't they?" *Cynicus*—"Yes." *Quericus*—"Then what do the bachelors have?" *Cynicus*—"Better quarters!"—*Puck*.

"I don't care for your poem, 'The Song of the Lark,'" remarked the editor. The poet sighed wearily. "To tell the truth," he replied, "I myself much prefer the lay of the hen."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Superstitious: *Mistress*—"Bridget, are you superstitious?" *Bridget*—"Well, mum, Oi t'ink it's unlucky to break a lookin'-glass. Oi broke de parlor mirror in de lasht place Oi lived in, an' lost me job."—*Philadelphia Record*.

"There was a fire on the stage of a New York theatre the other night and one of the chorus girls had her trunks slightly scorched." "Couldn't they be removed in time?" "No, she had 'em on."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

It didn't make any difference: *Ella*—"Fred and I wished with a wish-bone last night." *May*—"Who won?" *Ella*—"I don't know, and we didn't care particularly; he was wishing for me and I was wishing for him."—*Judge*.

*Mrs. Lakeside*—"I saw something to-day that called up a vague recollection of my first marriage." *Mr. Lakeside*—"Did you? What was it?" *Mrs. Lakeside*—"My first husband; I hadn't seen him for years."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Beginning early: *Visitor* (viewing the new baby)—"He's the very image of his father." *Proud mother*—"Yes; and he acts just like him, too." *Visitor*—"Is it possible!" *Proud mother*—"Yes; he keeps me up nearly every night."—*Chicago News*.

An aggravated impression: "Kentucky is one of the liveliest States in the Union," remarked the young man. "It is," answered Colonel Stilwell, "beyond a doubt. When I was last there every man I met was running for office or running for his life."—*Washington Star*.

*Mrs. Slimson*—"I've wanted the drawing-room refurnished for a long time, but my husband has always said to wait until the things were really useless." *Mrs. Catterson*—"How are you going to manage it?" *Mrs. Slimson*—"Easy enough; the baby is in there now."—*Life*.

Proper form: The society editor of the *Daily Bread*, who was acting temporarily as news editor, worked over in this style a dispatch pertaining to a battle: "General Walker announces the engagement of Colonel Thompson with a considerable force of the enemy yesterday afternoon. Colonel Thompson will be at home within the enemy's lines until exchanged."—*Chicago Tribune*.

*Mrs. E. N. Taylor*, of 413 River Street, Manistee, Mich., testified to her belief in Stedman's Soothing Powders by writing all the way to England for a packet.

*Mary*—"Sure, an' he went off in a pet." *Caroline*—"Who did?" *Mary*—"The mouse; our terrier ate him."—*Harlem Life*.

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# The Argonaut.

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Early last December the *Argonaut* laid before the Republican party two vital annexation issues theretofore untouched upon. These were free trade and coolie labor. We had long believed that the annexation of tropical islands inevitably meant the breaking down of our tariff wall against the products of cheap labor, and the breaking down of our legislative bulwarks against the irruption of Asiatic coolies. It was for these reasons that this journal eventually felt itself forced to dissent from its Republican colleagues in their advocacy of extra-continental expansion. We foresaw that the inevitable results of annexation, and particularly Asiatic annexation, meant danger to the nation and danger to the Republican party. Therefore, while taking no side with the upholders of Aguinaldo, we opposed annexation on purely American grounds. The *Argonaut* has been harshly criticised by nasty and heedless Republicans, and has been violently abused by some Republican newspapers whose conduct was neither hasty nor heedless, but with malice aforethought. None the less, we have not flattered, but have upheld what we believe to be patriotic and American principles.

Up to the last, we hoped against hope. We believed that

the administration would see the danger involved in making Asiatic and other tropical islands integral parts of the United States. So believing, we were silent as to the fatal results of such annexation, fearing that discussion of it would give the Democratic party ammunition with which to attack our own Republican armies. But when annexation had become an accomplished fact; when the Philippine commissioners reported in favor of holding them; when Republican journals advocated making those Asiatic islands into embryo States of the American Union and their Malay coolies into citizens of the United States; when the President in his message to Congress last December advocated giving free trade and territorial government to our new possessions—then the *Argonaut* knew that the time had come to speak. Loyalty to our country and to our party demanded it. Therefore we spoke, and the voice of the *Argonaut* was the first voice in this vast country to warn the administration and the Republican party of the danger to the nation.

Early in December, when the President sent his message to Congress recommending free trade with our annexed islands, the *Argonaut* uttered its first warning. We showed that extending our laws to these tropical islands meant the invasion of the United States by the products of countries peopled with semi-servile, slave, and coolie laborers. We also showed that making these tropical islands integral parts of the United States made their inhabitants American citizens and made their coolies competitors with our American workmen. We gave the history of Chinese immigration to this country, the long struggle to restrict it, the many defeats, the indifference of the East, and the final passage of the exclusion bill after a struggle of twenty years. We pointed out to the workmen of America that if Asiatic coolies became their fellow-citizens no law could stop them from migrating freely from one part of the United States to another in search of labor. We pointed out to them that the Philippine Islands were under our flag; that labor there is cheap; that Philippine coolies get from five to ten cents a day; that capital in the United States wants cheap labor; that if not stopped it would import Philippine coolies; that the Republican party must stop it. We pointed out, also, that even if coolies are excluded the products of their labor must also be prevented from competing freely with the products of American labor; that with island free trade it is possible for capitalists in those islands to undersell the products of free white labor in the United States; that, therefore, the Republican party must prohibit free trade with the newly annexed islands. We closed with this warning:

*The Republican party has made tropical islands a part of the United States.*

*The Republican party must protect American farmers and laborers against the cheap-labor competition of these tropical islands.*

*The Republican party has made Asiatic laborers a part of the people of the United States.*

*The Republican party must now protect the working people of the United States against Asiatic laborers.*

When the *Argonaut* first made these demands there was a concerted attempt on the part of the Republican press of California to stifle them by a conspiracy of silence. But they speedily found this would not do. The wage-earners became alarmed, the farmers became restless. The Republican newspapers were forced to notice these issues. Imperialist organs, like the *Chronicle*, attempted to brush them aside with a sneer, but the issue could not be sneered away.

The *Argonaut*, in the meantime, continued its crusade. These vital issues were called to the attention of Republican leaders in House and Senate. We did not ask, we demanded. And the administration and the Republican leaders were finally forced to yield—not through our humble efforts, he it understood, but through the irresistible force of an aroused public opinion and the pitiless logic of impending party disaster. And in how brief a time this change took

place, and how complete was that change, may be noted from the following details. In his message to Congress—now only a few weeks old—President McKinley said: "Our plain duty is to abolish all customs-tariffs between the United States and Puerto Rico and give her products free access to our markets."

General Davis, governor of the island, who reflects the administration's views, said: "Free trade with the home government is a necessity for Puerto Rico."

Chairman Payne of the House Ways and Means Committee introduced a bill extending our tariff laws to Puerto Rico, and providing for free trade with the mainland—with the approval of the administration.

In the upper House Senator Foraker introduced a bill giving free trade and territorial government to Puerto Rico—with the approval of the administration.

The passage of this free-trade measure, with the great power of the administration behind it, seemed certain. But the alarm sounded by the *Argonaut* echoed throughout the land. A formidable opposition at once arose. The tobacco-growers of Connecticut, the cane sugar-growers of Louisiana, the rice-growers of Georgia and the Carolinas, the orange-growers of Florida, the sugar beet-growers of the entire West opposed this island free-trade scheme. California, whose citrus-fruit and sugar-beet industries were imperiled, lagged in the rear, owing to her recreant Republican press. But even laggard California at last made her influence felt at Washington.

The formidable nature of the opposition made the administration pause. Puerto Rico is small, but the East and West Indies are large. The protesting protectionist Republicans looked upon Puerto Rico as merely an entering wedge for Cuba, Hawaii, and the Philippines.

After the President's declaration, in his message, explicitly favoring free trade, to back down was extremely awkward. But it had to be done. The administration has receded from its recommendation of free trade with Puerto Rico. This has been foreshadowed by the numerous articles in the New York *Tribune* and other administration organs. Beginning three weeks ago with a forthright declaration that our new possessions must have free trade, they have wiggled around to a position where they say that "free trade with the islands is inexpedient." Senator Depew, in an interview last week admitted the change in these laconic terms: "Our committee started out on the assumption that the Island of Puerto Rico should be treated as a Territory, but after examining the ground pretty thoroughly it has become advisable, it seems, to regard Puerto Rico as a colony. The fact that a practical reversal of position has been found necessary is in itself interesting."

This shows how the Senate stands. Senator Foraker is chairman of the committee concerning which Senator Depew speaks. He is also the author of the Senate bill designed to give free trade to Puerto Rico. The committee report, as changed, now recommends that the laws of the United States be not extended to our new islands, that they be not treated as territories of the United States, and that customs duties be imposed on all goods coming from Puerto Rico. It is probable that the rate of duty will be twenty-five per cent. of the Dingley tariff. It may be changed by the Conference Committee. The rate, however, is immaterial. The principle is what is involved. The Ways and Means Committee of the House has also receded from its stand in favor of free trade. It also has decided to recommend a tariff on goods coming from Puerto Rico.

This is well. The *Argonaut* congratulates the administration, the Republican leaders, and the Republican party on this change of policy. It was the leaders and not the party who were attempting to bring about free trade, for the rank and file of the Republican party, the farmers, the wage-earners, the workingmen, the bone and tissue of the land, believe in protection and not in free trade. Therefore it was well that the administration and the Republican leaders heeded the warnings of earnest Republicans and honest Republican newspapers. Some weeks ago the *Argonaut* said: "We serve notice upon the administration and the Republican leaders,



here and now, that whatever policies they adopt for our new islands, those policies must not be to the injury of the American farmer and the American workingman."

We do not think the language was too strong. But strong as it was, it has been heeded.

But most gratifying to the *Argonaut* is another paragraph in the Senate committee report, wherein it says:

*"It is within the power of Congress to regulate and restrict and prohibit, if thought advisable, the passing of the inhabitants of the Philippines, or other islands, from their country into ours, or to prevent the products of their labor from coming into unjust competition with the labor of this country."*

This issue is distinctly an *Argonaut* issue. Other journals in the United States—notably the *New York Press*—raised the free-trade issue at about the same time as did the *Argonaut*. But not a single other journal in the United States foresaw the danger of Asiatic coolie immigration. There the *Argonaut* stood alone, and that the United States Senate, our highest legislative body, recognizes the importance of this grave issue is shown by its incorporation into the insular committee report. This amply recompenses the *Argonaut* for the sneers of its California Republican contemporaries, urban and suburban.

Some of these same contemporaries have been kind enough to express doubts concerning the soundness of the *Argonaut's* Republicanism. Some have gone so far as to denounce us as "traitors to the Republican party." The *Argonaut* does not need instruction in Republican principles from city dailies or country hebdomads. One of our readers also wrote to us last December saying that he "did not admire some of the acts of the present administration, but that the *Argonaut's* lack of loyalty to the principles of the Republican party would weaken the party's position." We asked our correspondent then to tell us what were the principles of the Republican party concerning Asiatic annexation; whether the last National Republican Convention approved of Asiatic annexation; whether the Republican national platform did not expressly advocate aiding Spain's struggling colonists to achieve their independence; and whether the Republican Senate did not by resolution expressly disavow any attempt to make the Philippines a permanent and integral part of the United States. We further said that we did not know that the Republican party approved of President McKinley's island annexation policy, or that any one knew what his policy was. The President's complete change in a few weeks on the island free-trade issue shows that he also was uncertain as to his policy toward the islands.

These facts prove conclusively that if any men or journals have been disloyal to the true principles of the Republican party, it is not the *Argonaut*. This journal has opposed making these tropical islands integral parts of the United States. Not through any interest in the islanders themselves, but through a patriotic interest in our own country and our own people.

Now mark the upshot of this matter. The Republican majority in Congress now stands committed to the exact views laid down by the *Argonaut*. Committees in both Senate and House by a strict party vote have decided that the constitution and laws of the United States do not cover these tropical islands; that Congress may do what it pleases with them; that it will refuse to grant citizenship to their inhabitants, if Congress concludes it inexpedient; that it will refuse to permit their inhabitants to migrate to the United States, if Congress considers it inadvisable; and that Congress will refuse to permit the products of these islands to come into the United States free of duty. This is exactly what the *Argonaut* has been contending for. These recommendations were carried in the committees by a strict party vote. The Democrats voted against these principles. They voted in favor of free trade with the islands, in favor of extending our constitution and laws to them, in favor of free migration of their inhabitants, and in favor of declaring them integral parts of the United States. And this is exactly what the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the *Portland Oregonian*, and other imperialist journals of the Pacific Coast have been contending for. In short, those journals that have been criticising and denouncing the *Argonaut* for its "disloyalty to the Republican party" now find themselves exactly in line with the Democratic minority in Congress, while the *Argonaut* is exactly in line with the Republican majority.

To deprive the South of negro labor would be to strike a serious blow to the industries upon which the life of the cotton-belt depends. In fact, the farmers of Georgia realize this so thoroughly that they have fairly drawn a cordon of shotguns about the colored men who were intending to leave, while the agent chiefly responsible for the move has been glad to seek

the shelter of a jail as a shield against the fury of the mob. The spectacle afforded is something unique in race riots.

According to authentic accounts, thirty-five hundred negroes had been induced to leave Georgia for Mississippi and Arkansas, when the whites awoke to the situation. They found the cabins of tenants empty, and saw broad acres that must remain idle for lack of hands to cultivate them. The agent responsible for this was heavily fined for having operated without a license, and, when a repetition of this penalty, heavily accentuated, failed to check him, was given the more rigorous method, which has driven him out of business. The agent for the time, at least, has yielded, and counseled those who had been about to join the exodus to stay at home and raise crops as usual this year. Nevertheless, much harm has already been accomplished, estimates being that in two of the depleted counties the cotton crop will be from ten per cent. to twenty per cent. short.

The negro nature is peculiarly susceptible to blandishments, and easily roused to enthusiasm by a promise. Hence, when the agent held out glittering prospects, he readily found followers. Of course, he secured first the vagabond class, but later he was joined by the staid and faithful workers. These in some instances abandoned good homes and certain livings for the vague assurance of something better. They gave away furniture, sold stock for a tithe of its worth, or even left it to the possession of any who might choose to take it. The process of persuasion went on quietly, but at last its inroads were so marked that the law, and then violence, were invoked to correct it. To account for the move is simple. The planters of Mississippi and Arkansas needed the negroes, and the railroads saw profit in the transportation, although a policy sure to result in a shortage of crops must, in the end, have resulted in loss. So strong did the opposition become that the roads finally declined to furnish cars for the emigrating hordes, and the move came to an end.

From advance sheets of the report of the board of interstate commerce commissioners the fact is made plain that that body does not, as many may have supposed, deal exclusively with rates and the relations of shipper and carrier. A portion of the report is devoted to consideration of life-saving appliances. All lines have been ordered to provide automatic couplers for their cars, and brakes which will be governed from the engine. These will prevent the necessity for brakemen going between cars, and relieve them of the peril of passing over the top of the train on running-boards. These operations are about equally dangerous, as demonstrated by the record of fatalities.

The report shows that many carriers have been using automatic couplings so out of repair that to uncouple the cars men had to go between, and be subject to even greater danger than from the old link and pin, with which they at least were familiar and generally expert. Such couplings as these will not be acceptable. Until all cars have been properly equipped in these respects, no marked falling off in the casualty list is anticipated. Indeed, after a partial introduction, the list for the year ending June, 1898, was greater than had been the list for 1897. One employee out of every 349 in 1893 was killed, and in 1897 the rate was one to 647, a notable betterment. In 1898, however, the records show one killed to 518 employed. One out of 13 was injured in 1893, one out of 22 in 1897, and one out of 21 in 1898. For 1899 statistics are not complete. So far as they have been received, they show no decided change, but a shade of improvement.

People are accustomed to think of coupling cars as the principal menace to the life and limb of the brakeman, but the latest compilations show that for the year 473 were killed and 3,780 injured by falling from the cars—often between them—while in motion. The old hand-brakes occasionally prove defective, the wheel grasped by the brakeman having been known to collapse in his hands, hurling him from the train, often to death. Sometimes the weakness is in the brake-rod, or a rusty chain snaps under the strain. Men riding on the tops of cars are struck by low bridges or the roofs of tunnels, lose their balance while rounding a curve, slip on wet or icy roofs, or are swept off by the force of the wind. The dangers which threaten them are many, and the tribute they pay to their calling fearful, although in great measure capable of elimination. With proper brakes the trainman will no longer be rated as so bad an insurance risk.

For men whose duty is with the engine the application of saving appliances is more difficult. Switches will be turned wrong, collisions continue inevitable where the single track system prevails, driving-rods break and shear the cab, cylinder-heads let loose their deadly clouds of steam. In the future the engineer will more than ever have the safety of his comrades in his hands, but for himself he can do nothing but exercise skill and care, hoping for the best.

The increased number of deaths and injuries to railway employees is explained by the commission to be due to sev-

eral causes. One is the increased percentage of inexperienced men since 1893, when the panic caused a reduction in forces; another the augmented tonnage per man, cars being heavier and of greater capacity; the use of antiquated cars, called out of retirement by increased tax upon transportation facilities; and lastly the transition from the link-and-pin to the vertical-plane style of coupler. The new apparatus is not yet understood, and because it fails to fit the coupler with which it may be brought in contact, has often done more harm than good. The demand for absolute uniformity is made imperative by the ever-increasing catalogue of victims. In so far as the commission can force the corporations to make salutary changes, the public will with impatience learn of any dilatory tactics. The trainmen themselves do not seem to care. The brakeman, usually a rugged and courageous individual, seems to take pride in holding his life lightly. Many a brakeman has sacrificed himself to this vanity by refusing to use a stick to elevate a link, even when the use of that simple implement was required by the strict order of his division superintendent.

It seems probable that the construction of a Pacific cable is to be delayed in the same manner that the Nicaragua Canal is now being shelved. The enemies of the latter, despairing of postponing construction by their old tactics, succeeded in passing through Congress last year a bill providing for a commission to investigate the most feasible route for the canal, though the question had already been very thoroughly considered. The friends of the canal are fighting against the delay—the commission can not report for two or three years—and it is to be hoped that they will succeed. The construction of the Pacific cable is threatened in the same manner, though the proponents of the alternative route are not opposed to a cable, but only to the route that has heretofore been favored. On Sunday last the survey steamer *Nero* arrived at this port, having completed the soundings and investigations for a cable from San Francisco to Manila, touching at Honolulu and Guam en route. The details can not be made public until they have been reported to the authorities at Washington, but it is known that the route was found to be entirely practicable.

On the day following the return of the *Nero* a bill was introduced into Congress providing for a cable from a point on the coast of Washington, running thence north of the Aleutian Islands to the Island of Attu, thence to the boundary between Russia and Japan, and thence south, with several stops, to the Philippines. A separate cable from San Francisco to Honolulu is also provided for. The advantage claimed for this route is that it will gain the business from Alaska and from Russia on the completion of the Siberian railway, in addition to what would come over the southern route, and, further, that it is shorter and therefore less expensive in construction. The distance from Washington to the Philippines, by way of Alaska, is 5,550 miles; from San Francisco, by way of Honolulu and Guam, it is 8,187. This comparison, however, makes no allowance for the separate cable, 2,403 miles in length, from this city to Honolulu. With this correction the northern route has an advantage of only 234 miles in length. On the other hand, the purpose of the cable is largely to furnish connection with the newly acquired possessions of this country, while telegraphic communication by land with Alaska is certain to be furnished before long as a separate proposition under the control of a private company.

In the meantime, the question that is most seriously disturbing Congress is whether the cable shall be owned and operated by the government or by a private corporation. The committees of the Senate and the House having the matter in charge have been taking testimony on the question, and should arrive at a decision before many days. The two bills under consideration are the Corliss bill, providing for government ownership outright, and the Sherman bill, contemplating a payment of \$400,000 annually, for twenty years, or \$8,000,000, to a private corporation, for the transmission of all government business. The president of the company claims that the cable will cost \$25,000,000 for construction, and is strongly endeavoring to defeat the project for government ownership. On the other hand, Rear-Admiral Bradford, chief of the bureau of equipment of the Navy Department, places the cost at \$10,000,000, and over this point the battle is being waged.

The question of cost is necessarily an important one, but it by no means exhausts the financial aspect of the problem. The use of the cable for official dispatches would form but a small part of the business done, yet the proposed annual payment of \$400,000 would represent interest on a capitalization of \$13,000,000 at the rate that the government is now paying. The statement of Mr. Scrymser, the president of the company, has been found to be full of misstatements and inaccuracies, and it is not probable that his estimate of cost is any more correct than his other statements. Even accepting his figures as correct, the cable would evidently be



as profitable an investment for the government as Mr. Scrymser believes it would be for his company. As a military measure government ownership would be even more important. Should government ownership be decided upon, the plan of control most favored is a board modeled on that of the light-house system, to consist of three officers of the army, three naval officers, and two members drawn from private life, this board being under the direction of the post-office department.

Would the success of the Briton or of the Boer be the better for the interests of humanity? That is the question which the Boston *Sunday Globe* has flung down among the prominent thinkers of its own vicinity. The result is a published symposium of argument and opinion, which, if it decides nothing, may be regarded as a whole as a sample of the checked condition of American views of the war which is being waged in South Africa with shot and shell, and in this country with attack and defense by argument in a dialectic warfare between the pro-Briton and the pro-Boer.

Richard Henry Dana, of Cambridge, speaks for the British. Reviewing the *ante-bellum* incidents from a time previous to the Jameson raid, he fails to find sufficient historical evidence on which to found an intelligent decision as to which side is morally responsible for the outbreak of war. With war in progress the question is whether the South African Republics will become English colonies or whether they will be entirely independent. British dominance will be best for mankind in general and for the Boer in particular. If England wins there would be for the Boer colonies the same improvement in liberty, safety, and independence that Great Britain accords to all her colonies. Those beneficent conditions are to be found in India, in Canada, and in Australia. They are found in the liberty of English subjects in Egypt. Cape Colony offers a more pertinent argument. There the important Boer population is a majority. They often control legislation and have Boer ministries. They are not interfered with from London, and there has been no complaint that their rights have been abridged or their liberties violated. The reverse appears in the Transvaal, where the Boers who are the minority oppress the Uitlanders and deny them all right to participate in the government of the country. For these reasons Mr. Dana thinks the Transvaal will be better governed, and the condition of the Boers themselves will be better if England shall prevail.

Joseph Smith, of Lowell, champions the opposite view, and urges his argument in rhapsodical and at the same time earnest sentences. To him England is a modern Babylon, "drunk with the blood of the weak, fat with the plunder of the helpless, and big with the vineyards of a thousand Naboths." Her government is dominated by immoral and unscrupulous elements which stand for greed under the protection of an oligarchy inimical to freedom and humanity and a decayed and degenerate royalty. Her rule has produced "a robbed, gagged, and misgoverned Ireland, and a bankrupt, famine-stricken, plague-cursed India." The success of the Boer will be the uplifting of humanity. It will be the victory of the man of the soil over the usurer and the stock-broker. The battle in South Africa is that of "the home against the stock exchange, the watch-dog against the jackal." It will benefit the Boer by giving him liberty and independence. It will encourage the downtrodden of mankind. It will be a blessing in disguise for England, for she can never repent and reform but in adversity and in sackcloth and ashes. She must put away the sword or perish by it, as perished Babylon and Nineveh, Persia, Rome, and Spain.

Professor MacVane, of Harvard, is equally strong for the cause of England. In his view the Boer is a tyrant. They welcomed the Uitlander, and gladly sold him their land, but recognized the advantage of keeping him as a subject class. They began the war madly. At any time they could have had honorable peace by granting the new residents a reasonable part in legislation. Their treatment of the blacks has been similar. They plundered them of their lands and cattle, and enslaved their children. British victory would open up the whole continent to civilization, liberty, and good government. Boer success would mean Boer ascendancy, and the consignment of all others to the position of an inferior class. It would expose the blacks to continued plunder and slavery.

George F. Hollis, once a United States consul at Pretoria, believes in the magnificent future of a United South Africa. The conditions which would naturally obtain from the intermarriage of Dutch and English, which has been going on to a large extent, tends to the creation of a virile people, "stronger physically, intellectually, and morally" than even Americans as a whole. England is already humiliated to a degree that could not be wholly healed if the two republics of sheep-herders submitted to-morrow to the strongest power in the world. Should the Boers win

"a United South Africa would arise, filled with inspiration by its success and noble aspirations for a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, whose influence all nations would feel."

Rev. John Cuckson, of Boston, outlines the result in two pictures. Boer success would be followed by a South African Bund, including the Free State, the Transvaal, and a part of Cape Colony, and probably extending by conquest to Rhodesia, Zululand, and Basutoland. Such a mixture of elements would mean years of strife and bloodshed, and a travesty on liberty and free government as it obtains in the petty states of South America, "where republicanism is caricatured and civilization is in rags and tatters." British rule would mean equal liberty for all, and protection to life and property. It would mean civilization and good government such as England and America have to offer to the world.

The Eastern shop-keepers who want to make a profit out of Puerto Rico are kicking violently over the opposition of the American farmers to free trade with that island. A Mr. E. French writes to a New York journal a supercilious and sneering letter which is typical of the shop-keeper tone. Mr. French's letter is filled with pity for the Puerto Ricans, but he seems to have none left for his fellow-countrymen who work hard with their hands. He says: "To impose duties on Puerto Rico is hoggish and unworthy of a great and generous people. Who opposes Puerto Rico? The beet-growers. Let them go to Puerto Rico to raise sugar-cane." It has not perhaps occurred to Mr. French that there are many thousands of American farmers raising sugar-beets who do not want to go to Puerto Rico, and they have as much right to stay in their own country as has Mr. French. If he is so fond of Puerto Rico, let him go there himself.

This fair-minded gentleman goes on: "Perhaps the kickers against Puerto Rico are the growers of Florida and California oranges, which are more or less frozen down every winter. Let our orange-growers go to Puerto Rico and quit their stupid and hopeless attempt to grow tropical trees here." We would wager a California navel to a Puerto Rican mandarin orange that Mr. E. French knows nothing of either Florida or California orange-growing. If he could see the orange groves of California; if he could see the thousands of prosperous homes within this golden State made prosperous by the growth of that golden fruit; if he could see the thousands of white men, women, and children gathering, collecting, assorting, and packing California's oranges for shipment; if he could see the piles of golden twenties—aggregating millions of dollars—which this golden fruit brings in yearly to our golden State, we think that Mr. E. French—who probably was weaned on shipplasters and brought up on greenbacks—would find his eyes sticking out.

But it is bootless to struggle with the French type of mind and heart. The sort of American who bubbles over with sympathy for people of other races and climes, and has no sympathy for the toiling, moiling millions of our own race and blood, is not the kind of an American that we admire.

Evidently it would make for economy should this State abolish the regular sessions of the legislature and convene that body in extra sessions only. During the thirteen days of the extra session that expired on the tenth of this month, nearly as much important work was done as is usually performed at a regular session, lasting from sixty to ninety days, the State was saved from the mass of useless legislation that usually cumber the statute books only to be ignored or repealed later, and the expense to the tax-payers was not quite one-sixth of the amount they are usually called upon to pay. The governor's proclamation called for the election of a United States Senator, for the enactment of eleven new laws, and for the repeal of three existing laws. On these subjects the legislature elected the senator, enacted five of the new laws and refused to approve the other six, and repealed the three laws as proposed.

Of the new laws, three refer to the harbor commission in this city. The first adds the governor and the mayor of the city to the board, for the purpose of fixing dockage rates, and allows docks to be extended beyond the present limit of six hundred feet from the shore line. For the first part of the law there appears to be no sufficient reason. However they may be selected, the commissioners must become experts to a certain extent on these questions after they have been in office for a time. The governor and mayor must depend upon them for the necessary information upon which to act, and thus, while responsibility is divided, no increased efficiency is gained by the change. Further, the official duties of the mayor of this city under the charter are already sufficient to occupy his time. It should be the same with regard to the governor. The second provision

of the law has been rendered necessary by the increasing commerce of the port; it will have to be acted upon by Congress, however, before it becomes operative. The second law extends the period for anticipation of revenues of wharves for construction and repair from one to five years, and permits the leasing of wharves for periods of five years, the revenue to be applied to construction. The third law authorizes simply a matter of book-keeping, and transfers thirty-six thousand dollars from the depot sinking-fund to the harbor improvement fund.

The other new acts rectify errors in the laws creating a commissioner of public works and the auditing board of that department, and confer upon the State lunacy commission power to regulate salaries. The law regulating the location of mining claims, and the wide-tire law were repealed. The latter is a distinct step backward. With the exception of the law creating the office of highway commissioner this was the only result of the agitation in favor of good roads of several years ago. The wide-tire law was defective, but the defects should have been cured; its purpose was good. In addition to the work recommended by the governor, a constitutional amendment providing for an intermediate court of appeals was proposed—this cures the errors in the amendment proposed on this subject at the regular session—and an amendment providing that amendments to charters may be adopted by a majority of those voting on the question instead of a majority of those voting at the election, as at present. Five resolutions were adopted recommending action by Congress on various subjects. The most important of these is that favoring election of United States Senators by the people.

This month is the height of the orange season in California.

The orchards of the south are alive with pickers, and the fruit is being packed into thousands of cars and hurried to the East, where a good market awaits. The yield this year is the greatest ever known in the history of the industry, and the demand and prices the strongest and best. The total for 1899-00 will probably be 14,000 carloads, perhaps 14,500, against 13,000 for the year before. Even this excludes the product of the northern citrus belt, which would increase the output by about 500 carloads. Statistics at best make dry reading, but those relating to the orange crop possess a peculiar interest, showing as they do a steady increase that has added much to the wealth of California and makes for the future a promise beyond intelligent estimate.

In 1890 the entire product was 4,016 carloads. The figures have grown year by year with scarcely an exception, although the season of 1893-4 was a shade less prosperous than that of 1892-3 had been, and 1895-6 did not quite come up to 1894-5. With these exceptions there has been a steady and remarkably rapid increase, the jump from 1896-7 to 1897-8 having been the difference between 7,350 carloads and 13,000. And yet, with all this, the orange industry may fairly be said to be still in its infancy. The crop this year will be worth, in round numbers, \$4,600,000, of which \$2,600,000 will go to the transportation companies. What may be realized by the middlemen is, of course, a matter of speculation. For the growers to realize a profit of \$150 per acre net is not uncommon, while the returns from the older orchards are often from \$350 to \$375. As in all investments, there is the element of danger, but in California it is at a minimum. In the winter of 1892-3, the crop brought less than the cost of carrying it to market; and in 1895-6 there were killing frosts, sufficient in severity to injure the fruit, but doing no damage to the trees.

The orange-producing belt of California includes the counties of Los Angeles, Riverside, San Bernardino, Orange, San Diego, Santa Barbara, and Ventura. Added to this is the foothill region skirting the Sierras. In this principal belt there are now 48,000 acres. The bearing trees in Southern California number 2,072,400, the non-bearing trees 1,227,300, but as the latter will soon be productive it is easy to see the time when the output will amount to 27,000 carloads, and the income be \$10,000,000. The capital invested is already about \$44,000,000. While oranges were first grown by the monks at San Gabriel Mission as long ago as 1804, the present industry is all of recent growth. It was in 1870 that John Wolfskill planted the first orchard in California. Land adapted to the purpose of the orange-orchardist went from a valuation of \$30 per acre to \$600, and a single tree that once could have been procured from the nursery for ten cents reached a valuation of \$1.60. Of course, in being brought to its present stage of development, orange-growing was attended by many costly experiments. Fortunes have been sunk; but fortunes have been made, and from the lessons of experience the industry has been placed on a secure footing. To-day, owing to favorable conditions not prevailing in Florida, and to reasonable protection, California is practically without a rival as a producer of the luscious orange.

BRITON OR BOER? A question which the Boston *Sunday Globe* has flung down among the prominent thinkers of its own vicinity.

Would the success of the Briton or of the Boer be the better for the interests of humanity? That is the question which the Boston *Sunday Globe* has flung down among the prominent thinkers of its own vicinity.

Richard Henry Dana, of Cambridge, speaks for the British. Reviewing the *ante-bellum* incidents from a time previous to the Jameson raid, he fails to find sufficient historical evidence on which to found an intelligent decision as to which side is morally responsible for the outbreak of war. With war in progress the question is whether the South African Republics will become English colonies or whether they will be entirely independent. British dominance will be best for mankind in general and for the Boer in particular. If England wins there would be for the Boer colonies the same improvement in liberty, safety, and independence that Great Britain accords to all her colonies. Those beneficent conditions are to be found in India, in Canada, and in Australia. They are found in the liberty of English subjects in Egypt. Cape Colony offers a more pertinent argument. There the important Boer population is a majority. They often control legislation and have Boer ministries. They are not interfered with from London, and there has been no complaint that their rights have been abridged or their liberties violated. The reverse appears in the Transvaal, where the Boers who are the minority oppress the Uitlanders and deny them all right to participate in the government of the country. For these reasons Mr. Dana thinks the Transvaal will be better governed, and the condition of the Boers themselves will be better if England shall prevail.

Joseph Smith, of Lowell, champions the opposite view, and urges his argument in rhapsodical and at the same time earnest sentences. To him England is a modern Babylon, "drunk with the blood of the weak, fat with the plunder of the helpless, and big with the vineyards of a thousand Naboths." Her government is dominated by immoral and unscrupulous elements which stand for greed under the protection of an oligarchy inimical to freedom and humanity and a decayed and degenerate royalty. Her rule has produced "a robbed, gagged, and misgoverned Ireland, and a bankrupt, famine-stricken, plague-cursed India." The success of the Boer will be the uplifting of humanity. It will be the victory of the man of the soil over the usurer and the stock-broker. The battle in South Africa is that of "the home against the stock exchange, the watch-dog against the jackal." It will benefit the Boer by giving him liberty and independence. It will encourage the downtrodden of mankind. It will be a blessing in disguise for England, for she can never repent and reform but in adversity and in sackcloth and ashes. She must put away the sword or perish by it, as perished Babylon and Nineveh, Persia, Rome, and Spain.

Professor MacVane, of Harvard, is equally strong for the cause of England. In his view the Boer is a tyrant. They welcomed the Uitlander, and gladly sold him their land, but recognized the advantage of keeping him as a subject class. They began the war madly. At any time they could have had honorable peace by granting the new residents a reasonable part in legislation. Their treatment of the blacks has been similar. They plundered them of their lands and cattle, and enslaved their children. British victory would open up the whole continent to civilization, liberty, and good government. Boer success would mean Boer ascendancy, and the consignment of all others to the position of an inferior class. It would expose the blacks to continued plunder and slavery.

George F. Hollis, once a United States consul at Pretoria, believes in the magnificent future of a United South Africa. The conditions which would naturally obtain from the intermarriage of Dutch and English, which has been going on to a large extent, tends to the creation of a virile people, "stronger physically, intellectually, and morally" than even Americans as a whole. England is already humiliated to a degree that could not be wholly healed if the two republics of sheep-herders submitted to-morrow to the strongest power in the world. Should the Boers win

LET AMERICAN  
FARMERS  
GET OUT!

Puerto Rico are kicking violently over the opposition of the American farmers to free trade with that island. A Mr. E. French writes to a New York journal a supercilious and sneering letter which is typical of the shop-keeper tone. Mr. French's letter is filled with pity for the Puerto Ricans, but he seems to have none left for his fellow-countrymen who work hard with their hands. He says: "To impose duties on Puerto Rico is hoggish and unworthy of a great and generous people. Who opposes Puerto Rico? The beet-growers. Let them go to Puerto Rico to raise sugar-cane." It has not perhaps occurred to Mr. French that there are many thousands of American farmers raising sugar-beets who do not want to go to Puerto Rico, and they have as much right to stay in their own country as has Mr. French. If he is so fond of Puerto Rico, let him go there himself.

This fair-minded gentleman goes on: "Perhaps the kickers against Puerto Rico are the growers of Florida and California oranges, which are more or less frozen down every winter. Let our orange-growers go to Puerto Rico and quit their stupid and hopeless attempt to grow tropical trees here." We would wager a California navel to a Puerto Rican mandarin orange that Mr. E. French knows nothing of either Florida or California orange-growing. If he could see the orange groves of California; if he could see the thousands of prosperous homes within this golden State made prosperous by the growth of that golden fruit; if he could see the thousands of white men, women, and children gathering, collecting, assorting, and packing California's oranges for shipment; if he could see the piles of golden twenties—aggregating millions of dollars—which this golden fruit brings in yearly to our golden State, we think that Mr. E. French—who probably was weaned on shipplasters and brought up on greenbacks—would find his eyes sticking out.

But it is bootless to struggle with the French type of mind and heart. The sort of American who bubbles over with sympathy for people of other races and climes, and has no sympathy for the toiling, moiling millions of our own race and blood, is not the kind of an American that we admire.

Evidently it would make for economy should this State abolish the regular sessions of the legislature and convene that body in extra sessions only. During the thirteen days of the extra session that expired on the tenth of this month, nearly as much important work was done as is usually performed at a regular session, lasting from sixty to ninety days, the State was saved from the mass of useless legislation that usually cumber the statute books only to be ignored or repealed later, and the expense to the tax-payers was not quite one-sixth of the amount they are usually called upon to pay. The governor's proclamation called for the election of a United States Senator, for the enactment of eleven new laws, and for the repeal of three existing laws. On these subjects the legislature elected the senator, enacted five of the new laws and refused to approve the other six, and repealed the three laws as proposed.

Of the new laws, three refer to the harbor commission in this city. The first adds the governor and the mayor of the city to the board, for the purpose of fixing dockage rates, and allows docks to be extended beyond the present limit of six hundred feet from the shore line. For the first part of the law there appears to be no sufficient reason. However they may be selected, the commissioners must become experts to a certain extent on these questions after they have been in office for a time. The governor and mayor must depend upon them for the necessary information upon which to act, and thus, while responsibility is divided, no increased efficiency is gained by the change. Further, the official duties of the mayor of this city under the charter are already sufficient to occupy his time. It should be the same with regard to the governor. The second provision

CALIFORNIA'S  
WEALTH IN  
ORANGES.

The orchards of the south are alive with pickers, and the fruit is being packed into thousands of cars and hurried to the East, where a good market awaits. The yield this year is the greatest ever known in the history of the industry, and the demand and prices the strongest and best. The total for 1899-00 will probably be 14,000 carloads, perhaps 14,500, against 13,000 for the year before. Even this excludes the product of the northern citrus belt, which would increase the output by about 500 carloads. Statistics at best make dry reading, but those relating to the orange crop possess a peculiar interest, showing as they do a steady increase that has added much to the wealth of California and makes for the future a promise beyond intelligent estimate.

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## THE PADRE OF TRES DEGOLLADOS.

A Story of Passion in a Waste Place of Earth.

The priest of the village was called by his parishioners Padre Tomaso. And the village was called by the very few who knew of its existence upon the face of the desert, Tres Degollados; which name had come from its having grown upon the spot where had been found the headless trunks of three prospectors, cut short in their search for gold by a raiding party of Victorio's band in the late 'seventies. The bodies had been given decent burial, and the village of the cheerful name had, if not sprung up, at least come into existence after the leisurely fashion of things Mexican.

There had been no padre just at first. Then there had come one, a Mexican who had filled his place and conducted his services in the little mud church to the satisfaction of all until his death. After that had come Padre Tomaso. That had been five months before. The padre was not popular. Though his Spanish was all that could be desired, he was a foreigner; for such the American is in the eyes of the Mexican who lives beneath the very small patch of shadow that the Stars and Stripes throw over the bad-lands of the South-West. But in reality Padre Tomaso was not American at all. He was English. And he was a man with a history. The Mexicans did not understand that. They understood nothing, save vaguely and instinctively that the padre hated them. It showed at times in his stern gray eye—an eye which could never throw the light of hope upon the path of the repentant sinner. There was power in Padre Tomaso—a strange power which made them do even his unspoken will; and there was learning, for had he not many hooks in his house, and did he not speak as one having authority? But there was no love. Yet once there had been love—and that was the history.

The padre remembered it now, as he stood in his low doorway and looked out over the desolation, always the same, save that at sunrise the shadows of the brush and cacti fell to the west, and at sunset they fell to the east, and at noon there were none whatever, unless, perhaps, the quick darting one of some hawk or huzzard above in the brazen sky. And the sweet pungency of the sagebrush made his heart sick, his brain mad. But he was English, and though there was only a burro and her foal by the mesquite yonder to see, his face was of stone and his eyes, as they pierced the shimmering western sky, were of steel.

A woman came up the one street toward him. He knew it was Virginia. It was eternally Virginia, with her tragic face, her big, beautiful mouth, her big, straight nose, and her big, fine eyes. She was all but insane, and he knew it was not with religious zeal, but with love of him. He turned back into his adobe and shut the rude door and harred it. Presently he heard Virginia stop before it, too timid to knock. He was bent over a life of Torquemada—a profane work, but who should know that here? And he called to her, "estoy ocupado." There was no answer, but her bare feet pattered away. Then he sat looking down at the hook.

But he was not reading. He was thinking, there alone in the quick-falling dusk, of the other woman to whom he had once said those same words, but in a tongue less soft and mellow. It had not been here in this waste place of earth, in this hell, with its lost souls, as patient, as hopeless as the souls of the Tuscan's Inferno—if souls they were and not mere heasts of fruitless, aimless toil. And it had not been to a woman of the savage Virginia's type that he had spoken, but to one of those for whom men prefer to lose their all. She had been soft and pliable, and utterly without conception of the passion which would have made the humble Mexican endure all things, even disdain, to the end.

It was dark now in the bare, little, whitewashed room, and his eyes, looking into the blackness, could see that other room, so very different. His ears, in the silence, could hear the voice of the momentarily repentant one at the door, imploring. But if the repentance had been more than momentary, if it had been real—He scratched and clawed at the leaves of the book. It had not been real; would he never be able to make himself believe that? No, he would not; not more than he could make himself believe the gibberish he repeated to these hoveine savages, his spiritual charges. The pleadings from outside the closed door had sounded sincere—they had been choked with sobs. But the gift of tears was one of her many powers. So he had called then, as just now he had called to the Mexican girl, "I am busy." And she had gone out of the house, out into the night streets and back to the man whose door was not closed against her.

The padre lit his candle and read on at the life of the great inquisitor.

\* \* \* \* \*

"He is a heretic; and heretics should be put to death. He is a thief. He has stolen your land. He has taken the water from your acequias, turned it into his own corrales, that his cattle may drink, while your little gardens die and you starve, because you have no food. He is a liar, for he told you he would pay you in money for the water which no money can buy, and he has given you not one peso, not one centavo. He is a man of evil life, for the woman who is with him is not his wife. I who know, I who have married you all without pay, that your souls and your children should not be lost—I tell you it is true. He is a murderer, for he killed your friends Manuel and Ignacio. And he has killed the woman he calls his wife. Only this moment there has come to me a vaquero from the ranch, to tell me that the woman is dying—shot through the heart. She is Catholic, like ourselves, but until the vaquero told her this day, she had not known that there was a priest who could speak to her in her own tongue, so near. The heretic man would have let her die unshriven."

Padre Tomaso was speaking to his parishioners. He had

called them by the ringing of a bell into the church, and he had gone into the rude pulpit to address them. He was preaching murder to murderous-minded men. He had hinted it before within the last month, since he had learned who the man was in the small cattle ranch ten miles away across the plain, but, for the first time, now he was saying it openly.

The rancher was hated by the hot-blooded fanatics there in the body of the church. They had endured from him some real and many fancied wrongs. But he was not all the devil that the padre, working his own ends, chose to paint him. He was a heretic perhaps—in the days when he had been the padre's hoon companion it had mattered not at all—he was certainly a liar, he was possibly a thief. All that was true. And it was true, too, that the woman was not his wife. But it was not true that he had murdered the cutthroats, Manuel and Ignacio. He had fought them fairly and had killed them, to the betterment of the whole territory. Nor had he done the villagers any great harm. Water on the desert is existence. He had struggled for it, and had won. It was an Anglo-Saxon conquest perhaps, more just than merciful, but it was all in the law of survival, and of the land. As for the dying woman, she had shot herself—and Padre Tomaso knew it.

But he could not stop now for a lie more or less in the house of God. He had told too many already, and he doubted the God he preached. His voice went on, rolling through the little space, ringing with the inspiration of revenge, through the twilight shadows. He was holding raw meat to the very jaws of the tigers, lashing them into frenzy. He had no fear of consequences—not in this world. As for the next—he would chance that. And at last he ended with one final exhortation:

"There is no punishment for the American in his own land. He may murder you, steal from you, lie to you, cheat you. You have no redress but—to kill. And I say to you, kill! Go now to the heretic's rancho and kill him. It is the will of heaven that you should. I will be there to give him to you. I will absolve you from your sins forever. The door of heaven will be open to you, for it is right that he should die. Kill him!"

He stepped down from the pulpit and went out of the church. He was certain of his effect. His power was three-fold—of the man, of the dominant race, of the priest. And they were children of poverty, and superstition, and inhuman ignorance.

As he mounted his bronco and rode off toward the ranch they followed him, snarling with low howls, and Virginia led them, clinging to his cassock, under the very hoofs of his horse, her face distorted with love and rage. He left them well behind him, but surely following, more than a hundred strong, and lashing themselves after the manner of mobs.

The woman had gasped her confession and died. The padre had been alone with her, and she had fixed her dim, unseeing eyes on his face, and had told him all her sin. It was a common enough story. But she had tasted of Dead Sea fruit, and had found no happiness through all the years. And so she had ended it. Was there forgiveness for such as she? The padre hesitated.

"Do you love this man?" he asked.

She told him that she had never loved but one man, the one she had most wronged. She had known it only too soon, but he would not forgive, and she had been weak and very young.

Padre Tomaso remitted her sins. And when the quivering lips were quite still he kissed them, and closed the wistful eyes. Then he went out of the room and into the one where the other man sat waiting, and harred the door behind him.

"May I go to her?" asked the man.

"She is dead."

He sat looking at the priest stupidly, but with no show of grief. There came the sound of far-away shouts and cries approaching. The padre knew that his time was short; but, after all, there was little to say.

"Do you know me?" he asked.

The man did not answer, but when the padre repeated the question, he shook his head.

"I," said Padre Tomaso, "am the husband of the woman who lies dead in there."

The man's eyes grew wide and his jaw fell, but he sat still, staring at the big, black-gowned figure looming in the candle-light against the white wall.

"It is Fate, or Providence, or Chance—whatever you choose to call it—that has brought me here," said the padre, calmly. "I was sent to this God-forsaken spot through no wish of mine. It may have been because I spoke Spanish. I spoke it as a child, you may remember. However, you go where you are sent. They told me a Gringo—whom they all hated, by the bye—had this ranch, but I did not recognize your changed name. A month ago I saw you hoth. And then I decided that sooner or later you should pay for these ten years and my ruined life. You are going to pay now. Listen!"

The shouts had grown very near, very menacing. They were almost at the windows, and there was a pistol-shot, another, and another. The last bullet snapped through the window and plowed along the table at which the rancher sat.

He was roused now. He jumped to his feet and his hand reached for his revolver. But it was all in the luck which had led the padre through the years that, for the first time in months perhaps, there was no revolver there.

There came the sound of shivered windows and a broken door. The man rushed forward, but the priest was ready. He held him off with one inflexible arm and drew from the folds of his robe a little six-shooter.

"I don't want to kill you myself. It would be too quick," his low voice penetrated above the uproar, "but I will if I must."

The rancher fought desperately.

"El Gringo, el hereje, adonde está, muera, muera!" the howls were at the very door.

"Aquí está," rang the voice of the padre; "he is here!"

The door crashed in.

Padre Tomaso stood aside and watched until the work was finished. Then he slipped out into that other room, and standing beside the woman, with his eyes on the sad, still face, he put the revolver to his forehead and fired.

And so his parishioners came upon him, fallen with his arms outstretched across the bed; and, with one accord, they dropped on their knees, and crossing themselves, prayed for the repose of his soul. GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1900.

## "WHO RIDETH UPON THE WINGS OF THE WIND."

My God, who makest all Thy winds to blow,  
Whether our foolish wills desire or no;  
Thanks be to Thee that this is so!

Thy sharp-wheel'd chariot from the shuddering East  
Thou drivest; and the lowering clouds are gone,  
And the keen air shines clear,  
Smiling like fear;

And every man and every trembling beast  
That Thou dost blow upon  
Must cry to Thee to cease,  
And give them peace;  
But Thou, who lovest, heedest not their moan,  
For in her loathsome lair  
Disease sits crouching there,  
A foul and spotted thing, more dreadful than the dead!  
And when Thine East wind rides  
Over her shrinking sides  
She shrieks and cowers, and all her hideous power is fled!

Yea, call Thy fierce East wind and bid it blow,  
And it shall bless us so.

And Thine the stormy breath of the far North,  
Where ice-fields glitter and where snows abide,  
And all the fast-lock'd seas their frozen secrets hide.

Thence do Thy winds rush forth,  
Proud conquerors, to pile the cloudy sky  
With darkness, and o'ershadow the dumb Earth  
With fear lest she should die.  
But lo! Thy gentle snows descend, and keep  
Her warm and covered deep  
In a soft sleep,  
Feeding the secret sources of the year's appointed birth.

Yea, call Thy strong North wind and bid it blow,  
And it shall bless us so.

And thine the wild West wind, that from the seas  
Blows the wild rain, and moist abundant showers  
Whose fruitful hours  
Bring the warm Earth's increase,  
And noons of lovely joy and eves of peace;  
When the green fields, refreshed, smile up to heaven,  
And all the unclouded night to the bright Moon is given.

Call forth Thy Western winds and let them blow,  
That they may bless us so.

And Thine the soft breath of the South, that glides  
On tranquil-flowing tides;  
And moves among the murmur of light leaves,  
And golden tops of bending harvest-sheaves;  
And through the garden goes  
To rife the rich bosom of the rose

Of all its sweets, and wafts away the prize—  
And then of so much sweetness fairs and dies!  
And lives again, when sunset thrills and glows  
With mingling hues that only sunset knows;  
And laps in cool delight  
The star-enchanting Night;  
And breathes itself away in whispered sighs,  
And so of its own sweetness fairs at last—and dies.

O! softly let Thy South wind breathe and blow,  
Still to delight us so.

Thus shall the Earth rejoice,  
Hearing her Maker's voice  
In storm and tempest, or sweet airs that blow;  
While all Thy winds obey  
Thy bidding, night and day,  
Blessing us so,  
—Ada Bartrick Baker in Blackwood's Magazine.

The world has wiped its last city of refuge off the map. There is no longer any spot on the globe where fugitives of justice are safe from extradition. A little while ago an American criminal of retiring disposition had a wide range of choice in the matter of foreign residence. Spain, Turkey, Algiers, Japan, Holland, Chile, Ecuador, the Philippines, Cuba, and all of Central America except British Honduras, guaranteed security to assorted brands of fugitives, from murderers down, and the list of resorts open to simple embezzlers was very much larger. One by one the different countries entered into mutual treaties and put up the bars. Canada hung tenaciously to the tourist trade, but at last she passed a law against bringing stolen property into the dominion that practically excluded the flitting banker. Japan was one of the last of the distant powers to adopt a treaty covering what are called "crimes against property," and the new proviso was a severe blow to felonious gentlemen in delicate health. It robbed them of the halmy climate of Yokohama. Eventually things simmered down to Central America, and then by process of elimination to Spanish Honduras. That was the final stronghold of the fugitive, but in 1898 the congress of the nation approved a new treaty clause, containing the usual extradition provisions. There is now no city of refuge on the face of the earth. The man with a warrant goes wheresoever he lists.

Frank Daniels made an experiment recently at Wallack's Theatre, New York City. Speaking of it, the comedian said:

"Between the acts, ushers distributed among the audience slips with a brief printed statement politely asking the recipient to indicate by a check mark in the list of various advertising forms employed which one had attracted him to the performance—newspapers, bill-boards, window lithographs, or something else. The people seemed to take kindly to the idea, and the response was most liberal. Eleven hundred slips were handed to the ushers, and of that number nine hundred and ninety-one had been attracted by the newspapers solely."

The Italian Government has issued an order prohibiting all anti-clerical demonstrations in Rome during the Holy Year.



## TRANSSVAAL WAR ECHOES.

Interesting Letters from Tommy Atkios at the Froot—Christmas  
to Beleaguered Ladysmith—Striking Incidents of the Battle-  
Field—Horrors of Modero Warfare.

From the latest English newspapers to hand, which contain many private letters from the front in South Africa, written by British officers and soldiers to their anxious relatives and friends at home, we make the following extracts. They will prove interesting not only on account of their timeliness, but because, having escaped the eagle eye of the censor, they give us a trustworthy account of the reverses and hardships which the British fighters have already endured. Here is a pen-picture of beleaguered Ladysmith on Christmas Day:

"Cannons instead of carols greeted us on Christmas morning. The roar of 'Long Tom' and the crash of shells bade us awake and salute the unhappy morn. We had hoped that the Boers would extend to this anniversary of peace and good-will the privilege of Sunday. At midnight an enemy crept to the foot of Caesar's Camp, and, having fired five shots, shouted to the indignant Manchester, 'Compliments of the season. A merry Christmas!' Ten days ago the distant sound of artillery filled us with hope that we might celebrate this festival with our deliverers. But the fateful message from General Buller, 'I have made my effort and failed,' put an end to a pleasant dream and brought us face to face with the stern necessities of our position. It was not until the cool of the evening that we threw off this lethargy and strove by many devices to imagine that we were having a merry Christmas. If our table did not present a picture of abundance and was devoid of good cheer, we were in excellent spirits, and far into the night the Boers must have heard the laughter and song of town and camp.

"Only in one room, however, was the illusion complete. There were in this town no fewer than two hundred children of European parentage. Why they were permitted to run the risk of bombardment is a question that may some day demand an answer. Here, however, they are, and it was determined that they, at any rate, should have something to remind them of a siege Christmas. Colonel Dartnell, of the Natal mounted police—a veteran whose service dates to the mutiny—Colonel Frank Rhodes, and Major 'Karr' Davis, the Johannesburg reformer, who underwent imprisonment rather than pay the fine imposed after Dr. Jameson's raid, organized a Christmas tree. Stores were spoiled of toys and books, and the branches of cedar-trees were heavy with the delights of childhood. Four of these green Santa Claus were ranged along the centre of the hall, Great Britain and South Africa in the middle, with Canada and Australia on each side. Upon the walls were such mottoes as 'Advance, Natal,' and 'May the New Year Bring Happiness.' Cotton artificially disposed among green leaves, was suggestive of snow, and the happy faces of the children carried off's thoughts over many leagues of land and sea to our English homes."

On December 12th another correspondent writes from Ladysmith:

"Our horses and oxen have suffered, the supply of fodder being exhausted, and the limited area of grazing ground having been cropped to the last blade. Groceries have run out, pure water is scarce, whiskey sells at thirty-five shillings a bottle, and milk cows are commandeered for beef. These are real and trying discomforts, but more oppressive than all the hardships we endure is the dreadful monotony of the siege. We have ceased to take any interest in shells, and even the most timid no longer walk up the street to see the damage done by one of 'Long Tom's' best efforts. The opportunities for active exercise are restricted, and a gallop on horseback is possible only under shrapnel or common shell. There might appear to be one resource left, and that is to sleep the time peacefully away. Even this consolation is denied, for Ladysmith is afflicted with a plague of flies more terrible than any that oppressed the Egyptians. They descend upon us in clouds—noisy, voracious, stinging pests, attacking every exposed part of the body with ceaseless energy, boldness, and unflinching determination. Every dish on the table is black with these torments, so that it is often literally impossible to see the food or to carry it to the mouth without the risk of swallowing scores of the poisonous insects."

Private F. Stewart, of the Gordon Highlanders, writing from Ladysmith, tells how Lieutenant-Colonel Dick Cunyngbam was wounded at Elands-laagte, and how the gallant officer cried at being incapacitated:

"I was close behind the commanding officer when he was wounded. He was shot and had to sit down, but he cheered on his men. 'Forward, Gordons!' he cried, 'the world is looking at you. Brave lads, give it to the beggars, exterminate the vermin, charge!' He then started crying because he could no longer lead his battalion, and he would not retire from the field until the day was won. He is a fine man to lead a battalion—as brave as a lion. The Gordons were the last line, and we raced through, the Manchesters and the Devons and the Light Horse Volunteers all charging together."

An army officer who was among the first to be captured by the Boers, thus describes his entry into the Transvaal capital:

"Our arrival at Pretoria was indescribably painful. No words, however skillfully arranged, could make you realize how humiliating it was to be marched between the dense crowds which lined the way from the railway station. Though my eyes were fixed on the ground, I could feel their stare. Now and again a laugh or a bitter word reached my ears, but, with those exceptions, the attitude of the crowd was above reproach. One ruffian, whose accent made it obvious that he was an Englishman, called out, jeeringly, 'Rule Britannia,' which raised a laugh among those beside him, but that unbecoming exhibition was instantly resented by several who were around. . . . The life in jail is monotonous; it must be very much the life a prisoner for had debt led formerly in the Fleet—only, so far, there is no prospect of any of us dying of starvation, however little money we may have at our disposal. All we know of the events which have occurred since our capture we have to learn from new prisoners who join us in batches from time to time. . . . I have had many conversations with Boer officials and visitors, and they all assert that they have no dislike for England or for the English, but they declare that they are prepared to risk extermination rather than be handed over to the tender mercies of Rhodes and of the Uitlanders. The latter element, they insist, is mostly composed of the riff-raff of the world—especially of Great Britain—many of the Uitlanders being outcasts who have no sense of right or wrong, who outrage every decency, who disgrace whatever nationality they belong to, and who would render the Transvaal uninhabitable were they to obtain control over its destinies."

In a letter from Orange River, Gunner Alfred Beadnell, of Scarborough, of the Sixty-Second B. R. F. A., writes thus of the execution of a Dutch spy:

"You could hardly realize what an awful scene a battlefield is, some poor fellow asking you for a drink as you pass him. Perhaps some will never ask for water any more. The most painful thing to see was a Dutch spy who was caught, and he was tried and sentenced to be shot, and the poor fellow was marched to dig his own grave, and when he had finished it he was stood over it, and then twelve soldiers marched out and had to pick up a rifle out of a group of twelve. There were six of these loaded and six unloaded, so none of them knew who shot him, and the poor chap never said a word; it was all over in a few minutes."

Writing home to his wife in Nottingham, from Sterkstroom, a color-sergeant in the Second Battalion, Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers, says:

"I have been through my baptism of fire, and, my God! what a baptism it was! On our arrival at Molteno we were given half an

hour's rest, and then ordered on our night march, bayonets fixed, no talking, no smoking—nothing but the tramp, tramp of feet; over hills, through rivers, nullahs, kopjes, laagers, and on, on we marched through the long, weary night. At last day broke on as bright and sunny a morning as ever broke on God's earth. Our general's idea was to give the Boers a surprise and carry them at the point of the bayonet, but we were disappointed. We were betrayed by some villain or other, and were led into as nice a trap as ever mortal was taken into, a veritable slaughter-house. As we commenced to march between two large hills, to begin operations, both of them became a blaze of shot and shell, and how I am alive to tell the tale is a wonder. We found it impossible to get at them. They were so strongly entrenched that we had to retire, and, horror of horrors, to do this we had to run the gauntlet of a terrible fire. I hadn't gone a hundred yards when my ankle gave, and I could only hop. Then I offered up a hearty prayer to God to look after you and the children, and was about to give up when a bullet tore my trousers. That gave me a fresh lease of life, and off I went again. A while after the bullets flew around so that I gave myself up entirely, but still the bullets would not hit me. We managed to get clear at last and marched fifteen miles to Molteno. I forgot to mention that a cavalryman lent me his mount, and it ran wild with me, and I again had a narrow escape from death. But it was not to be. I must have had ninety lives, to say the least, that day."

A private of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders who fought at Modder River writes:

"We found the enemy's pickets there in small trenches, and we went for them. We completely wiped them off the map. One of them said: 'Give us a chance, mate. I am a Glasgow man.' He had his chance, for one of the Seaforths promptly ran him through, with the remark: 'Take that you — traitor!' We got up to one trench with fifteen Boers in it. One held up a white flag on his rifle, and when we got up to make them prisoners the remainder fired on us. We laid down and gave them a volley. We went the flag again, but the holder had not got it straight when half a dozen of our bullets went into him. Then we charged them, and I assure you none of them lives to tell the tale."

In a letter to his sister about the Magersfontein battle, a private of the Gordon Highlanders writes:

"I will never forget it. Men on both sides shot down like mad dogs. I believe the demon devil was in the men; all they wanted was the lives of the Boers. They seemed to be clamoring for the blood of the Boers at the charge, shouting 'Majuba! Majuba!' and we got Majuba in good earnest. We were glad to retire, like dogs, with our tails between our legs. I thank God I did not get hit. I got my shins cut with barbed wire. My dear sister, I remember your words; they are still ringing in my ears—'Don't be a murderer.' Cain's stain will never enter my soul. I don't forget to fire high. I will not be the tool of any nation. If I took a man's life when in England I would be hanged for it; but if the government orders me to kill it is all right. Our picket brought in four prisoners—an Irishman, two Welshmen, and a German. The corporal in charge of the prisoners willfully, with the butt end of his rifle, broke the right arm of one of the Welshmen prisoners, because he was fighting against England. He is a miner, and says it was the oppression of Lord Penrhyn which caused him to leave his home and country and make the Transvaal his home. Anyway, there were several said they would take the bounce out of the corporal. Well, it is all over with him now. It appears he went to the rear, and never came back alive. His skull was broken in, and there he was found stiff."

Of the same battle a sergeant of the Seaforth Highlanders says:

"The Black Watch in front made an attempt to charge the position, but we had to retire and simply run for it, the enemy blazing at us all the way and dropping our fellows like skittles from their splendid positions. There was nothing for it but to lie down and pretend to be dead, and this I did about 5:30 A. M., till, I suppose, 6 P. M., the sun pouring down on me all the time, and not a drink of water all day, and dare not stir hand or foot, and expecting every instant to be my last. I could hear nothing but the cries, moans, and prayers of the wounded all round me, but I dared not so much as look up to see who they were. Shot and shell were going over me all day from the enemy and our side, and plenty of them striking within a yard of me—I mean bullets, not shell—and yet they never hit me. I believe some of the fellows went off their heads and walked right up to the enemy's place, singing till they dropped them. One youngster lying close to me said he would make a dart for it about 3 P. M. I tried my best to persuade him not to, but he would go. A couple of seconds after I could hear them pitting at him, and then his groans for about a minute, and then he was quiet. About this time the sun began to get fearfully hot, and I began to feel it in the legs, which are now very painful and swollen; besides I was parched with thirst. Most of the wounded round me had ceased groaning by this time. As it began to get dark I managed to wriggle my body through the shrubbery further back, and, after I had been at it some time, on looking up found myself right in front of another intrenchment of the enemy. They sent a few rounds at me, but they struck just in front and ricocheted over my head. After a hit, it getting darker, I got up and walked back, and there was nothing but dead Highlanders all over the place."

Describing the retreat from Stormberg to Molteno, a correspondent at Sterkstroom writes:

"Then we had the humiliating experience of being chased back all those weary ten miles to Molteno, retreating as fast as we could in small groups, sometimes crouching against the right side of the road—the Boers being on our left flank—sometimes making our way into the corn-fields, or along the interminable veldt, or now and again, falling prone on the ground as a shell came hissing overhead, wailing with breathless suspense until we heard its dull thud as it struck the ground; then, with an exclamation of thankfulness, as we found the uncanny thing did not burst, up and off again, ravenously hungry and utterly fatigued as we were, harassed and hurried by the Boers, who accompanied us for a distance of eight miles with the attentions of their artillery. At last, when the majority had taken up some who left the night before, so that the promise and so brimful of eagerness, had struggled into Molteno, about eleven o'clock, and when we all generally found our feet again, we formed up and got into line for the roll-call. When name after name was called; when silence—dead silence—was the only answer; when 366 men of the sturdy Northumberlanders were missing; and when some 294 of our gallant Irish comrades failed to give response, then the grim reality of the disaster came home to us, and we silently thanked God that we were safe, and thought very sadly of the comrades—dead, wounded, and missing—left behind in the terrible trap at Stormberg from which we had just escaped."

A graphic incident of the retreat is thus related:

"A young subaltern of the Irish Rifles, named Stevens, had been shot through both lungs. From the ridge he walked down several hundred yards supported by two men of his regiment. Then, for about three-quarters of a mile, four riflemen carried him in a blanket. From the blanket he was transferred to an ammunition wagon, upon which he was carried about a mile or more. His next conveyance was a hospital-stretcher, and, finally, after a still longer interval, he reached the ambulance. Nothing but the marvelous pluck and endurance of the man could have saved him. Hurt as he was, nine men out of ten would have sunk from exhaustion. But Stevens had always a cheery smile as one rode up to see how he was getting on as he jolted along upon the ammunition wagon."

So exhausted were the men, who had been by this time on the move for over twenty-four hours on the stretch, who had just completed seven hours' marching through the night, and who had been actually under arms for upward of sixteen hours, that, during the actual retirement, they were falling asleep in the open ground, under fire, after or before using their rifles. No sooner did they halt to fire than they fell forward, sound asleep. One officer said that he awoke several such men by kicking them soundly, and thus insisted upon their continuing their retreat to a place of safety.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Luccbeni, the murderer of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, having spent a year in solitary confinement, is now, according to the Swiss law, treated like all other prisoners.

It is now settled that the German emperor and empress will pay a visit to Rome in the spring and that they will take the opportunity, while in Italy, of visiting the queen of England at Bordighera, where there is likely to be a large family meeting.

A Perosi stock company, with a capital of \$50,000, has been formed in Milan for the performance of church music. The company has bought the Church of Santa Maria della Pace for \$19,000, and will turn it into a music-hall. In the spring Perosi's "The Slaughter of the Innocents" and "The Entry of Christ into Jerusalem" will be performed.

Louise Evelyn Lease, daughter of the well-known Kansas woman suffragist, Mrs. Mary Ellen Lease, intends to follow the example of her mother and go on the lecture platform. She hopes to have some influence toward effecting these reforms: Woman's suffrage with educational restrictions, municipal reform, municipal ownership of franchises, and a general improvement in the moral standard of life.

In an address entitled "Stepping Stones to Success in Business," Andrew Carnegie said in New York the other day: "In these days we bear a lot about poverty. The cry goes up to abolish poverty, but it will indeed be a sad day when poverty is no longer with us. Where will your inventor, your artist, your philanthropist, your reformer—in fact, anybody of note—come from then? They all come from the ranks of the poor. God does not call his great men from the ranks of the rich." And he added: "Of every thousand dollars given to charity nine hundred and fifty might as well be thrown in the sea. It is bad policy to aid the submerged man. Give your aid to the man who is fighting with his head above the water."

Marsball O. Waggoner, of Toledo, O., the noted convert from infidelity to Christianity, has at last burned his infidel library, which had the reputation of being one of the finest in the world. He had spent thousands of dollars and traveled far and wide to collect it. His first idea was to have a public bonfire, but decided, in view of the fact that many might doubt his sincerity, to burn the books in the furnace of the Memorial United Brethren Church in Toledo, which was done on the evening of January 19th. Along with the books went a number of etchings and engravings of an atheistic nature. He delayed the burning for some time because he had lent many of the books, and was desirous of securing them and destroying all at the one time.

Colonel Count Georges de Villehois Mareuil is said to be the brains of the Boer army. He recently received the thanks of the Transvaal Government, in its official paper, for the victory at Colenso. The count, who is General Joubert's chief of staff, served in the French army through the Franco-Prussian War, rising to the command of a regiment in the Foreign Legion, and was afterward with the French forces in Tunis, Tonquin, and the Western Sudan. Two years ago he threw up his commission because he was not promoted to the rank of general. From Dr. Leyds he procured the rank of lieutenant-general in the Boer army. He had said that the Boer country "offered every advantage for a campaign of surprises and a war of ambushes." It is reported that more than two hundred former officers of the French army are fighting on the side of the Boers.

Edmund Clarence Stedman, the banker-poet, sold his seat on the New York Stock Exchange a fortnight ago for \$39,000. With only his personal business interests to be attended to, Mr. Stedman will have much more leisure than formerly, and this additional time he intends to devote to literature. He has nearly completed his "American Anthology," a large volume upon which he has been engaged with a corps of assistants for nearly three years, and which may be regarded as a rounding out of his critical works on poetry. Mr. Stedman began business in New York in 1864, at the time of the speculative activity in oil, and prospered from the start. He soon formed a partnership under the style of Stedman, Ewell & Co., the firm consisting of four partners by the end of 1865. Subsequently Mr. Ewell retired to form the firm of Ewell & Stout, and Mr. Stedman reorganized the old firm under the name of E. C. Stedman & Co. This firm was dissolved in 1883, since which year Mr. Stedman has had no partners.

According to William Elliot Griffis in the *Bazar*, Princess Sada, who is soon to be married to Prince Yoshihito, the crown prince of Japan, is now in her sixteenth year, of robust health, fine color, and striking figure. She belongs to that famous Fujiwara (Wistaria Meadow) family that has furnished so many empresses in the past. Genealogy counts for more than wealth in the Mikado's empire. Though not strictly a blood line—since the practice of adoption often comes to save the "house" and family name—yet the records show not a few genealogies in Japan which outlengthen any known in Europe. The Princess Sada counts her lineage back forty-seven generations to Kamatari, or, rather, Fujiwara No Kamatari, a historic character and blue-blooded noble of the sixth century. The father of Princess Sada is Prince Michitaka, in whose ancestral line have been regents, prime ministers, and innumerable high officers, with whom, as with Kamatari the founder, the makers of prose legend, poetry, and myth have been busy, to the enrichment of Japan's literature, now twelve hundred years old in ink and writing, and prehistorically ancient in "winged words" unrecorded. The court princes of Japan, not being wealthy, according to our standards, the father of the bride-elect, Prince Michitaka, provides fifty thousand dollars and the imperial purse two hundred thousand dollars, with a possible increase, from the estate of the late empress-dowager, aunt of the Princess Sada, who is thus cousin to the heir apparent.



## AUGUSTIN DALY'S TREASURES.

An Auction Sale of the Famous Manager's Books and Babelots  
to Be Held in New York—Valuable Paintings and  
Rare First Editions.

The announcement that the Daly collection is to be sold at auction at the American Art Galleries next month will set the bibliophiles' and art amateurs' mouths a-watering on two continents, for such an aggregation of rare and valuable books, pictures, tapestries, and *objets d'art* has never before been brought under the hammer in America. There is no "peachblow vase" among them, such as brought \$50,000 at the Walters sale, but Augustin Daly's library contained an extraordinary number of rare first editions and marvelous extra-illustrated works, and these, with the beautiful pictures, furniture, and *bric-à-brac* he picked up in his travels, are valued at \$300,000. Of course the sale will not realize that sum, but it is expected to surpass that of the S. L. M. Barlow library, which fetched \$86,000; the Brinley collection, which in five sales scattered over ten or twelve years netted \$100,000; or the Brayton Ives collection, which reached high-water mark for this country at \$115,000.

This collection reveals the late Augustin Daly in a light that is new to many with whom his name has for years been a household word. As a theatrical manager he was known to be successful financially and artistically, and his reputation as a martinet in matters of stage management had penetrated to the outside world through the harriers that are supposed to guard the secrets of the stage from the non-professional. But Augustin Daly was an artist not merely in the external sense that made his stage-settings famous for their accuracy and harmony; he had the true artist's eye for the beautiful, and in time acquired that mania of the collector that makes the treasures he has gathered as the apple of his eye. His home in West Fifth Street was externally a conventional stone-front house, such as exist by the hundred in this city of New York, but, within, it was the ideal of what exquisite taste and a seemingly bottomless purse could provide. From basement to attic it was crowded with rare tapestries and Oriental stuffs, pictures chosen not for the artist's name but for his work, quaint furniture picked up here and there in all parts of the world, exquisite *bric-à-brac*, and books—well, the library comprises some fourteen thousand volumes, and, except the drawing-room, they were in every room in the house, most of them behind the glass-doors of book-cases that had been sent to Holland to be inlaid and were put together again in this country.

It is expected that the collection will be placed on exhibition about March 14th and that the sale will begin on the following Monday. It will take a week to dispose of the books, the sale going on every afternoon and evening, for they will take up some thirty-five hundred numbers on the catalogue, and the furniture, pictures, relics, and so on, which will be sold first, will take the same period of time for their going off.

Among the pictures he owned are the original Housman portrait of "rare Ben Jonson," from which all subsequent prints have been made; a fine portrait of Shakespeare by an unknown contemporary; a portrait of Nell Gwynne by Wolfen, a Dutch painter of her day, with a King Charles spaniel in her arms instead of the conventional lamh shown in most representations of the fair orange-girl; and other canvases showing Macready, Kean, the elder Wallack, and other famous actors. A desk of unusual interest is one originally owned by David Garrick; the panels of which are decorated with portraits of the famous English actor and manager in his favorite characters. Then there are prints and portraits, death-masks, relics of stage celebrities, autograph letters, and a thousand objects either beautiful in themselves or hallowed by association with the famous dead.

But it is in the books that the chief interest in the sale will centre. In matters pertaining to the American stage it is probably unequalled in the world. The most notable work in this line is Ireland's "Records of the New York Stage," which covers the period from 1750 to 1860. Daly had this inlaid to folio size and, by the insertion of portraits, play-hills, autograph letters, and other matter of kindred character, extended it to thirty-three volumes. The process of inlaying, it may be explained, consists in heveling the edge of each leaf of a book and then pasting this in a larger leaf from which the centre has been cut and the inner edges heveled, so that the old leaf fits into the new one as in a frame, making practically a perfect leaf of larger size. Allied to this are a complete edition of Daly's productions, lives of the Booths inlaid to folio size and extra-illustrated, Wallack's memoirs, and biographies of Forrest, Fanny Ellsler, and other footlight favorites of our fathers' day.

The gems of the collection are the four folios of Shakespeare brought out in the seventeenth century, which are valued at \$16,000; Cunningham's "Life of Nell Gwynne," inlaid to folio size and extended to four volumes by the insertion of prints of the actress and her contemporaries, which is worth some \$4,000; and the Douai Bible. This last, the edition of 1794, was originally in one volume, but it has been enlarged by the insertion of some eight thousand illustrations, including the only acknowledged Raphael in this country, to forty-one volumes. Sumptuously bound, they represent an outlay of at least \$25,000. Another rare hit of bookmaking is "Peg Woffington: A Tribute to the Actress and the Woman," written by Daly himself. It is in eight volumes, exquisitely illustrated by Eugène Grivaz, some of the illustrations being marginal water-color drawings and some faintly overlying the text. Rare, too, are first editions of Spenser's "Faerie Queen," "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained," and Milton's poems, Fielding's "Tom Jones" and "Amelia," the first and only complete edition of Smollett's "Perigrine Pickle," and Butler's "Hudibras" illustrated. Some of these treasures are set in little shrines, as, for example, the first edition of Molière's "Ecole des Maris," which Coquelin gave to Daly last year. It is a dainty little volume of sixty pages, bound in white

vellum and inclosed in a brown morocco velvet-lined case like a jewel-hox. Similarly inclosed in a silk-lined morocco leather case is the very rare first collected edition of Molière, complete in two volumes.

There are also first editions of Thackeray, Tennyson, Dickens, and Lever in handsome modern bindings, and of Scott—these latter in the original mottled-green pasteboards, but now protected by leather cases lettered to simulate modern bindings—and of Lamb. The collection of Lamb's works is, indeed, remarkably complete, more so, considering its richness in autographic matter, than any other ever possessed by one person. There are first editions of everything "the gentle Elia" ever published, from the "Original Letters of Sir John Falstaff," which it is not certain is his sole production, to the "Last Essays" issued in 1833, and besides this there are two big volumes of his letters, supplemented with the original autograph text, portraits of Lamb and his contemporaries, and several genuine letters by Mary Lamb.

NEW YORK, February 7, 1900.

## LATE VERSE.

## Lawton's Last Battle.

(SAN MATEO, DECEMBER 19, 1899.)

Up the Mariquina Valley  
In sheets of pouring rain,  
Through rows of sodden rice-fields  
And miles of trampled cane,  
Knee-deep in mud and water,  
Against a storm of lead,  
The Yankee troops went riding  
With Lawton at the head.

He laughed at death or danger,  
The bravest of the brave,  
As he faced the flaming trenches,  
But a bullet dug his grave.  
His fearless eyes were covered,  
His steed before him led,  
When the shallow stream was forded  
With Lawton at the head.

His sword was sheathed beside him,  
The blood was on his breast,  
The general who never rested  
Lay in eternal rest.  
But his guns played Yankee Doodle,  
The valley grass was red,  
San Mateo was entered  
With Lawton at the head.

She mourns him in Manila,  
And sighs at every breath,  
The widow of the soldier  
Who died a soldier's death.  
Long she may weep and listen  
To hear the horses' tread,  
Or see the plumes of yellow  
With Lawton at the head.

He musters with the heroes  
Whose names are ever green,  
Gridley and Nichol, captains,  
And Anthony, marine;  
Columbia's guard immortal,  
Made up of gallant dead,  
That marches on in glory  
With Lawton at the head.

—Minna Irving in Leslie's Weekly.

## The Home Voyage.

(James Whitcomb Riley's poem written on the occasion of General Henry W. Lawton's body lying in state in the capital of Indiana.)

Bear with us, O Great Captain, if our pride  
Show equal measure with our grief's excess  
In greeting you, in this your helplessness  
To countermand our vanity or hide  
Your stern displeasure, that we thus had tried  
To praise you, knowing praise was your distress;  
But this home-coming swells our hearts no less—  
Because for love of home you proudly died.  
Lo, then: the cable, fathoms 'neath the keel  
That shapes your course, is eloquent of you;  
The old flag, too, at half-mast overhead—  
We doubt not that its gale-kissed ripples feel  
A prouder sense of red and white and blue,  
The stars—Ah, God! Were they interpreted!

In strange lands were your latest honors won—  
In strange wilds, with strange dangers all heset;  
With rain, like tears, the face of day was wet,  
As rang the ambush'd foe's fatal gun.  
And, as you felt your final duty done,  
We feel that glory thrills your spirit yet,  
When at the front, in swiftest death, you met  
The patriot's doom and best reward in one.  
And so the tumult of that island war—  
At last, for you, is stilled forevermore—  
Its scenes of blood blend white as ocean-foam  
On your rapt vision as you sight afar  
The sails of peace: And from that alien shore  
The proud ship hears you on your voyage home.

Or rough or smooth the wave, or lowering day  
Or starlit sky—you hold, by native right,  
Your high tranquillity—the silent might  
Of the true hero—so you led the way  
To victory through stormiest battle fray.  
Because your followers, high above the fight,  
Heard your soul's lightest whisper bid them smite  
For God and man and space to kneel and pray.  
And thus you cross the seas into your own  
Beloved land, convoyed with honors meet,  
Saluted as your home's first heritage—  
Nor salutation from your State alone,  
But all the States, gathered in mighty fleet,  
Dip colors as you move to anchorage.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Wireless telegraphic communication will be established between five of the Hawaiian Islands by an American company. Although many engineers regard the connection of the five islands by cable as impracticable on account of the coral reefs, an American company had (says the *Electrician*) about decided to attempt it, as the needs of telegraphic communication had grown most urgent. On hearing of the remarkable success of the Marconi system the company investigated it and found that it would cost much less and be more practical in many ways than a cable. A regular telegraph business will be done by the company installing the wireless system. The distance over which communication will be established will vary from eight to sixty-one miles.

## CAPE NOME AND ITS RICHES.

The Klondike Outdone in Its First Season—Forty Miles of Claim—  
Stakes—Unknown Limits of the Field—Dangerous  
Alike in Summer and Winter.

Estimates of the amount of gold taken from the placer mines of Cape Nome during its first season—the summer of 1899—vary a million or so, Captain Lewis B. Butler, formerly connected with the United States Geological Survey, and for years an expert in mining circles in this State, placing the figure at \$2,300,000, and George N. Wright, postmaster at the new field, declaring positively that it was not less than \$3,500,000. The Cape Nome district is situated on the north-west coast of Alaska, on the south-west side of the great arm or peninsula which reaches into the Behring Sea. Kotzebue Sound is on the north of the arm, and Norton Sound on the south. The western end of this arm or peninsula is at the one hundred and forty-sixth meridian, and has long been known in geographies as Cape Prince of Wales. This peninsula is the westernmost of the United States; it is separated from Asia by the Behring Strait, less than seventy miles wide. Cape Nome has had its name on maps for twenty years. The gold diggings are about one hundred and eighty miles north-west, across the sound, from St. Michael.

The gold-washing district extends along the base and sides of a range of hills or promontories that skirts the southern side of Cape Nome. From the water's edge to the base of the hills there is a great, dreary plain, as unlikely a spot in which to find gold as one could imagine. Dozens of tiny streams foam and fuss on their way through the hills and empty in the sea. Gold is found along the banks of these streams and in the gulches that abound in the district, and the sand on the seashore is surprisingly rich in the yellow metal, too. The whole Cape Nome country is a gold field. No one knows the extent of the gold-bearing territory, because all the five thousand men there last summer were too busy washing gold from the beach or the hills to lose time in prospecting. There is now not a square foot of the beach left unclaimed and unstaked from Nome to Sirocco, a distance of about forty-two miles. From Nome north to York, a distance of nearly one hundred and thirty miles, the beach has been prospected and some gold has been found in all that distance. Hundreds of miners are prospecting for gold-bearing sand on the beach to the south of Nome, and there is no reason why the riches of the beach should not be duplicated for miles to the south toward Cape Winslow.

Captain Butler, who left Cape Nome last October for his home in Santa Barbara, recently described the new gold field to a correspondent of the *New York Sun*, and stated that in all his experience in mining-camps since 1860 he had never known anything like the promise of gold there is at Cape Nome. The beach is known as ruby sand. It is the heaviest ever known, and is dark blue. All the miner has to do is to shovel the sand into a rocker, and a shovelful was never found that did not show some trace of gold, while many a pan of this sand has yielded one dollar. Edward Bardsley last summer made alone one hundred and forty dollars a day for sixteen days at washing this sand. In depth the sand averages six feet, and then bed-rock is struck. How much there is of this gold-bearing sand no one knows. It may comprise tens of thousands of acres before the prospecting ceases.

While the summer season is more tolerable at Cape Nome than in the Klondike, because the frightful mosquito pest is not experienced at the Cape, it is very severe, and can hardly be endured by any but the strongest. In summer the sou'westers blow a ceaseless gale from the sea across the Nome plains and the low range of hills back from the shore. These winds are so severe that whaling-ships have sometimes been blown ashore. In winter the temperature is frequently at sixty degrees below zero for a week or two at a time, and when the wind blows from the north-east, as it almost always does for four months, one clad in even the heaviest fur garments can not keep warm. Last summer at no time was the ground where the miners worked well thawed out. The lack of fuel in Cape Nome, now that the *débris* washed upon the shore has been largely consumed by this time, is a serious feature of life there. Malarial fevers are common at Cape Nome, as a more unsanitary condition than exists there can scarcely be imagined. Every few days last summer a death occurred from typhoid fever. The country for miles around is marshy. The water is not fit to drink, as a rule, and when it is remembered that no attention is paid to the proper disposition of garbage, it is surprising that there is not even more typhoid fever.

The percentage of intelligent miners at Cape Nome is far ahead of that in the Klondike during its first two years of activity. Hundreds of young men are there who had gone to the Klondike and Copper River mining regions only to be disappointed. The richest man is Loren M. Gardner. He came originally from New Jersey, but mined in California and Oregon for twenty years. His Klondike experience was valuable to him. He took up a claim and bought two more for \$100 each at Nome, and all three have proved very rich. He knows how to make native Innuit work, and last summer had thirty of them getting out gold for him. He has since bought interests in other claims, and now is worth at least \$400,000. Gabriel Price, a San Franciscan not yet thirty years old, is walking into a millionaire's place there. A Lutheran missionary, the Rev. Joseph Anderson, led the first party that made claims at Cape Nome. He has two claims on Glacier Creek, and he bought another on Dry Creek. For weeks last summer he slept less than three hours out of each twenty-four. He is believed to be worth about \$250,000 now. Charles D. Lane, of San Francisco, who knows Alaska mining from Juneau to the Arctic Sea, and has made millions as a miner, believes that Alaska will yield more than \$90,000,000 in gold annually by another decade.



## A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN.

"The Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais"—His Relation to the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood—Attacks on His Early Work—Some Charming Anecdotes.

So prevalent has become the craze for writing biographies that it is refreshing to read such a work as "The Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais," for both his striking personality and successful career were interesting enough in themselves to justify the publication of a memoir sufficiently detailed to lay them before the reader. Mr. John G. Millais, the fourth son of the famous artist, has shown himself especially fitted for this task, for he writes in a graphic style and treats his father's productions, his character, his friendships, and the influences which he received and exerted with rare insight, delicacy, and tact. In addition to his own opinions of his father's work and place in the history of art, he has added tributes of Millais's best and oldest friends—such as Holman Hunt, Sir Noel Paton, Mr. Val Prinsep, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie (*née* Thackeray), Mrs. Perugini (*née* Dickens), Sir Arthur Sullivan, and many others. Young Millais had a wealth of good material to choose from, and the many letters and charming anecdotes of distinguished people which he introduces make the two volumes uncommonly readable.

The three hundred and sixteen illustrations, which are of extraordinary richness and variety, form a notable feature of this sumptuous work, including as they do nearly every picture of Millais's best art, some of them in several stages, sketches by the score, early drawings, and notes and pictures unknown in great part to the public. Moreover, the arrangement of chapters and indices, and the clearness as to titles, dates, etc., as well as the actual making of the volumes, the large type, wide margins, and smooth paper, call for especial appreciation.

Millais was born at Southampton in 1829. His father, who belonged to a family long settled in the Island of Jersey, was himself an artist, and the lad was encouraged to develop the gifts that declared themselves in his very earliest years. Millais's precocity was phenomenal. His aunt tells us that when he was only four he was continually at work with pencil and paper, and generally lay on the floor covering sheets with figures. His elder brother, William, records a story of the old days at Dinan, Brittany, where the family resided for two years:

"We were little boys, and quite inseparable, he six years old and I two his senior. Our greatest delight was to watch the entry of the regiments as they passed through the town, and from Brest. On one occasion we noticed an enormous *lambour-mejaur*, literally burished with gold trappings, wearing a tall bearskin and flourishing a huge, gold-headed cane, to the delight of a lot of *gamins*. Jack at once produced his sketch-book and pencil, and proceeded to jot down the giant into his book. While this was going on we were not aware that two officers were silently creeping toward us, and we were quite awed when they suddenly uttered loud ejaculations of astonishment at what they had seen, for they had evidently been witnesses of the last touch made upon the drum-major. They patted the little artist on the back, gave him some money, and asked me where we lived. Our house was only a stone's throw off, so we took them up into the drawing-room, and they talked for some time with my father and mother, urging them most seriously to send the child at once to Paris to be educated in the arts."

Of the occasion on which Millais received his first medal, William Millais, who was present, says:

"I shall never forget the prize-day at the Society of Arts, when my brother had won the silver medal for a large drawing of 'The Battle of Bannockburn.' He was then between nine and ten years of age, and the dress the little fellow wore is vividly before me as I write. He had on a white plaid tunic, with black belt and huckle; short white frilled trousers, showing bare legs with white socks and patent-leather shoes; a large white frilled collar, a bright necktie, and his hair in golden curls. When the secretary, Mr. Cocking, called out 'Mr. John Everett Millais,' the little lad walked up unseen by His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, who was giving the prizes, and stood at his raised desk. After a time the duke observed that 'the gentleman was a long time coming up,' to which the secretary replied, 'He is here, your royal highness.' The duke then stood up and saw the boy, and, giving him his stool to stand upon, the pretty little golden head appeared above the desk."

The very next day this delicate little fellow, having incurred the wrath of a hully who had been anxious to win the medal, played the part of a victim in an episode which throws a vivid light on the hazing methods of those days:

With the help of two other small boys whom he had compelled to remain, the hully hung him head downwards out of a window, tying his legs up to the iron of the window-guards with scarfs and strings. There he hung over the street in a position which shortly made him unconscious, and the end might have been fatal had not some passer-by, seeing the position of the child, rung the door-bell and secured his immediate release.

At the age of ten Millais was admitted to the Royal Academy, the youngest student who ever found entrance within its walls, and during his six years there he carried off in turn every honor the Academy had to bestow. They called him "The Child." At seventeen he won the gold medal over the head of a man of thirty, to whom every one had expected the award to be made. His biographer has some amusing notes on Samuel Rogers, to whose house the amazing precocity of the boy won him admission:

He took an almost parental interest in Millais, though occasionally treating him with a severity that bordered on the comic. My father hated sugar in his tea, and on more than one occasion openly expressed his dislike. "Thomas," the poet would say, "put three lumps of sugar in Mr. Millais's tea; he ought to like sugar. He is too thin." Rogers had a manuscript missal of great value, of which he was vastly proud. One day little Millais picked it up to show it to a young lady. "Boy! I roared Rogers, from the other end of the room, almost suffocating himself as he slipped down into his chair, 'can't you speak about a book without fingering it? How dare you touch my missal!'"

In his second chapter the author deals with the much-vexed question of Millais's relation to the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Here is Sir John's own version of the matter as told to his son:

"The papers are good enough to speak of me as a typical English artist" [this was in 1896, when Millais was elected president of the Royal Academy], "but because in my early days I saw a good deal of Rossetti—the mysterious and un-English Rossetti—they assume that my pre-Raphaelite impulses in pursuit of light and truth were due to him. All nonsense! My pictures would have been exactly the same if I had never seen or heard of Rossetti. I liked him very much when

we first met, believing him to be (as perhaps he was) sincere in his desire to further our aims—Hunt's and mine—but I always liked his brother William much better. D. G. Rossetti, you must understand, was a queer fellow, and impossible as a boon companion—so dogmatic and so irritable when opposed. His aims and ideals in art were also widely different from ours, and it was not long before he drifted away from us to follow his own peculiar fancies. What they were may be seen from his subsequent works. They were highly imaginative and original, and not without elements of beauty, but they were not Nature. At last, when he presented for our admiration the young women which have since become the type of Rossettiism, the public opened their eyes in amazement. 'And this,' they said, 'is pre-Raphaelism.' It was nothing of the sort. The pre-Raphaelites had but one idea—to present on canvas what they saw in Nature; and such productions as these were absolutely foreign to the spirit of their work. The only one of my pictures that I can think of as showing what is called the influence of Rossetti is the 'Isabella,' in which some of the vestments were worked out in accordance with a book of mediæval costumes which he was kind enough to lend me. It was Hunt—not Rossetti—whom I habitually consulted in case of doubt."

The extraordinary opposition that Millais met with in his early days is frequently illustrated in the first volume. As Sir W. Armstrong has said:

"The critic of that time refused to stand at the painter's point of view; he declined to accept his conventions and his aim, and through them to determine how far he had succeeded in his self-imposed task. He claimed the right at every turn to tell the artist what to paint and how to paint it, and in all this he had the support of one who had suddenly risen to a pitch of influence undreamed of by any previous writer on art."

Ruskin began by proclaiming Millais's merits and afterward became one of his bitterest decriers. Millais often expresses his disgust at the malice of his critics and at the narrow views of Mr. Ruskin in particular. In 1859 he wrote:

"Ruskin will be disgusted this year for all the rubbish he has been praising *before being sent into the Royal Academy* has now bad places. This is a wretched work like a photograph of some place in Switzerland, evidently painted under his guidance, for he seems to have lauded it up sky-high; and that is just where it is in the miniature room! He does not understand my work, which is now too broad for him to appreciate, and I think his eye is only fit to judge the portraits of insects. But then I think he has lost all real influence as a critic."

Hunt and Rossetti were wild at the outcry, and did their utmost to cheer the flagging spirits of the artist. Watts assured him that the condemned pictures "will live forever, and will soon find their proper place." Thackeray put his arms around him and said: "Never mind, old boy. Let them say what they will; you go on painting." But if Millais was somewhat bitter against the professional critics, he was at the same time ever ready to hear advice, and never felt any malice at a frank expression of opinion. For instance:

He was dining out, and, of course, sitting next to the hostess. On his right was a charming society woman, who evidently had not caught his name when he was introduced to her, for she presently, during a pause, started the usual subject of conversation in May—the Academy. "Isn't Millais too dreadful this year?" And then, seeing the agonized contortions on her hostess's countenance, she said: "Oh, tell me what I've done; look at Mrs. ———'s face! I must have said or done something terrible." "Well," laughed Millais, "you really have, you know." "Oh, please tell me." "Better nerve yourself to hear. Drink this glass of sherry first." "Yes, yes; now what is it?" For answer Millais said nothing, but, looking at her, pointed solemnly to himself. When it dawned upon her who her neighbor was, she was spared any confusion by Millais's hearty laughter at her malapropos speech.

On July 3d, 1855, Millais was married to Euphemia Chalmers Gray, eldest daughter of Mr. George Gray, of Bowerswell, Perth. The only hint of their romantic courtship is contained in these few words in a foot-note:

Miss Gray had been previously married, but that marriage had been annulled in 1851, on grounds sanctioned equally by church and state. Both good taste and feeling seem to require that no detailed reference should be made to the circumstances attending that annulment. But on behalf of those who loved their mother it may surely be said that during the course of the judicial proceedings instituted by her and throughout the period of the void marriage and the whole of her after years not one word could be or ever was uttered impugning the correctness and purity of her life.

The writer pays this pretty tribute to his mother:

And here let me say at once how much of my father's happiness in after years was due to the chief events of this day. During the forty-one years of their married life my mother took the keenest interest in his work, and did all in her power to contribute to his success, taking upon herself not only the care of the household and the management of household affairs, but the great bulk of his correspondence, and saving him an infinity of trouble by personally ascertaining the objects of his callers (an ever-increasing multitude) before admitting them into his presence. A great relief this, for business-affairs and letter-writing were equally hateful in his eyes; and, in spite of himself, his correspondence increased day by day.

A valuable key to Millais's pictures is afforded by the stories which are told of the circumstances under which most of them were painted. With the possible exception of "Bubbles" and the "Huguenot Lovers," no single picture is better known to the general public than his famous "Northwest Passage":

The history of this painting is worth relating, if only as bringing into view one of the most remarkable characters that ever crossed the path of the artist. In the wide circle of his acquaintance there was but one man who came up to his ideal of the old sailor whom he wished to depict, and this was an eccentric old gentleman named Trelawny, who, when first applied to, resolutely refused to sit to him, hating as he did all the works and ways of modern society. Captain Trelawny was no ordinary man. His friends spoke of him as a "jolly old pirate" for his early life was spent in cruising about in the Mediterranean and neighboring seas, and the adventures he met with on those expeditions were eminently suggestive of the appellation. It happened to him at one time to fall into the hands of some Greek pirates, who took him ashore as a prisoner, and the end of it was that he married the daughter of the chief, and the happy pair spent their honeymoon in a cave. With all these vagaries, he was a man of considerable talent. Byron and Shelley were intimate friends of his, and he himself is well known for his reminiscences of them and his autobiographical "Adventures of a Younger Son."

This was the man whom Millais was so anxious to capture for his picture. In later years they frequently met; and at John Leech's funeral, attended by them both, Trelawny came up and, in his bluff, unceremonious way, shook Millais warmly by the hand, declaring that, as mutual friends of the deceased, "the finest gentleman he had ever met," they too must be friends. And so they were. But for all that, Millais, fearing another refusal, could not bring himself to prefer his request, nor would he listen to his wife's proposal to try her persuasive powers on the old skipper. At last, in desperation, she went off, unknown to her husband, and boldly tackled the picture-hater, who, after many refusals, turned round suddenly and said, in his bluff way: "But I'll tell you what I'll do. I am greatly interested in a company for the promotion of Turkish baths in London. Now, if you will go with my niece and take six Turkish baths and pay for them yourself, I will come and sit six times for your husband." Agreed. My mother had never been in a Turkish bath in her life, and knew nothing of them, but go she must or risk the success of the

picture. So, on the days appointed, Trelawny came to the studio, and, being assured that my mother had had her bath, surrendered himself to the artist; and so the picture was finished. Not, however, as it appears now; for, as a strict teetotaler, Trelawny protested against the introduction of a tumbler of hot grog such as an old sea-dog might naturally have beside him, and it was only after the sittings were over that this was added as an accessory that could hardly be dispensed with. Poor Trelawny, when he saw the picture in the Academy, was angry, fearing that everybody would recognize his portrait; and though he remained on friendly terms with my father, I doubt whether he ever quite forgave this little joke of his.

Millais had many friends, and in the course of the biography we get an interesting glimpse occasionally of some of his noted contemporaries. One of his best friends was John Leech. It was Leech who induced him to take to hunting, a sport which he had hitherto regarded as cruel, though he loved shooting and fishing. One of Leech's well-known drawings in *Punch* was inspired by an incident that occurred a few days before Millais first followed the hounds. Leech introduced his friend to a hootmaker in Oxford Street, in order that he might be fitted with a pair of "tops":

Being but a stripling of twenty-one or thereabouts, his [Millais's] calves were in the embryo state so mortifying to young manhood. He was delighted, therefore, when, on measuring him, the shopman said, with an air of admiration: "Ah, sir, what a fine leg for a boot!" But the conclusion of the sentence was not so satisfactory—"Same size all the way up."

Leech used to say he could never quite understand the Scots:

They were a curious, uncongenial people, with queer ways and customs very perplexing to a stranger, who, in his ignorance, might readily give offense where he least intended to do so. An instance of this occurred one day when he and Millais by chance came across a man in a red shirt who was cutting down a tree in a way that suggested at least a passing acquaintance with the whisky-bottle. Leech shyly addressed him as "Mr. McR—" "Who the devil are you calling 'Mr. McR—'? I am The McR—" roared the fiery Scot, upon which Leech apologized and made off at once.

Millais had the social gift developed in a high degree, but it is amusing to note that the making of a public speech was the one service to society he hated to render. Sir George Reid contributes to the biography this interesting fragment:

"Lady Millais told me my wife of his pacing up and down for weeks before trying to piece together his speeches, and committing scraps of them to memory. The climax was reached on Saturday, the 4th, when the time came for him to go to Burlington House, and he declared that he had 'a good mind to go and hang himself.' I told this story to Lord Rosebery, when he remarked: 'Ah! that was the true orator!' According to Mr. Val Prinsep, a member of the Arts Club once said to Millais, after the latter had spoken and was leaving the club: 'That was a beautiful speech. Was it impromptu?' 'Impromptu!' shouted Millais, 'why, it took me three weeks to make it.'"

In a letter to his wife, on Christmas Day, 1863, he wrote thus of the death of Thackeray, one of his early friends and admirers:

"He was found dead by his servant in the morning, and, of course, the whole house is in a state of the utmost confusion and pain. They first sent to Charlie Collins and his wife, who went immediately, and have been almost constantly there ever since. I sent this morning to know how the mother and girls were, and called myself this afternoon; and they are suffering terribly, as you might expect. He was found lying back, with his arms over his head, as though in great pain. I shall hear more, of course. Every one I meet is affected by his death. Nothing else is spoken of."

In another letter, he describes Thackeray's funeral:

"I went yesterday to the funeral, in Theodore Martin's carriage. It was a marvellous scene, and badly managed. A crowd of women were there—more from curiosity, I suppose—dressed in all colors; and round the grave scarlet and blue feathers shone out prominently! Indeed, the true mourners and friends could not get near, and intimate friends who were present had to be hustled into their places during the ceremony of interment. We all, of course, followed from the chapel, and by that time the grave was surrounded. There was a great lack of what is called 'high society,' which I was surprised at. None of that class, of whom he knew so many, were present. The painters were nearly all there—more even than the literary men. The review of his life and works you sent me is quite beautiful—just what it ought to be—I suppose by Dr. John Brown, who was a great friend."

A whole chapter is devoted to George du Maurier, one of the most intimate and beloved of Millais's friends. In private life, Du Maurier was habitually reserved and unobtrusive; but to Millais, whom he knew to be "moved by the same impulses as himself, and whose ideals were in the main much the same as his, he opened his heart as freely as a child, discoursing with him on every subject under the sun, and often on matters that he would confide to no one else." His own weakness was size:

Though strong and active he was but a small man himself, and perhaps on that account his highest admiration, whether for man or beast, was reserved for creatures of colossal proportions. His heroes and heroines must all stand three or four inches over six feet, and their actions must be of the Homeric order. His dog, too, must be the biggest of his species; and in that matter his desire was gratified by the possession of Chang, a huge St. Bernard with which all readers of *Punch* were familiar. When a giant of either sex appeared in London, he would spend all his pocket-money in seeing the monstrosity and treating his friends to a view; and more than once he hinted that if he could have been the real Gulliver his happiness would have been complete.

Du Maurier, than whom no one was quicker to appreciate talent in a brother artist, called the attention of Millais to our own Gibson in a letter dated April 8, 1894. He says:

"Do you ever see an American illustrated periodical called *Life*? One 'Dana Gibson' draws in it *beautifully*. I think you would admire him immensely." When Millais was ill, Du Maurier called upon him with a portfolio of Gibson drawings under his arm, "and they gave the poor sufferer infinite delight." Finding him absorbed in their study, his son said: "Are they not splendid?" "Yes," he wrote on a slate, "they are perfect, but he should not have put so much work into the faces of the young girls. They haven't all those lines and heavy shadows. He sees a little too far under the skin."

Millais was cheerful to the last. "One day," says Mr. Val Prinsep, "just after he was elected president, he met a *confère* of the Royal Academy, Philip Calderon (now, alas! also dead), in Kensington Gardens. His fatal disease had not been declared by his physicians, though it was suspected by his friends, and I feel convinced he himself realized the truth. 'It will kill me,' he said, in a hoarse whisper, pointing to his throat. 'But,' he added, 'I am ready, and not afraid; I've had a good time, my boy—a very good time!' And so he had. No one had been the acknowledged head of his profession longer than he; no one had enjoyed greater success, and, let me add, no one was more admired and loved by his brother artists."

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Romance of Puerto Rico.

It was William Dean Howells, the apostle of Puritan realism, who declared that "after nineteen centuries of civilization, man is imperfectly monogamous," a statement which, however indignantly we may repudiate it as concerns us of these enlightened United States, is not to be denied of the lords and masters of our extra-continental possessions. The Sultan of Sulu is an obvious case in point, and conditions hardly less shocking exist in other tropical portions of our newly acquired territory.

These conditions present a very attractive field for the delineator of human emotions, notably for Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield, who has written several stories of life as it exists in Cuba and Puerto Rico. The population in the latter island is, outside of the towns, almost feudal in its character. The peons are slaves of the soil, and the landowners lords of the manor, with a power of life and death not unlike that exercised by the barons of old. Spanish by origin, these landowners have taken wives among the natives, some without so much as jumping over a broomstick, and in the course of generations their nice sense of morality has become dulled.

It is of these people that Mrs. Crowninshield has written her latest story, "San Isidro." Argueda is the heroine's name. Her mother, Nada, driven forth with her child when the master brought a wife to rule over his home, had warned her with her dying breath never to trust a gentleman. But Argueda was but a child, and when the brave and handsome Don Beltran kissed her innocent lips, she forgot her mother's words.

On the day on which the story opens those words were recalled to her. She learned then the story of poor Aneta, her friend, who had been set to kitchen drudgery when Don Miguel brought a stout, and jeweled wife from the port of entry, and she had noticed, too, an indefinable change in the manner of Don Silencio when he found that she was the pretty housekeeper at Don Beltran's ranch. But at home again she forgets these things in the warmth of Beltran's love, and when he declares that they must be married at once, she is quite willing that the ceremony shall await his perfect convenience. He meant to marry her, but she let the opportunity pass; and in a few days his uncle and cousin come to visit him and he forgets Argueda in the witchery of the pretty cousin's blonde beauty. For weeks Argueda's life is a torture, but in the end, when she gives up her life to save Beltran and the coquette who has fascinated him, he realizes his folly and she dies with his cry of love in her ears.

This is a bald outline of Argueda's story, which is told with keen insight and sympathy. It is the main incident in the book, but there are other threads—the elopement of Raquel and Don Gil, who rescued her from her villainous uncle, and the pathetic story of little El Ray, who waited always for the mother who had run off with the circus man, Dondy Jeem—which, in their tropic setting, present a rich and absorbing drama.

Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## Musical Memories.

While undue prominence has been given to many events which will strike the reader as being of minor importance, and only hints at others of which he would like to know more, Thomas Ryan's "Recollections of an Old Musician" give us an excellent idea of how the earlier musical force worked, and what kind of an environment they had fifty years ago. Mr. Ryan makes no attempt to write a musical history, devoting himself rather to memories of the most notable musical events of Boston during the last half century, and especially the organization, growth, and tours of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, with which he was so prominently associated for forty-nine years.

His father was a soldier in the English army who was a "passionate lover of music and played the flute respectably." Mr. Ryan inherited from him his musical temperament, and began to study the flute when he was about nine years old. His father did not own a beginner's book for the instrument, and a friend loaned him one. On a certain Christmas morning he was given a sixpence. With that gift he trudged three miles from the fort at which his father was stationed into the town of Kinsale, Ireland, and bought twelve sheets of music-paper, on which he copied the entire instruction book, exercises and all, from cover to cover. It is a trifling bit of history, but shows conclusively that he was made of the right stuff. The first music he heard was a military band playing the overture of "Fra Diavolo." "The drum solo," he says, "transfixed me, but when the trumpet solo at the opening *allegro* began, I screamed with delight, and father had to put his hand over my mouth to keep me from disturbing the musicians." Then the kindly hand-master took him in hand, and his career was begun. In 1845 he came to Boston, and was first employed there as flautist in the Washington Street Theatre at seven dollars a week.

Next we learn of the formation of the famous Mendelssohn Quintette Club and its first concert in Boston, the furor which Jenny Lind created when she appeared under P. T. Barnum's management, various orchestral experiences, the opening of the Boston Music Hall, the tours of the Quintette Club

in this country and the Antipodes, and the pleasant experiences they enjoyed supporting the charming *diva*, Mme. Nilsson, and Otto Hegner, the hoy pianist, under the direction of Henry Abbey. The volume contains a liberal sprinkling of anecdotes, and is supplemented with nearly four dozen well-chosen illustrations.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$2.50.

## Twenty-Two Momentous Years of English History.

Two more volumes of W. H. Fitchett's well-planned and well-written history, "How England Saved Europe," have come from the press. The first tells of Nelson's great exploits and the struggle for the sea, beginning with the landing of the British in Egypt, and ending with the ruin of the French fleet at Trafalgar. The second volume is given up to the war in the peninsula, from the march of the French army into Spain on its way to Lisbon, to the fall of San Sebastian.

The pictures of the great leaders drawn by the author are not always true to the popular ideas, and the reviewing of plans and motives is often done from a new standpoint, but there is no more of prejudice in the work than is to be expected when the title is considered, and it is easily forgiven. The author's style is pleasing, if not always convincing. The work is finely illustrated with portraits and maps, among them some reproductions of rare subjects. A fourth and concluding volume is still to come.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, per volume, \$2.00.

## The Temple Austen.

To the recent revival of interest in Jane Austen is due the issue by the publishers of "The Temple Austen," a beautiful edition of the novelist's six stories, in ten volumes. Neither "Sense and Sensibility" or "Persuasion," the first and last of Miss Austen's novels, would achieve a popular success if produced at this time, yet there is an attraction about these leisurely told, wordy chronicles, and a real value in their pictures of society at the time and moral reflections on the purposes of life, even if the analysis of the emotions portrayed is sometimes too precise and complete.

The romance of the girl author, who wrote her greatest books before she was twenty-two, and who died before the authorship of the four novels was known to the world, is one of the pathetic pages in the history of great names. However taste in literature may change, there will always be found enough of genius in her works to preserve them from oblivion. Readers and book-lovers alike will covet this dainty set of books in limp leather bindings, with frontispieces and title-pages in colors.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, per set, \$8.00.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Marion Crawford's "Via Crucis," which was reviewed at length in last week's *Argonaut*, is to be made into a great spectacular play by a well known playwright, and will be produced under the title of "The Way of the Cross," the literal translation of the symbolic Latin title of the novel.

The scene of Robert Herrick's new novel, "The Web of Life," is in Chicago at the time of the Pullman strike, the Debs riots, and the following years of business depression. The Macmillan Company will publish it early this spring.

George Moore, from whom nothing has been heard since "Evelyn Inness" appeared two years ago, has written a play entitled "A Tale of the Town." It is to be first put upon the stage in Dublin.

Albert Lee, the English novelist, whose "Key of the Holy House" proved so successful, has written another striking historical romance called "The Gentleman Pensioner," which is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co.

Major J. B. Pond, the lecture manager, has written his experiences of the platform, which will be collected in a volume entitled "The Eccentricities of Genius." Major Pond, in the course of his managerial duties, has encountered a large number of amusing, interesting, and brilliant people.

The New York *Critic* has started an interesting means of gauging popular taste by printing lists of those books most in demand at the great libraries of the United States. In seven reports out of twelve given in this month's list the popular novel of the month is "Richard Carvel," which is now in its three hundred and thirtieth thousand.

A volume which will especially interest theatre-goers is "A Biography of Mr. and Mrs. Kendall," which is in preparation for early publication.

At the age of eighty, Herbert Spencer, although an invalid, has completed the revision of his "Principles of Biology," and the final edition, in two volumes, has just been published by D. Appleton & Co.

M. Roger-Milès, of 6 Rue Cluzel, Paris, is preparing a volume on the life and works of Rosa Bonheur. A catalogue will form an important part of the publication, and, wishing to render it as complete as possible, the author appeals to owners of

Rosa Bonheur's pictures, as well as to the curators of our public galleries, requesting them to favor him with a list of the works in their possession, giving the date, dimensions, and subject of each.

A collection of short stories, principally dealing with Western life and character, from the pen of Frederic Remington, will shortly be brought out. It will bear the title of "Men with the Bark On."

George Meredith is preparing to bring out a volume of poetry.

A book which should be of use to women who intend to travel more or less alone in Europe, especially during the Paris Exposition year, is Mrs. Mary Cadwalader Jones's "European Travel for Women," which the Macmillan Company will publish in a few weeks.

Mary E. Wilkins is writing a new novel, the scene being laid in the shoe-factory of a large American city. She is quoted by *Harper's Bazar* saying that "the story seems to me to promise well. I like it myself. It is rather realistic, but not grimly so, its pathos being cheerful, rather than tragic. I may call it 'Ellen,' though I wanted the title to be 'The Unit of Destiny,' but nobody seems to understand what I mean by that, so perhaps I shall give it up. I do not know when it will be finished, for I will not limit myself with it, as I have often done with my stories."

## JOHN VANCE CHENEY'S PRIZE POEM.

Several months ago a gentleman whose identity was hidden under the pseudonym of "Responsibility" offered through the New York *Sun* three prizes for the three best poems in answer to the pessimistic doctrine set forth in Edwin Markham's "The Man With the Hoe." Over a thousand persons sent in poems, and these were turned over to Edmund Clarence Stedman and Thomas Bailey Aldrich for their judgment. The judges spent ample time over their work, and on January 22d they declared John Vance Cheney, formerly of the Free Public Library of San Francisco, but now in charge of the Newberry Library of Chicago, as the winner of the first prize of \$400. The second prize of \$200 went to Hamilton Schuyler, and the third of \$100 to Kate Masterson. Mr. Cheney's poem is as follows:

## THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

(A reply to Edwin Markham.)

"Let us a little permit Nature to take her own way; she better understands her own affairs than we."

—Montaigne.

Nature reads not our labels, "great" and "small";

Accepts she one and all

Who, striving, win and hold the vacant place; All are of royal race.

Him, there, rough-cast, with rigid arm and limb, The Mother molded him,

Of his rude realm ruler and demigod, Lord of the rock and clod.

With Nature is no "better" and no "worse," On this bare head no curse.

Humbled it is and bowed; so is he crowned Whose kingdom is the ground.

Diverse the burdens on the one stern road Where hears each back its load;

Varied the toil, but neither high nor low, With pen or sword or hoe,

He that has put out strength, lo, he is strong; Of him with spade or song

Nature but questions,—"This one, shall he stay?" She answers "Yea" or "Nay."

"Well, ill, he digs, he sings"; and he bides on, Or shudders, and is gone.

Strength shall he have, the toiler, strength and grace, So fitted to his place

As he leaned, there, an oak where sea winds blow, Our brother with the hoe.

No hlot, no monster, no unsightly thing, The soil's long-lineaged king;

His changeless realm, he knows it and commands; Erect enough he stands,

Tall as his toil. Nor does he how unblest; Labor he has, and rest.

Need was, need is, and need will ever be For him and such as he;

Cast for the gap, with gnarled arm and limb, The Mother molded him,

Long wrought, and molded him with mother's care, Before she set him there.

And aye she gives him, mindful of her own, Peace of the plant, the stone;

Yea, since above his work he may not rise, She makes the field his skies;

See! she that bore him, and metes out the lot, He serves her. Vex him not

To scorn the rock whence he was hewn, the pit And what was dugged from it;

Lest he no more in native virtue stand, The earth-sword in his hand,

But follow sorry phantoms to and fro, And let a'kingdom go.

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## Universal Brotherhood. Theosophy.

New Century (weekly) \$1.50 yearly, Editor Katherine A. Tingley; *Universal Brotherhood Magazine* (monthly) \$2 yearly, Editors Katherine A. Tingley and E. A. Neresheimer. Publications devoted to teachings of Brotherhood on the broadest lines, "Key to Theosophy," by H. P. Blavatsky, \$1.50; "Ocean of Theosophy," by W. Q. Judge, 50c. For information of the work and book list, address E. A. Neresheimer, 144 Madison Avenue, New York; Pacific Coast Agency, 819 Market Street, Room 30.

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of famous persons Bought & Sold  
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Camille Flammarion's new book, "Unknown," the fragmentary appearance of which in Paris caused him to receive severe adverse criticism from the Spiritualists, with whose cult the gifted author and astronomer was supposed to have allied himself, is to be published in English soon.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Meddling with Cupid's Plans.

"Lave cuts his own paths when he wants them." So declares a gentle old lady in Frances M. Peard's new book, "Donna Teresa," and in that proposition and its corollary, that mortals may burn their fingers when they attempt to meddle with Don Cupid's whims, lies the key-note of the story.

The scene is laid chiefly in Rome, where Donna Teresa, otherwise the young Marchesa di Sant'Eustachio, is enjoying, in company with her sister Sylvia, and their grandmother, her first freedom since her unfortunate marriage in a cold-blooded Italian aristocrat. She quite worships Sylvia, whose face is exquisitely pretty in line and coloring but singularly expressionless, a lack which is abundantly explained by the very weak character of her mind. They are thrown much in contact with a Mr. Wilbraham, in whom the racial pride of the Englishman has been intensified by the efforts of managing mammas to capture him, an only son and heir, for their daughters.

Wilbraham is something of a prig at first, and Donna Teresa's originality shocks him deeply. By contrast, Sylvia's placid conventionality is most soothing, and, attracted by her prettiness, he begins to have a tender feeling for her. In her anxiety to assure her sister's future, Donna Teresa smooths the course of love, covering with her quick tact the deficiencies of her sister, and Wilbraham is soon landed. But Sylvia's insipidity soon palls on him, and before the wedding day is set he finds that it is not Sylvia's pretty face but Donna Teresa's brilliance that he loves.

The conclusion of the story is rather lame. Simple little Sylvia is the last to discover the condition of affairs, but she is the first to act. She bravely releases Wilbraham, and her troubles are ended by an assassin's bullet intended for him; but Donna Teresa—well, she forgives Wilbraham for the misery her meddling has brought into his life and slips out of the story in blissful unconsciousness of the great wrong she has done him, while he is left a stronger man for what he has gone through, but with a hopeless love in his heart.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## A Story of Disappointments.

Undoubtedly Edith Henrietta Fowler did not choose the title of her novel, "A Corner of the West," for American readers, but even to those who regard Devonshire as "the West," it can not be particularly engaging or suggestive. It is a story of disappointments, and yet not without charms of style and thought. There are some pretty pictures, that fade away too quickly, and some pleasant people, who do not justly themselves in this chronicle of a dozen years in a sea-side village and its surroundings, and the illusions dispelled during its course are fond enough to cause regret among sympathetic readers.

An artist comes down from London to paint the portrait of Peternel, daughter of a noble house, and the child is almost too dainty and fair, too sedately sweet, for the rough world. The picture completed, the artist goes back to the city tenderly impressed with the beauty and innocence of his little model, and tells her to grow up into "the dearest, sweetest, prettiest lady in the world," if she must grow up at all. Nine years later he comes back and strays into the churchyard, to be confronted by a white cross bearing the single word "Peternel." Shocked and sorrowful, he thinks of the bright life cut short, and the saddened home, but goes on to find it is the grave of a cousin, and that the angel child he knew has grown up into a long-legged school-girl, who sits on a table at a picnic and learns to smoke a cigarette. Worse than this, a year or two later she marries a rich but vulgar lord, who can talk of nothing but kennels and jockeys.

However, this is not the main theme, which is of the love of Dr. Cary, a fine fellow, and Lavinia Garland, a meek and ministering daughter, who is held fast in the bonds of blind-maidhood by the demands of a selfish, tyrannical mother. Her final act of courage and sacrifice, that brings long-delayed happiness to two deserving ones, fully entitles her to the distinction of being the heroine of the story. There is a great deal of conversation in the novel, and some of it is bright and captivating.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

## More Good Stories by F. Hopkinson Smith.

Eleven stories and sketches make up a volume which the author, F. Hopkinson Smith, has labeled, with quiet humor, "The Other Fellow." Mr. Smith is an artist, and with pen or pencil he makes his pictures delightful. Among the stories in his latest book there are many views of real life, some amusing and some almost tragic. "According to the Law" tells how a negro prisoner was convicted and sentenced to death, all the time refusing to say where his relatives or friends were, when at a little railroad station not many miles away a woman met the train every day with inquiries for him, which were evaded by the porter, and sent messages which could not be delivered. There is another Southern story, "A Kentucky Cinderella," which ends in happiness after days of sorrow. "Between Shivers and Durt" describes an artist's experiences in a sleepy

old town of Holland, some of which bring smiles, for the artist had an eye for the ludicrous. Of the others, "Dick Sands," "One of Bob's Tramps," and "The Man with the Empty Sleeve" are sketches that appeal to the best feelings, and all are drawn with skill. The volume will win regard among all readers, even if these lighter efforts do not contain the strength and sustained interest of "Caleb West" or "Tom Grogan."

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

## Among the Children of the Sun.

There is a tropic luxuriance of high-flown adjectives in Edward S. Van Zile's "With Sword and Crucifix," and a certain rhythmic quality, often transforming the prose into blank verse, that smacks of cheap melodrama and grates upon the reader's nerves. The effect is a trifle *rococo*, and arouses a prejudice in those who hold that strong situations should be described in terse and virile Anglo-Saxon. But this is a trifling defect, and one that grows less as the interest of the story grips more closely the reader's attention.

The story is a romantic one, relating "the strange adventures of Count Louis de Sancerre, companion of Sieur de La Salle, on the Lower Mississippi in the year of grace, 1682." De Sancerre is a young Frenchman who, having fought a duel and killed his man, is banished from the court of the Grand Monarque and, coming to Canada, joins De La Salle in his last voyage down the Mississippi. With some members of the expedition, he goes to visit the ruler of the Children of the Sun, an offshoot of the Aztec race who, having first joined fortunes with Cortez, had tired of Spanish cruelty and made a new home for themselves on the banks of the Father of Waters. In their city he finds that the Spanish beauty for whose sake he had fought at Versailles is a prisoner. She had been found unconscious on the sea-shore—after the wreck of the ship in which her father had brought her from Spain—and the Children of the Sun regard her as a goddess whose coming had been foretold by an ancient prophecy.

This situation is complicated by the fanaticism of a missionary father and his Mohican convert, who determine to put out the sacred fire in the Temple of the Sun, and so turn the natives to the true path. Their task in this priest-ridden country is a foolhardy one, and leads De Sancerre and the captive Spanish girl into many dangers, of which Mr. Van Zile makes good use, allowing them, however, to win through in the end to their friends and the happiness ever after that should crown all heroes and heroines of romance.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

## New Publications.

"Soldier Life in the Philippines," by Joseph McManus, of the Fourteenth Infantry, has been published in paper covers by the Riverside Printing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

Three of Ludovic Halévy's most attractive sketches of Paris life are given in "Catherine Duval," a recent issue in the Round Table Library Series. The translation is by Mary K. Ford. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents.

"The Human Boy," by Eden Phillpotts, is a story of English school life that recalls "Stalky & Co.," though it will hardly evoke such fiery criticism as was given to the earlier volume. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

In Cassell's National Library Series the latest issue is Sir Philip Sidney's "A Defence of Poesie," with some thirty of his poems, and an introduction by Professor Henry Morley. Published in paper covers by Cassell & Co., New York; price, 10 cents.

A sunny, even-tempered story of life in a Sussex village is told in "Rob and Kit," by the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission." It has the charm of unaffected simplicity, and the characters are nearly all pleasing. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

The story of a maligned and unjustly condemned American officer in the consular service in Europe which Richard Henry Savage tells in "Captain Landan," is melodramatic enough for his most exacting reader. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

The "Tribune Almanac and Political Register" for 1900 is, as usual, plethoric with facts and figures that must be referred to often by those who would be informed on election statistics and current records. Published by the Tribune Association, New York; price, 25 cents.

"The Complete Poetical Works of Bret Harte" includes several productions of recent years. Indexes have been supplied, both of titles and first lines, and this "Cabinet Edition," with its fine portrait, is satisfactory in every way. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

Judge Daniel Wait Howe has made a volume of interest and value to all progressive people, and of especial attraction to all New Englanders, in his history, "The Puritan Republic of the Massachusetts Bay." It represents a long and unwearying quest for material in records published or hidden away, and the results display good judgment and ability.

The index, table of citations, and numerous notes all give evidence of the care that earns regard. Published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.; price, \$3.50.

A white-and-gold volume of "poems of love in all moods" is "For Love's Sweet Sake," edited by G. Herbert Westley. Many old favorites appear in this collection, as well as selections not well known. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.50.

"Mythology for Moderns," by James S. Metcalfe, is intended to be a humorous work, and the efforts of the artists, C. D. Gibson, Oliver Herford, F. G. Atwood, and others, who have drawn the illustrations, were in the proper spirit. Published by Life Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

A life of much more than ordinary interest is described in "Rajah Brooke," by Sir Spencer St. John, the latest issue in the Builders of Greater Britain Series. His policy and achievements in Borneo and the Malay Peninsula will not soon be forgotten. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Sir William Magnay has written a cynical though not unamusing story of London society in "The Heiress of the Season," the latest issue in the Town and Country Library Series. The character drawing is well done, and the working out of the plot displays no little art. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Who's Who," that invaluable annual English biographical dictionary, is out for 1900, the fifty-second year of issue. There are few changes in the familiar appearance of the volume, and its compact and orderly arrangement, full and yet brief presentation of personal information, continue worthy of high praise. It could hardly be improved. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.75.

Gordon Craig, son of Ellen Terry, is an impressionistic painter, and a number of his efforts have been reproduced in colors on manilla paper and attached to the leaves of a volume which is offered to the public. The book bears the title, "Henry Irving, Ellen Terry," as the pictures are supposed to be portraits of those eminent people in various poses. They are not especially attractive. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00.

"Carpenter's Geographical Readers" (60 cents) embody new ideas in instruction books for young people. In the latest issue Frank G. Carpenter, the well-known traveler and newspaper correspondent, takes a party through South America, and the tour is educational, though none the less enjoyable. "A New French Course" (\$1.00), by Edwin F. Bacon, is intended for use during the first year's study of the language, as it contains the essentials of grammar, with many illustrated conversations. "Prose and Verse for Children" (40 cents), by Katharine Pyle, with pictures by the author, is an attractive addition to the Eclectic School Readings Series. Published by the American Book Company, New York.

## Kiplingmania in England.

There seems to be a prevailing opinion of late that Rudyard Kipling has been more or less snubbed by his countrymen, and that it is reserved for Americans to become hysterical over his genius. The following extract from Mr. Bullock's monthly letter to the *Book Buyer* will go a long way to dispel any such impression and to prove that the name of Kipling is still potent on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Bullock writes:

"We are suffering, though I fancy to a less extent than you, from a very acute attack of Kiplingmania. The famous (almost notorious) verses to the *Daily Mail*, which the Londoner has shouted to his heart's content with the aggravating cockneyism of 'Piy, Piy, Piy!'—Mr. Kipling might have selected any other vowel but 'a'—have brought in nearly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the war fund, though I hardly think the author can be very proud of them. They have been recited and sung *ad nauseam*, in goodness knows how many theatres and music-halls, as if to remind us of the very heavy price we are paying for the war. The most extraordinary symptom of Kiplingmania, however, that I have seen is the thirty pounds which an Oxford Street bookseller asks for the galley proof of 'How Fear Came in the Jungle,' corrected in the author's handwriting. The catalogue remarks: 'One or two critics seem to be of opinion with regard to Mr. Kipling that he simply sits down in front of a few quires of paper and writes! A sight of this proof (which is four hundred and seventy-five lines long) would correct these gentlemen's estimate. Every word is evidently studied, and the altered passages positively abound, while the additions in the author's peculiarly neat and legible autograph are not only frequent, judicious, and copious, but furnish further proof of the patient care the true genius loves to bestow upon all his work.' Another thirty pounds is asked for one letter in the editor of the *Pall Mall Magazine* (about a proof), the manuscript of the five six-lined stanzas entitled 'Letting in the Jungle,' and the same poem cut from the magazine. Mr. Kipling recently spoke at a war meeting at Rantingdean, but he is not quite strong yet, and takes great care of himself."

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"The Viceroy" audiences have been listening rather languidly this week to the scant droppings of wit from Harry B. Smith's sprightly pen. They bear evidences of a desperate struggle; in fancy one sees the unfortunate author chewing the pen of hopeless cogitation, casting his line distractedly around the circle of his heaving thoughts, and trying to fish out a brilliant joke. In vain. Nothing was brilliant except the scenery and costumes, which, indeed, deserve all the praise that the jokes do not. In his most hopeless moments the weary librettist brushed up and set upon their legs some old staggers that I thought had entered finally and definitely upon their long rest. For instance: "Stop! I've an idea." "What! two in a year?" The "pink-tea" joke, which has been enjoying a long engagement in the vaudeville circuit, also raised its unabashed front. But let us be charitable—Mr. Barnabee may be responsible for that. Also, the "peroxide blonde" joke. However, that was allied to a pun, which gave it a feeble vitality.

Barnabee is, as ever, provided with a string of polysyllabic humor, from which, as ever, he faithfully extracts every bit of the meat. But as there was really not much meat hanging on the string, we were obliged to go laughter-hungry. Yet there were compensations. The scenery, as I have said, is extremely good; in the first act there is a very excellent background representing the sea-wall and harbor of Palermo, full of the cloudless glitter and clear blue distances that we see in Italian views. The half-dozen thick-trunked trees, with their profusion of interlacing branches and masses of green foliage, carried down to the detail of single leaves, would have deceived a flock of birds, and everything—scenery, properties, costumes—was as fresh, bright-hued, and speckless as if it had been finished this week. The music is, throughout, extremely pretty. The *ensemble* that closes the first act, with its refrain of "Tivolini"; the quick, rolling swing of the sailor's hornpipe, which was boldly introduced without even the ghost of a sailor in the offing; and the odd, irregular measures of the rose lyric, sung so indistinctly by pretty little Miss Cameron, were among the most attractive bits on a first hearing.

The two leading singers, Helen Bertram and Marcia Van Dresser, are not much of a foil to each other, as they are both striking brunettes. Miss Van Dresser has all the beauty that we had a right to expect, being of the clear-featured, olive-skinned, black-haired type. She has only a fair singing-voice, but both in speech and song it has an agreeable quality, with the rich, lingering inflections of the contralto. She dances as lightly as the fall of a leaf, and looks prettier in each change of costume. As for acting, that is a point impossible to decide on, as "The Viceroy" and the art of acting are about as remote from each other as the aurora borealis and the equator.

Miss Keith Wakeman, Frawley's new leading lady, has not moved people to very much enthusiasm so far, and as the *role* of the spoiled heiress is the only one we shall see her in here, she will have no chance to display any greater powers that she may possess. Nature has done a good deal for her; she has a fine stage presence, as her well-built figure is unusually tall; her head is prettily set upon a round, slender, white throat; she has fine eyes; a set of beautiful white teeth, which she is not at all averse to showing; and a head of beautiful hair, simply yet very prettily arranged. Yet she is not positively pretty, only in profile, and an actress can not go through life with her side face to the public. If she had more mobility of feature, she would be much more attractive from the beauty point of view, but her defect seems to be a certain lack of flexibility, an unwillingness in handling the implements of her art that makes her seem rather a heavyweight in the light, piquant situations of the play. This same defect extends also to her voice, which is a most unmanageable organ, with a depth of tone in its lower notes which does not blend happily with the key of pretty petulance in which the *role* of Leo should be played. Both she and Frawley played the quarrel scene on such a monotonous plane that one scarcely knew it was a quarrel until the offended bride locked the door upon her bewildered bridegroom. However, we were somewhat cheered up by the fact that the bridal fineries of the recalcitrant Leo, which were carried with distinction, were well worth looking at, and possessed a special interest from the fact that their lace and velvet mysteries emanated from the brain of some august London autocrat of the fitting-room.

It is worth while going to the Alcazar Theatre occasionally, with the idea not only of deriving entertainment from the entertainers, but from the entertained. This was especially the case with the piece in which Mary Hampton made her first bid for the appreciation of the Alcazar clientele. The play was Edwin Milton Royle's "Friends," which has done long and useful service to its actor-author, and which by this time the public would be justified in considering rather worn and weary. But not so, at least, in its present surroundings. Every point, whether humorous, sentimental, or pathetic, was received rapturously by the audience. The raw, youthful fervor and "go" of the play met with a sympathetic and responsive hearing, and the audience had an enormously good time. One finds one's self sympathizing with this hearty abandon, pleased with the stout, gray-haired matron who revels with the unjaded freshness of the school-girl in the rather mawkish sentiment of the piece, envying the man with the minute-gun laugh who rewards each sally with a detonating roar, enjoying the round-eyed school-boy, the habitual shrewd irreverence of whose expression is swamped at present by his intense interest in the pistol-punctuated melodrama of the third act.

And the actors. Naturally, they are fitted to their environment. Honest in intention, limited in conception, crude, yet earnest in execution, always free from the taint of vulgarity which occasionally offends in one or other of the cheap theatres, you are rarely moved to admiration, and fail to be carried away by the illusion of the stage, yet you feel an indulgence for their efforts, and enjoy their enjoyment. Perhaps sometimes your enjoyment is not from the point of view intended by the players. I took note, during the performance, of several short, sharp tussles between the vernacular and the uncorrupted English, in which the latter rather got worsted. At least, I observed that "probalry," "litary," "the sofer," "I s'pose," and other dialectical gems remained on top after the verbal struggle was over, while the speaker's brow bore the serenity of conscious victory.

On the whole, their job must be a very pleasant one. An actor would rather play than eat. And he would rather play to an appreciative house than inspire a passion in the breast of a modern Venus. And they always respond, at the Alcazar. There is nothing strenuous there. All is cozy content and heartfelt appreciation. When Mr. Hastings rolled his eyes and the corner of his mouth two-sixteenths of an inch skyward, and with an otherwise unmoved countenance discharged an ancient and attenuated Royle joke, the audience greeted it with the same fresh flow of hilarity that a man on a desert isle would display on reading his first copy of *Life*. When, on the other hand, Mr. Hastings and his irascible papa ceased their verbal fencing, depressed the corners of their mouths, and simultaneously pitched their voices to deep, melancholy tones, coming somewhere from the region of the diaphragm, the stillness that betokens an intensity of the "heart interest" fell upon the house. The sentimental-girl part of the audience gave deep sighs of rapture when Jack, nobly, heroically, self-abnegatingly, gave up wooing Marguerite Otto because, as he said, with an air of sad renunciation, "Ad Karje loves her, and he is my best friend." And cold and callous was he who took satirical note of a fact which Jack added, apparently as an after-thought, and as one having no particular bearing on the matter, "Besides, she loves Karje."

Into this stereotyped play Mary Hampton fitted as if it were made for her, for her acting, though more sophisticated than is that of the players surrounding her, is very much of the stereotyped order. This defect is partly counterbalanced by the fact that she has rather an agreeable personality; she has, also, in spite of her lack of versatility, a plentiful equipment of the technique of emotional expression. She can infuse agonized sobs into her voice, and let it out in blasts of exciting sound. She droops sweetly and pathetically under adversity, and clings cozily and with graceful, decorous warmth around the high, white stock of the young pianist whose conversation consists principally of "Say, Jack," and who makes a musical reputation with that lightning celerity with which such feats are accomplished in stageland.

In the meantime, while other theatres are changing their bills weekly, "The Idol's Eye" is running through its fifth week at the Tivoli Opera House. Inexplicable to me is the spell which can make it hold its own so long. The only explanation there can be is that it is a thing of the hour, an up-to-date piece, aimed at up-to-date people. And like most of the up-to-date productions, it has effective scenic backgrounds, hosts of good-looking girls, pretty music, and all the other familiar accessories. But the humor is of the most blightingly ferocious description, similar to that of the agreeable joker who pulls back your chair suddenly, that he may enjoy the delicious diversion of seeing you fall and crack your spine. Whisker-pulling by single hairs is continued in installments throughout the play, and Whelan, whose "Hoot Mon" seems to be decorating every fence, shop-window, sidewalk sign, and sandwich man in town, must require a trainer to rub him down after the performance. He is kicked, cuffed, thumped, and pounded, knocked down, hauled up, stood on, walked on, and climbed

on with undeviating monotony throughout the play. And he seems to like it. The man must have electric batteries in his heels, he is so springy; it is absolutely impossible for him to walk up a stairway, whether it contains two or twenty steps. They always seem to offer him a challenge which he unflinchingly accepts. He trips and falls all over the stage with a series of loud thuds, and assumes a vertical position with extreme reluctance. Yet, tucked away somewhere in his agile anatomy, he has an unused capacity for acting which I saw cleverly employed some weeks ago in his rendering of the *role* of Bunthorne in "Patience."

JOSEFITA.

## RUMORS.

O the rumor, how it flies!  
How it soars toward the skies!  
See it swoop and pirouette  
Through the dry and through the wet:  
Flying, flying, never resting;  
Always lying,  
Truth detesting.  
Waxing bigger, waxing fatter—  
What its basis doesn't matter—  
How it looms,  
Looms, looms, looms,  
Desecrating homes and tombs,  
Killing truth, adorning lies,  
How the wicked rumor flies!

Ah! the gossips, how they spout it,  
Even though they really doubt it!  
How they twist and turn and word it,  
How they maul it,  
Never minding how they heard it  
Or recall it:  
Tittle-tattle,  
Never stopping;  
Tongues a-rattle,  
Eyes a-popping,  
Waxing thicker, waxing horrid,  
Waxing every day more florid—  
O the sinful, sinful rumor, how it looms,  
Looms, looms, looms!

Running fast throughout the nation,  
Caring naught for reputation:  
Killing truth, adorning lies,  
How the wicked rumor flies!

It is toing, it is froing—  
None may tell where it is going,  
None may tell where once it started;  
All who mouth it chicken-hearted,  
'Tis the scandal  
Of the vandal!

O the tattling, tattling, tattling  
Of the idle tongues a-battling,  
Told by witting and by fating,  
Tittle here, and tattle there,  
Tittle-tattle everywhere,  
Coward whisperings in the air  
Waxing deeper, deeper, deeper,  
'Mazing worker, rousing sleeper.

How it grows,  
As it goes  
Through the sun and through the glooms,  
Unabating,  
Desecrating

Homes and tombs!  
Running wild, and running wilder,  
Spoke by dotard, lisped by childer:  
Killing truth, adorning lies—  
How the wicked rumor flies!

Catch it, both it!  
Snatch it, scotch it!  
Let some withering furnace burn it,  
Let the tongue that's truth-clad spurn it  
Ere it kills.

Don't receive it,  
Don't believe it!  
Never spell it,  
Never tell it,  
For it chills—  
Chills the heart with its foul breath,  
And the chill is that of death!  
Kill not birds to heaven soaring,  
Kill no stag, but let your warning  
Be on rumor with its doomings.  
In the sunlight, through the glooming:  
Rescue Truth, and kill the lies  
That must die when rumor dies.  
—Roger Camerden in Harper's Weekly.

## Crene de Lis Cures

Complexion faults, not by bleaching or peeling off the skin but by supplying it with the necessary nutriment to "create" and preserve a natural, youthful appearance.

Massenet is in Italy, conducting representations of his opera, "Cendrillon," which obtains greater success in Italy even than it has had in France.

## The Races.

The interesting programme offered by the Western Turf Association combined with delightful weather has succeeded in drawing crowds of spectators to Tanforan Park during the week. To-day (Saturday) a handicap for three-year-olds and upward is to be run, the purse being \$1,000 and the distance one mile and a sixteenth. The principal feature of next week's special events will be another handicap for three-year-olds and upward over a mile-and-an-eighth course, for which the association guarantees a purse of \$1,000.

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Monday and Thursday Nights, "The Serenade."  
Tuesday and Friday Nights, "The Viceroy."  
Wednesday and Saturday Nights and Saturday Matinée, "Robin Hood."  
Monday, February 26th—Denman Thompson and "The Old Homestead."

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Special Matinée, Washington's Birthday.

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Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

## Western Turf Association

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San José and way stations. Arrive at San Bruno at 12:45 P. M. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 P. M.

Rates: San Francisco to Tanforan and return, including admission to track, \$1.25.

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## AN INTERVIEW WITH MAY IRWIN.

How She Keeps from Becoming Mechanical During a Long Run—Cissie Loftus's Attempt to Imitate Her.

"It's a terrible thing not to be able to help being fat and jolly," remarked May Irwin to a New York Sun reporter the other day. "I've played through nervous chills this winter, turned my back to the audience, to hide the way my face was working and my teeth chattering, and gone on with my lines and got my laughs. But, bless you, no one ever believes I'm tired and used up. My doctor said last night that no one but a physician could possibly believe that an evening's acting could take the life out of a person that it takes out of me. Even when I'm well, I give every particle of my vitality to my audience, and at the end of the evening am as limp as one of those dummies in front of tailor shops when they pull the stick out of it. Then everybody says that acting is no effort for me. Much they know about it! I suppose they wouldn't believe that, nowadays, when I've landed my last joke, and the curtain goes down upon my very humorous self, I stumble into the dressing-room and cry for half an hour before I can get ready to go home."

"Do your own lines seem funny to you?" asked the reporter.

"Indeed they do. There's no use in trying to do an act if it doesn't really appeal to me as amusing."

"But after a long run? Surely your sense of humor isn't elastic enough to stretch over a whole season of the same jokes?"

"That's all you know about it. In the first place, the jokes and scoops aren't the same. The original play could hardly recognize itself at the end of our season. New possibilities, new situations, new jokes, new stage business crop up every eight. If I stuck to one unchanging version right along I'd be queered in no time. The moment an act becomes mechanical with me I must change it in some way. As soon as I know a song so well that I can give it just as usual and yet all the time be thinking of other things, it's time for me to drop it and look up something else. If I myself don't find what I'm doing amusing and absorbing, my hold upon the audience is gone. The scenes don't appeal to me the same way twice in succession, and I try them in any old way that occurs to me as good. I don't suppose there is ever a performance where I keep to my lines."

"Doesn't that demoralize your support?"

"Usually—until they get used to me. New recruits almost have nervous prostration at first. Poor things! They go through tortures of suspense, wondering what I will do next. I'm always good to them, though. I go ahead and have fun with myself, but I always lead back to them and give them their cues. I don't dare do anything else. It's the rarest thing imaginable to find some one who will enter into my mood and play up to me. I'm very fond of one of the women in my present company; but my excursions outside the lines always have the most disastrous effect upon her; strike her dumb, deaf, and blind. She has improved about it, though. I told her that when she found me talking things she had never heard before she must forget all about the audience, and imagine we were together at home, and that she must say whatever ordinary thing she would say under those circumstances, no matter how trifling and unimportant it might be."

"I suppose the fact that you seldom do anything twice in the same way is why none of the mimics has ever imitated you successfully?"

"That's it exactly," agreed the actress promptly. "Cissie Loftus said I almost drove her insane, and all the time I was doing all I could to help her. She's so tremendously nice and clever; and I wanted her to succeed with me; so I did my little act for her over and over again. She'd look worried and rub her head, and say 'But you didn't do it that way at all, last time.' Then I'd start out conscientiously to do it as I had the time before; and she'd groan, 'Oh, that isn't like any of the others.' I wore myself out trying to imitate myself, but I couldn't make it. That imitation business very nearly queered my whole season. Cissie Loftus came to see me play every night for six weeks, and the thought that she was in front fairly paralyzed me. I kept wondering whether I was doing my acts the way I had done them the night before and trying to remember just how I had said things. I'd have degenerated into an automatic talking-machine if Cissie had devoted her attention to me a week longer, but she gave me up in time to save me."

"It's queer how conscious of individual persons in the audience one can be. It seems to me that each separate face in the audience makes an impression upon me. Sometimes a man or woman will put a positive snuffer on my jollity; and then, again, some one I've never seen before will set me off into a wild gale of hilarity. The other night, a woman in one of the front rows kept talking to her husband behind her fan all through the first act. She was saying disagreeable things about somebody. It was easy to see that. And she was looking at me, so I thought I must be it. I gave you my word, that woman hoodooed me. I couldn't play her down, or get away from her. The public hasn't an idea how much it is responsible for an actor's spirits and success. Playing to some audiences is a positive inspiration, and

then, again, one comes up against a crowd that isn't any more responsive than a jelly-fish. The moment I step out upon the stage I know what I have to expect. It's in the air. I can feel it. There are times when strokes with a camel's-hair brush will make their work with a crowd, and there are times when I need a trowel and a whitewash brush and wish I had four hands. There isn't a man or woman in the profession who doesn't hate Monday night. A Monday night audience is enough to drive a whole company to drink. I don't know why it is. Perhaps it's the effect of the holy calm they've been enjoying over Sunday. They're as lively and impressionable as an assortment of plaster casts. The next worst night for stage folk is the second night—the night after the opening with a new play. Dull? It's simply deadly. That time the fault isn't in the crowd, but in the actors. The strain of first-night hazard is over and the critics have done their worst, and everybody concerned goes to pieces for twenty-four hours. A Saturday afternoon crowd is what suits me."

## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Last Week of the Bostonians.

On Monday evening the Bostonians will enter on the third and last week of their engagement at the Columbia Theatre. On Monday and Thursday nights, Herbert's tuneful opera, "The Serenade," is to be revived; on Tuesday and Friday nights, "The Viceroy" will be repeated; and on Wednesday and Saturday nights and Saturday matinee, De Koven's ever popular "Robin Hood" is to be given.

On February 26th, Denman Thompson makes his re-appearance in the rôle of Uncle Joshua, in his rural drama, "The Old Homestead."

## The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

Among the new-comers at the Orpheum next week will be Kathryn Osterman, who is well known in social circles here, and Thomas Tuther in a comedieta called "The Editor," which was written especially for them by M. H. Linderman; Harris and Fields, character comedians; De Witt and Burns, eccentric acrobats, whose pole-balancing is said to be remarkable; and Fanny Fields, a charming Dutch dialect comedienne. Those retained from this week's bill are Cushman, Holcombe and Curtis, Munroe and Mack, the Romalo Brothers, Deets and Don, and the Biograph.

## "Who Is Who" at the California.

The Frawley Company will close its engagement at the California Theatre this (Saturday) evening in "An Unconventional Moonmoon," and next week a new musical farce—comedy, entitled "Who Is Who," will be the attraction, with a special matinee on Washington's Birthday. Unlike most productions of this kind, "Who Is Who" is said to contain a plot, based on the complications and perplexities which ensue when a young lawyer forms a partnership with a fictitious person called Nemo. A feature of the production is the specialties and catchy musical numbers which are introduced.

Maggie Moore and H. R. Roberts and their Australian stock company follow in a repertoire of their most pronounced successes.

## At the Tivoli.

"The Idol's Eye" seems to be destined to break the record of long runs in San Francisco, for on Monday night it enters on its sixth week with no signs of falling off in point of attendance. One advantage of this continuation of Herbert's comic opera is the excellent opportunity it will give the Tivoli Opera House Company to thoroughly rehearse its next offering, "Manila-Bound," a musical extravaganza, which will contain much local color and many novel surprises. Later on another of Frank Daniels's successes, "The Wizard of the Nile," is to be revived.

The Washington Statue Association, of which Mrs. Field, widow of Justice Field, is president, and the object of which is to present to France a statue of Washington, commemorative of the gratitude of the women of America for the aid rendered to their country in its infancy and hour of need, has just received a concession from the municipalities of Paris of a site for the statue on the beautiful Place d'Iena, at the intersection of the Avenue d'Iena and the Avenue du Trocadero. The statue was modeled by American sculptors and has been cast in bronze by an American company. It is equestrian and of heroic size, being about twenty-one feet in height, and is to be erected on a classic pedestal of granite fourteen feet in height. It is designed to unveil the monument on the third of next July, the anniversary of the day on which Washington assumed command of the army. The statue has been fully paid for, but several thousand dollars are still needed for the completion of the pedestal and for the expenses incident to the unveiling, and the association hopes for the prompt cooperation of all the patriotic women of the United States in raising the additional amount required. Donations may be sent to the association or its officers at Washington, D. C.

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## COMMUNICATIONS.

An Indignant Argonaut Reader in South Africa.

CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA,

January 5, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your issue of November 27th was forwarded me from San Francisco. As an unprejudiced American, who has been in the Transvaal, Natal, and Cape Town for the last eighteen months, and, in fact, was one of the refugees fleeing from Johannesburg, I must assert that W. Symes, of Cape Town, whom you quote from another paper, has written a *deliberate and entire falsehood*. There is an American colony here of Transvaal refugees, many of whom are Californians, and the charges made by W. Symes (a Britisher) against the Boers, of starving and heating passengers en route for the colony, is looked upon as too absurdly preposterous to contradict.

However, I believe it should be contradicted, and that loudly, for it is nauseating to live in a place where you dare not express anti-British sympathy, and it is a shame to have your clean, wholesome paper converted into a dirt-bin for the benefit of even the English nation.

On the train I traveled by we were in nowise molested by the Boers. Those traveling in cattle-trucks were English who remained in the Transvaal to the last clatter out of the box, hoping to stay altogether and look after their property, simply remaining neutral. It was not the fault of the Boers that they could not be accommodated with passenger trains. As the last trains passed through the sad, funeral Dutch villages, the Britishers waved the union jack and howled "Down with Krüger!" to their hearts' content. It amazed many of us that they were allowed to pass through a country as sore as the Transvaal unmolested. That a hoodlum more or less may have called out "rooinek" to these train-loads of arrogant, sneering men and women, whose loud-mouthed threats were the only recompense left to the land which had fed and clothed them for years, was not to be wondered at. But that a *single bodily injury or insult* was offered the fleeing Uitlanders is *wholly untrue*, and I would refer you to any and every American here for corroboration of this fact. We are one and all heart-sick for the poor little republic that is fighting one of the cleanest, bravest fights against the most fearful odds that the world has ever witnessed.

I am an American whose interests all lie with the British, and yet I am too true an American to forget that bloody day in 1776 when George Washington set the seal of noble and mighty heroism upon such a struggle as Paul Krüger is making to free his people.

ALICE MONTGOMERY.

## Senator Pettigrew's Informant.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 6, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In the speeches of Senator Pettigrew I perceive the echoed thoughts of a newspaper man I knew in the Philippines. His utterances have a familiar sound to me, as being the product of Mr. Fox, who is connected with a South Dakota paper, of which Senator Pettigrew is said to be the owner. Mr. Fox, who is a very intelligent gentleman, spent some time in Manila, as the historian of the South Dakota Volunteers, but his conversation justified the inference that he was really in search of information prejudicial to our military operations in the archipelago.

We were fellow-passengers on a government transport homeward bound, and in the course of the voyage we frequently exchanged our divergent views. His especial bitterness was against General Otis and the efforts of Colonel Bell to recruit a regiment of scouts from discharged volunteers, which efforts he characterized as wrong in principle and abortive in execution. He kept a diary, and it was his custom to lie ostensively dozing on a steamer-chair, but

keenly alert to the conversation of invalid officers reciting their experiences within his hearing. On their dispersal he was always observed to take out this diary, and what he recorded can only be inferred. His own declarations, of which he was never sparing, evinced a predisposed and immovable hostility to every occurrence attributable to the administration's Philippine policy. He told me that he had collected sufficient material for a hundred speeches, which he purposed making in the coming Presidential campaign.

It is clear that it is as Fox's Boswell that Senator Pettigrew is essaying his tentative resolutions of inquiry, and enlivening if not enlightening his brethren in the Senate.

JOSEPH F. EVANS.

The French writer chosen as the third annual lecturer of the Cercle Français de l'Université Harvard to speak before Harvard University, in 1900, is the poet Henri de Régnier. The Cercle Français de l'Université Harvard has been endowed by Mr. James H. Hyde, for the purpose of furnishing instruction in French literature on the broadest lines. M. de Régnier will deliver eight lectures on "French Modern Poetry," at Harvard, beginning March 1st, and will then make a tour of the country, visiting and lecturing at all the principal colleges and universities, including the University of California.

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Apollo Iron and Steel Company, Pittsburgh.



## VANITY FAIR.

Ben C. Truman, who was well known as an old contributor to the *Argonaut*, has been writing recently from Paris to the *Chronicle*, and warns intending visitors to the Paris exposition of the high prices there. He says: "The hotels have all raised their rates from 40 to 80 per cent. The Grand Hotel is the leading robber of the gang. Twenty years ago a good room could be secured there for 6 francs per day, candles and attendance included; coffee for 2 francs, *déjeuner à la fourchette*, 4 francs, and dinner for 6, including wine. Ten years ago, during the exposition of 1889, the same room was 7 francs, coffee 3 francs, *déjeuner* 5 francs, and dinner 7, including wine. Now, however, the same room (incandescent light) is 15 francs, coffee 4 francs, *déjeuner* 5 francs, and dinner 7, or about \$6 per day; and all the meals skimpy—same thing every day; same old *poulette* and chicken-salad twice a day. Can you imagine so prodigious a steal as 80 cents for a cup of abominable coffee and a few counted rolls? The Continental and L'Athénée charge about the same. All the other hotels of account charge about from 18 francs to 28 francs per day for full board per month or per day—everything is so much per day, even if it is by the month or year. And then you are compelled to fee from six to ten people almost continually. Elegant pensions, engineered by widows of 'distinguished and lamented army and navy officers,' are higher priced than the high-rate hotels, while life at a regular pension means taking chances at being starved or frozen to death. Next to the hotels and pensions as freebooters come the stores, and especially the clothing stores, that have put up their prices quite 40 per cent. Hats and shoes are 50 per cent. dearer than in 1889; neckties that range from 25 cents to 50 cents in New York, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, range from 3 francs (60 cents) to 7 francs (\$1.40) here—and this is the country of silk manufactures! Cotton, linen, and woolen goods have nearly all advanced from 20 to 60 per cent. over what they were in 1889. Canes and umbrellas and such from 20 to 40 per cent. Shirts, handkerchiefs, and gloves seem not to have advanced so much. Druggists' goods have gone diabolically out of all sight of all grades of polite robbery. A prescription that would cost 25 cents in San Francisco is \$1 here. An ounce of castor oil is 60 cents, a pint of witch hazel is 90 cents, and an ounce of borax 40 cents. Candies, fruit, clarets, tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes are the only things that have not been atrociously advanced. Soap, lead pencils, pen, ink, and paper have advanced 100 per cent. Omnibus rates are 6 cents as against 4 cents some years ago. The only thing cheap in Paris to-day is the cab, which is still only 30 cents from any one point to another within the city, for from one to three persons, or 40 cents per hour for same. I have met a score or more of Americans who had come here to stay for several months, but who are going back on the North German Lloyd steamer of the eighteenth. All of these go home without making purchases, and none of them will return by the French line. Really, the foreign feeling against the hotels and stores here is intense, and the American and English papers of Paris publish complaints of some kind daily." Truman is an old traveler, and knows what he is talking about. It would seem as if the exposition were a good place to stay away from.

The official and social preparations for the exhibition are causing much solicitude in government circles (says the London *Chronicle*). Republican Paris will have to receive something like a throng of royal and imperial personages, without counting the crowned heads themselves who will visit the sections of their subjects and accept the state hospitality of President Loubet. Each minister or high functionary will utilize the extra sum allowed for entertaining the guests of France, and it is just likely that his expenditure may go beyond that margin—an unpleasant prospect for austere republican statesmen who are not endowed with private means. The gorgeous upholstery and decorations of the restoration and empire periods are being classified for distribution at the various ministerial residences, the finest being allotted to M. Delcassé, who, after the chief of the state, will be the chief host of his country. The position of ministers' wives will be delicate and trying. Though refined and admirable at banquets or receptions, the task of receiving potatoes and of avoiding colloquial blunders in placing the words "Sire" and "Majesté," or of dropping out of the third into the first person, is a terrifying perspective. The "Ministresses," as they are called, are rehearsing their parts assiduously under the guidance of titled lady professors of deportment and the retired governesses of royal houses who have put boy and girl princes and grand or arch dukes through their facings. M. and Mme. Loubet have resolved to do things on a grand scale. There will be little repose for them between the banquets and concerts, followed by brilliant receptions. The invitations to these will be far more restricted than during the last presidency. A dinner will be given in honor of each sovereign. The dominant question is, of course, the much-talked-of visit of the German emperor. The tone of the Chauvinist prints is no longer that of twelve months ago. William the Second would be received with respectful apathy by the Parisians.

Their heartiest welcome is always reserved for the Prince of Wales. Queen Nathalie, who is here with her sister, the Princess Gbika, hopes that the dynastic and other troubles of Serbia will not keep her son away. The King of the Belgians, the King of Greece, the King of Württemberg, and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria will be almost simultaneously in Paris. At the Spanish embassy the projected visit of the boy King of Spain is neither confirmed nor denied. Menelik will rank as the chief attraction if the Negus really makes up his mind to leave his empire and dependencies to the regency of Tekla Haimanot or the Ras Makounen. The ex-Queen Ranavalona of Madagascar has pleaded very hard to be allowed to visit the exposition and her dress-makers, and M. Decrais, the courteous minister of the colonies, is chivalrously inclined to grant her request.

When Ali Ferrough Bey, the Turkish minister, returned to Washington, D. C., on Monday last, after a leave of absence of six months, he was accompanied by his wife, sister, and Mme. Hanin, who will be companion to his wife. This is the first time Turkish women have appeared in Washington official society, and the incident, therefore, is causing considerable comment and speculation. It was only as an especial favor from the Sultan that Ali Ferrough was permitted to bring his wife with him. The Sultan's permission that the ladies should accompany the minister was given only upon condition that the family adhere strictly to the rules of the Koran. Speaking of the part his wife would be able to take in Washington social affairs, the Turkish minister said: "She will live exactly the same life as any other Moslem lady of her rank, and will attend the same devotions and conduct her household exactly as if she was at Constantinople. She and I both gave this promise to my imperial master, the Sultan, before he would permit her to accompany me. She will be able to receive lady visitors, and I hope she may be able to pay her respects to Mrs. McKinley. She can not, of course, receive calls from gentlemen, no matter how high their standing, but she will be at home to any lady who may wish to call. We will have to give up my present house, as the accommodations will not be suitable to the life I will have to lead. I must provide a separate entrance for the ladies of my household, and must set apart a portion of the house for their residence. My wife will return the visits to ladies, but of course she will take care to do this in the absence of their husbands. When paying her respects to the President's family it will be necessary that the gentlemen of the Executive household should not be present."

According to the New York *Sun*, a novel innovation in discharging social obligations has been introduced in New York. "As I left the house after dinner the other night," says the writer, "the man with me handed to the butler as he went out a visiting-card, together with a fifty-cent piece. I was surprised at the proceeding, which was quite unfamiliar to me, and asked him what it meant. He explained that the butler would deliver his card to the hostess some day when she returned to the house with the information that its original owner had called. In that way his social obligations following the dinner were discharged without even the trouble of going to the house. He knew perfectly well that the woman who entertained him was busy with social duties, and that a visit was not particularly desired by her. They were in the same set in New York City, met each other frequently, and cared nothing about the formality of a call, so the combination of a fifty-cent piece, a visiting-card, and the butler seemed to him to supply an important social need. I had heard that this sort of thing was done in London, and that, indeed, most of the visits there are paid by the butlers in this fashion, but I have never dared to try it in New York. Since I saw it last week I have spoken to half a dozen men who have been discharging their obligations in that way during the past year."

The discussion on "What Is Society?" in which Mrs. Henrotin took the principal part in Chicago the other day, strangely enough has attracted considerable attention in Philadelphia. Prominent women in the Quaker City agree more or less that men are showing an increased tendency to avoid teas and other functions of that sort; that the *débutante* rules; that at present most social events are arranged with a view to her interests; and that the chaperon is often as much bored as the mere man. As one woman of admitted influence and authority puts it: "Do our clever men stay out of society? Well, of course, a man who is interested in a profession or business can not devote himself to his affairs if he persistently stays up until two or three o'clock. He appears at the larger functions, of course, but that is all. The girls are not bright enough to attract him? Well, you know a girl can not go very deeply into anything nowadays and stay in society. Not because she is dull or stupid, but simply because she has not the time. There are so many places for her to go and so many things for her to do that she has little leisure for reading or study. She is bright and sparkling, but not deep, perhaps. How can she be anything else? If she is to stay 'in society' at all, she must fulfill its requirements." "It has long been a subject of complaint

that men worthy of the name have given up dancing," remarks the New York *Sun* in this connection. "Those who can talk don't dance, and those who can dance don't talk. And so the difficulties of hostesses have been increased greatly. On the other hand, go to an afternoon tea and what do you find?—plenty of pretty girls and pretty frocks, and only a few men to admire them. Indeed, one of these affairs is sufficient to convince the most skeptical that women do not dress for the benefit of the other sex, but for their own. There is one good thing about the existing state of things, however. The presence of a man at one of these affairs indicates a real desire to please on his part, and is generally accepted as such."

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## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, February 14th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.
	Shares.	Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	5,700	@ 109	108 1/2
U. S. Coup. 4% (new).....	13,000	@ 135	108 1/2
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	27,000	@ 105- 105 1/4	105
Los An. & Pac. Ry. 5%.....	5,000	@ 102 1/2	
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 118 1/2	
Oakland Water 5%.....	14,000	@ 104 1/2-105	105
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	15,000	@ 104 1/2-105 1/2	105
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	18,000	@ 116 1/2-117 1/2	117
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%.....	7,000	@ 110 1/2	110 1/2
S. V. Water 6%.....	3,000	@ 115 1/2-116	115 1/2
S. V. Water 4%.....	1,000	@ 103 1/2	104 1/2
	STOCKS.		Closed.
	Shares.	Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	510	@ 73 1/2- 73 3/4	73
Spring Valley Water.....	350	@ 94- 94 1/2	94 1/2
	Gas and Electric.		
Equitable Gaslight.....	1,335	@ 3 1/2- 3 3/4	3 3/4
Oakland G. L. & H.....	495	@ 45 1/2- 45 3/4	45 3/4
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	260	@ 50- 51 1/2	50 1/2
Pacific Lighting Co.....	200	@ 44	43
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	1,105	@ 50 1/2- 51 1/4	50 1/2
	Insurance.		
Fireman's Fund.....	40	@ 227	226
	Banks.		
Bank of Cal.....	39	@ 401 1/2-405	
	Street R. R.		
California St.....	15	@ 119	118 1/2
Market St.....	245	@ 60 1/2- 61 1/4	61 1/4
Presidio.....	100	@ 11	11
	Powders.		
Giant Gun.....	250	@ 93 1/2- 94	93
	Sugars.		
Hana P. Co.....	90	@ 7 1/4- 7 3/4	7 1/2
Hawaiian.....	45	@ 83 1/2- 86	83 1/2
Honokaa S. Co.....	3,105	@ 28 1/2- 30 1/4	29
Hutchinson.....	555	@ 25 1/2- 25 3/4	25 1/2
Makaweli S. Co.....	1,275	@ 43 1/2- 44 1/4	44 1/4
Onomea S. Co.....	560	@ 25 1/2- 26	25 1/2
Panahan S. P. Co.....	1,930	@ 25 1/2- 26	25 1/2
	Miscellaneous.		
Alaska Packers.....	50	@ 119 1/2-120	119 1/2
Oceanic Steam Co.....	115	@ 94	94 1/2

The past week has shown but little in the way of fluctuations, the amount of transactions being fairly good.

Spring Valley Water advanced 50 cents, notwithstanding the meeting of the supervisors, while Contra Costa Water shaded off three-quarters.

San Francisco Gas and Electric lowered 50 cents on sales of 1,105 shares. Equitable Gas has dropped three-eighths on sales of 1,335 shares.

The Honokaa Sugar Company's directors, evidently fearing that the bubonic plague would necessitate non-shipment of their sugar for several months, reduced the company's dividend from 35 cents to 25 cents for February, and, as they said, "it would probably not be exceeded for March or April." Recent reports, indicating the wiping out of the plague, warrant the belief that the regular dividend will be resumed next month.

On the fifteenth Contra Costa Water will pay her regular dividend of 41 cents; Oakland Gas, 25 cents; Kilaua Sugar Company, 25 cents; Makaweli Sugar Company, 50 cents on the twentieth; Spring Valley Water, 42 cents; California Powder, \$1; Central Light and Power, 5 cents; and Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company, 25 cents.

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SURPLUS..... 1,000,000  
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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Horace Greeley, the famous editor, had thrashed over the question of women's rights with an able representative of their sex, and wound up with the contention that in times of war women were quite useless. "What would you do," he demanded, "in the event of civil war?" "Just what you would do, Mr. Greeley," replied his opponent, promptly; "I should stay in my office and write articles urging other people to go and fight."

At a dinner given by a political club in New York recently, a man who is unusually young for one who has attained to such prominence in his profession was for the first time in his life set down for a response to one of the toasts. When at last he was called on, his beardless face flushed and his manner was very embarrassed. Nevertheless he stood up and thus delivered himself: "Gentlemen, before I entered this room I had an excellent speech prepared. Only God and myself knew what I was going to say. Now God alone knows." And he sat down.

Once, when General Butler was in Congress, he rose in his place and gently insinuated that the member who was occupying the floor was transgressing the limit of debate. "Why, general," said the member in reproachful tones, "you divided your time with me." "I know I did," rejoined the grim old warrior; "but I did not divide eternity with you." On another occasion, Butler was a member of a political convention in which a distinguished Unitarian divine sat as a delegate. While the subject of candidates was being discussed, this clergyman announced that if a certain nomination was made he would bolt it. "Very likely," Butler blurted out; "you are good at bolting; in your religion you bolt two-thirds of the Trinity."

The wee small hours found Dr. C. S. Muscroft the other night (says the Cincinnati *Inquirer*) creeping up his own stairs with his shoes in his hand. Of course, those shoes had to drop when he was almost at the top landing, and humped all the way down. The doctor held his breath, but soon a door opened above and a sleepy voice inquired: "Is that you, Charlie?" "Yes, my dear," he answered. "Where on earth have you been so late?" "Oh, just—just down-town on a little business," was the reply. "What time is it?" "Just twelve o'clock." Muscroft was about to breathe easily once more and go on up to bed, when a cold chille crept up his back as the cuckoo clock in the hall opened up for business. "I had to stand still," said he afterward, "and cuckoo nine times to make good. It was three o'clock."

Many years ago Queen Victoria paid a visit to Parkhurst Female Convict Prison. As soon as she entered the women's great ward, accompanied by Mrs. Gilson, the superintendent, a great silence fell upon the vast assemblage of her suffering and erring sisters. Her majesty was greatly affected. And then an indescribable scene ensued. "The queen!" cried the poor convicts; "it's the queen herself! She'll pardon us; she'll set us free!" And, screaming and crying, they prostrated themselves at her feet. For a few moments the queen lost her nerve, and begged her attendants to clear a way for her to an adjoining room. Half an hour elapsed. Suddenly the door of the great room was thrown open again, and her majesty, with supreme dignity, with an unutterable far-awayness about her, and every inch a queen, walked through the women, now hushed into awed silence.

Fuseli, an eminent historical painter, was rather fond of sarcastic remarks at the expense of his friends. Northcote, a contemporary, exhibited his "Judgment of Solomon." Fuseli looked at it with a smirk on his face. "How do you like my picture?" inquired Northcote. "Much," was the answer; "the action suits the word. Solomon holds out his fingers like a pair of open scissors at a child, and says: 'Cut it; I like it much.'" Northcote remembered this when Fuseli exhibited a picture representing Hercules drawing his arrow at Pluto. "How do you like my picture?" inquired Fuseli. "Much," said Northcote; "it is clever, very clever; but he'll never hit him." "He shall hit him," exclaimed the other, "and that speedily." Away ran Fuseli with his brush, and, as he labored to give the arrow the true direction, was heard to mutter: "Hit him! By Jupiter, but he shall hit him!"

It was a great thing for an under-graduate to be taken for a walk by the late Professor Jowett, and some of the young men were quite overpowered by the honor. One such, after they had been on the road half an hour, ventured to remark: "Nice day, professor." "Do you really think so?" was Jowett's far-away rejoinder. Another half-hour passed, and the boy stammered out: "Nice road, professor." "Do you really think so?" Jowett again rejoined. The matriculate wanted to run away, but he was a moral hero, and in another half-hour managed to say: "Clouds seem to be filling up with rain, professor," to which he again got the crushing answer: "Do you really think so?" The young man's suf-

ferings were at an end, however, as they were now back at the college grounds, where Jowett turned to bid his companion good-by. "Well, young man," he said, "we have been walking for several hours, and everything you have said has been as stupid as it could possibly be." "Do you really think so?" replied the young man. The professor started, stared at the young man, and then, with a genial smile, warmly grasped his hand. There was no lack of conversation in their subsequent walks.

## WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR.

## As Described by the Inimitable Dooley.

In a recent article on "Americans Abroad," Peter F. Dunne thus comments on America's self-expatiated multi-millionaire:

"Willum Waldorf Astor is a gentleman that wanst committed th' sin iv being bor-rrn in this country. He cudden't do anything about it. Nawthin' in this country wud wipe it out. He built a hotel intinded f'r jooks who had no sins h'thim iv their own makin', h't even th' sight in their haughty hills cud not efface th' stain. He tried to live down his crime without success, an' he tried to live down to it by runnin' f'r Congress, b't it was no go. No matter where he went among his countrymen in England some wan wud find out he was bor-rrn in New York an' th' man that owned th' house where he was spindin' th' night wud ast him if he was a cannibal an' had he anny Indian blood in his veins. 'Twas like seein' a fine-lookin' man with an intelcejal forehead an' handsome, dar-k-brown eyes an' admirin' him, an' th' larnin' his name is Mudd J. Higgins. His accent was proper an' his clothes didn't fit him right, h't he was not bor-rrn in th' home iv his daycsindants, an' whin he walked th' streets iv London he knew ivry polis-man was sayin': 'There goes a man that pretinds to be happy, h't a dark sorrow is gnawin' at his bosom. He looks as if he was at home, b't he was bor-rrn in New York, Gawd help him!'

"So this poor, way-worn soul, after thyrin' ivry other rimidy f'r m dr-rivin' a coach to failin' to vote, at las' sought out th' rile high clark in th' court, an' says he: 'Behold,' he says, 'an onhappy man,' he says. 'With millyons in me pocket, two hotels, an' unlimited credit,' he says, 'me hear-rt is gray,' he says. 'Poor sowl,' says the clark iv th' court. 'What's aint yer?' he says. 'Have ye committed some g-reat crime?' he says. 'Partly,' says Willum Waldorf Astor. 'It was partly me an' partly me folks,' he says. 'I was,' he says, in a voice broken by tears, 'I was,' he says, 'bor-rrn in New York,' he says. Th' clark made th' sign iv th' cross, an' says he: 'Ye shudden't have come here,' he says. 'Poor afflicted wretch,' he says, 'ye need a clargyman,' he says. 'Why did ye seek me out?' he says. 'Because,' says Willum Waldorf Astor, 'I wish,' he says, 'f'r to renounce me sinful life,' he says. 'I wish to be born anew,' he says. An' th' clark, being a kind man, helped him out. An' Willum Waldorf Astor renounced fealty to all foreign sovereigns, princes, and potentates, an' especially Mack th' Wanst, or Twit, iv th' United States, an' Sulu an' all his wurruks, an' he came out in th' court with his hat cocked over his eye, with a step jaunty and high, after years iv servile freedom, a bondman at last! "So he's a citizen iv G-reat Britain now, an' a life subject iv th' queen, an' he has a castle that's as big as a hotel, on'y nobody goes there except them that's ast, an' not all of those; an' he owns a newspaper an' th' editor iv it's th' Prince iv Wales, an' th' rayportners is all jooks, an' th' Archbishop iv Canterbury r-runs th' ilivator, an' slug wan in th' printin' office is th' Impror iv Germany in disgeese. 'Tis a pa-aper I'd like to see. I'd like to know how th' Jook iv Marlbro'd do th' McGovern fight. An' some day Willum Waldorf Astor'll be able to wurruk f'r his own pa-aper, f'r he's going to be a earl or a markess or a jook or somethin' gran'. Ye can't be anny or these things without money, Hinnessy, an' he has slathers iv it."

## The Mystery of Dnst at Sea.

It is a puzzling fact that the decks of sailing vessels show dust at night, even if they be washed in the morning, and no work is done during the day. This is like indigestion, which creeps on one unawares. However it comes, the only way to cure it is by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a remedy which never fails to cure dyspepsia in all its forms, as well as prevents malaria, fever and ague.

The effect of the recent attacks upon the English people and the queen which have been appearing in the Paris papers is most apparent upon the Riviera (writes a Nice correspondent), where the business classes are in despair and predict a ruinous season. Cannes and Nice are empty, and Mentone is not nearly as full as usual. Across the frontier at Bordighera and San Remo every villa is taken.

"I have found your Bronchial Troches most useful for hoarseness and colds." PROF. L. RICCI, Queens College, LONDON, ENO.

**BROWN'S** Bronchial Troches  
OF BOSTON  
Sold in boxes only—Avoid Imitations.

## An Arm-Chair Warrior.

Ye amateurs of England  
Who keep your native seats  
And criticise so bravely  
The fighting man's defeats;  
Ye turkey-carpet warriors  
Who ventilate your view  
Of what could be accomplished  
If things were left to you.

My paper-map civilians!  
One can not but admire  
With how sublime a courage  
You face the club-room fire;  
With what prophetic wisdom  
You speak the warning word,  
Choosing the happy moment  
When things have just occurred!

There runs an ancient proverb,  
Good for the swollen head,  
How fools rush in serenely  
Where angels fear to tread;  
But here the common mortal,  
The stroller down the street,  
Knows better than to follow  
Your rash, intruding feet.

Is not our task enough, Sirs,  
To bear the present hurt,  
That you on wounded honor  
Must dump your little dirt?  
You, from your padded arm-chair,  
Safe in a sea-locked land,  
While those you smirch are holding  
Their lives within their hand.

When we are short of critics  
To sum the final blame,  
We'll ask a fighter's verdict  
Upon a fighter's game;  
But you who pass opinions  
On work but half begun,  
Please give us your credentials,  
Show something you have done!

—Punch.

## WM. WILLIAMS &amp; SONS

(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.

VVO

## Scotch Whisky

Importers - MACONDRAY &amp; CO.

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The Land of Sunny Days.

Programme of Spring Tours free on application to

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## International Navigation Co.'s Lines

## AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.

Friesland..... February 28 | St. Paul..... March 14

New York..... March 7 | Kensington..... March 21

## RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 10 noon.

Friesland..... February 28 | Westernland..... March 14

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To Alaska and Gold Fields.

Rates and Sailings for 1900 now ready. For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, C. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

## Alaska Commercial Company

-FOR-

## NOME, ST. MICHAEL, DAWSON

And All Points on Yukon River.

## CARRYING UNITED STATES MAIL

## FOR NOME DIRECT:

From San Francisco..... S. S. PORTLAND..... April 30, 1900  
From Seattle..... S. S. DORA..... April 30, 1900  
From San Francisco..... S. S. RAINIER..... May 10, 1900

## FOR NOME, ST. MICHAEL, AND ALL OTHER POINTS:

From San Francisco..... S. S. ST. PAUL, May 26th  
A STEAMER WILL BE DISPATCHED EVERY FORTNIGHT THEREAFTER.

## FOR JUNEAU, SITKA, PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND, COOK'S INLET, KODIAK, AND ALL INTERMEDIATE POINTS:

From Seattle..... S. S. BERTHA, commencing April 8th  
AND MONTHLY THEREAFTER.

For new folders, maps, and further particulars as to freight and passage, apply to ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY, 310 Sansone Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
For Seattle sailings apply to CAPT. JAS. CARROLL, Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wash.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG. Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1900.  
Coptic (Via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, Feb. 27  
Galle (Via Honolulu)..... Friday, Mar. 23  
Doric (Via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, Apr. 17  
Coptic (Via Honolulu)..... Friday, May 11

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.



## Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1900.  
America Maru..... Wednesday, March 7  
Hongkong Maru..... Saturday, March 31  
Nippon Maru..... Wednesday, April 25

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.



S. S. Alameda sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8 P. M.  
S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Mar. 7, 2 P. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., February 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, March 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For E. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10 A. M., February 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, March 2, and every fifth day thereafter.  
For Enreka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., February 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, March 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., February 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, March 5, and every fourth day thereafter.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., February 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, March 2, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.  
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., seventh of each month.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing without previous notice.  
Ticket Office, 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel)  
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## WHITE STAR LINE.

## AMERICAN SERVICE.

## The New Twin Screw Steamship

## OCEANIC

The Largest Vessel in the World.  
17,040 tons, length 704 feet, width 68 feet.  
28,000 horse-power.

## TEUTONIC and MAJESTIC

## Twin Screw.

10,000 tons. 582 feet long.

## CYMRIC

Twin Screw, 12,552 tons, 800 feet long, one of the largest steamships afloat.

## GERMANIC

Well known to ocean travelers, and now completely refitted.

Wednesday sailings from New York.

## S. TENNEY FRENCH, G. W. A.,

94-96 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER, 613 Market Street, or to official railway and steamship offices on Pacific Coast.



## SOCIETY.

## An Amateur Concert.

An amateur concert for the benefit of the San Francisco Seamen's Church and Institute and the Seamen's Catholic Institute will be given in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel on Monday evening, February 26th, at half-past eight. The concert will be given under the patronage of the following ladies:

Mrs. Parrott, 517 Sutter Street; Mrs. Head, 1105 Taylor Street; Mrs. Casserly, 2123 Buchanan Street; Mrs. Tobin, Taylor and California Streets; Mrs. Irwin, 1315 Van Ness Avenue; Mrs. William H. Taylor, 2701 California Street; Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Clay and Laguna Streets; Mrs. William H. Crocker, 1150 California Street; Mme. de Lalande, 517 Sutter Street; Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, 1409 Sutter Street; Mrs. Hobart, San Mateo; and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, 2200 Broadway.

The programme, so far as it has been arranged, will be as follows:

Trio for piano, violin, and cello, Gade, Mr. H. C. Wilson, Mr. R. M. Tobin, and Miss Bessie Ames; harp solo, Mrs. J. B. Casserly; songs, Mrs. Edgar Mills; songs, Mrs. Hall McAllister; prelude for organ, harp, violin, and cello, Mendelssohn, Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Casserly, Mr. Tobin, and Miss Ames; duet, Mrs. McAllister and Mr. Mills; violin solo, Mr. Tobin; song, with piano, harp, violin, and cello, Flieger, Mr. Mills, Mrs. Casserly, Mr. Tobin, and Miss Ames.

Two numbers, not yet determined upon, will be added to the programme, and it is expected that sailors and midshipmen will act as ushers and distribute programmes.

Several parties have been made up to go to the concert and have supper afterward in the new restaurant of the Palace Hotel.

Tickets, costing two dollars and a half, may be obtained from any of the patronesses or at the University Club.

## The Friday Fortnightly.

The cotillion of the Friday Fortnightly Club on Friday evening, February 16th, was unusually successful, the attendance being very large and several of the figures being new. There was extra music, and the customary hours were notably extended.

The members and their guests were received by Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, and the cotillion was led by Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Edna Hopkins, and Miss Caro Crockett, whose partners were Mr. Frederick W. McNear, Mr. Hart, and Mr. Robert M. Eyre. The ladies in the first set were:

Miss Frances Baldwin, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Dillon, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Helen Hopkins, Miss Mary Greenwood Josselyn, Miss Azalea Keyes, Miss Isobel Kittle, Miss Frances Moore, Miss Therese Morgan, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Kate Scott, and Miss Beulah Stubbs.

## A Golf Dinner.

Mrs. William Pierce Johnson and Miss Josephine Pierce were the hostesses at a dinner given at the Oakland Golf Club's club-house on Monday evening, February 12th. The favors were golf balls for bonbons and silver hearts, with the inscription "1900" in honor of Valentine's Day. The guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Peter E. Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick English Magee, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Knowles, Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Harry East Miller, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Orestes Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. T. Watkinson, Miss Amy McKee, Miss Bessie McNear, Miss Annie Miller, Miss Alice Moffitt, Miss Lucy Moffitt, Miss Ida Belle Palmer, Mr. E. Vail Bakewell, Mr. Robert M. Fitzgerald, Mr. Sam Bell McKee, Mr. Henry Pierce, and Mr. Andrew L. Stone.

## Reception at St. Luke's.

A parish reception was held in the Sunday-school rooms of St. Luke's Episcopal Church on Tuesday evening, February 13th. The Hawaiian Glee Club sang and there were recitations by Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton. A large number were present, including the Rt. Rev. Bishop William Ford Nichols and Mrs. Nichols and the Rt. Rev. Bishop W. H. Moreland and Mrs. Moreland.

The ladies who assisted the Rev. David C. Garrett and Mrs. Garrett in receiving were Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Homer S. King, Mrs. Sidney M. Smith, Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton, and Miss Eleanor Wood.

## The Mardi Gras Bal-Masqué.

Preparations for the Mardi Gras ball at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art are progressing rapidly. The new gallery is practically completed, and will be a brilliant court of honor for Prince Carnival and his followers. The gallery in the main building,

which on previous occasions was the principal ball-room, will have an orchestra stationed in it as usual, and the overhanging balcony will be arranged for boxes, as formerly.

This will be the Hall of Jesters, being decorated with the carnival colors, red and yellow, grinning masks, colored lanterns, and other fanciful devices. The maple room, which connects the main hall and the new art gallery, will be the Court of Beauty, hung with pale-yellow drapery embellished with white and silver. The principal ball room, the new art gallery, will be called the Throne Room, for here the grand march will terminate and Prince Carnival deliver his address from the throne. This great room will be draped with white and gold, and banners of rich tints, coats of arms, and heraldic emblems will help to make it a gorgeous scene.

This will be one of the most largely attended Mardi Gras balls since the famous one in the Grand Opera House. The demand for tickets is unusually large, and nearly all the boxes have already been sold, the holders being:

Mrs. Winthrop Elwyn Lester, Mr. John de Witt Allen, Mr. William Babcock, Mr. George Whittell, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. James W. Byrne, Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, Mr. B. T. Lacy, Mr. J. A. Donohoe, Mr. Leon Sloss, Mrs. Clarence Mann, and Mrs. William Kohl.

A corrected list of the floor committee is as follows:

Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. R. McKee Duperu, Mr. George E. P. Hall, Lieutenant J. C. Raymond, U. S. A., Mr. Frank B. King, Mr. Percy L. King, Mr. Latham McMullin, Lieutenant J. P. Hains, U. S. A., Mr. Frederick A. Greenwood, Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. N., and Mr. Edgar D. Peixoto.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence A. Davis, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Davis, to Lieutenant Louis R. Burgess, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Elita Redding, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert P. Redding, to Mr. Herbert B. Gee. No date for the wedding has been set.

Lieutenant Lyman M. Welch, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., and Miss Edythe Knowlton were married on Tuesday, February 13th, at a downtown hotel, where the bride's father, Major Joseph Knowlton, U. S. A., resides.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey will give a dance in honor of Miss Dillon at their home on Jackson and Laguna Streets, on Wednesday evening, February 21st. The cotillion will be danced by some twenty-five couples.

Mrs. Hyde Smith will give a euchre-party in honor of her sister, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, of Chicago, at the home of her mother, Mrs. George Hyde, 719 Geary Street, on Saturday, February 24th.

Mrs. Charles Josselyn will give a luncheon in honor of Miss Frances Moore, who is now her guest, at her home on Steiner Street on Wednesday, February 21st.

The Burlingame Country Club will celebrate Washington's Birthday by a golf tournament for professionals in the morning and pony races on the Hobart Track in the afternoon.

The next meeting of La Jeunesse, on Friday evening, February 23d, at Cotillion Hall, will be a *bal poudré*.

The patronesses of the Berkeley Cotillion Club announce that the next meeting has been postponed until April 18th.

Miss Elizabeth Huntington gave a dance at her home, 2840 Jackson Street, on Saturday evening, February 10th, at which about fifty young people were present. The guests arrived at about nine o'clock, and dancing was soon begun and continued until midnight, when supper was served.

Miss Charlotte Ellinwood gave a "tissue-paper dance" at the home of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Charles N. Ellinwood, on Pacific Avenue and Devisadero Street, on Wednesday evening, February 14th. Some seventy-five young people were present, all in fancy costumes, in the making of which tissue-paper was a prominent factor, and a very pretty dance was enjoyed.

Mrs. Burns Macdonald gave a card-party in honor of Mrs. La Boyteaux and her sister, Miss Stewart, who are here on a visit from Philadelphia, at her home on Sacramento Street recently. Mrs. La Boyteaux, Mrs. Charles D. Farquharson, and Mrs. George Cameron won the prizes. Among the others present were Mrs. Samuel C. Buckbee, Mrs. Duke Baxter, Mrs. M. L. Gerstle, Mrs. W. L. Gerstle, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. Sutro, Mrs. Willis, Miss Clark, Miss Grant, Miss Voorhies, and Miss Clarisse Sheldon.

Miss Sarah Drum gave a luncheon recently at her home, 2524 Broadway, at which she entertained Mrs. H. C. Breiden, the Misses Crellin, Miss Mai Moody, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Therese Morgan, Miss Maud Mullins, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Anna Voorhies, and Miss Leila Voorhies.

The California Society, Sons of the American Revolution, will hold their annual banquet at the Merchants' Club on the evening of February 22d. The speakers for the occasion will be the Rev. Dr. Clappitt, the new rector of Trinity Church, Mr. F. X. Schoonmaker, Colonel J. P. Jackson, and Mr. Ho Yow, the Chinese consul.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## The Symphony Concert.

The third of the series of symphony concerts given under the direction of Henry Holmes took place at the Grand Opera House on Thursday afternoon, February 15th. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Coriolan," op. 62, Beethoven; symphony, "Fraternity" (in F, No. 4, op. 48), moderato e sostenuto, allegro di molto, andante più tosto moderato, ma dolente, allegro, un poco moderato, ma scherzoso, finale, allegro vivo e risoluto, Henry Holmes; variations upon a theme by Jos. Haydn, op. 56a, "Choral St. Antoni," Brahms; overture, "Tannhäuser," Wagner.

The fourth concert will take place on Thursday afternoon, March 1st, when the programme will include Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" overture, the "Oberon" overture, by Von Weber, and Schumann's symphony in C, No. 2, op. 61.

## Minetti Quartet Chamber Concert.

The fifth chamber-concert of the Minetti Quartet's present season was given at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Friday evening, February 16th. The quartet had the assistance of Mrs. Alice Bacon Washington, pianist, in presenting the following programme:

Mozart's string quintet in G-minor, No. 6 (two violins and cello); Tschalkowsky's string quartet in D-major, No. 1, op. 11; and Schumann's piano quintet in E-flat, op. 44.

John T. Porter, a pioneer resident of Pajaro Valley, died at his residence, in Pajaro, on Tuesday, February 13th, of paralysis. He was born in Duxbury, Mass., in 1830, and when gold was discovered in California he sailed from Boston to the new El Dorado. He went to Santa Cruz County in 1854, and was appointed collector of the port of Monterey by President Lincoln. He was a manager of the State Insane Asylum at Agnew for several years, and his last public office was supervisor of Pajaro Township, Monterey County. Mr. Porter had large landed interests in various parts of the State, and he was one of the founders of the Pajaro Valley Bank and president of that institution at the time of his death.

MADemoiselle E. DELAHAYE, the well-known French educator, proposes personally to conduct a party of ladies to the Paris Exposition. Those desiring to take advantage of this opportunity address 1825 California Street.

## Cantrell &amp; Cochrane

are the only manufacturers of

## GINGER ALE

that were Awarded a Medal for their production at Paris Exhibition, making a grand total of

32 Gold and Prize Medals Awarded

at the various International Exhibitions held all over the world for the superiority of their manufactures.

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You are hereby appointed  
Manufacturers of Mineral Waters  
to His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales

*Given under my hand and seal  
at Marlborough House  
this Tenth day of June 1885*

*David Russell*  
Comptroller

*The Warrant is granted  
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for the purpose of supplying  
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highest quality and purity  
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What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

## THE GREAT LEADER OF

## CHAMPAGNES

## G. H. Mumm &amp; Co.'s Extra Dry

WHILE words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. MUMM & Co.'s EXTRA DRY in 1899 aggregating 109,303 cases, or 72,495 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

## ROSNER'S HUNGARIAN ORCHESTRA

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Tel. Steiner 2751.

B. JAULUS,  
Tel. Sutter 1036.

From 12-1, Sherman, Clay & Co.

At the special request of the Marchioness of Lansdowne, wife of the war minister, who is organizing a grand concert at Covent Garden in aid of the war-fund, Mme. Patti will sing, a single exception to her rule of declining to appear at performances for charity. A war-concert, with Mme. Albani and Mr. Lloyd as chief singers, and with the workman and other champion brass bands of the provinces as a special attraction, is also announced at the Albert Hall, a fortnight hence.

## THE COLONIAL HOTEL

Cor. Pine and Jones Sts.

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE  
LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee  
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THE PIONEER FIRST-CLASS FAMILY  
HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO.  
MRS. M. W. DENVER.

## THE LENOX

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D. W. JAMES, Proprietor,  
Late of Paso Robles Hotel.

## ROYAL Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure.

Made from Pure Cream  
of Tartar.

CIGARS  
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.



## SOCIETY.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Anexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. W. E. Dean and Miss Heleo Dean are at Coronado.

Mrs. Hermano Oelrichs leaves New York for Europe on Saturday, February 17th. Mr. Oelrichs will not accompany her, having started for San Francisco last Thursday.

Mrs. E. J. McCutchen is at Coronado. Miss Sarah Collier and Miss Sallie Maynard are with her.

Prince and Princess André Poniatowski are in New York City with Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker.

Mrs. Joho W. Mackay, who is oow at Canoes, will soon go to Mooto Carlo. She will spend the summer season in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay have taken a place in Scotland for the summer, but they will remain in New York for a couple of months yet.

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vaoderhill, Jr., are at Nice. Mr. Hugh Tevis and Mr. Lansing Kellogg have been touring Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills and the Misses Mills left on Sunday, February 11th, for New York, by way of New Orleans, where they will be during Mardi Gras. They sail on February 28th for Paris, where Mr. Mills is to control the exhibit of the Southern Pacific Company at the exposition.

Mrs. Jane Lathrop Stanford went East on business last week, arriving in New York on February 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse E. Godley (*né* McMullin) arrived in New York City on Monday, February 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. Orestes Pierce have returned to their home in Oakland after a visit of several weeks to the East.

Mrs. Willard T. Barton and her sons are oow in Cairo after a trip through India and up the Red Sea. Mr. Bartoo, who has been in Europe for some time, has joined them, and, after a visit to Constantinople, the party will proceed to Paris for the exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King left for Portland and Seattle on Friday, February 16th.

Mr. George Davis Boyd and Mr. Percy P. Moore were the guests of Mr. Horace Blanchard Chase at his country place, Stag's Leap, last week.

Mr. Webster Jones has sailed for Europe in a sailing vessel, taking the trip for the benefit of his health.

Miss Marie Oge left last week for Coronado, intending to remain there for several weeks.

Mr. Fletcher F. Ryer left on Sunday, February 11th, for Europe, where he will join Mrs. Ryer. They purpose remaining abroad for a year.

Mrs. Kane and the Misses Kane, who have been visiting friends in this city, returned on Monday, February 12th, to their home in Brooklyn, N. Y., intending to make stops at Coronado and St. Louis. Mrs. George Gibbs accompanied them as far as Coronado, where she will remain for some weeks.

Miss Lizzie Boltoo has returned from a trip abroad.

Mr. Hall McAllister left last week on a month's business trip to New York.

Miss Elizabeth Coter has returned from a visit to New York, where she was entertained by Mrs. George Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and the Misses Mollie and Heleo Thomas are at Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Morse and Mr. Harry R. Cooper return on Saturday, February 17th, from a visit to Washington, D. C., where they were the guests of Mrs. Morse's uncle, President William McKimley.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Miss Mary Scott, and Miss Cora Smedberg made a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mrs. T. G. Walkington is visiting her mother, Mrs. F. F. Jewell, at Pacific Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Post, of Stockton, are at the California Hotel.

Mr. F. W. Clark sailed from New York for Southampton last Tuesday on the American liner *New York*.

Miss Josephine Hyde, niece of Mrs. David Bixler, is in Tokio, Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Cutter, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Bates, Miss Orrie Jackson, and Mr. C. F. Runyoo made up a party to visit the Tavern of Tamalpais during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce and the Misses Janet and Bertie Bruce have returned from Europe, and are at their home, 2546 Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Burns Macdonald will move to Salt Lake City in April, to make their future home there.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Devlin are in town on a visit from Astoria, Or., and are guests at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dolbeer are at Coronado for a number of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George P. Rowell, of New York, who are speeding a few days here, made a visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mrs. E. Hobart, Miss Gittins, Miss F. Thomas, and Mr. A. J. Dent were among those who sailed from New York on the American liner *St. Paul*, for Southampton, on February 7th.

Mrs. Bertha H. Taussig, of the Sketch Club, will leave on March 3d, to attend the Whistler School in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Smith, of New York, are among the recent guests of the California Hotel.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. Eastwood, of Rochester, N. Y., Mr. S. B. Coheo, of Carson, Nev., Mrs. M. Josephson, Miss Josephson, and Miss L. Callings, of Roseburg, Or., Dr. Kylborg, of West Point, Mr. W. H. Delleker, of Denver, Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Shielke, of New York, Professor Jules Goebel, of Stanford, Judge J. F. Curroo, of Los Angeles,

Mr. E. H. Emborn, of Santa Rosa, Mr. R. L. Jeffery, of Astoria, Or., Mr. W. H. Hodgkio, of Fresno, and Mr. and Mrs. Frederic O'Brien, of this city.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. Joho W. Butler, Mr. G. H. Fuller, Mr. W. F. Smith, Mrs. W. O. Gould, Mrs. M. S. Curry, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Miss Alice Coldeo Hoffman, Mr. J. R. Garness, Mr. J. W. Carey, Mr. C. S. Frost, Mrs. George A. Story, Mr. F. G. Chase, of New York, Mrs. E. Y. Jorgersoll and Mr. P. J. Ryan, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Roberts, of Washington, D. C., Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Thomas, of Philadelphia, and Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Charlton, of Portland, Or.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

General William Mootrose Graham, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Graham, arrived from the East on Sunday, February 11th, and are the guests of Lieutenant Guy H. Burrage, U. S. N., and Mrs. Burrage, at Mare Island.

Admiral and Mrs. Albert Kautz, U. S. N., have been spending the past few weeks at Coronado.

Major F. M. H. Kendrick, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., and Major Joho Vao Orsdale, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., have been assigned to duty in the Department of Alaska, whither they will go out later than May 1st.

Captain William W. Mead, U. S. N., has been detached from duty as captain of the oavy-ward at Mare Island, and ordered to command the flag-ship *Philadelphia*, relieving Captain George C. Relter, U. S. N., who is ordered to duty as general inspector of the battleship *Wisconsin*, building at the Union Iron Works. Captain William H. Whiting, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty as Captain of the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Mrs. Hyde, wife of Major Joho McE. Hyde, quartermaster's department, U. S. A., has joined her husband in Nagasaki, he having been assigned to duty in Japan.

Lieutenants H. M. Witzell, R. T. Hall, and R. G. Winterhalter, U. S. N., have been appointed lieutenant-commanders by the President.

Cadet Yaceoy S. Williams, U. S. N., and Cadet J. A. Hand, U. S. N., have been detached from the *Abrenda*, and ordered to join the *Philadelphia* by May 1st.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon R. T. Crandall, U. S. N., has been appointed surgeon by the President.

Assistant Paymaster Richard Hatton, U. S. N., has been appointed paymaster by the President.

The Earl of Tankerville, who recently died at the age of ninety years, was the oldest English peer. His successor married an American girl, Miss Vanmarter, of Tacoma. He is an evangelist, and goes about the country on preaching tours, singing Sankey hymns to his own accompaniment on the harmonium. He owes the Chillingham herd of wild, white cattle, described in "Verdant Green."

## Art Notes.

Art-lovers will be glad to hear that the Gump sales are to be resumed. They used to be a leading yearly feature here among those who appreciated fine paintings, and their cessation during the past six years has been distinctly felt. But there is compensation in the fact that the collection about to be offered is richer than any heretofore set before the public. Mr. Gump has continued his yearly pilgrimages to the art-centres of Europe, and, though he has not recently bought so many canvases, each one that he has brought back is a gem.

The present collection, containing some 250 canvases, is made up, for the most part, of examples of the most famous modern European artists, not among them are a few canvases by painters whose names are now historical. There is, for example, "The Last Farewell," by Louis Jacques David, court painter to Napoleon the Great. It was brought to America by Prince Jerome Bonaparte, and Joseph W. Wioans, Esq., bought it at the Bonaparte sale in New York in 1853, and brought it to this city. From Mr. Winans's gallery, too, is "Marius at the Ruins of Carthage," a rare canvas, by Charles Le Brun, a famous artist of Louis the Fourteenth's time, who also painted several pictures for Cardinal Richelieu. There is also a genuine Sir Peter Lely in the collection, a portrait of some beauty of the court of Charles the Second.

But the great number of the canvases are modern. A dozen or more are from the Paris Saloon of 1899, by such artists as Julien Dupré, Beauxesne, Débat-Ponsan, Lazerges, Maroeiz, and others. There is an exquisite Diaz, a Brittany scene by G. Maroeiz which was mentioned *antérieurement*, and "Charles I. after the Battle of Marston Moor," by Jean Guillaume Rosier, which was awarded a gold medal of the first class at Antwerp in 1894. G. Muzzioli, of Florence, Gahrini, of Rome, Adolf Eberle, of Munich, and the leading men of all the contemporary schools are represented by well-chosen examples of their work.

The collection is to be exhibited in Native Sons' Hall, beginning Thursday evening, March 1st, and the sale will commence on Monday evening, March 5th, continuing every afternoon and evening through that week.

The trip up Mt. Tamalpais is delightful these clear February days. The view of the ocean, bay, and surrounding country from the summit of the mountain or veranda of the tavern is incomparable.

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## Golf and Tennis Notes.

Eight members of the San Francisco Golf Club qualified over 18 holes, medal play, on Saturday, February 10th, in the second tournament for the Couocil's Trophy for men, as follows:

R. H. Gaylord, 46, 46—92; Horace D. Pillsbury, 47, 49—96; Harry B. Goodwin, 49, 48—97; S. L. Abbot, Jr., 49, 49—98; J. W. Byrne, 54, 47—101; E. J. McCutchen, 51, 51—102; Charles Page, 51, 53—104; A. C. Bingham, 57, 55—112.

These will play the first round, 18 holes, match play, on the Presidio links on Saturday afternoon, February 17th, and the semi-finals and finals will be played in the morning and afternoon, respectively, of Washington's Birthday. There will also be a consolation tournament, 18 holes, medal play, open to all members of the club except the two who compete in the finals for the Council's Cup, on the afternoon of Washington's Birthday.

The full 18-hole course of the Sao Rafael Golf Club will be inaugurated by handicap competitions for men and for women on Washington's Birthday. Those who have already entered are:

Mrs. R. G. Browne, Mrs. G. T. Burke, Mrs. J. J. Crooks, Mrs. A. A. Curtis, Mrs. Dennis Dooahoe, Mrs. M. L. Gerstle, Mrs. W. L. Gerstle, Mrs. F. H. Green, Miss Alice Colden Hoffman, Mrs. F. S. Johnson, Miss Eleanor Morrow, and Mrs. C. P. Pomeroy.

Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. R. G. Brown, Mr. A. A. Curtis, Mr. W. G. Curtis, Mr. R. J. Davis, Mr. Prescott Ely, Mr. M. L. Gerstle, Mr. W. L. Gerstle, Mr. F. H. Green, Mr. E. L. Griffith, Mr. George Heazell, Dr. H. O. Howitt, Mr. G. M. Plockard, Mr. C. P. Pomeroy, Mr. H. P. Soan-tag, Mr. P. W. Tompkins, Baroo Alex von Schröder, Baroo J. H. von Schröder, Mr. F. H. Lefavor, and Lieutenant T. G. Roberts, U. S. N.

No special event is announced by the Oakland Club for Washington's Birthday; the club will probably be well represented in the San Rafael tournament and at the Council's Cup tournament in San Francisco and the professional tournament at the Burlingame Country Club. The last-named event will begin at 10 A. M., and will be over 36 holes, medal play, for \$75, \$45, and \$20 prizes. David Stephenson, Willie Andersson, Horace Rawlins, and James Melville will probably compete.

The second semi-annual tournament for the amateur championship of the Pacific Coast will be held on the links of the Oakland Golf Club, beginning on March 10th. Those who desire to compete must play a qualifying round of 18 holes, medal play, on the Oakland links within two weeks before March 10th, and the sixteen making the lowest scores will be entitled to enter.

Willie Andersson, of the Oakland Golf Club, took first honors in the professional tournament held at Coronado on February 10th. The scores made are as follows:

Willie Andersson: 48, 47, 41, 44—180, prize, \$100; Alex Smith: 44, 46, 44, 47—181, prize, \$70; Horace Rawlins, 49, 42, 48, 43—182, prize, \$50; James Melville: 54, 46, 54, 43—197, prize, \$50.

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## CLEARANCE SALE

FOR THIS MONTH—Several odd lots of shoes which we want to clean out before Spring comes. We are making low prices as an inducement to sell quick.

Ladies' French Kid, coin toe, hand sewed lace shoes.....	\$2.50
Ladies' Glazed Kid, coin toe, patent leather tip, cloth or kid top, button.....	\$1.90
Suede Kid and French Kid Oxfords, broken sizes.....	\$1.00
Gents' Patent Leather, cloth top, button shoes, pointed toes—best makes—nearly all sizes.....	\$2.50
Calif. double sole, round or square toes.....	\$2.25
Boys' shoes, calf button, sewed, sizes 2½ to 6.....	\$1.50
Youth's Shoes, calf button, broken lots.....	\$1.25
Men's cloth top, button or lace, coin or square toe, sizes 11 to 2.....	\$1.25
Children's square toe, cloth or kid top, button shoes.....	\$1.05
Infants' cloth or kid top, patent leather tip, button shoes.....	50c

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The hostess—"I want you to meet Mr. Cawker. So interesting, you know. He believes in nothing." The blasé one—"What enthusiasm!"—Life.

In the dining-car: "Isn't it delightful to be dining together without a chaperon?" "I should say so! Marriage is certainly a great economy."—Puck.

The wayside missionary—"Why do you drink that vile stuff?" Dismal Dawson—"Cause it's the easiest way to get it down; I can't breathe it, kin I?"—Indianapolis Press.

Jack—"I hear you lost a lot of money on Wall Street while you were drunk?" Tom—"I wasn't drunk, but the stocks I bought took a drop too much."—Boston Journal.

When he lost heart: "Now, major, did you never wish yourself well out of an engagement?" "Only once, ma'am, and that was in a little affair with a widow."—Sydney Bulletin.

Museum-manager—"You're looking bad, old boy; what's the matter?" The glass-eater—"I feel slightly cut up; I'm afraid I took a glass too much this afternoon."—The Freak.

"You don't get much chance to ride your wheel this weather." "No." "I guess you almost forget you have a wheel, eh?" "Oh, no! I'm still paying the installments."—Philadelphia Press.

Terrible: "You know that lady who was here yesterday, who smelled so strong of perfume, mamma?" "Yes, my boy." "Well, isn't she one of the cologneal dames?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Hix—"I don't take any stock in these faith cures brought about by the laying on of hands." Mrs. Dix—"Well, I do; I cured my little boy of the cigarette habit in that way."—Chicago News.

Disgraceful: "I got a letter from my brother George this morning, and he is in a disgraceful state." "My goodness! What's he been doing?" "Traveling in Kentucky."—Chicago Times-Herald.

In what four respects does a caller resemble a lover? First, he comes to adore. Next, he gives the bell a ring. Next, he gives the maid his name. Then, if he does not find her out, he is taken in.—Independent.

The Boer's religion: Boer child—"Father, if I were carrying the Bible in one hand and a gun in the other and an enemy approached, which should I drop first?" Boer father—"The enemy, my son!"—Puck.

"Rafferty," said Mr. Dolan, "did you ever hear th' old sayin' 'beauty is only skin deep'?" "I did. An' a foine, true sayin' it is." "It's nothin' iv th' kind. O'm thinkin' iv its foolishness ivery toime Oi take the cover off a baked pitaty."—Washington Star.

An Irish prerogative: Cassidy (reading)—"Th' devil! Rooshia, France, Garminy, Austria, and Italy are going to pitch in and lick England." Costigan—"They hod better attind to their own dom business and let the Oirish attind to theirs!"—Puck.

"Tommy," said a father to his precocious five-year-old son and heir, "your mother tells me she gives you pennies to be good. Do you think that is right?" "Of course it is," replied Tommy, "you certainly don't want me to grow up and be good for nothing, do you?"—Ex.

Morrell—"This life is getting to be a constant rush. Even death seems to come quicker than it used to." Wythe—"True. There's the interesting case of a man I knew; buried one day and died the next." Morrell—"Got that twisted, haven't you?" Wythe—"No; this man was an undertaker."—Philadelphia Press.

An eye for business: Poor Lo had met with an accident on the plains. "Flint Face," said the surgeon who had fixed him up, "how do you like your wooden leg?" "Ugh!" responded the noble red man, "very good. Like you make me all wood." "All wood, Flint Face? Why in the world do you want to be all wood?" "Make money! Get job stand in front of cigar-store."—Chicago News.

Mrs. E. N. Taylor, of 413 River Street, Manistee, Mich., testified to her belief in Steadman's Soothing Powders by writing all the way to England for a packet.

"Kipling going to South Africa?" said the cynic; "well, he's a man, anyway, that knows how to metre a verse."—New York Sun.

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*9.00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno . . .	*12.15 P
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*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations . . .	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José and Way Stations . . .	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove . . .	*10.36 A
*13.30 P	San José and Way Stations . . .	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations . . .	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San José and Principal Way Stations . . .	*19.00 A
*15.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations . . .	*8.35 A
*16.30 P	San José and Way Stations . . .	*8.00 A
*17.45 P	San José and Way Stations . . .	*7.30 P

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# The Argonaut.

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Rarely have so many dignified diplomatists, statesmen, and journalists turned so many flip-flaps in so short a time as the imperialists have formed in the last year and a half. Even now in the national circus-ring at Washington these wearied acrobats are again turning toilsome somersaults over this most embarrassing annexation question. Poor President McKinley himself has been forced to recede from his island free-trade utterances in his message ere the ink was scarcely dry. Senator Foraker has been forced to remodel his island free-trade hill ere he got it before the Senate. Representative Payne, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, has been forced to kill free trade in his island free-trade bill before he reported it to the House. Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, expansionist leader in the Senate and chairman of the new committee on the Philip-

pinas, has just executed another triple hack-somersault, and it stupefied even the imperialists when he wrote on February 10th: "We shall never admit the Philippines within our tariff. We shall never make their people part of the citizenship of the United States." Six weeks ago that utterance would have sounded like Senator Hoar instead of Senator Lodge. It would have been denounced as Atkinsonian disloyalty or Aguinaldist treason. Now it is the deliberate utterance which has been forced from the Senate leader of the imperialists.

And imperialist organs like the New York Tribune have also swallowed their utterances of a few weeks ago, and are now ranged on the side which the Argonaut has consistently held for many months—that is, opposition to island free trade, opposition to tropical cheap-labor competition, and opposition to making degraded West Indian negroes and servile Asiatic coolies citizens of the United States, and making their tropical islands integral parts of the American Union.

Up to date the only imperialists in the country who still affect ignorance of this issue, so vital to American labor and American freedom, are the imperialist editors of the Pacific Coast. They are still dazed and trembling from this unexpected warning from the American people. They are wondering how they are going to flop, and, in the interim, while waiting to flop, they are trying to keep their readers in ignorance of this great revolution in administrative, congressional, and popular opinion. They might as well abandon their absurd attempt at suppressing information, admit their error, take their medicine, and retract all they have said. This is especially recommended to such imperialist journals as the San Francisco Chronicle, the Portland Oregonian, the Sacramento Record-Union, and nine-tenths of the Republican newspapers of the Pacific Coast. By the sudden change of the administration and the Republican leaders in Congress, these journals now find themselves against protection and in favor of free trade; against the American farmer and in favor of the planters of the tropics; against the American workingman and in favor of Asiatic coolies; against high wages and in favor of cheap labor; against the lofty ideals of American citizenship and in favor of degrading it with mulatto, mestizo, and Malay mongrels; in favor of the Democratic minority in Congress and against the administration, the Republican majority, and the Argonaut.

There are doubtless many well-meaning Republicans on this coast who have been misled by these disloyal Republican journals. To show how far they are astray in their ideas concerning these tropical islands, let us point out a few of the facts concerning them recently set forth by Judge H. G. Curtis, of the Insular Commission. It goes without saying that Judge Curtis, being a Presidential appointee, would make out the best case possible for the Presidential policy, but, being also an honest man, he honestly reports what he has learned of our new island possessions. President McKinley is thoroughly honest in his attempts to work out our tropical problems, and has as yet appointed no man on any of these island commissions who was not, like himself, an honest and honorable gentleman. Witness the appointment to the new Philippine commission of Judge Taft, who resigned a life-position as federal judge to take up this temporary, vexatious, and ungrateful one. A similar type of man is Judge Curtis, of the Insular Commission.

Concerning Puerto Rico's claims for territorial government and free trade—as advocated by President McKinley in his message to Congress—Judge Curtis reports that such territorial government presupposes eventual Statehood; it means the hallot; it means tree trade; it means the flooding of our country with the products or manufactures of the cheap or slave labor of tropical islands; it means declaring the inhabitants of these islands citizens of the United States; and even if that were not done, it means that all the children of these inhabitants and all the children of all the Puerto Ricans, Spaniards, Portuguese, Puerto Rican negroes and mulattoes, St. Thomas and Jamaica negroes living in Puerto Rico; and in the Philippines, all the Tagalogs, Visayans, Sulus, Chinese, Portuguese, hoth slave-

owners and slaves, polygamists and pirates—that the children of all these, born on any of our tropical islands since the treaty of peace, are to become at once American citizens as decided by the supreme court in United States versus Wong Kim, Ark. 169, U. S. 654. This latter statement will be believed by Californians, for there are some thousands of native-born Chinese here who are citizens of the United States; there are many native-born Chinese who vote in San Francisco, and there is even a Chinese lodge of "Native Sons of the Golden West."

The Puerto Ricans are far superior to the Filipinos. Yet the Insular Commission reports that few of the Puerto Ricans can read and write, while General Davis, the military governor of Puerto Rico, says that a reading and writing election test showed that only three per cent. can read and write. Fewer still of the Filipinos can read and write. And there are about twelve millions of these people in our new possessions. Yet these are the creatures that the imperialistic San Francisco Chronicle and Portland Oregonian wish to make citizens of the United States!

Judge Curtis reports that Puerto Rico and the Philippines, "with their soil and cheap labor, can and would supply all the sugar the United States could consume, all the tobacco we could use, all the semi-tropical fruits, oranges, lemons, limes, rice, and many other things which we have so long striven to protect. Our tobacco industries in eight States, our beet-sugar industries, our citrus-fruit industries in California and Florida, would be irretrievably ruined. Are not our people entitled to consideration?"

We will answer Judge Curtis. Yes, our own people are. Our plain people, our farming people, our laboring people, are not only entitled to consideration, but they shall have it. America first, the American farmer first, the American workingman first, the American manufacturer first, this great, free, white republic of ours first—and the imperialists, their West Indian sugar-planters, their East Indian semi-slaves, their Sulu serfs, their Asiatic coolies, and their mongrel islands last.

Long ago the Argonaut foresaw this complication, and warned the Republican party of its danger. It is only within a few weeks that the sailors of our ship of state have seen the rocks upon which she is drifting. They are now endeavoring to wear ship, but they are on a lee shore. Let all earnest Republicans pray that our mariners may bring her off-shore safely, that her sails may fill on the new tack, and that she may resume her prosperous voyage. But why do the Republican politicians and the Republican editors of California slink through the fog on the rock-bound shore, lighting false fires through the gloom? Are they wreckers? And is the good ship Respublica to go down to her doom at their treacherous hands?

During the past week Congress has approached very closely to the question which has been a vital one for about two years. We refer of course to the puzzling problems of government for our new island possessions.

The Hawaiian hill report shows that the island population, which was 109,020 in 1896, has now increased to about 130,000, mainly by the influx of Japanese contract laborers. On the passage of the bill this will be prohibited, and the Chinese immigrants excluded. The form of government proposed is Territorial, similar to that of the later Territories of the United States. The appointment of a governor and secretary will be in the hands of the President, while the treasurer, attorney-general, commissioners of agriculture and public lands, superintendents of public works and public instruction, auditor, surveyor, and high sheriff will be appointed by the governor. The bill contains a provision that the governor to be appointed shall be a citizen of the Territory, in order that he shall be more familiar with the needs of the dependency than a resident of the States could be. The bill also provides for a Territorial legislature, consisting of a senate and a house of representatives, elected by the people. The Territory is to be represented in Congress by a delegate. The islands are to form a judicial district of the



United States and have a district court, the judicial power being vested in a supreme court and superior courts to be established by the legislature. The constitution and laws of the United States, which are locally applicable, are extended over the islands, and the Hawaiian laws which are not inconsistent with the constitution of the United States are to be continued in force. The Territory is also made a customs and revenue district by the bill, and becomes subject to the tariff laws of this country.

It is presupposed that the Hawaiian people are capable of meeting the American idea of universal suffrage, which requires that they shall have by inheritance or education such knowledge of full participation in government as will enable them to maintain republican institutions. In consequence, the elements of the population comprising Americans, English, Germans, French, Norwegians, Portuguese, and Hawaiians will be accorded the right to vote, and the privilege will only be denied to the contract laborers from Japan, and the Chinese.

The total authorized indebtedness is limited to seven per cent. of the assessed valuation of the property of the islands. The leper settlement in the island of Molokai, which now consists of about one thousand patients with their assistants, is to be left in the management of the Territory, which has always been so good that the disease is gradually disappearing. An effort is made by the bill to bring the resident Chinese under the laws of the United States, by providing that they may obtain certificates of residence, the purpose being that the annexation may prove a benefit, and not an injury, to American labor. It is claimed that the commercial development in the islands since annexation is evidence that trade has followed the flag, in this instance at least. It is pointed out that the exports from the United States to the islands for eleven months ending with November, 1897, were \$4,845,920. In 1898 they were \$5,891,755, and in 1899, \$10,206,157. The imports for the same period from the islands into the United States increased from \$15,104,242 in 1897 to \$116,455,171 in 1898, and \$21,672,062 in 1899.

An amendment to the bill deprives the legislature of Hawaii of the power to impeach the chief justice and justices of the supreme court. The change is made because, by the bill, the power of removal is given to the President, and because it has been deemed unwise to give the legislature the power to remove judicial officers appointed by the President. The Senate seems inclined to offer some changes, which will doubtless be fully debated before the passage of the bill. It is the belief of some senators that the political conditions in the islands should be changed as slightly as may be consistent with American ideas, while others contend that in some respects such a course would be tantamount to according to the islands a larger scope of self-government than has ever been accorded to our mainland Territories.

As the bills now stand, the acts of the legislature would be finally subject only to the governor's veto and the review of the courts, while in the Territories of New Mexico, Arizona, and Oklahoma the acts of the legislatures are subject to the ratification of Congress. This is liable to amendment in the Senate, as is also the provision for a property qualification for voters. On the latter subject one proposal is that the legislature of Hawaii may, after 1903, submit to the lawfully qualified voters of the Territory such changes in the qualifications of electors as it may see fit, and upon adoption by a majority vote such modifications shall become valid and binding.

The California Club, during its two years of existence, has given several proofs of the beneficial influence which such an organization of women may have upon the life of the community. Its latest activity is in a direction where it needs and should receive the assistance of all the people of the State. This is the preservation of the Calaveras grove of big trees. That property has been in the possession of James L. Sperry, of Stockton, for a number of years, and it has always been his ambition that it should be taken over by the government to be converted into a public park. He has approached the legislature of this State several times, urging upon that body the necessity for such action, but without success. About eight years ago, when the national government set apart the Yosemite Park, an effort was made to persuade the officials of the land office at Washington to have the boundaries of that reservation extended to include the Calaveras grove. The title to the intervening land was then in the government, and there were no difficulties in the way of such extension, but the effort was unavailing. The trouble has been that public opinion had not been aroused to the necessity for such action, and sufficient pressure could not be brought to bear. The people were indifferent as to whether the title to the property was in a private individual or in the government, so long as the trees were preserved and the public might be allowed to view these natural wonders. Now California is confronted by the danger of losing

this great attraction, and is realizing the penalty of its former indifference.

It is reported that a lumber dealer of Wisconsin, Robert Whiteside by name, has entered into an agreement to purchase the land for one hundred thousand dollars, and has already paid one thousand dollars to bind the contract. It is his intention to erect a saw-mill there and convert the trees into lumber. As there are thirty-eight hundred acres of forest land on the tract, many of the trees being of the *sequoia gigantea* variety, the proposition, considered from the business point of view, is a good one for him. But to this State it would work an irreparable injury, and the people are at length becoming fully aroused to the gravity of the situation. The California Club has taken the lead in the campaign for the preservation of the trees, but there are several other organizations that are also taking part in the work. The Sierra Club, the San Joaquin Valley Commercial Club, the Water and Forestry Association, the Pioneer Club, and the California and Stanford Universities are all active.

A resolution has been introduced in both Houses of Congress authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to secure the land for a public park, and every effort should be made to have this resolution acted upon promptly in order that the Secretary may move in the matter before the work of vandalism has been begun. Mr. Whiteside has already secured rights under his contract, and it is probable that negotiations must be carried on with him. He is probably not a man with whom sentimental considerations will have much weight. The pyramids would probably appeal to him only in the light of their value as an accumulation of available building stone. But, should his price for abandoning the contract be exorbitant, the remedy of condemnation proceedings is always available. This is a proposition in which not only State pride but State profit is involved. Thousands of tourists have been attracted to California to gaze upon these mammoth trees, the equal of which can not be seen elsewhere on the globe. Every citizen of the State is directly interested in the preservation of this grove, and each should do his part to save it. If the trees are to be preserved the people must act, and at once.

In the reception of the new treaty several distinct shades of opinion are apparent. On the one hand it is hailed as a diplomatic achievement credible to all concerned; on the other, it evokes expressions of stern disapproval, while some view the subject with placid indifference. As editorial antitheses the *New York Sun* and the *New York Evening Post* afford a spectacle not devoid of interest. In discussion of the treaty they disagree as to every point touched upon, and with the utmost confidence defend the faith that is in them.

In an editorial of formidable length, but marked throughout by a spirit of earnestness, the *Sun*, a Republican journal, commends the administration for its Americanism. The editorial leads up, by a clear process of reasoning, to the following conclusions concerning the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty:

"The new convention does nothing of the kind. It modifies the doubtful old treaty in some respects, and by so doing recognizes and revives it as a whole, thus reversing the judgment of Mr. Hay's predecessors as to the present binding character of an agreement persistently violated by the other party. . . . What shall be said of the value of a diplomatic victory by which we acquire an ownership which does not own, and a control which does not control? It is a victory of the diplomacy of the empty phrase. What shall be said of the treaty which pledges us, as our Pacific Coast grows richer and more prosperous, and our possessions and responsibilities extend to the ocean beyond, to keep open this canal forever for the benefit of the enemy who may wish to strike from Europe, by the shortest and easiest route, at our Pacific possessions or at our own Pacific Coast? . . . If the provisions of this treaty are as reported they must be amended or the treaty must be rejected."

Here is the *Evening Post* (Independent) with a different note. The *Post* is known always as the friend of England, or the friend of any government engaged in contention with the United States. The *Post* says:

"The great aim of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, so far as it related to an isthmian canal, looked to the neutralization and perfect freedom of any waterway that might be cut. Secretary Hay now undertakes to guarantee that this chief end of the treaty shall be safeguarded. The canal is to be as open as the high seas to the commerce of the world. If built under 'the exclusive control and management' of the United States, it is yet to favor our ships no more than those of any other nation. In peace or war, merchantmen or battle-ships are to come and go as freely as through the Suez Canal. No military advantage is to accrue to us by possession of the canal or its termini. We even undertake not to fortify its approaches. All is to be open and equal to all. This represents such a distinct and enlightened advance over what American diplomacy has hitherto contended for, that Mr. Hay is to be warmly congratulated upon his success."

The *New York Tribune* (Republican), while not occupying exactly an *Evening Post* point of view, reaches a climax of commendation as directly opposed as possible to the teaching of the *Sun*, for it says:

"It is agreeable, at risk of repetition, to express anew the gratification that must be felt on both sides of the ocean at so happy an ending of an ancient and sometimes vexatious controversy. For controversy has been the chief effect of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty from almost the moment of its adoption, fifty years ago. . . . That the revision has now been effected in the most amicable manner is another fine in-

dication of the improved relationship that has in recent years been established between Great Britain and the United States. . . . The vast majority of the people of the United States will, we are convinced, hail the signing and ratification of the new treaty with joy—assuming, of course, its purport to be what there is every reason for supposing it to be."

Such are a few of the extreme theories. There are many other editorials sustaining both. The *Boston Herald* (Independent) sees nothing to regret, closing its comment on the new treaty thus:

"A great deal depends upon the point of view; but we trust that the judicious, fair-minded citizens of the United States will realize that this act is simply one of a number of illustrations of the intimate and friendly relations that subsist between the two countries, by the maintenance and encouragement of which the welfare of both can be greatly subverted."

The new treaty pleases the *New York Times* (Independent Democratic), for it remarks about it as follows:

"Secretary Hay is entitled to the congratulations of his friends and the thanks of his countrymen for his successful correction of a blunder in our diplomacy made half a century ago. During almost the whole of that long period the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, ratified in 1850, has been regarded in this country as a mistake."

So, too, is the *Providence Journal* (Independent) satisfied, brushing aside the question of fortifications:

"The United States will always be able to keep enemies from using the isthmian canal. Fortifications are barred by the new treaty, but they will not be needed there more than at Port Said and Suez."

The ever conservative *Ledger* (Independent), of Philadelphia, retains its calmness, as witness:

"It is said that the recognition of the American contention has not been purchased by any concession to Great Britain in any other portion of the diplomatic field."

From a *Brooklyn Eagle* (Independent Democratic) paragraph the fact is made clear that the treaty is indorsed: "The canal can damage nobody. On the contrary, it must benefit, so to speak, everybody. Hence, Pettigrew must necessarily denounce it. Hence, all of the implacables will join in the chorus."

Never since America won her freedom has there been in America so persistent an effort as now to stifle freedom of discussion. Waiving the great imperialistic question on which men in this country are slowly dividing, and the futile attempts to gag all public men who do not speak thereon with timid tongues, there has been another attempt to stifle discussion. We refer to the organized effort to misrepresent American opinion on the British-Boer War.

Ever since that lamentable conflict began, a certain clique of Republican journals, headed by the *New York Tribune*, has decried the Boer cause and glorified the British invasion. So numerous and so influential have been these organs that for a time the American public was puzzled and the British public was deceived. So volubly did this newspaper *claqueur* clique misrepresent American public opinion that English statesmen and English journals grew almost fulsome in their praise of America's "friendship for Britain." Then, too, the American colony in London, largely made up of American women who have married titles and which is more royalist than the queen, got up all sorts of charity bazaars to aid the British troops. Jealous British matrons now do not scruple to say that many of these *bizarre* bazaars were merely schemes to advertise these fair Outlanders' claims to social recognition. Be that as it may, the anti-Boer feeling was so sedulously exploited that the British public was deceived and the American public puzzled.

What were the ulterior motives inspiring this clique of Republican journals it is difficult to discern. Their motives may have been mixed. In the first place, the McKinley administration is certainly very friendly with the British Government. Second, Mr. McKinley's Secretary of State was *persona grata* at the Court of St. James. Third, an understanding, if not an alliance, between the two governments had been brought about by the Secretary of State. Fourth, Secretary Hay has been concocting a bargain with Great Britain over the "open door" and China. Fifth, the administration has been arranging another bargain by which Great Britain would permit us to build the Nicaragua Canal if we would agree not to fortify it. Sixth, the administration felt dimly that American approval of Great Britain's South African campaign committed the American people to approval of the Philippine campaign. Seventh, that American disapproval of the British course in South Africa would be extremely awkward for the administration in its conduct of affairs in the Philippines.

These probably were the motives which inspired this clique of Republican organs in their unfriendly attitude toward the Boer republics. It was desirable to manufacture a public opinion which did not exist. For a time genuine American opinion was stifled. But only for a time. Suddenly all over this broad land there broke out like forest fires meetings expressing sympathy for the Boer republics and denouncing Great Britain's invasion as unjust and wicked. Boards of aldermen, city councilmen, county supervisors, and State legislatures joined the great chorus of sympathy for the struggling South African republics. In some few of these deliberative bodies, where the adminis-

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tration Republicans were strongest, resolutions of sympathy for the Boers were choked off. This was the case in California's legislature. But in a large majority of such bodies the official voice was unanimous against Great Britain. The newspaper attempt to misrepresent American public opinion had ignominiously failed.

At this juncture some political demagogues began to play upon this profound feeling of the masses. They attempted to utilize this great popular movement. Democratic speakers began to make it an issue against the administration. They demanded intervention—which is folly—and bitterly denounced the President and Great Britain. One noisy Democratic demagogue in a New York mass-meeting solemnly prayed "that the war would raise the price of crape in London."

This is infamous. Such attempts and such utterances as these can bring only shame to self-respecting Americans. But however much unhyphenated Americans may deprecate such conduct and denounce such utterances, what is the real feeling of the American people concerning this war? It is our belief that while they feel the sympathy for Great Britain's losses, which is natural between people of the same blood, they condemn her course in this war. It seems to them like an attempt by a mighty monarchy to crush two struggling republics. True, we are told that "the Transvaal is not a republic, but an oligarchy." The answer to that is that the government of the Transvaal is the choice of the people of the Transvaal; if they prefer an oligarchic republic, that is their right. We are told that the Outlanders own nine-tenths of the property and pay nine-tenths of the taxes. The answer to that is that a greedy oligarchy would never allow foreigners to obtain nine-tenths of the property, and if they own it they ought to pay nine-tenths of the taxes. We are also told that the Transvaal Republic exacts five years' residence from a foreigner before giving him the ballot. The answer to that is that the United States does also. We are told that the Transvaal refuses citizenship to Englishmen who refuse to renounce allegiance to the queen. The answer to that is so does the United States. If England has the right to invade the Transvaal because her subjects must stay there five years before they can vote, she has the same right to invade the United States.

We can not sympathize with the British Government in what we believe to be an unjust war. We have nothing but admiration for the valor of the British soldiers and sympathy for those English mothers, wives, and sisters who are now mourning for their dear ones who have laid down their lives on South African battle-fields. But we do not believe that this is a war of the English people; rather is it a war of the English Tory Government. We believe that stock-jobbers and speculators laid the train for their own selfish ends; that Secretary Chamberlain fired it for his own selfish and political ends; and that the result—the brave stand of the two little republics—was entirely unexpected by him and his stock-jobbing co-conspirators. The English nation has been dragged into the war, and now, with British hull-dog tenacity, is determined to see it through.

It is a bad business. The best way out of it would be for Great Britain to rise superior to the gang of swindlers and selfish politicians who dragged her into this unjust war, and withdraw from a position which is destitute of right and barren of honor. But her prestige as a world-power is now involved, and a withdrawal might mean the collapse of her mighty empire.

The defenders of those vast industrial combinations popularly known as "trusts" are in the habit of arguing that they are beneficial rather than harmful, because they reduce the cost of production and thereby help the great army of consumers. The operations of the paper trust clearly refute this claim. It is only a few years since the process of making paper, invented in Germany, was introduced into this country, yet its influence has been very great. The new process enabled paper to be sold for about one-half of what it had formerly cost. The result was a reduction in the price of newspapers and periodicals. The best productions of literature were brought within the reach of all; the poor man was enabled to take his daily paper and read the news of the world, the man of small means could afford to have one or two magazines upon the table in his living-room. It became possible to publish newspapers in small towns that would otherwise be shut off from the news of the world from one week's end to the next. The whole country was more firmly knit together by this universal diffusion of knowledge.

This was the condition until the paper trust was organized; then came a change. Though combination reduced the number of officials drawing salaries, and introduced all the other economies of which so much has been heard, the trust was unable to continue business at the old rates. It was not making enough money at the prices charged by

the individual paper manufacturers, and prices have been considerably raised. The result is what was inevitably to be expected. Competition among newspapers and magazines is so sharp that each is compelled to use any surplus profits in improving its service. When the expense of mechanical production is considerably increased for any length of time, the matter published must deteriorate or the price charged must advance. Some months ago the daily newspapers of Chicago adopted this latter alternative, and announced that their subscription rates would be doubled. The newspapers of Denver have announced an increase in the price of subscription, and many other papers throughout the country have declared that they must follow the example of Chicago and Denver if the extortion of the trust is to be continued. Publications with limited circulation will be forced to discontinue publication, for an increase in price will mean a loss of subscribers. It is for the people to say whether the trust shall be permitted to levy this tax upon the diffusion of knowledge. It has been urged that the protective tariff fosters the organization of trusts. The paper trust is certainly benefited by the tariff tax on paper and on paper pulp. If this trust is to be restrained, the tax on both paper pulp and finished paper should be materially reduced, if not entirely wiped out. Such action would in no way injure industrial interests in this country, since the paper mills were making money at the reduced rates that obtained before the trust was organized.

While the future of hydraulic-mining in this State receives no definite promise from the report of the *débris* commission, now before Congress, there is in the document much of an encouraging nature. The scheme of the commissioners seems to be to promote the interests of the interdicted form of mining, and, at the same time, to conserve the welfare of the farmer. The *débris* commission grew from action taken by the Miners' Association, the miners having in view the possibility of resuming operations brought to an end in 1884 by the decision of Judge Sawyer. At the time of this decision the mines were producing a yearly average of fifteen millions of dollars, and the cessation of the output was a serious loss. The actual accomplishment of the purpose of the commission is, by that body's own act, indefinitely postponed, although the trend of development is set in the desired direction.

The preparation of the report and the elaborate investigations of which it is the result, have occupied the commission since 1896. It is most exhaustive, and with the accompanying maps is now being printed for the benefit of Congress. The report states that the plan of erecting stone dams at the narrows was deemed impracticable, the cost being too great for the good thus to be accomplished. The project the commission indorses involves the erection of a series of dams constituting a restraining reservoir of great extent about De Guerra Point. The settling basin thus formed is calculated to impound fifty million cubic yards, its area being two million acres. The commission thinks the land still necessary to be secured will not cost more than twenty thousand dollars. The unoccupied parts of it were several months ago withdrawn from settlement. Another recommendation in the report is that the Yuha be confined to a single channel as a means of increasing its power to carry off *débris* already deposited. Indeed, the report makes clear that the plans under consideration are all for *débris* now blocking the waterway, and not for such as may come of operations hereafter. The latter must wait on the effect of the present experiment.

The whole project is so novel that, save for the high character of the commission's *personnel*, it might be viewed as chimerical, but no charge of this sort will be brought against it. The commissioners ask as well as give information. They want to know if the sum now in the fund will be immediately available. This fund reaches half a million dollars, equal portions of which are from the State and federal governments. The work outlined will cost eight hundred thousand dollars, and there seems to be some question as to whether the work can begin at once or must be deferred until the entire sum shall be on hand. The commission requests a construing of the acts under which it has authority. Going into detail as to the contemplated dams, it suggests that part be done by contract and part by days' work. In fact, no detail that could throw light on the problem seems to have been overlooked. There are representatives of California in Congress who are actively interested and who will see to it that the matter is pressed to an issue.

While there is nothing strange in the depression caused throughout England by a series of defeats, there is total lack of justification for the estimate put upon the casualties. The world had become accustomed to reading of engagements with the Filipinos, wherein half a dozen killed and perhaps

double that number wounded constituted the record. It had in some measure forgotten the sanguinary times of the Civil War, when regiments came out of action leaving seventy-five per cent. dead or wounded on the field. Methuen's message, after meeting the Boers at Modder River, that he had fought the bloodiest battle of the century, was little short of ridiculous. There have been many battles in Europe far surpassing it, and to this century belong Antietam, Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg.

To obtain figures of the Boer losses has been impossible. They have been far less than those of the British, which up to February 4th had reached a total of 10,515, including killed, wounded, prisoners, and missing. At Modder River there were 76 killed, 393 wounded, 15 captured or missing—in all 476, equal perhaps to the occasional skirmishes which during the Civil War were not even dignified by being termed battles. At Nicholson's Nek the British casualties were 1,183, and at Tugela River 1,097, but this covered in the first instance 881 prisoners, and in the second 348. At Belmont 105 were killed, and this was the most fatal of any engagement of the Transvaal war, unless the conflicts of last week shall be found to exceed it. The proportion of officers killed or wounded has been large owing to the peculiar method of fighting by Boer tactics. When the armies of the North and South contended there was scant opportunity for a sharpshooter to pick off the commanders. Like the men in the ranks, he fired at the mass, often simply at a pall of smoke. The British officer has been made a special mark.

Compared with battles of the Civil War, those of South Africa assume peculiar interest. Shiloh was the first big battle. There the Union forces left dead 1,754 men; there were wounded 8,408; captured, 2,885—a total of 13,047. The Confederate casualties were 10,699, of these the dead being 1,728. Evidently the Methuen memory failed to hark back to Shiloh. At Murfreesboro the figures were surprisingly near a reproduction of those of the battle cited. At Chickamauga the Confederate loss was far greater than that of the Union side, the total reaching 20,950; of that number 2,673 were killed. Against these figures the Union troops sustained casualties numbering 16,336, of which 1,687 represented deaths in action. It was at Gettysburg that a frightful score was achieved, 23,186 for the North, 22,728 for the South, the dead, respectively, 2,834 and 2,665.

Remembering the frightful carnage which marked the struggle in this country, Americans fail to be impressed with the Methuen style of estimating.

A subscriber writes and asks whether we believe the statements contained in "Aguinaldo's Appeal to the American People," reprinted in a recent number of the *Argonaut*. No, we do not. There is no liar like an Oriental liar, and no Oriental liar like a Malay liar. The translation in question was printed at the request of a correspondent, who suggested that it was "a document of some historical importance." The *Argonaut* did not indorse its statements, and our opinion of it might be gathered from the paragraph at the end, which said that Admiral Dewey denounced it as a "tissue of lies."

All through this Philippine business the *Argonaut* has had practically nothing to say of Aguinaldo. In fact, to make an Irish hull, the first appearance of his name in our columns was to say that it had been rarely mentioned there. Our standpoint in the Asiatic annexation question has been purely an American standpoint. We have had no solicitude for Asiatics, but a great deal of solicitude for Americans. As for Aguinaldo, when Consul Wildman brought that pet of his to Dewey, we wish the admiral had put him in the stoke-hole and kept him there. Much trouble might thus have been saved. As for the "Appeal," the statement of a treacherous and mercenary Malay head-hunter should not be mentioned in the same breath with the word of an American officer and gentleman like George Dewey.

In a recent letter in the *Argonaut* on "Franco-American Restaurants" this curious phrase occurred: "You can find in Quebec *cabineu* who speak no English." If any person may have been puzzled by this mysterious word *cabineu*, and suspected it to be of French origin, we may remark that it is not—that it is of neo-typographical origin, and that no one knows what it means unless it be the compositor who composed it. The writer thought he meant "cahmen." But the printer disagreed with him.

Any man with a sense of humor, whether for or against imperialism, will be forced to smile at William J. Bryan's latest epigram, in his Brooklyn speech, on February 11th: "Three reasons have been advanced for imperialism. The first is that 'there is money in it'; the second is that 'God is in it'; and the third is 'We're in it and can't get out.'"



## SIX-SHOOTER PETE'S COMPASSION.

A Tragedy of the Cactus Plains.

Tzistuntzan, or The Humming Bird, to translate her name into English, possessed one of the traits that characterize her pretty, ruby-throated little namesake: she was continually flitting and darting about in search of food. The resemblance went no further, however, for Tzistuntzan was neither graceful nor pretty, and her garb was not one of beautiful colors—her wardrobe consisted of but a single garment, a greasy, dirt-colored skirt that reached from her waist to her knees, and that she wore night and day.

In spite of her untiring energy, it sometimes happened that she would be unable readily to supply her *wickiup* with the requisite amount of food, and then she would be compelled to go far from the squalid village in search of the luscious fruit of the cactus and yucca, the juicy leaves of the maguay, and the toothsome (to the Apache) but elusive grasshopper and lizard. On such excursions the little Peowetcha, her ten-months-old son, invariably accompanied her, she carrying him strapped on her back in the one blanket she possessed. One day she went too far and lost herself, so intent was she upon her quest. The sky was filled with cloud, so she could not lay a course by the sun, and the wind was blowing a gale that filled the air with dust and sand, obliterating her trail, so that she could neither get a view of her surroundings nor retrace her steps. Where night overtook her, there she lay down and slept.

The coming of day waked her; the wind was no longer blowing, and standing up she looked intently about her. Far away in the north towered a range of jagged mountains, all blue and hazy with distance, except the loftiest pinnacles, which were gilded by the first rays of the rising sun. Another range, equally as rugged and wild, but not so extensive, lay to the south. All around her, stretching away to both ranges, and to the east and west farther than her eyes could reach, was a dreary expanse of rocky hillocks and shifting sand, that was dotted here and there by gaunt, shaggy yuccas and bunches of stunted cactus. Of water there was not the least sign; there was no dew, even.

She knew full well the horrors of a day in the desert without water, and laying a course by the bright light glowing in the east, she started northward, moving in the quick dog-trot peculiar to her race. Soon the sun, looking like a great ball of fire, came up, and within an hour the air was quivering with heat; another hour went by, then another, the temperature rising higher and higher with each minute, but still the patient squaw pressed on with unflagging step. Her eyes were fixed straight before her on her goal, the mountains; there would she find shade and water. Now she was passing close beside a bunch of cactus, her moccasined feet brushing aside a straggling branch; instantly there came a sharp, warning rattle, and, quick to heed, she swerved aside, but was too slow. A slender, dun-colored object flashed out from the cactus and attached itself to her bare leg.

With a quick movement she shook it off, and crushed its head with a stone, then stood still, looking irresolutely about. Far from her people, from the old medicine-man and his antidotes, she knew only too well the fate that was in store for her. Her indecision was but momentary, however; she thought of her child, and sinking to the ground, hastily drew him around into her lap to give him nourishment—there was need for hurry she knew, for soon the subtle poison of the reptile would pervade her entire system, and be dealt out to the nursing babe. At last the little fellow's hunger was satisfied, and the mother laid him on the ground in the shade of a yucca, where he at once fell asleep. For several minutes she knelt beside him, gazing earnestly into his face, then sat down a few steps away, and covering her head with her blanket, began crooning the death song of her tribe.

Thus she sat for half an hour, the crooning becoming a weird ululation as her voice rose louder and louder; she was suffering severely, and was trying to drown the pain with her song. Finally her voice weakened, and grew fainter and fainter until it died away in a hoarse whisper, and with a convulsive movement she stretched at full length on the ground. Tzistuntzan was dead.

Slowly the day wore on. The sun had passed the meridian and was descending to the western horizon when the child awoke. He turned over, and seeing his mother, crawled to her, cooing and goo-gooing just as would have done a baby of civilization. Now he was reminded that he was hungry again, and pushing aside the blanket his mother had unconsciously drawn over her, he drew from her breast the little nutriment that it yet contained. This accomplished, he pillowed his head on the blanket and went to sleep again.

The little fellow's eyes were scarcely closed, when the loneliness of the desert was relieved by a moving figure, which, drawing nearer, resolved itself into a man. He was of the frontier type, and not unhandsome, but his face was marred by the lines that come of dissipation and crime. He carried a rifle in his hand, and from the well-filled cartridge-belt at his waist hung a pair of revolvers; he walked with quick, nervous step, and occasionally turned his head to look behind him. The large spurs at his heels seemed to indicate that he was more at home in the saddle than afoot, and so he was, but his horse had fallen from exhaustion less than a mile back, and he had mercifully ended the poor animal's suffering with a shot from his revolver. He was moving toward the range of mountains that lay to the north. Suddenly he halted, and instantly sprang backward, at the same time cocking his rifle and pointing it at an object that lay on the ground in front of him. Then he advanced cautiously, his finger on trigger, and stopped at the side of the Indian woman.

"Nothin' hut a squaw, an' dead at that!" he exclaimed, seeing what she was. "Wonder how she comes to be here, an' what killed her? An' there's a kid!—alive, too, I do believe!"

He bent over the woman, and taking the child by the shoulder, roughly turned him over. Thus rudely roused,

the little Indian made no outcry, as a white child would have done, but lay regarding the other with wide-open, suspicious eyes; the next minute, however, he held up his chubby little brown hands to the man, and cooed in perfect friendliness.

"Well, I'll be d—d!" the man ejaculated; and, resting his hands on his knees, he again stooped toward the child. "Sonny, you don't take me for your daddy, do you?" he asked, facetiously, hursting into a loud laugh.

"Goo, goo, goo," the little fellow answered, his face broadening into a grin in response to the other's laughter.

"Well, by gum!" laughed the man; "thought I was too purty to be mistaken for a red buck!" But his mirth was soon ended and his face clouded. "Poor little devil," he said, kindly, "you've made a mistake; you'll never see your daddy again, I reckon."

"Goo, goo, goo," said the child.

"You don't *sabe* the case, young feller, or you wouldn't be so happy," the man returned. "It's come to a showdown with you, an' I reckon the best thing I can do for you is to put a bullet through your head same as I did for the horse. That's the size of it," he added, slowly, as though in answer to a question. "It's that or the kyotes, but—but, by God! I ain't got the heart to shoot a kid—even an Injun."

He became silent, and straightening up, stood gazing sorrowfully into the little brown face that was turned confidently up to his. The look in his face encouraged the child to further advances, and reaching up, he grasped his trousers and pulled himself to his feet, where he stood with his little arms around the man's leg.

"Blest if he ain't huggin' my leg just like little Dick used to!" the man exclaimed. "Poor little Injun!" he went on, reaching down and taking the child up in his arms, "you ain't worth as much as a kyote, I reckon, but blamed if I ain't mighty sorry for you, somehow."

"Goo, goo, goo," crowed the child, taking the man's mustache in his fingers and pulling it sharply.

"Well, I'll be d—d!" the man cried, with delight; "pullin' my whiskers just like Dickie used to, for the world! Look here, you little imp, you've run a bluff on me that I can't call. I just ain't got the heart to leave you here to be e't up by kyotes, so I'm goin' to take you 'long with me. You'll be a right sharp load, an'—an' maybe you'll get me into a powerful lot of trouble, but I'm goin' to take the chances, just the same. *Sabe* that? Now, come on over here an' tell your mammy good-by; you'll never see her again, I reckon."

He held the baby close to his mother's face a few moments, then, wrapping him in the blanket, took him back into his arms, and, without another glance at the corpse, strode away toward the northern range of mountains. That he had not lightly reached the decision to take the child with him may be inferred from the fact that he knew himself to be pursued by a band of men who were determined on his capture, either dead or alive, and that they were not many miles behind him. Unincumbered, he felt sure of safely reaching the mountains, and once in those wild crags and cañons that he knew so well, he could defy pursuit; but with the child to carry, and having no water, he was far from being so sure. He gave evidence of his uneasiness by turning his head now and then to look back, and once he halted, and, turning around, examined the country behind him with great care. He saw no sign of his pursuers, but that afforded him no great amount of encouragement, for many miles still lay between him and the mountains. Now he faced the west, and, extending his arm, with his hand measured the height of the sun—three hours until night. If he could keep out of sight of his enemies until then his escape would be assured, for they would be unable to follow his trail in the dark. But if he failed, if it came to the worst, it would not be his first experience in facing the minions of the law, and he would give a good account of himself; he would not be taken back alive, and, if his guns did not fail him, he would have company on that long journey into the great unknown.

The grim smile that accompanied this thought had not yet left his face when he spied in front of him a net-work of deep gullies that had been worn there at some former time by the water that poured from a cloud-burst, and instantly the smile became one of satisfaction; his escape had become a certainty. Hidden in the gullies, he would be able to baffle his pursuers until night came to cover his movements.

Throughout the time that had passed since he assumed charge of the child, the little fellow had lain still and quiet, as Indian babes are trained to do, but now he began moving uneasily, then to squirm and twist about, and the man gave him a shake, exclaiming, "Stop that kickin', you little devil!" But the child squirmed all the more, and finally he opened the folds of the blanket so that he might see the little fellow's face. What he saw there caused him to come to a sudden halt. "The kid's sick, or I'm a greaser!" he exclaimed. "Bad sick, too," he added, scanning the child's pain-distorted features.

A few steps further on, a large yucca cast its shadow on the ground, and going there he laid the child down, and kneeling beside him, gazed with troubled eyes into his face. "Wonder what ails you, kid?" he muttered. "Must be colic, an' if I only had a little red licker—but I ain't got it, so there's no use talkin' about it. No, colic don't make 'em swell up that way," he went on in a puzzled tone, "an' I'll be d—d if I know what does. If I was a woman, now—but then I ain't. What he needs is a doctor, an' he needs him bad, but where he's to come from—"

He broke off, and straightening up to his full height, stood gazing across the desert with round, wide-open eyes that saw nothing. And as he stood thus his mind became hazy with memories of his past life; of a time when he had not yet earned the *sobriquet* of "Six-Shooter Pete." His heart filled with bitterness and hatred as he thought of the faithful wife, the unnatural mother, who had deserted him in the hour of their child's utmost need of a mother's loving care. A vision of a fair-haired, blue-eyed baby, his face flushed

and hot with fever, tossing restlessly about in his little bed, and constantly calling for the mammy who never came, passed before him, and his eyes filled with tears. "Oh, if only she had stayed to nurse him!" he murmured, sobbingly. Then his face hardened, and he added, bitterly: "But she was a devil; an' if there is a hell, may she roast there forever!" His mouth closed with a snap, his teeth gritting, and his hands unconsciously sought the butts of his revolvers—habit was strong upon him.

He stood silent a few moments longer, then his attention was again directed to the quivering bit of humanity at his feet. "Poor little devil," he said, kneeling beside the child, "you've got just one show for your life, an' I'm goin' to give it to you; I've seen one baby die for want of care, an' I'll be d—d if I can stand to see another! It'll cost me—but never mind that—nobody'll cry when I pass in my chips."

His lips quivered with half-suppressed emotion as he spoke, and a tear ran slowly down his cheek, but his hands were busy wrapping the child in the blanket again. That done, he picked him up and started back in the direction whence he had come, walking straight toward a gap in the southern mountains. Soon, far ahead of him, a tiny cloud of white dust rose sluggishly and hung low against the mountains. He was quick to see it, and muttered: "It's the hoys!" Then he added, grimly, "I reckon they'll be right smart surprised to find me comin' to meet 'em."

Now an idea occurred to him, and he paused to unhuckle his belt and lay his revolvers and rifle on the ground, then he went on, leaving them there. The child had ceased struggling, and now lay quiet in his arms.

An hour later he was threading his way along a ravine that cut through a range of low hills; and, rounding a short curve, he came suddenly upon a party of mounted men. His unexpected appearance created a sharp stir in their ranks; instantly there came an ominous clicking of locks, the swift pointing of grim muzzles in his direction, and the stern, quick-spoken command, "Throw up your hands, Pete!"

"I ain't got my guns, boys; honest to God I ain't—left 'em back yonder! An' I can't put up my hands—don't you see?" Pete hastily answered, holding out the child. "I give up; that's what I'm here for—thought you'd have sense enough to *sabe* that. Here, Doc, get down an' come here; I've got a case for your pill-box 'stead of your gun—come quick—he's mighty sick."

"What in —?" the leader of the party began, wonderingly. "I say, boys," he called to the others, "he's plumb locoed, or he's up to some game; keep him covered while I see what he has there." Dismounting, he walked to Pete and took the child; and Pete, as became one in his delicate position, straightened his arms vertically above his head.

Quickly Doc uncovered the child's face; then he flashed a look of distrust and inquiry at Pete. "Where'd you get this kid?" he asked.

"Back there," Pete said, dully, nodding his head to the north.

"Well, why bring it to me? Don't you know it's dead?"

"Dead!" Pete gasped, his face turning a ghastly color as he leaned over to look at the child, then his arms fell limply to his sides; but the next moment his hands went with lightning-like motion to where his revolvers usually hung. Instantly the sharp reports of half a dozen rifles rang out, and, pitching forward, he fell face downward on the ground—dead.

BOURDON WILSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1900.

Sardinia, although one of the most loyal regions to the Italian sovereign, is one of the least considered. The poverty, squalor, and malaria have in one way or other depopulated the island, which has only an average of twenty-eight inhabitants to every square kilometre, while in the Peninsula the average is one hundred and four, and in Sicily one hundred and thirteen. It is the only part of Italy where it has not yet been possible to uproot brigandage, which sometimes assumes large proportions, as when, for instance, not long ago a band of fifty took possession of a whole village after an heroic but useless resistance by the few carabinieri stationed therein, who were all killed. Sardinia is also known as being the place where almost all the salt (which is a state monopoly) consumed in Italy is produced. It comes from near Cagliari, where for several miles there is nothing but salt to be seen, in pyramids, mounds, almost mountains. For this work about three thousand men are employed, most of whom are convicts. The wages range from twenty cents to one dollar a day, according to the work, of which the convicts receive only half. However, they succeed sometimes in leaving their prison with enough savings to enable them to start anew honestly, often becoming in their old age respectable, responsible persons. The salt-works produce about two hundred thousand tons yearly.

Boys in Nebraska, a ferretless country, carry with them when hunting, a coil of hose about an inch in diameter which they pay out down a rabbit-hole until the bottom is reached, meanwhile drawing the mouth of a sack over the hole. A cheerful shout down the hose brings the rabbit out at his best pace, plump into the sack. The hose evidently does the business as quickly as the ferret, with no vexatious delays.

In 1895 the number of savings-banks in the United States was 1,017, with deposits amounting to \$1,841,000,000, and surplus and other assets making their holdings \$2,013,000,000. In 1899 the number of such banks was 942, with deposits aggregating \$2,199,000,000, and other assets making a total of \$2,401,000,000.

French painters should have room enough at the 190 Salon, as the architect of the building has provided them with nearly four miles of hanging space.

One-third of the United States is yet vacant public land rich in possibilities.



## POISONING BY MAIL.

A Parallel to the Botkin Case in New York—Roland Molyneux  
Convicted of Murder—The Story of a Century—  
End Crime.

The verdict in the Molyneux case has been a great surprise. For thirteen weeks, while the trial has been going on, the testimony has been followed with the keenest interest by all classes of people here, very much, I fancy, as that in the Botkin case, which it resembles in many respects, must have been followed in San Francisco, and everybody had an opinion as to the defendant's guilt or innocence. Interest in the case ran so high, in fact, that there was betting on the result in all the big pool-rooms on the day before the verdict was rendered. Odds were offered as if on a race, the layers giving two to one on conviction, even money on disagreement, and seven to ten on acquittal. Most of the money went on disagreement, and the verdict of murder in the first degree astonished a large number of persons.

The crime of which Molyneux has been convicted is one of the most remarkable of the century. He comes of an excellent family, his father being a brave and gallant gentleman than whom none could be more respected, and he had the advantage of good associations in the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute and later in the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, of which both he and his father were members. In this club he rose to prominence, becoming one of the best amateur performers on the horizontal-bar in the country. But the wholesome influence of healthy exercise was lost on him, for it is said that when he took part in the club exhibitions he used to rouge his cheeks, and the testimony in the trial has shown him to be a moral degenerate.

There is always a woman in a case of this kind, and in this instance she is the defendant's wife, Blanche Chesebrough Molyneux. She had been a singer in a church choir, but she had more male admirers than chaperones. Molyneux was one of her admirers, Harry Cornish, manager of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, was another, and a third was Henry C. Barnet, also a member of the club. Barnet, fond of high-living, and with the money to gratify his tastes, was an obstacle to Molyneux's desire to marry the girl, as love-letters found among his effects showed subsequently, but on November 10, 1898, he died suddenly, in his rooms at the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, and twelve days later Molyneux and Blanche Chesebrough were married. Cornish, however, was still in the field, and on Christmas Day of that same year he received through the mails a bottle of bromo-seltzer which, had he tasted it, would have put him as completely out of the running as was Barnet. He gave some of the stuff to his landlady, Mrs. Adams, who was complaining of a headache, and she died within an hour. On chemical examination, the powder was found to contain enough cyanide of mercury to the dose to kill a horse.

The physicians had certified Barnet's death as due to diphtheria, but further investigation showed that it had been caused by cyanide of mercury poisoning. The police, however, could find absolutely no clew to the murderer, beyond the letters from Blanche Chesebrough, and that was too faint to afford a working hypothesis. The poison had been contained in a sample bottle of some patent medicine Barnet had received through the mail, and as the wrapper had been lost there was no way of tracing the sender.

But the death of Mrs. Adams, something more than a month later, started a new trail, and, though Molyneux was never formally accused of murdering Barnet, the two crimes are so intimately interwoven and the motive and method of the poisoner so similar that there can be little doubt that the same brain conceived and executed both. In both cases a private letter-box had been hired by Molyneux in the name of the intended victim; in both cases letters had been sent by him to patent medicine firms asking that samples be sent to the intended victim at the address of the private letter-box; and in both cases samples of a patent medicine, containing a quantity of cyanide of mercury, had been sent by mail to the intended victim. Necessarily the evidence was circumstantial, but the motive was brought out, and, in the second case, the testimony of experts pointed inevitably to the conclusion that it was Molyneux who had written the letters to the patent-medicine firms over the signatures of "H. C. Barnet" and "Harry Cornish," and had addressed the fatal bottle of bromo-seltzer to the instructor of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club.

The most dramatic scenes of the trial took place on Friday, when Assistant District Attorney Osborne made his final appeal to the jury for a verdict of death. The defendant's father and mother were in court, the brave old general facing the ordeal like a true soldier, while Mrs. Blanche Chesebrough Molyneux sat beside her husband, clasping his hand in hers. All through the course of the trial Molyneux had maintained a confident air, listening to the most damaging testimony with apparent unconcern. This offered a point of attack of which Osborne did not fail to take advantage. After referring in strong terms to Molyneux's excesses, he declared that he had known from the start that there was something *outré* about the case, that the perpetrator of the crime must be, not a normal, healthy man, but a degenerate. Then he suddenly turned on Molyneux and denounced his heartlessness in smiling as the death agonies of his friend Barnet were described, smiling when told of poor old Mrs. Adams's sudden end, smiling "when he knows that, come what may, he has practically broken his father's heart." Molyneux smiled no more. Again Osborne startled the court-room when he intimated that still another man who had figured in the testimony as a friend of Blanche Chesebrough had been marked out by Molyneux for a third victim. But most impressive was his singing out of the defendant's wife. "The prosecution," he declared, "believes the motive in the Barnet case has assumed a human form, and there, gentlemen, there," pointing his forefinger at Mrs. Blanche Chesebrough Moly-

neux, "there sits the motive." This direct attack created a sensation, but Osborne went on: "Remember that this woman did not marry Molyneux until Barnet lay cold in the grave. Remember that the marriage was sudden. Remember that he was trying to marry this woman for more than a year. Another man intervened." Molyneux lost his calm for a moment and his counsel bad to force him back into his chair, while the old general turned white and moved nearer to his daughter-in-law as if to protect her. But Osborne was not to be stopped, and he made a further point that it was a shame that the defendant's counsel had brought her into court when they knew his duty as prosecutor compelled him to denounce her.

The trial was one of the longest criminal cases on record, consuming no less than thirteen weeks. Carlyle Harris took three weeks, Dr. Buchanan's occupied five weeks, and that of Mrs. M. A. A. Fleming lasted a month and a half, but that of Roland B. Molyneux has taken up exactly a quarter of a year. The death of Mrs. Adams took place on December 28, 1898, and the trial began on November 14, 1899. It took twelve days to obtain the jury, and during that time five hundred and four talesmen were examined. Thirty-nine days were spent in taking the testimony of ninety-four witnesses, of whom the hand-writing experts alone cost the prosecution some fifty thousand dollars. Each side took two days to sum up, and the charge to the jury occupied more than three hours in its delivery. Then the jurors went out, and, after deliberating for more than seven hours, returned their verdict of guilty. Of course an appeal will be taken, but the jury is an exceptionally intelligent one, and that, instead of washing its hands of the grave responsibility by failing to agree, it should have unanimously condemned Roland B. Molyneux to death is in itself conclusive evidence to the general public that justice has been done.

NEW YORK, February 15, 1900.

FLANEUR.

## THE FLOWERS.

VALLEJO, Cal., February 9, 1900.  
[EDITORS ARGONAUT: Would you kindly publish a poem of Kipling's, the name of which I do not know, but the opening lines are:

"Buy my English flowers—  
Kent and Surrey may," etc.

You will greatly oblige an admirer and subscriber. LYDDA K. EVANS.]

Buy my English posies—

Kent and Surrey may,

Violets of the Undercliff

Wet with Channel spray;

Cowslips from a Devoncombe

Midland furze afire—

Buy my English posies,

And I'll sell your heart's desire!

Buy my English posies!—

You that scorn the may

Won't you greet a friend from home

Half the world away?

Green against the dragged drift,

Faint and frail and first—

Buy my Northern blood-root

And I'll know where you were nursed!

Robin down the logging-road whistles, "Come to me,"

Spring has found the maple grove, the sap is running free;

All the winds of Canada call the plowing-rain.

Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!—

Here's to match your need.

Buy a tuft of royal heath,

Buy a bunch of weed

White as sand of Muesenberg

Spun before the gale—

Buy my heath and lilies

And I'll tell you whence you hail!

Under hot Constantia broad the vineyards lie—

Throned and thorned the aching berg props the speckless sky—

Slow below the Wynberg firs trails the tilted wain—

Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!—

You that will not turn,

Buy my hot-wood clematis,

Buy a frond of fern

Gathered where the Erskine leaps

Down the road to Lorne—

Buy my Christmas creeper

And I'll say where you were born!

West away from Melbourne dust holidays begin—

They that work at Paradise woo at Cora Lynn—

Through the great South Otway gums sings the great South Main—

Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!—

Here's your choice unsold!

Buy a blood-red myrtle-bloom,

Buy the Kowhai's gold

Flung for gift on Taupo's face

Sign that spring has come—

Buy my clinging myrtle

And I'll give you back your home!

Broom behind the windy town, pollen of the pine—

Bell-hird in the leafy deep where the *ratas* twine—

Fern above the saddle-bow, flax upon the plain—

Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!

Ye that have your own

Buy them for a brother's sake

Overseas, alone.

Weed ye trample underfoot

Floods his heart a-him—

Bird ye never heeded,

Oh, she calls his dead to him!

Far and far our homes are set round the Seven Seas.

Woe for us if we forget, we that hold by these!

Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird and land—

Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and understand!

—Rudyard Kipling.

One of Millais's favorite anecdotes related to an incident that occurred when he was shooting in Scotland with Mr. Reginald Cholmondeley and Sir William Harcourt:

"One evening during a casual stroll about the domain, the sportsman" [the biographer does not say which of them] "spied a magnificent 'horned beast' grazing peacefully on their little hill. In the gloaming it loomed up as a stag of fine proportions, and without pausing to examine it through a glass, he rushed into the house and, seizing a rifle, advanced upon his quarry with all the stealth and cunning of an accomplished stalker. The crucial moment came at last. His finger was on the trigger and the death of the animal was a certainty, when a raucous Highland voice bellowed in his ear, 'Ye're no gaen to shute the meenister's goat, are ye?'"

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Secretary Long has decided to appoint Commander Seaton Schroeder to be the first naval governor of the Samoan island of Tutuila.

Arnold Ward, son of Mrs. Humphry Ward, is now in Egypt; he intends to adopt journalism as a career, and will begin as correspondent to the London *Times*.

Mascagni, who has just finished the score of his new opera, "The Maskers," which is to be produced in Rome in April, has at least made a certain amount of talk about it in advance by dedicating it to himself. The dedication runs: "To myself, with my distinguished consideration and unchanging esteem."

The downfall of Mahdism is rendered complete by the recent capture of Osman Digna in the hills near Tokah. After the Khalifa himself, no one so much endangered the peace of the Sudan as this formidable emir. His hatred of civilization was most bitter, and his skillful generalship was one of the chief obstacles to be overcome in the conquest of the Sudan.

John W. Huger, of Atlanta, whom Governor Candler has appointed as his personal representative at the Lafayette monument exercises in Paris, is the grandson of Francis Kinloch Huger, who engaged in a desperate and partially successful attempt to release Lafayette from the Austrian prison at Olmutz. He had as companion in the attempt another American, Dr. Eric Bollman.

Queen Christina of Spain has conferred the Golden Fleece on the German crown prince and has deputed the Duke of Veragua, who attended the World's Fair as the representative of Columbus, to convey the order to Berlin. Queen Victoria, who intends to give the crown prize the order of the Garter on his eighteenth birthday in May next, is said to be much annoyed, as she wished the Garter to be the first great foreign order bestowed on her great-grandson.

The Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," is to have an opportunity to edit a daily newspaper as he thinks a Christian daily newspaper should be edited. For the week beginning March 13th he will have absolute control of every department of the Topeka *Capital-News*, editorial and advertising. It is understood that able writers are to assist Mr. Sheldon, and that statesmen, prominent clergymen, and editors of some of the dailies of New York, Chicago, and St. Louis will help him with suggestions. Mr. Sheldon has not yet given any intimation of his plans.

"The Duchess of Marlborough is displaying that shrewdness and capacity for business which seems to be one of the especial virtues of American women," says a London weekly. "Everybody may not be aware that when the Duke of Marlborough married Consuelo Vanderbilt she at once proceeded to master every detail connected with the management of the enormous estates which surround the historical palace of Blenheim. Those hours spent in patient study have already borne good fruit in the gradual improvement of the property. And now that the Duke of Marlborough has gone to the war, his wife will entirely manage his affairs and direct all operations on the estates. Thus history repeats itself, for when the first Duke of Marlborough was winning battles against Louis the Fourteenth, his duchess—Sarah Jennings—managed his estates with a parsimonious thrift which made her the butt of all the wits and ballad-mongers in the days of good Queen Anne."

Although the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale is about to retire from the pastorate of the South Congregational Church of Boston, he did not hesitate to institute a change in its customs a few Sundays ago that is sure to be the topic of much discussion, and perhaps of some criticism. This was nothing less than the substitution of water for wine in the communion service. Dr. Hale gave at length his reasons for doing as he did. He began by saying that it was an unessential matter of detail whether wine or water were used, and that wine had been originally selected not because of its peculiar suitability, but because it was the common drink of the country and time. He asserted with profound satisfaction that water is the universal beverage of Americans, and therefore it was the natural thing to put upon our communion tables. The address concluded with a reference to the many persons who find wine, even in the smallest quantities, either a temptation or an offense, and who are accordingly at present debarred from participating in the communion rite.

According to the latest advices from Peking, an imperial edict just issued commands Li Hung Chang to desecrate and destroy the tombs of the ancestors of the Chinese reformer, Kang Yu Wei, and offers one hundred thousand *taels* for his capture, dead or alive. Though the edict purports to emanate from the emperor, it is evidently the work of the dowager-empress, whose bitterness toward the reformers is thus further evidenced. Kang, who is about forty years of age, is a Cantonese, and for some time was a teacher at the Native College in Canton. Ten years ago he went to Peking, where he became one of the founders of the Reform Association, and, although he never held an office of any importance, being in fact but a junior secretary of the board of works, he succeeded in winning the notice of the emperor by means of memorials to the throne advocating the introduction of reform, and eventually the emperor granted him the now historical audience, when Kang's eloquence moved the emperor to astonish China and the world at large by the series of decrees which, among other innovations, were to alter the character of the literary and military examinations, to institute a national currency, and to found a university at Peking. The attempted reforms, it will be remembered, came to naught, and resulted in the return of the old order of things with the empress-dowager in control, the flight of Kang, and the execution of the other principal reformers.



## FERMENT IN THE LATIN QUARTER.

Spoiled Children of Paris—Privileges Allowed the Students—Unrestricted Liberty that Leads to Riotous Demonstrations—Outbreaks Given Political Significance.

The students of Paris are getting frisky—so frisky that grave observers are wondering if serious trouble is brewing among them. They have it in their power to cause considerable disorder in the city, and that is one reason they are, as a rule, treated so mildly, and allowed so much liberty in their own quarter, by a police not noted for mildness toward other delinquents.

Of course there is another reason, also. The government of France, the administration of the city, the whole tone of life here tends toward the apotheosis of youth. The cult of "ma mère" is generally supposed to be the most deeply rooted principle of the French character. And that worship is certainly a very real element in the national life, and a very salutary one. But it is to youth that the people have erected the loftiest altar; to youth is burned the most frequent incense. It is as though the people, feeling that they are old, very old, as a national entity, old and outworn, turned with sad devotion to the individual "youthfulness" which is their only hope.

Half of the literature of modern France is inspired directly or indirectly by the sense of the glory and joy of youthfulness—sometimes the sorrowful sense of a thing past and done with, sometimes the exulting sense of a thing actually enjoyed, a vibrant personal reality. And literature, here as necessarily in every case, represents life. To be young means in France to be infinitely excused. It means even to be admired in the wildest excesses.

"Ah, the brave *gaillards*!" you will hear some pucker-eyed, weary-faced old fellow say, as he suns himself in the Luxembourg gardens and watches, half-mournfully, altogether admiringly, the exuberant mirth and life of a band of students whose unrestrained singing, and dancing, and general disorderliness would certainly bring them under the severe remonstrances of an American police agent.

The city of Paris, officially and individually, puts the students, the representatives of youth, upon a vast free list. The extraordinarily generous university system, the glory of France, which gives to the youth, not only of the country but of all the countries, as fine an education as the world can offer, at the cost of at most a few five-dollar bills per year—this is but the beginning of the student's privilege.

The photographic "card of identity," which has supplanted the black-velvet *beret* as the badge of studentry, has become an "open-sesame" all through Paris. It admits him at half price to nearly all the theatres, to nearly every public show. Shown at his tailor's, or butcher's, or baker's, or candlestick-maker's, it procures him a long credit, or, for money down, substantial reductions. It brings railroad traveling, either for pleasure or business, much more often within his reach. Exhibited at the "Poste," when the police official is inquiring into some excessive display of boisterous horse-play on the public boulevard, it softens the frowning dignity into indulgent smiles and procures a speedy dismissal with words of fatherly counsel.

Every now and then the subsidized theatres are thrown open to the youth of the university for themselves alone. Every now and then one or other of the private theatres organizes a free student's night, and perhaps even sends omnibuses to the Latin quarter to fetch the bonored, frolicking guests. On certain occasions the best actors—Bernhardt, Coquelin, Mounet-Sully—come down to the quarter and give free representations in the big theatre of the Sorbonne, delighted to offer the best of their talent to the "youth of France," and thrilled through and through by the unrestrained, affectionate applause with which their efforts are received. The state gives a handsome sum yearly to maintain a princely hotel where, for a nominal yearly sum, the students enjoy all the advantages of a first-rate club and library, with sporting adjuncts, *salle d'escrime*, laboratories, and heaven only knows what else beside. And private citizens give annual subscriptions or leave formidable legacies to add to the benevolence of the state.

The students, in fine, are the pets of Paris, spoiled children of the glittering, artistic, sentimental city.

From this peculiar position, accorded to them from their numbers (about twenty thousand settled in Paris), from their cosmopolitanism (which last has a very direct tendency to increase the lawlessness and "young bloodism" of the mass), it has come about that the students have a very considerable power. They have scared the government before now, and they can scare it again.

Sometimes, when their feeling has been stirred to the point of common action, they have made havoc of the peace of the city by marching, many hundred or several thousand strong, down the main thoroughfares "manifesting" in song and recitative, with sticks brandished over their heads, a forest of menacing canes, and wrecking a *café* or two en route by way of giving unmistakable demonstration of their dissatisfaction. This they did at the breaking out of the Greek war, when the government refused to take action against the Turk. And, doing this, they managed, among other exploits, to procure the breaking of the arm of a peaceful, newly arrived visitor seated in blissful innocence at a *café* on the grand boulevards. That little incident I can attest with a certain amount of confidence, for, as they say in melodrama, I was that visitor.

It is sufficiently obvious that a continued series of such manifestations, besides doing no little harm to trade and amusement, to the whole life of the city, has necessarily a very powerful propagandist effect. It brings the idea of the manifestants vividly before the people, secures adherents, and may be the starting point of a revolution.

This is how the students have real power. And this is why many serious people are wondering what exactly it may be that is preparing in the Latin quarter just now. So far

there have been no very grave homogeneous manifestations. But there have been what many people think rather worse, a long series of minor, apparently isolated disturbances.

This is the kind of thing which we have seen some five or six times in the morning papers during the past fortnight:

"Yesterday evening a band of some two score students amused themselves by manifesting in the Rue des Ecoles. They were dispersed by the police without much difficulty, and melted away down the side streets. A few minutes later, however, they regained the Boulevard Saint Michel, where they formed again, being reinforced by small bodies coming from the *cafés*. They were again broken up, but re-assembled on the Place in front of the Odéon Theatre, whence they tried to march toward the Seine, with the evident intention of reaching the right bank of the river. The *cafés* along their route were hastily barricaded by the frightened waiters. At the river side the students found all the bridges strongly guarded by the police, who had been ordered out in haste. After a brief tussle, in the course of which a few were arrested, the students retired, singing the 'Marseillaise.' It was impossible in the confusion to discover what was the object of the manifestation."

Reading these items with their accounts of strategy and counter-strategy, retreats and flying columns, and so on, one would say, a telegram from Spion Kop or Colenso.

If you try to find out what it is all about, you get very little satisfaction. There has been trouble in one of the faculties, you may be told; a professor has quarreled with his class; the *doyen* has unjustly "turned down" a student; there is a re-ferment of anti-Dreyfusism apropos of the action of the Collectivist students—all sorts of vague, ineffective reasons are suggested.

I questioned a sergeant of police the other day, and he said: "Oh, rien, l'on s'amuse—quoi?" Nothing at all, just frolic.

In the Café Voltaire an old gentleman barangued an after-dinner gathering on the subject, and the gist of his oration was that ever since he had known the quarter he had observed that these isolated manifestations broke out to a greater or less degree at the turn of the year. They were to him like the premature birds of the springtime.

I asked an old *café* proprietor, and he said it meant trouble—he was uneasy about his windows. He thought it appeared that these minor demonstrations were organized, by way of training for a vast and violent pro-Boer or anti-English agitation, with the view of forcing Père Loubet to buckle on his armor and make war on the embarrassed eternal enemy. The students were always such fools, he added, with a glance round his bemirrored *salles*; they always wanted to shove the country into war in the name of Heaven only knew what mad ideas of justice and liberty.

I asked several students what was brewing, and most of them said "Nothing; nothing at all," and one of them said, "You will see, one of these days." In vain did I pay him a *café-kirsch*. I could get no more from him.

For myself, I confess I am hopelessly in the dark. But the undoubted ferment now going on is an interesting feature of the Paris life of the moment. These things could not be so in America.

STEPHEN MACKENNA.

PARIS, January 29, 1900.

"No Presidential contest in the United States has been without an issue of paramount importance. Unexpected issues have been common in our history. Nearly a hundred years ago the question of the annexation of Louisiana suddenly sprang up, to the surprise of politicians on both sides. The question of permitting slavery in Missouri was suddenly precipitated in 1819, and the effects of the agitation extended throughout many subsequent Presidential campaigns. Nullification in South Carolina in 1832 created a new issue, as did the proposed annexation of Texas in 1844, and the latter led to the defeat of Van Buren in the Democratic National Convention and gave the nomination to Polk, the unknown. The right of secession was suddenly made an issue in 1860. So, constantly, in American history new political questions of overwhelming importance have been coming to the front unexpectedly. Is the Boer war to become a question in national politics?" asks a writer in *Leslie's Weekly*, and then goes on to answer his own question. "This is not impossible, not even improbable. While the preponderating Boer sentiment seems to exist in Democratic communities, it is not governed entirely by political feeling, but seems to be shyly cultivated by politicians of both parties. If the Democratic party should formulate a declaration distinctly in favor of the Transvaal republics, even going so far as to invite American intervention, what would be left for the Republican National Convention to do? The renomination of our present chief executive, if made on a platform embodying a plank offensive to Great Britain, might lead to interesting, if not to serious international complications. Another matter which may be forced upon the public as an issue refers to a radical reduction of our war taxes. The receipts of the government are far in excess of its expenditures, some estimates ranging as high as one hundred millions of dollars for the coming year, and the war taxes can be reduced without jeopardizing the interests of the treasury. A general protest against many of the petty stamp-taxes on insurance policies, stock and bond transactions, palace-car tickets, express receipts, telegraph messages, and bank checks has been heard. They seem the most oppressive because they are constantly brought to the attention of the masses. If the Republican party, which imposed them during a time of war, does not reduce or repeal them when they are found to be unnecessary in time of peace, the Democratic party will take up the task, and it is bound to be a popular one."

Many a mickle makes a muckle. If one-eighth of the two-cent stamps used are sold in wax-paper books of twelve stamps, at a cost of twenty-five cents each, as is proposed, the net profit to the department will be not less than two hundred and thirty thousand dollars annually.

It is said that the losses by fire in the United States during 1899 exceeded those of 1898 by seventeen millions of dollars. This seems to indicate that the art of building fire-proof structures is still in its infancy.

## OLD FAVORITES.

George Washington.

(From "Under the Old Elm," read at Cambridge on the hundredth anniversary of Washington's taking command of the American army, July 3, 1775.)

Beneath our consecrated elm  
A century ago he stood  
Famed vaguely for that old fight in the wood  
Whose red surge sought, but could not overwhelm  
The life foredoomed to wield our rough-bewn helm:  
From colleges, where now the gown  
To arms had yielded, from the town,  
Our rude self-summoned levies flocked to see  
The new-come chiefs and wonder which was he.  
No need to question long; close-lipped and tall,  
Long trained in murder-brooding forests lone  
To bridle others' clamors and his own,  
Firmly erect, he towered above them all,  
The incarnate discipline that was to free  
With iron curb that armed democracy. . . .

Musing beneath the legendary tree,  
The years between full off: I seem to see  
The sun-flecks, shaken the stirred foliage through,  
Dapple with gold his sober buff and blue  
And weave prophetic aureoles round the head  
That shines our beacon now nor darkens with the dead.  
O man of silent mood,  
A stranger among strangers then,  
How art thou since renowned the Great, the Good,  
Familiar as the day in all the homes of men!  
The winged years, that winnow praise and blame,  
Blow many names out: they but fan to flame  
The self-renewing splendors of thy fame. . . .

What figure more immovably august  
Than that grave strength so patient and so pure,  
Calm in good fortune, when it wavered, sure,  
That mind serene, impenetrably just,  
Modeled on classic lines so simple they endure?  
That soul so softly radiant and so white  
The track it left seems less of fire than light,  
Cold but to such as love disquietude?  
And if pure light, as some deem, be the force  
That drives rejoicing planets on their course,  
Why for his power benign seek an impurer source?  
His was the true enthusiasm that burns long,  
Domestically bright,  
Fed from itself and shy of human sight,  
The hidden force that makes a lifetime strong,  
And not the short-lived fuel of a song.  
Passionless, say you? What is passion for  
But to sublime our natures and control  
To front heroic toils with late return,  
Or none, or such as shames the conqueror?  
That fire was fed with substance of the soul  
And not with holiday stubble, that could burn,  
Unpraised of men who after bonfires run,  
Through seven slow years of unadvancing war,  
Equal when fields were lost or fields were won,  
With breath of popular applause or blame,  
Nor fanned nor damped, unquenchably the same,  
Too inward to be reached by flaws of idle fame.

Soldier and statesman, rarest union;  
High-poised example of great duties done  
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn  
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born:  
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,  
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,  
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,  
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;  
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed  
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;  
Never seduced through show of present good  
By other than unsetting lights to steer  
New-trimmed in Heaven, nor than his steadfast mood  
More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear;  
Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still  
In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will;  
Not honored then or now because he wooed  
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;  
Broad-minded, bigger-souled, there is but one  
Who was all this and ours, and all men's,—Washington.

Minds strong by fits, irregularly great,  
That flash and darken like revolving lights,  
Catch more the vulgar eye unschooled to wait  
On the long curve of patient days and nights  
Rounding a whole life to the circle fair  
Of orb'd fulfillment; and this balanced soul,  
So simple in its grandeur, coldly bare  
Of draperies theatric, standing there  
In perfect symmetry of self-control,  
Seems not so great at first, but greater grows  
Still as we look, and by experience learn  
How grand this quiet is, how nobly stern  
The discipline that wrought through life-long throes  
That energetic passion of repose.

A nature too decorous and severe,  
Too self-respectful in its griefs and joys,  
For ardent girls and boys  
Who find no genius in a mind so clear  
That its grave depths seem obvious and near,  
Nor a soul great that made so little noise.  
They feel no force in that calm cadenced phrase,  
The habitual full-dress of his well-bred mind,  
That seems to pace the minutest courtly maze  
And tell of ampler pleasures, roomier length of days.  
His firm-based brain, to self so little kind  
That no tumultuary blood could blind,  
Formed to control men, not amaze,  
Looms not like those that borrow height of haze;  
It was a world of statelier movement then  
Than this we fret in, he a denizen  
Of that ideal Rome that made a man for men.

The longer on this earth we live  
And weigh the various qualities of men,  
Seeing how most are fugitive,  
Or fitful gifts, at best, of now and then,  
Wind-wavered corpse-lights, daughters of the fen,  
The more we feel the big stern-featured beauty  
Of plain devotedness to duty,  
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,  
But finding amplest recompense  
For life's ungarlanded expense  
In work done squarely and unwasted days.  
For this we honor him, that he could know  
How sweet the service and how free  
Of her, God's eldest daughter here below,  
And choose in meanest raiment which was sbe.

Placid completeness, life without a fall  
From faith or biggest aims, truth's breachless wall,  
Surely if any fame can bear the touch,  
His will say "Here!" at the last trumpet's call,  
The unexpressive man whose life expressed so much.

—James Russell Lowell.

Maine will hold an "old-home week" this summer, as New Hampshire did last year.



## A RETROSPECT OF FORTY YEARS.

Edwin L. Godkin's Newspaper Memories—Horse Greeley and the Tribune—The Bennett Type of Journalism.

In a recent issue of the New York *Evening Post*, Edwin L. Godkin, late editor of that paper, contributes an interesting article entitled "Random Recollections," in which he describes in a graphic manner the condition of the newspaper press, and of the state of society, in that far-off period called "before the war." Mr. Godkin arrived in America in the fall of 1856, on the eve of the Presidential election. The air was full of the discussion about slavery, which was to end four years later in the Civil War:

"The excitement was tremendous, greater than I could at first realize. The night of the day on which I landed, I attended a Fremont meeting in the old Academy of Music, at which the Hutchinson family sang songs about freedom, which were rapturously applauded in the intervals between speeches that astounded me by their heat and extravagance. But in a few days I became aware that themes were under popular discussion which had never before been discussed popularly—the rights and wrongs of slavery, the equality of man, the provisions of a written constitution, the position of leading public men on questions which were half moral and only half political or legal. Nothing else was talked of. I went one night to a thronged meeting at Tammany Hall, which was addressed by a Southern senator, whose name I forget, but I was struck by the fact that he seemed to have no answer to the Northern arguments except denunciation of the Abolitionists, and he brought down the house by the assertion that every one of those present 'would be the better of a good nigger to wait upon him.' To my preconceived notions of senatorial dignity this was a good deal of a shock. I got more light from hearing Mr. Carl Schurz, who was then just beginning his political career, and I think, but am not sure, that I heard at the same time Abraham Lincoln. He was not as yet a sufficiently conspicuous person, at least in the Eastern States, to make much impression on a foreigner."

When he went South later he stopped at night at the best planter's house he happened to meet with, and although he was compelled to discuss slavery round the fire, his views, as those of an ill-informed foreigner, were treated with great civility and indulgence:

"Two incidents made a deep impression on my memory. One night, in a respectable planter's house in Mississippi, some visitors from the neighborhood came in for a chat. The talk turned upon the speaking at a recent political meeting near by, and particular mention was made of a very ferocious attack on some one by one of the orators. A young Presbyterian minister was among the visitors, and his remark was, on hearing the language in question, 'If any man talked that way about me, I should lie in wait for him and kill him.' I should have been horrified by this, even if it had come from a layman, but by the rest of the company it was evidently considered a not unnatural *obiter dictum*, and passed without notice."

The other incident occurred in Arkansas, at the house of a young doctor, who had recently come from Baltimore, Md., to settle there and practice his profession:

"He was warned from the first that he had much to fear from an old doctor, long resident in the place, and he was accordingly very careful to have nothing to do with the old doctor's patients. At length, however, he yielded to the agonized entreaties of a father to attend a sick child in whom the old doctor had failed to effect any improvement. The neighborhood then considered his fate as sealed, and advised him either to keep out of his *conférence* way or to meet him in arms. It was what Mr. Roosevelt would call a 'strenuous' society, and it was evidently considered but natural that the old doctor should shoot his young rival on sight. Not long afterward, however, the latter saw the elderly physician coming on a lonely road, and got his 'gun' ready for action. To his surprise and delight, the old gentleman met him with outstretched hand, and, after a cordial shake, wished him success and prosperity. But the general expectation by the neighborhood of a totally different result shows how easily even a Christian community becomes familiarized with the idea of removing obnoxious persons by murder."

On his return to New York, in the early spring, he occupied himself in preparing for admission to the bar and in writing letters for the London *Daily News*. As regarded American affairs, he was simply a very interested observer:

"The *Tribune*, in particular, excited my warm admiration. The staff was composed of men like Charles A. Dana, George Ripley, George William Curtis, and Bayard Taylor, whose travels, though dull, were in everybody's hands at a time when 'going abroad' was comparatively rare. In fact, the paper was an institution more like the *Comédie-Française* than anything I have ever known in the journalistic world. The writers were all, as it were, partners in a common enterprise, and Greeley, though all-powerful, was simply looked upon as *primus inter pares*. He was, however, adored by the farmers in New England and in the Western Reserve, who believed he wrote every word of the *Tribune*, not excepting the advertisements. The influence of such a journal was deservedly high. Greeley, from the very outset, had supplied the spirit which made the paper an authority in the land, for he sacrificed everything, advertisers, subscribers, and all else, to what he considered principle. The paper would probably have suffered from his want

of education and general knowledge if he had not surrounded himself with writers who made ample amends for his defects. It must be added, however, that, as the years rolled by, self-conceit grew upon him, and made the end of his career, in some sort, a tragedy. But this was not until the anti-slavery cause had won its final triumph, and the blasts on his bugle-horn had lost their old efficacy."

During the three or four years before the war, to get admission to the columns of the *Tribune* almost gave the young writer a patent of literary nobility, and Greeley in those years welcomed talent, male or female, from any quarter and in every field:

"But I did not become fully aware how much of his influence and success he owed to the anti-slavery cause until 1864, when the war was nearly over. In the early spring of that year I was invited to a breakfast by the late Mr. John A. C. Gray. I found there Wendell Phillips, Bryant, the poet, and one or two other men. As I am now the sole survivor of the party, I may relate what occurred without indiscretion. Greeley entered a few minutes after me, and approached the host, who was standing near the fire-place conversing with Mr. Bryant; Bryant took no notice of him. The host asked in a whisper, but in my hearing: 'Don't you know Mr. Greeley?' The answer, in a still louder whisper, was: 'No, I don't; he's a black-guard—he's a black-guard.' This, I thought, was due to one of Greeley's striking peculiarities, his treating every opponent with a sort of ferocious contempt. A not uncommon heading of his articles was 'Another Lie Nailed to the Counter,' and a not uncommon beginning to his discussions was a plaintive inquiry 'whether there was to be no end of lying,' and a not uncommon designation of an antagonist was that he was 'a liar, knowing himself to be a liar, and lying with naked intent to deceive.' I concluded that Mr. Bryant, who was a man of refinement and cultivation, had met with some of this mauling at Greeley's hands. But at the breakfast table Greeley revealed more serious defects in his character than addition to rough language. The talk turned on the war, and more particularly on the defense of Washington. On this subject he poured forth opinions so comically absurd that they might have figured in the 'Grande Duchesse.' They were received by the rest of the company in a silence, which, I fear, was not respectful. Talking after breakfast, over our cigars, of the Republican nomination of the successor to Lincoln, Greeley's one contribution to the discussion, frequently repeated, was: 'Anybody you please; but not old Abe.' About this time his influence had begun to decline, until at last he finished it by accepting the Democratic nomination for the Presidency."

Greeley's defects might possibly have attracted earlier attention, but for the presence in the office, as managing editor, of Mr. Charles A. Dana, who was then "the rising hope of the stern and unyielding" Radicals:

"He had the general knowledge of men and affairs in which Greeley was so deplorably wanting, wrote well, and kept in touch with the normal world of the day. He had pleasant evening receptions, at which I was present a few times, and to which I was glad to be invited. His having been at Brook Farm was a feather in his cap with the numerous 'fideles' that thronged his parlors. At that time the wildest reporter of a yellow journal could not have foreshadowed his solar career. George Ripley was the 'literary editor.' He was considered by the literary class a model critic because he never found fault with anybody. The critic's function then was considered to be not the promotion of literature or art in the abstract, but the encouragement of any American, male or female, who wished to write or paint. The consequence was that Ripley was, until his death, the idol of all struggling authors and artists. That he was a man of wide cultivation and learning, there is no question, and he would have been abundantly able to play the part of a real critic, but for the fact that his heart was too much for his brains."

"But none of these men had penetrated the real secret of modern democratic journalism. The old *ante-bellum* papers were edited, in the main, to please and catch the clergy, the professional classes, and the 'genteel' few. This, in spite of occasional outbursts of vulgarity, caused by the misconduct of business rivals, was the characteristic of most prominent *ante-bellum* papers. It was the characteristic of the Washington *Intelligencer* and of the New York *Courier and Inquirer*, both of which died during or soon after the war."

The elder Bennett was the first to cater to the tastes of the uninstructed or slenderly instructed masses:

"Bennett found there was more journalistic money to be made in recording the gossip that interested har-rooms, work-shops, race-courses, and tenement-houses than in consulting the tastes of drawing-rooms and libraries. He introduced, too, an absolutely new feature, which has had, perhaps, the greatest success of all. I mean the plan of treating everything and everybody as somewhat of a joke, and the knowledge of everything about him, including his family affairs, as something to which the public is entitled. This was immensely taking in the world in which he sought to make his way. It has since been adopted by other papers, and it always pays. It has, indeed, given an air of flippancy to the American character, and a certain fondness for things that elsewhere are regarded as childish, which every foreign visitor now notices. Under its influence nearly all our public men are regarded as fair objects of ridicule by opponents. This is also true of most serious men, whether public men or not. Even crime and punishment have received a touch of the comic. I used to hear, at the time of which I write, that Beonett's editors all sat in stalls, in one large room, while he walked up and down in the morning distributing their parts

for the day. To one he would say, 'Pitch into Greeley'; to another, 'Give Raymond hell'; and so on. The result probably was that the efforts of Greeley and Raymond for the elevation of mankind on that particular day were made futile. By adding to his comic department wonderful enterprise in collecting news from all parts of the world, Bennett was able to realize a fortune in the first half of the century, besides making a deep impression on all ambitious young publishers."

The *Evening Post* was, in 1857, under the editorship of Mr. Bryant, stealing into larger circulation, partly through the slavery question, partly through the aureole of his poetry:

"This, besides the austerity of his character, took him out of the 'rough and tumble' of journalism. His executive officer was Mr. John Bigelow, who, when the war broke out, went to Paris as consul, and left the journalistic field. Not many men have brought to the journalistic profession as much scholarly taste and ambition as Mr. Bigelow. Between him and Mr. Bryant they gave the *Evening Post* a *hors concours* air which made up for the comparative smallness of circulation."

New York was still in a stage in which leading men were admired and had influence:

"There were still worshippers—I met them every day—of Andrew Jackson, of Calhoun, of Daniel Webster, of Henry Clay, and of Silas Wright. They could tell you of the opinions these men held, and the language in which they expressed them. One of Andrew Jackson's office-holders, James A. Hamilton, a district attorney, still lived, in green old age, in a house on the Hudson where I spent many pleasant evenings. William H. Seward, too, had his disciples and admirers in New York. I used to read his speeches."

The state of Mr. Godkin's health compelled him to go to Europe early in 1860:

"I passed most of the time of my absence in France and Switzerland. The tone of the European press, both in England and on the Continent, was still hostile and slightly contemptuous, and was not improved by the Mason and Slidell affair, nor by the argumentation which followed it. I wrote occasionally for the London *Daily News*, which always remained friendly to us, but it was a voice crying in the wilderness. I heard the situation summed up one day at a *café* on the boulevard in a way which expressed probably the most favorable opinion held about us, 'une bonne cause mal soutenue.'"

After the war Mr. Godkin found that he was in the presence of a new America. He adds:

"That new America, making allowance, of course, for the abolition of slavery, had been created, I think, by the legal-tender decision; that really produced a new world. It was the revelation to a new and greatly increased and heterogeneous population, by their highest court, that they possessed the old medieval power of cheating their creditors by printing paper money or adulterating the coinage. This was a great surprise to most foreign nations, and was especially so to me. I had no conception that the supreme court could adopt such a flimsy and tattered garment as the old medieval 'sovereignty.' I was very much diverted by the discussion which followed. I need not recall it, but some parts of it were very droll, as where Senator Logan, of Illinois, announced that he had studied finance for two weeks, and had found none of the strange things which the monometallists reported. I am not able to quote this textually, but this is about what he said. There were a good many other as odd financiers in the field as he, but none produced so much effect."

One of the strangest features of the new era was the readiness to change their minds which seemed to have come over the public men:

"In fact, one began to doubt whether the practice of forming convictions had not been given up altogether. Since then the readiness to change has been increasing. A French writer once asked, 'What would the universe say if a Hohenzollern changed his mind?' To an American statesman during the last thirty years, changing his mind has seemed no more than taking an evening walk. The financial question is the most serious question we have had since the war, and yet it has taken only thirty years for most of our statesmen to change their minds, not only about paper, but about silver and gold. It has taken just the same length of time to change their minds about the negro, and some of them about slavery. Then they have changed their minds about England and Hawaii, but they have changed their minds, too, about the most important fact of all, the nature and destiny of this republic. They have changed their minds about peace and war, about conquest and 'benevolent assimilation,' about Washington, Jefferson, and about Blaine Irishmen, and James Russell Lowell."

"I have always ascribed this variability to the practice adopted by our politicians of studying public questions in a horizontal posture, with one ear to the ground. The inconvenience of this posture must be apparent to the meaneast understanding. All the elder statesmen of the *ante-bellum* period produced their reflections sitting upright or standing. The result was that much greater attention was paid to what they said than to the observations of those of our day."

The years between 1870 and 1879 were largely occupied with a discussion of a return to specie payments:

"Considering the amount of delusion which was diffused by the legal-tender decision and by the fortunes that were made and the debts that were paid by the greenbacks, I think the return to gold was a masterpiece of statecraft. The way in which it was managed would not have been possible for a man who had not been brought up in a democracy. The credit of it is, of course, due to Mr. John Sherman,

who displayed wonderful art in getting people to go the whole way, under pretense of only going part way, and he evidently understood finance thoroughly, under pretense of being a plain, blunt man, who knew no more about it than his neighbors. One man, however, who made no secret whatever of his views, with whom I had a good many talks on the subject, was Samuel J. Tilden. No man in any country understood finance, or could talk about it better than he. On this subject he had no *caveats* or subterfuges or unpleasant truths to be hidden. As a public financier he was not a bit like the Tilden of politics. He was absolutely straightforward and above board. On the subject of the Democratic party, his meaning was a little too sublimated for my comprehension, and his memory went too far back. But he had clearly one of the acutest intellects I have ever met, and it would have achieved great results in any science to which it was applied. I used to think that it was a pity that so much of its vigor was flung away on politics."

Mr. Godkin was first made aware, in 1884, of the imminence of Blaine's nomination for the Presidency by a visit at his office in New York in May from Mr. Henry Cahot Lodge:

"I had known Mr. Lodge from his college days, and looked upon him as one of the most promising of that famous band, 'the gentlemen in politics.' He told me, with the proper expression of countenance, that there was a serious cloud hanging over the Republican party; that there was danger of Blaine's nomination; and that he was on his way to Washington then to see some of the leading men with a view of preventing it, if possible. I heartily approved of all that the good young man told me he had in mind, and cheered him on his shining way. But I was chastened by seeing him on the stump for the said Blaine by the month of July. His political pupil, Theodore Roosevelt, was also shocked by Blaine's nomination after it had been made, but his horror was of brief duration. After an interview with Lodge he concurred with him in thinking that Blaine was the man for the place, and that it was the duty of young collegiate Americans to try to put him there."

When Mr. Cleveland's moral character came under discussion there was a distinct diminution of the indignation over Blaine's bond transactions:

"The charges against Cleveland were brought mainly by clergymen, and the *Evening Post* criticised the conduct of one of them, Dr. Ball, so severely that he rose in his might and sued us for libel, having previously obtained fifteen hundred dollars, if I remember rightly, from the Boston *Herald* by a similar threat without trial. The case was tried at Buffalo, and the slenderness of the basis which Dr. Ball had for his stories, and the unscrupulousness with which he spread them, were readily exposed. The jury were not out over half an hour, but this failure did not abate the malice with which Cleveland was pursued by a certain class of ministers. The facility with which they spread stories of immorality in aid of either a politician or a party, makes one of the sad features of political life."

In conclusion Mr. Godkin says: "The old arts of persuasion are already ceasing to be employed. Presidential elections are less and less carried by speeches and articles. The American people is a less instructed body than it used to be. The necessity for drilling, organizing, and guiding it, in order to extract the vote from it, is becoming plain, and out of this necessity has arisen the 'boss' system, which is now found in existence everywhere, is growing more powerful, and has thus far resisted all attempts to overthrow it. The old statesman is defunct, and the adroit manager of elections has taken his place. The press has ceased to exert much influence on public opinion, and the pulpit has become singularly and sadly demagogic. According to my observation, men of ability have largely ceased to enter either profession—something which may be either a cause or a consequence."

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Among the First Maids of Virginia.

There had been "several thousand Adams and but some threescore Eves" in the natural Eden of Virginia before the arrival of the ninety maids brought by Sir Edwin Sandys in the midsummer of 1622, and the landing of those comely adventurers meant a great deal for the infant colony. Among those maids there was one whom Captain Ralph Percy chose for a wife, and from that choice came such stress of ill-fortune, ending in high honors and great happiness, that the telling of it stirs the blood to this day. It is the theme of "To Have and to Hold," Miss Mary Johnston's latest story, and from the beginning it enchains the interest of the reader.

Jocelyn Leigh was a lady of high degree, the ward of the king, and her hand was promised to his favorite, Lord Carnal, but the courtier's attentions found no favor in her eyes, and disguised as a serving-maid she sailed away to the New World. Most fortunately, circumstances gave her into the keeping of Captain Percy, a gentleman and a soldier, but to him the choice seemed anything but a happy one at first. The lady took his hand and name, since there seemed no alternative, but in the first hour after reaching his cabin home told him she had accepted him only as an escape from a fate worse than death, and asked his mercy.

Next appeared upon the scene the king's favorite, Carnal, bringing from England royal commands that the lady be given up and returned to the honors from which she had fled. How the king's wishes were denied, how the vindictive passion of the titled suitor spent itself in desperate assaults and murderous schemes, and how the valiant hero defended his proud, unloving wife, and conquered at last, is shown in a series of dramatic situations that succeed each other swiftly and yet naturally.

There are many notable characters in the chronicle beside the three who are most often in the centre of the stage. John Rolfe, who had wedded and lost the fair Indian princess, Pocahontas, is one of Captain Percy's nearest friends. Jeremy Sparrow the militant preacher, Nontauquas the Indian, Sir George Yeardeley the governor, are all convincing figures, and in speech and action they suit the times.

It is more than a good story; it is artistic as well as strong, with an enduring charm in its thought and expression.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

## A Religious Undine.

If a woman have great beauty of the kind that attracts men and yet is herself incapable of feeling human passion, she is likely to be a tragic factor in the life that revolves about her, and the sooner she gets herself to a nunnery the better for all concerned. This is what Donna Carmella Torriani does in "The Undining of John Brewster," by Lady Mabel Howard, but unfortunately she does not assume the veil until the mischief has been done.

Donna Carmella is an Italian girl who has been educated in a convent, and feels that she has a religious vocation. Indeed, she vows herself to the church. But her aunt, who is not a Roman Catholic, has other views for her, and takes her into society in England in order to win her to a worldly life. Two or three suitors plead for her hand without success, but, unwarned by failure, the aunt still perseveres, and Carmella meets John Brewster.

He has passed the years of his early manhood on an Australian sheep-farm, and, being a man of strong emotions, when he falls in love with Carmella, to win her is a matter of life or death with him. He is a Protestant and his mother is a bigoted Presbyterian, but his love for the girl illumines her faith, and in a short time he breaks his mother's heart by entering the Romish church. His strong personality coerces the girl, and for a time she thinks she loves him and they become engaged. But, when he is summoned back to Australia to the death-bed of his best friend, the convent-bells again call to her, and she breaks her engagement and takes the veil. His meeting with Carmella was, indeed, his undoing, for, on his return from Australia, the sudden news of her action brings on an attack of brain fever from which he never fully recovers.

Though religion is so important a factor in this novel, it is not controversial. It is simply a sad love-story, and, incidentally, a picture of modern English life among people of good society. If any lesson is to be drawn from it, it is the folly of attempting to arouse love in an unloving nature, a folly which brought its retribution alike on the interfering aunt and the ill-starred wooer.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## A New Edition of "Shirley" and "Villette."

The second volume of the Hawthorth Edition of "The Life and Works of the Sisters Brontë" contains "Shirley," with an introduction by Mrs. Humphry Ward. From the foreword, which is biographical as well as critical, these lines give the key to much that has been misinterpreted in this work of the gifted "Currer Bell":

"There can be no question, however, that 'Shirley,' from a literary point of view, suffered seriously from the tension and distraction of mind amid which it was composed. It has neither the unity, the agreeable, old-fashioned unity of 'Jane

Eyre,' nor, as a whole, the passionate truth of 'Villette.' . . . If 'Shirley,' wherever the women of the story are chiefly concerned, is richer even than 'Jane Eyre' in poetry and unexpectedness, in a sort of fresh and sparkling charm like that of a moor in sunshine, it is because Charlotte Brontë herself has grown and mellowed in the interval; because she has thought more, felt more, trembled still more deeply under the pain and beauty of the world. Untoward circumstance, indeed, makes 'Shirley' less than a masterpiece, distracts the thinking brain and patient hand, is the parent here and there of blurs and inequalities."

"Villette," the third volume of the edition, has an equally engaging introduction by Mrs. Ward, rich in suggestion and quotation. The books contain several portraits and fine illustrations of notable places associated with the author or her stories.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, per volume, \$1.75.

## New Publications.

"Pax Spheros" is a rather dull novel of English and Continental life, by Caroline E. Brooks. Published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.

A second edition of John D. Barry's novel, "Mademoiselle Blanche," has been brought out. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

The story of the world's building is told in a familiar way by Professor Elisha Gray in "Nature's Miracles." Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; price, 60 cents.

The story of a preacher, lecturer, and philanthropist is told in "The Life of Russell H. Conwell," by Albert Hatcher Smith. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

The sixth volume of the new edition of Edward Everett Hale's works contains that pathetic story of American history, "Philip Nolan's Friends." Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

A century of Dutch-English feud in South Africa is described in "The Afrianders," by Le Roy Hooker. The volume is timely, authentic, and readable. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

There are many musical lines and some pretty fancies in "The Living Past," a little volume of verse by Thomas Seton Jevons. Some of the poems have appeared in the periodicals of the day. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

No words of commendation are needed at this day for "Backlog Studies," by Charles Dudley Warner, but the new holiday edition, with illustrations by Edward H. Garrett, is a volume with many new and pleasing features. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

Sienkiewicz's latest story, "The Knights of the Cross," is being translated from the original Polish by Samuel A. Binion, and two volumes have been brought out, but still leaving the adventures of the hero incomplete. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, per volume, \$1.00.

George Riddle, the elocutionist, has made up a volume of nearly six hundred pages of prose and poetry suited for platform use and entitled it "A Modern Reader and Speaker." The selections were gathered with discrimination. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

"Resorts and Attractions on the Coast Line" is a handsomely printed booklet, with folded map, describing the route and points of interest between San Francisco and Los Angeles along the coast, the railroad line now nearly completed. Published by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, San Francisco.

"An Historic Fantasy of Venice" is a modest little volume describing some of the gems of that beautiful city of art and romantic association, with many historical allusions and reminiscences. The work is illustrated with a number of rare engravings, some of which are worthy of extended description. The author, Miss Grace Llewellyn Jones, is a native of this city. Published in Venice and imported by Elder & Shepard, San Francisco; price, \$1.50.

Those who read "The Baby's Grandmother," or almost any of the works that succeeded it from the same pen, require no encouragement to enjoy a new story by Mrs. L. B. Walford, and those who first make the acquaintance of the author in her latest story, "Sir Patrick: the Puddock," will find it a pleasing introduction to some genial, wholesome fiction, full of animated pictures. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Professor Daniel C. Gilman, president of the Johns Hopkins University, has written in "The Life of James Dwight Dana" a story not only of interest and value, but a record that can not be ignored by those who would know the history of progress in exploration and science. Professor Dana's life was a long and busy one, and as geologist, zoölogist, and scientific investigator and founder, his efforts were rich in results. The volume is a weighty one, yet it will appeal to a wide variety of tastes. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.50.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Story of the Huguenots in Florida.

The struggle between France and Spain for the possession of Florida is a portion of our country's early history which has hitherto been overlooked by the writer of fiction, but that it contains incidents of which good use may be made is proved by "The Sword of Justice," a historical novel by Sheppard Stevens. The events on which the tale is founded are dramatic in themselves, and they are made more so by the pretty romance the author has woven into them.

The scene of the story is laid in and about Fort Carolina, beginning in the year 1565, when the little Huguenot colony there was massacred by the Spaniards under Menendez. Less than half a score of the fort's inmates were spared, and of these Sheppard Stevens has taken one as her hero, a lad of twenty, Pierre Debré by name. In the *melle* he had been knocked senseless by a blow from a Spanish halberd, and when he recovers consciousness his memory is gone. He has been found by a band of Indians, and for two years he lives among them, hunting and fishing like one of themselves, and, indeed, is regarded by the old chief, Satourinna, as his adopted son.

When it comes his time to keep the vigil that ushers in the manhood of a young brave, he goes up into the mountains; but the spirit that answers his appeal is his mother, in flesh and blood, who has run away from oppression in the Spanish fort. His memory returns, and this, with the story of her wrongs heard from her dying lips, makes the boy a man, and when he returns to the tribe it is to lead them in vengeance against the Spanish. But the wise men will not let the braves go, and in a reconnoitering expedition in which he meets little Eugénie Brisson, the sweetheart of his boyish years, he is wounded and captured.

To describe the sufferings he endured in his cell; how he and Eugénie escaped and, eluding their pursuers, made their way to Satourinna's camp; how he was compelled to go through the Indian marriage ceremony with her; how the French came under Dominique de Gourgues and drove out the Spanish; and how Pierre and Eugénie, safely married by a dying priest, sailed home in France—this would be to spoil the reader's pleasure. It is enough here to say that the romance is one that holds the reader's attention from the first, and that the historical scenes and incidents among the Huguenot colonists, the Spanish invaders, and the Indian aborigines, are accurately and vividly described.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

A Wholesome American Play.

The publication of Clyde Fitch's successful play, "Nathan Hale," in book-form, is especially timely for San Francisco theatre-goers, for during the forthcoming engagement of Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott at the Columbia Theatre it will form a prominent feature of their repertoire. As an American historical play, by an American dramatist, and produced by an American company, it is bound to appeal to American audiences. Mr. Fitch has spun with art and simplicity a mere thread of a plot with a motive—the patriotism which leads a young man to give up life and love itself in order to serve his country as a spy upon the enemy—especially fitted for the purposes of a drama. Hale is first presented to us as a young New England school-master in the troublesome days of the early Revolution, making love to Alice Adams, one of his older pupils, somewhat of a hyphen, lovely to look upon, and altogether a charming girl. We next see him as a Continental captain taking the task of the spy upon him despite his promise to Alice that he will not expose himself unnecessarily, and against the wishes of his dearest friends, who consider that spying is not honorable work for a soldier. In the third act his adventures in the British lines are pictured, including his recognition by his rival, Guy Fitzroy, whose sympathies are with the enemy; his arrest, and miraculous escape, whereby he is enabled, despite his recapture, to warn Washington of the plans of the British to steal up the Hudson that night. Lastly, we see him in Colonel Rutgers' orchard going bravely to his death and exclaiming, as he is about to be hanged: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

Nearly all the leading characters are historical. Mr. Fitch, however, has taken advantage of dramatic license and introduced two fictitious personages—Angelica Knwilton, a cousin of Alice, and Ebenezer Lebannon, Hale's school assistant—who, although not essential to the unraveling of the plot, figure in two dainty love scenes which contrast strongly with the tragic element of the last two acts.

The volume is neatly bound in blue and gold, and is illustrated with twelve excellent reproductions of photographs of the best stage scenes.

Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, \$1.25.

Complete Edition of Stockton's Stories.

A new and attractive grouping of Frank Stockton's novels and stories is being made in the Shenandoah Edition. In the preface to the first volume the genial author takes his many readers into his confidence and speaks of the pleasure natural to an author who sees his family of "grown-up books

gathered together in reunion, not for some anniversary or holiday occasion, but to live together permanently." The admirers of Mr. Stockton's genius will rejoice with him, and among these old friends in modern dress renew many pleasures half forgotten.

The first volume contains "The Late Mrs. Null," not the first of Mr. Stockton's successes, but it is explained in the preface that the chronological order of the stories will not be followed. The second volume holds "The Squirrel Inn" and "The Merry Chatter." In the third volume "Rudder Grange" appears, and the adventures in that novel dwelling-house are recalled with a glance at its chapter-headings, for none who has read of Euphemia and Pammina is likely to forget them. "The Hundredth Man" makes up the fourth volume, and there are fourteen more to come.

A portrait and some fine illustrations are notable features of the edition. The name "Shenandoah" comes from the fact that about the time the new issue of the books began, the author made for himself a new home in the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah River.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Sailing with Sir Francis Drake.

An old manuscript found in an oak chest in Northamptonshire contained the thrilling adventures narrated in "Drake and His Yeoman," according to the introduction to the novel, and readers may give credit to the supposititious chronicler, one Sir Matthew Maunsell, a friend and follower of the great Sir Francis, or to the author whose name appears upon the title-page, James Barnes.

The story is one of dangers on land and sea, brave fighting on the decks of English and Spanish men-of-war, and of a fair prize long held by the enemy but at last won and cherished by the gallant sailor and soldier who fought with Drake in the days of the Armada. There is much of historical allusion in the tale, and all the accounts agree with the veracious histories of the time. The reader will find no dull pages, and the pictures of sea life are drawn with force and skill. The illustrations of the book are worthy of the text.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Justin McCarthy, who has lately undergone a second operation for cataract, is so far recovered that, with the aid of his daughter, he is making good progress on the two remaining volumes of the "History of the Four Georges," which are nearly completed and will be published this year. When they are off his hands, he intends to write an historical account of England from the accession of George the First to the present day, omitting the reign of William the Fourth, which may form the subject of another volume later on.

Richard Le Gallienne is about to bring out a new book, described as "a tragic fairy-tale." Its title is "The Wraithship of the Image."

The late G. W. Stevens used his leisure hours in writing a novel, which was to be called "John King." It is not known whether he has left the manuscript in a state for publication.

Mrs. Arthur Stannard, better known to the reading public as "John Strange Winter," is passing the winter in Dieppe, where she has just finished reading the proofs of her new novel, which will bear the title of "The Money Sense."

The London *Saturday Review* keeps up its fusillade on Rudyard Kipling, apropos of his "Absent-Minded Beggar." The last number to hand describes him alliteratively as a "prancing poetaster" and a "ranting rhymester." The publisher of the poem is even dragged in for denunciation in "the pushing publisher of a half-penny dreadful."

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce that the story recently published by them under the title of "Aboard the *American Duchess*," a story purporting to be the work of an American author who writes under the name of George L. Myers, is a plagiarism of a story published some years back by Headon Hill, of London, entitled "The Queen of Night."

J. K. Huysmans, the author of "La-bas" and "En Route," has decided to become a monk. He will enter the Benedictine order as an oblate in March.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have nearly ready two new volumes in the American Statesmen Series. These are a biography of Charles Francis Adams, by his son, and a life of Charles Sumner, by Moorfield Storey.

It is said that the late R. D. Blackmore actually resented the great popularity of "Lorna Doone," and always maintained that his best work was done at a much later period in "Springhaven," a story in which both Napoleon and Nelson are introduced.

"The Web of Life," a new phenomenal novel, by Robert Herrick, of the University of Chicago, is in preparation by the Macmillan Company. The scene is laid in Chicago at the time of the great Pullman strike.

R. Waliszewski, whose book, "The Romance of an Empress," has brought him considerable recognition, has written "A History of Russian Literature," which will be ready from the press of D. Appleton & Co. next month.

ture," which will be ready from the press of D. Appleton & Co. next month.

A. W. a Beckett, in a volume just published in London, tells us that he once commanded a regiment of volunteer artillery in which the Poet Laureate Tennyson was a gunner. The latter never appeared on parade, but he showed his good-will to the corps by writing some stirring lines, that were set to music, in praise of the guns. Although he could not be said to be "efficient," the corps was very proud of him.

David Dwight Wells, author of the farcical novel entitled "Her Ladyship's Elephant," which was a delicious bit of burlesque on the extraordinary demands that are apt to be put upon a consul in his official capacity, has followed up his first success by a new work which is described as the wildest sort of extravaganza and will be entitled "His Lordship's Leopard."

Those of our readers who are without a reference library should read the announcement of the Syndicate Publishing Company on the opposite page, in which an encyclopædia of knowledge, a biographical compendium, a dictionary of language, a gazetteer, and an atlas of the world, which had heretofore been sold at \$44.00, are offered, in cloth binding, for \$22.00. The purchaser has the privilege of paying for these valuable volumes at the rate of \$2.00 per month, the full set being delivered at once.

The new romance entitled "Mary Paget," by Minna Caroline Smith, which has just been issued by the Macmillan Company, introduces William Shakespeare as one of the characters. The time of the novel is that of James the First, and the shipwreck of the *Sea-Venture*, which inspired Shakespeare with his theme for "The Tempest," gives the historic touch to the story.

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## CLEMENT SCOTT'S REMINISCENCES.

His Career as a Dramatic Critic—Anecdotes of Mrs. Charles Kean, W. S. Gilbert, and Henry Irving.

So great is the scope of Clement Scott's two bulky volumes on "The Drama of Yesterday and To-Day" that in order to give a connected sketch we shall confine our selections to the autobiographical bits which serve as a peg on which he hangs his history of the English stage from 1841 to the present time. Mr. Scott has long occupied a prominent position among London's dramatic critics, and he has had the rare good fortune to be in close touch with every prominent actor, actress, dramatist, author, and journalist of at least the last thirty years. His volumes fairly bristle with charming anecdotes, and, in addition to excerpts from books not now easily obtainable, memorable speeches made on various important dramatic occasions, biographical and autobiographical letters from distinguished theatrical people addressed to him personally, and many interesting photographs, he appends a list of important plays produced in London between 1830 (the end of Genet's history) to the end of the century, which will prove of great value to the student of the drama and stage.

Curiously enough, Mr. Scott begins his narrative a short time before his birth. "Two days before I was born," he says, "Macready announced that Drury Lane would open under his management on the twenty-seventh of December, 1841"; while on the day of his birth, "At Covent Garden, I might have seen in one cast Charles Mathews and old Farren, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Orger, and Mrs. Humby."

Here is a picture of the London theatre of a past generation:

I should like to give you some idea of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, when I first saw it in 1849. Very little luxury; no lounging-stalls; the pit right up to the orchestra; the faithful pities sitting on hard benches, and constantly disturbed between the acts by women with huge and clumsy baskets, filled with apples, oranges, nuts, ginger beer, bottled stout, and bills of the play, which they offered to the public in shrill, discordant voices—the very descendants of Nell Gwynne herself. The programmes—or bills—were no fashionably Rimmel-scented or artistically decorated things in those times, but long sheets of thin paper, vilely printed with bad ink which never seemed to dry, and that soiled the fingers and was ruinous to gloves. There was a green baize curtain, and in the event of a tragedy, such as, for instance, "The Iron Chest," a green baize carpet, for it was considered unorthodox and a theatrical crime to play a tragedy without a carpet of green baize. So much for the rough, uncouth disadvantages. But on the other side of the picture, such a rapt attention on the part of the audience as I have never discovered since. No chattering, no conversation, no *blat* or indifferent tones, no breaks in interest between the actor and the audience—caused by that fatal diversion of late-dining and late-arriving "stalls" and the ever-bungry pit; but an electric communication from the stage to the auditorium.

"Give me the days when I played to the pit," said Charles Mathews again and again to me. "The stalls are profitable, but the pit was pulsating!"

It was here among these apples, oranges, ginger-beer bottles, and inky bills of the play that I first saw "The Lady of Lyons."

An excellent idea of what was expected from an actor at this time is shown by an experience of Charles Warner, who, when he was seventeen years of age, obtained an engagement with "Gentleman Rodgers," of Hanley:

At two o'clock, rehearsal was called for the night performance. Mr. Tyndall, the stage-manager, gave young Warner the two parts—Sahib, in "The Castle Spectre," and Bras Rouge, in "The Mysteries of Paris." Warner explained that he had never seen the pieces, and to play two characters that night was impossible. "That's your business," was Tyndall's reply; "if you can't play those parts to-night you are of no use to us. We change every night. The bill for next week is 'King Lear,' 'Macbeth,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Measure for Measure,' 'The Gipsy King,' and 'Othello'—with farces. You play in all."

"I rushed home" (says Charles Warner) "to my lodgings, frightened to death. My sister was awaiting me. I told her what had occurred. We sat down on the hearth-rug, embraced each other and burst into tears; but I buckled to, started to study, and came through triumphantly, without needing the prompter for a word."

The year 1849 was a memorable one in Mr. Scott's career, for it was then that he was taken to see James Anderson and Miss Vandenhoff in "The Lady of Lyons," the first legitimate actors he had ever seen in a regular play. He had, indeed, been to pantomimes and extravaganzas in a kind of family circle, one of a crowd, but on this occasion he had a treat special to himself:

"My guardians and mentors were a member of the Stock Exchange, who sang bass in my father's choir—'Tom Jackson'—and one of my father's curates—George Rose—whose writings and entertainments long after were popular under the name of 'Arthur Sketchley'; so you will see that the church and the stage were not so very widely separated even fifty years ago. The theatrical treat had been planned out and most elaborately arranged by my kindly mentors, who loved to delight a little lad. Think what we might do all of us to-day if we did the same in a generous and unselfish spirit! My memory of this delightful evening has lasted for over fifty years!"

Next year he saw his first Hamlet, and that Hamlet was Samuel Phelps:

"I have never been one of those who declare, without thinking very deeply on the subject, that Shakespeare is for the study and not for the stage. I do not believe it is possible to be thoroughly impressed with Shakespeare until you have seen his plays acted. Long before I had witnessed the majority of these masterpieces on the stage I had studied Shakespeare, I had read and re-read Shakespeare, I had attended Shakespearean readings, Shakespearean discourses, and Shakespearean lectures; but I never thoroughly understood 'the bard,' as he is called, until I saw him acted, in those always to be remembered days with Phelps, at Sadler's Wells; with Charles Kean, and Fechter, and Stella Colas, and Walter Montgomery, at the old Princess's Theatre, in Oxford Street; with certain stars fitfully twinkling out of the Drury Lane firmament; with John Hollingshead's laudable Shakespearean efforts at the Gaiety, of all places in the world; and, of course, with Henry Irving, Edwin Booth, Ellen Terry, Mary Anderson, and Forbes Robertson at the Lyceum."

On May 23, 1860, when Mr. Scott reached his eighteenth year, he obtained his appointment as a government clerk in the war office, at a salary of seven hundred and fifty dollars a year. A certain proportion of his salary was spent in gratifying his theatrical passion by attendance on all the great performances of the day. He even appeared on the stage himself at acting clubs and academies, where it was possible to buy the privilege of playing small parts for proportionately small sums:

My companions in crime still living are James M. Molloy, the gifted balladist and composer, and W. S. Gilbert, who rejoiced in the farce called "Number One Round the Corner"; but I fancy this brilliant poet and dramatist was about as bad an actor as I was. He could not have been a worse one!

But his aim was to become a dramatic critic. This ambition was stimulated by two influences:

First, my good luck in being elected a member of the Arundel Club—the old Arundel Club in Salisbury Street, Strand—where I met the flower of Bohemia Land in those days, Bohemian authors, Bohemian actors, Bohemian barristers, artists, men of science, solicitors—all the very 'pick of the basket.' Secondly, my great luck in forming a firm friendship with Tom Hood, the son of the great poet, Thomas Hood, who sat opposite to me at the same desk at the war office for many years, and encouraged a youngster to work, and work hard, if ever young man did.

His first effort to become a dramatic critic, however, ended in a dismal failure, for, while he was engaged by the *Victoria Press* at twenty-five dollars a week, he received no pay for his work, and in addition was swindled out of one hundred dollars by his wily employer. Later, through his father's literary friends, he succeeded in being appointed critic of the *Sunday Times* at two guineas a week—a splendid addition to his war office salary. There were drawbacks, however. A writer on the *Sunday Times* must be a staunch conservative in matters theatrical; a hater of the alien, and especially the French alien; a loyal British Philistine, in short. Scott chafed under the ordeal:

"Loving the art as I did—art I mean for art's sake—enjoying heartily, as a boy would, the rushes over to Paris to see what was going on at a time that the Parisian stage was undoubtedly the finest in the world, I had to feel my way gingerly indeed to the free-trade doctrine that I was determined to preach one day or other from the house-tops. To have been rash would have been madness—besides, I wanted my two guineas a week."

The climax came when Augustus Harris brought Charles Fechter over from Paris. Immediately there was an outcry from the theatrical Chauvinists:

"A Frenchman play Hamlet!" There was a yell of execration in the camp of the old school of players, and the feathers began to fly. "Hamlet in a fair wig, indeed! Hamlet in broken English! Oh, you should have heard the shouts of indignation, the babel of prejudice!"

Scott was a convert to Fechter. So were Charles Dickens, Edmund Yates, and John Oxenford, and many more influential people. Fechter triumphed and Scott lost his position on the *Sunday Times*. "The people were with me," he says; "the profession against me."

He attached himself successively to other papers—to the *Weekly Despatch*, to the *London Figaro*, on which, as "Almaviva," he made a reputation as a free lance; to the *Observer*, and in 1871 to the *Daily Telegraph*, from which he voluntarily resigned in December, 1898, because the proprietors refused to allow him to sign his articles. Last fall Mr. Scott came to America to write on New York theatricals for the *Herald*, and his pungent criticisms have attracted attention throughout the country, especially his caustic treatment of Zangwill's "The Children of the Ghetto."

In conclusion we quote a few characteristic anecdotes taken at random. Speaking of Charles Kean's pompous manner, Mr. Scott says Mrs. Kean far exceeded her husband in the assumption of the grandiose:

Charles Kean was playing "Hamlet" in the provinces on one occasion, and was of course very punctilious about the detail of the stage, which was his mania. A rising young actor, who was cast for Horatio, discovered, to his horror, that his tights had not arrived, as expected. He knew that Charles Kean's eagle eye would be upon him, as all the

scenes of Horatio are with Hamlet. In his distress he was obliged to have recourse to a pair of old patched and darned scarlet worsted tights—a sorry contrast to the "trappings and suits of woe" of his friend the Prince of Denmark. Frightened out of his life, he repaired, in fear and trembling, to see Charles Kean and explain matters. He knocked nervously at the door, and, to his horror, Mrs. Charles Kean answered it. With tragic air, finger to lip, and walking on tiptoe, fearful of disturbing her nervous and sensitive partner, she asked, "What do you want, sir?" "To see Mr. Kean."

Whereupon Mrs. Kean made a stately and mysterious exit. She returned, still imploring silence by dramatic gesture. "What might your business be?" she solemnly asked. Horatio explained as well as he could the dilemma of the scarlet tights. "Could Mr. Charles Kean possibly forgive him?"

Again a tragic exit on the part of Mrs. Kean. Once more she re-appeared with a serene and seraphic countenance. "Mr. Kean will pardon you. But" (pointing ecstatically to heaven), "will you be forgiven there?"

Here is a clever story of W. S. Gilbert:

Knowing W. S. Gilbert was very fond of the theatre, and had influential friends connected with it, a timid clerk approached him one day and said:

"Could you write me an order for the play, Mr. Gilbert?"

"Of course I could," replied the wag, with a solemn face and his tongue in his cheek. "What shall I write it for—stalls or a box?"

"A box, if you please," answered the delighted clerk. So Gilbert went to his desk and wrote out an order. The next day a despondent-looking man came to W. S. Gilbert with as much annoyance and irritation as he dared show to one who was, even in his very earliest days, a little imperious.

"Upon my honor, Mr. Gilbert, I think you have behaved extremely badly. I asked you yesterday if you could write me an order for the play. You said you could. I took my wife and family, and when I presented your order they simply laughed and tore it up in my face. Would you believe it? I had to pay!"

"Ah! that's just it," smiled Gilbert. "I am sorry, but I did precisely what you asked me to do. You asked *could* I write an order. I said I *could*, and I did; but I did not say it would admit you, and you didn't ask me that, you know!"

At an evening-party on another occasion, a somewhat short-sighted old gentleman coming down the stairs saw a figure standing in the hall. It was Gilbert preparing to go away.

"Call me a 'four'-wheeler," said the short-sighted guest.

Gilbert went up to him very quietly, and said in bland and dulcet tones:

"You're a 'four'-wheeler."

"How dare you, sir? What do you mean?"

"Well, you asked me to call you a 'four'-wheeler, and I have done so. You didn't expect I should call you 'hansom,' surely?"

Mr. Scott tells of a practical joke played by Irving and Harry Montague upon a number of their friends, and "in its execution was seen the first dawning glimmer of that tragic force that was ultimately to find expression in Hood's 'Dream of Eugene Aram' and 'The Bells.'" Irving and Montague—hitherto the best allies—began to quarrel on their way to a picnic, and their friends feared some tragic consequences. After luncheon both of the men disappeared:

Smale's face turned deadly pale. He felt that his worst fears were being realized. With one wild cry, "They're gone! What on earth has become of them?" he made a dash down the Dargle over the rocks and boulders, with the remainder of the picnic-party at his heels.

At the bottom of a "dreadful hollow behind the little wood" a fearful sight presented itself to the astonished friends. There, on a stone, sat Henry Irving in his shirt-sleeves, his long hair matted over his eyes, his thin hands and white face all smeared with blood, and dangling an open clasp-knife.

"He was muttering to himself, in a savage tone: 'I've done it! I've done it! I said I would! I said I would!'"

Tom Smale, in an agony of fear, rushed up to Irving, who waved him on one side with threatening gestures. "For God's sake, man," screamed the distracted Smale, "tell us where he is!"

Irving, scarcely moving a muscle, pointed to a heap of dead leaves, and in sepulchral tones cried: "He's there! there! I've done for him! I've murdered him!"

Smale literally bounded to the heap, and began flinging aside the leaves in every direction. Presently he found the body of Harry Montague lying face downward. Almost paralyzed with terror, Smale just managed to turn the head round, and found Montague convulsed with laughter, with a pocket-handkerchief in his mouth to prevent an explosion. Never was better acting seen on any stage.

As a critic, Mr. Scott will probably be chiefly remembered for his resolute championship of Robertson and his equally resolute opposition to Ibsen. In the first he was undoubtedly right; in the second he very properly confesses himself wrong, in so far that he did not recognize the immense impetus of the Norwegian master, nor the part he was destined to play in mentally bracing the English author, and helping him to clear his mind of theatrical convention and emotional cant.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, two volumes, \$8.00.

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## MRS. GOTROX'S INNOVATION.

An Up-to-Date Salon in American Society.

SCENE—The white and gold drawing-room of the Gotrox mansion. A banjo band is playing "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You" in ragtime.

TIME—The end of the nineteenth or the beginning of the twentieth century. Either way.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA—The smart set and a few society people—struggling authors, artists, poets, actors, freaks, waiters, and wine agents. Everyone is talking at once. The hostess is conversing with Mr. Gettem, who is managing the salon.

PUZZLE—Find the host.

MRS. GOTROX [nervously]—Well, I flatter myself that there is not much talent loose in New York to-night!

MR. GETTEM—No; you got 'em all corralled, Mrs. Gotrox. I told you I could get 'em and I have got 'em. I know how to handle 'em!

MRS. GOTROX—Mrs. Hyphen Hybrid, in the next block, is starting her salon to-night. I'd like to know whom she can have.

MR. GETTEM—Oh! a few theatrical nobodies—vaudeville and all that. But you have the real thing, Mrs. Gotrox; the real thing! You have the only original salon. You are the pioneer.

MRS. GOTROX—I'm sure it's all owing to your efforts, Mr. Gettem, and Mr. Gotrox will mail you a check in the morning. And—er—you will prevail on the—the—artists—to perform, I hope?

MR. GETTEM—I'll lead up to it, Mrs. Gotrox. They must be handled delicately. After supper is the best time to suggest any—specialties. You took my advice about having the stone-china dinner service and the heavy glassware—

MRS. GOTROX—I didn't quite understand—

MR. GETTEM—No; I didn't suppose you would, Mrs. Gotrox; but, the fact is, the—er—artistic temperament has an exuberance about it that you would not readily grasp. For instance, there is Rantleigh, who has a recitation called "The Last Charge." It is a fine military poem, and Rantleigh gets so enthusiastic that he has been known to dash forward sometimes, upsetting chinaware and things of that sort. I thought it would be best to have dishes that wouldn't break easily.

MRS. GOTROX—That was very thoughtful of you, Mr. Gettem.

MR. GETTEM—Not at all! Then Mrs. Spouter—that stout, fine-looking woman in the spangled gown. She recites "Laska." You've heard "Laska," I presume, Mrs. Gotrox?

MRS. GOTROX—No, I don't think I have. An opera, is it?

MR. GETTEM—No, it is a recitation, and there is a verse which describes a herd of buffalo trampling over the prairie. I have heard Mrs. Spouter give this, Mrs. Gotrox, and I assure you that the house shakes when she gets to that hit about the buffalo. It is the most realistic thing!

MRS. GOTROX—It must be very interesting. Oh, I think I shall like having a salon so much! I was so tired of my automobile!

[The PRETTIEST GIRL and the MOST DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING MAN are in a corner. The band plays a cakewalk.]

PRETTIEST GIRL—Isn't it the loveliest thing you ever heard of? And so many brilliant people! It's so different!

DISTINGUISHED MAN—Yes, it's like a Bleecker Street table d'hôte transplanted to Fifth Avenue. The Bohemian lion and the society lamb lying down together to eat salted almonds and spaghetti!

PRETTIEST GIRL [to herself]—How perfectly brilliant! He must be one of them! [To him]—If you only knew how tired we get of the endless round—drives, dinners, dances, diamonds, and delirium!

DISTINGUISHED MAN—Not so had as that, I hope?

PRETTIEST GIRL—Really! You've no idea! This salon is going to be just like a circus! I want to meet all the actors and a nice artist. Artists are always handsome, aren't they? And a poet and a writer. Then I'll send out cards and invite people to meet them. Who knows? I may have a salon of my own some day. If it gets to be the thing, we'll simply have to have them. And papa buys me everything I want!

DISTINGUISHED MAN—Well, you need a salon. No family will be complete without one in another week or two.

PRETTIEST GIRL—Ha, ha, ha! [To herself]—Oh, how clever he is! He must at least be a novelist! [To him]—I suppose you know all the celebrities. That fine, noble-looking man with the—mane.

DISTINGUISHED MAN—Oh, that's Van Trotter, the musician. He's really the star attraction here to-night—the top liner.

PRETTIEST GIRL—The top—

DISTINGUISHED MAN—The main guy!

PRETTIEST GIRL—I suppose that's a musical term—something about flats and sharps—yes?

DISTINGUISHED MAN [absent-mindedly]—Oh, plenty of sharps—and a few crooks—only a few, though. There's Slippery Jim—he's posing as a Theosophist nowadays.

PRETTIEST GIRL [puzzled]—You see how stupid we society girls are. We can't even understand the

simplest literary conversation. I suppose you mean that Mr. Van Trotter is famous?

DISTINGUISHED MAN—Yes; he gets a hundred and fifty for three turns, while that chap by the piano—do you see the little fellow in the purple tie?—he's a dead hargain.

PRETTIEST GIRL—Oh, yes. What a dreamy face he has! Is he a musician, too?

DISTINGUISHED MAN—No. He eats glass, and nails, and things, but glass especially, because glasses are easier to get at a salon.

PRETTIEST GIRL [horried]—Eats glass?

DISTINGUISHED MAN—Yes, at suppers, just as the dessert comes on. Gettem—Gettem's that man with the whiskers—I can't just place him, but I know I've seen him before somewhere—Gettem has Chewitt—that's the glass-eater—carefully coached. He passes him a glass, and Chewitt just hites out a chunk as though it were a biscuit. It never fails to make a hit.

PRETTIEST GIRL—Why, how perfectly lovely!

DISTINGUISHED MAN—Yes; this salon business will make Chewitt's fortune. He used to be sword-swallower with a circus. Then he began going to smokers, but they used to make him eat the chandeliers and the empty bottles, and it was ruining his digestion. Then the salon started, and now—why, you couldn't get Chewitt to go to a smoker. He says the salon is much more refined and less trying. He only eats a champagne-glass. Sometimes he leaves the stem, even. He's getting haughty.

PRETTIEST GIRL—That pale girl in white—some one said she is going to recite.

DISTINGUISHED MAN—That's Miss Gaslogge, the poetess. She comes only on condition that she's allowed to recite her own poems all the evening.

PRETTIEST GIRL—How nice it must be to just sit down and write things! What an agreeable head-waiter that is handing round the sandwiches!

DISTINGUISHED MAN—That isn't a head-waiter. That's Gotrox.

PRETTIEST GIRL [looking at him through her lorgnette]—Really?

DISTINGUISHED MAN—He don't approve of this society salon business, you know. He offered his wife a steam-yacht if she'd give up the idea. But she was dead set on it when she heard that Mrs. Hybrid was going to have one. That settled it. She secured Gettem, and he got all the stars. Now, there's Bogtrotte, the Irish story-writer—

PRETTIEST GIRL [with lorgnette]—I beg pardon—what do you call him?

DISTINGUISHED MAN—A Harp.

PRETTIEST GIRL—Really? How oddly he talks! It's so brilliant! Oh, I do think a salon is too sweet for anything! And that handsome chap by the door? He looks like a foot-hall man, but I suppose he's a poet or something?

DISTINGUISHED MAN—No; he's a bouncer.

PRETTIEST GIRL—A bouncer? Ha, ha, ha! I suppose you mean one of those india-rubber men?

DISTINGUISHED MAN—Oh, you can't have a society salon without a bouncer. Why, there's Charley Chopsticks, from Chinatown. You never quite know what Charley might do. If you start a salon let me get you a good bouncer.

PRETTIEST GIRL—Thanks, awfully! Oh, there's Willie! I wish he'd look. You know Willie Wump, don't you?

DISTINGUISHED MAN—No. Who is he?

PRETTIEST GIRL—Of course, you wouldn't know him! He's only a society man! He's interested in the Fizzle-top champagne. And he's so nice! Why, he wears a real Zulu bracelet just above his elbow. It's the oddest thing!

DISTINGUISHED MAN—How did you find out? Does he go around in short sleeves?

PRETTIEST GIRL—Oh, everybody knows about Willie's bracelet. But, of course, you clever people are different. But you'd like Willie! He's so witty! Why, the other night at the opera, when Mrs. Gotrox came with all her diamonds on, he said—he—he—don't tell, will you?—he said, "There's Gertie Gotrox, laden with germs, as usual." Wasn't that funny? I knew you'd enjoy that! Ha, ha, ha, ha! [She looks admiringly at him.] Please tell me—do you write, or paint, or compose, or what?

DISTINGUISHED MAN—Oh, I don't do anything like that. I'm a Mulberry Street man. My usual heat is Wall Street—the dead line, you know. But they've put me on this salon business to keep an eye on the diamonds and the *bric-à-brac*.

PRETTIEST GIRL [looking at him through her lorgnette]—Really? How perfectly lovely!—Kate Masterson in New York Herald.

The death is announced, at the advanced age of ninety-three, of Frederick Robert Sipp, a musician who in his day was an able violinist and teacher. Among his pupils was Richard Wagner.

The personally conducted tour of the club women of New York to the Paris Exposition promises to be one of the most notable of the exhibits illustrating this country's advancement.

The Intransigent states that two hundred and eleven French army officers are fighting in the Boer army, or are on their way to the Transvaal.

In Paris there is a wine-shop for every three houses.

## STAGE GOSSIP.

Deanman Thompson in "The Old Homestead."

The Bostonians close their three weeks' engagement at the Columbia Theatre this (Saturday) evening in "Robin Hood," and next week the venerable actor-dramatist, Deanman Thompson, will appear in his charming rural drama, "The Old Homestead." It is some years since Mr. Thompson has visited the Pacific Coast, and, as he has a host of friends and admirers in this city, he will doubtless receive an enthusiastic welcome. In Joshua Whitcomb, the quaint New England character, he has a rôle which fits him perfectly, and as his support is to include practically the same cast which appeared with him in New York early in the season, when the eye-popular play enjoyed another long run, the revival should prove a treat. A notable feature of the production will be an excellent double quartet, which will be heard in some of the old favorites as well as in new songs.

## Maggie Moore's Return.

At the California Theatre next week Maggie Moore, a former San Francisco favorite, will make her re-appearance in this city after an absence of some years in the antipodes. She has surrounded herself with an excellent company, including H. R. Roberts, who will have the leading rôle in the opening production, "The Silence of Dean Maitland," which will be repeated on Monday and Tuesday evenings. It is said to be an excellent adaptation of Maxwell Gray's powerful story of Dean Maitland's crime, suffering, penitence, splendid act of expiation, and death on the altar steps. On Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights, and Saturday matinee "Mrs. Quinn's Twins," a mixture of musical farce-comedy and melodrama, written especially for Maggie Moore, will be the bill.

"Darkest Russia" will be the next attraction.

## At the Tivoli.

Six consecutive weeks of the merry comedy opera, "The Idol's Eye," have not exhausted its popularity at the Tivoli Opera House and, judging from the continued demand for seats, it is likely to run for several weeks yet. On Monday evening the fiftieth performance is to be celebrated by the introduction of new songs and jokes by Ferris Hartman, Alf C. Wheelan, and the other principals, and the distribution to the audience of handsome souvenir programmes.

"Manila-Bound," and "The Wizard of the Nile," Frank Daniels's other great success, are in preparation.

## The Orpheum's New Attractions.

The bill at the Orpheum for next week promises to be unusually interesting and varied. Among the new-comers will be the Frank Trio, gymnasts of great ability, who will present a novel act which they call "Pastimes in the Dark"; Trovollo, a clever ventriloquist, who, in the course of his specialty, will introduce some automatic figures of his own invention and construction, which are said to be the best counterfeits of their kind; Pauline Moran, a *chic* comedienne, who will be assisted by two precocious little pickanninies; and the Passparts, a dancing team who hail from Italy. The hold-overs will be Kathryn Osterman and company, Harris and Fields, De Witt and Burns, Fanny Fields, and Cushman, Holcomb, and Curtis.

No law in the Philippines is more quaint than that which relates to the property of married persons. It is entirely in favor of the wife. Property of a bride is never by any chance settled on a husband, and if he is poor while she is well off he can only become at most an administrator of her possessions. After death the property goes to her children and blood relatives, unless she has executed a deed in her husband's favor under the eyes of a notary. A married woman bears her maiden name, but adds to it that of her husband, with the prefix "de." Children bear the names of both parents. The independence which women enjoy in the Philippines is held by Miss Garnett to afford evidence that Mill was wrong when he assumed that "the subjection of women" is immemorial and world wide. After the marriage ceremony the husband symbolically endows the bride with all his worldly possessions. It is clearly a case, so far as the wife is concerned, of "what is yours is mine and what is mine is my own."

Mr. Serjeant Spinks, whose name is worthy of Dickens, died recently in London, as the last of the "serjeants." The serjeants-at-law formerly monopolized the practice of the court of common pleas, but their privilege was done away with thirty years before the reform of the law courts in 1875 put an end to their office. Two judges are left who became serjeants, as was customary, on being appointed to the bench, but Serjeant Spinks was the last man to bear the title made famous by Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz.

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## VANITY FAIR.

The "Thé Concert" in aid of the British hospital ship *Maine* fund, given at Sherry's in New York, on February 13th, by Mrs. Hugo de Bathe, more widely known as Mrs. Langtry, proved a great success as regards attendance and financial results. The receipts from all sources amounted to over seven thousand dollars, with only one thousand dollars to be deducted for expenses. It had been predicted that most of the society folks whose patronage and prospective attendance at the tea had been advertised would find all sorts of pretexts for staying away; but they did not all of them (says the *New York Sun*). The considerable number of them who were to be encountered in the crush seemed to feel that such sacrifices as they may have made in coming were well paid for by the fun they had in the company in which they found themselves. Among those who were present were Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. I. Townsend Burden, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Mrs. John R. Drexel, Mrs. C. Albert Stevens, Mrs. Robert Osborne, Craig Wadsworth, G. Creighton Wehh, and Joseph Laroque, Jr. Governor Hogg, of Texas, was a prominent figure all through the afternoon. He had been pointed out to all the actresses as an impressionable gentleman, with heaps of money to spend on candy and flowers and all that sort of nonsense, and they hung around him in swarms and called him all the dear names in the dictionary. The big governor professed to be very much annoyed, but he did not go away until the lights were turned down. The stage performance, notwithstanding the eminence of the performers, was, after all, entirely subordinate to the other doings at the "Thé." The bar, on which the demonstration of the W. C. T. U. had caused the greatest amount of curiosity to be concentrated, was in a little room off the hall-room. Great placards, marked "American Bar," were posted at all the entrances. Under palm-trees about the room were small tables, to which the waiters brought refreshments from a high bar at the end of the room. The waiters were a corps of actors, led by the Earl of Yarmouth, Guy Standing, Joseph Wheelock, and Henry Woodruff. They were dressed in long aprons and white jackets, with velvet collars, and carried shiny little jannaped trays. They were not at all bashful in pointing out a placard on the wall which said in large hold letters, "Tips are allowed and are expected." They had a list of cocktails and other drinks, to which each waiter carried a key; some of the items on it were, "The Degenerate Smile" (Manhattan cocktail); "A Regenerate Pick-Me-Up" (Martini cocktail); "Kopje Climber" (julep); "The Little Administer" (lemonade); "A Sherlock Searcher" (Scotch highball). While women were not permitted to serve drinks, there was nothing to prevent them from buying or urging others to buy them, and some of the young women actresses who had sold out their stock of programmes were very successful steers.

In the gallery to the east of the hall-room was the tea-room, in which Mrs. de Bathe presided. She sold tea, cigars, candy, programmes, and anything that she could lay her hands on. When the business managers took her khaki money-bag away from her, at the end of the day, they found \$1,158 in it. She had sold \$2,000 worth of tickets to the concert at \$3 each beforehand, so that the total profits owed a great deal to her own personal endeavors. Up to midnight last night \$6,400 had been turned in to her, and there were many ticket-sellers yet to be heard from. Every nook and corner of the room held an actress, who had an armful of programmes and copies of "The Absent-Minded Beggar," and was not in the least bashful about asking any man or woman, whether he looked prosperous or not, to buy them at \$2 a copy. The programme was printed on heavy paper, and had on the cover a drawing of a sedate-looking hospital-nurse. It contained pictures of Mrs. de Bathe, Lady Randolph Churchill, and the hospital-ship *Maine*. The leaves were tied together with red, white, and blue ribbon. There may be some who think that \$2 was a high price to charge for such a programme, but Edna May succeeded in selling several for five times the market price, and one for \$30. Thereupon she went into the bar, and exchanged felicitations with Joseph Wheelock, who had sold the first cocktail for \$10, and with Mrs. de Bathe, who was selling cigars for prices varying from \$1 to \$20 apiece. There was very little of anything salable left in the place when the concert was over at seven o'clock. The few people who were about at that hour were besought to buy the khaki bags with red crosses on the side, which had been used by the actresses in collecting money. Buyers were found for these at from \$1 to \$5.

What remains of the older Cairo is fast becoming a deception and a mockery (says Chalmers Roberts in *Harper's Magazine*). The pitiful struggle to convince the "puggarabed" tourist on Shephard's veranda that he has found the heart of the East derives no one who knows his Orient well. The beapangled fakirs who disport themselves in front of and in the neighborhood of this great tourist resort look about as much like the real thing as the fortune-telling gypsies at a charity fair resemble the true waifs of Romy in their rags and rambling vans. If you are going to Cairo for the first time,

and for a short while, by all means go to Shephard's or the New Continental; for even if it does not deceive, the passing show will interest and amuse you. But if you are to stay for some time, and expect to mingle with the wonderful *grande monde* which now claims winter Cairo for its own, go then to the Savoy, or the Angleterre, or the Ghezireh, and you will scarcely know that Cook's tourists or German-American steamship excursions exist. . . . To Americans seeking a winter abroad, the amusement world in Cairo is much more attractive, as well as much less exclusive, than that of the Riviera, or even that of Rome. There is, in fact, a great hotel colony in Cairo, very much like those only to be found at American resorts. Aside from its historic and Oriental associations—and these enter little into the life of the resident visitor—an American there might imagine himself in St. Augustine. Each great hotel gives a weekly dance, to which guests from all the others come; and even those who have permanent residences in the city give dinners in the hotels. One is continually surprised at the number of visitors one sees from the farther West, and the important part they play in the Egyptian winter world.

Commenting on the latest styles in overcoats, a writer in the *New York Tribune* says that those worn during the late winter and far into the spring are made this year very loose. They are modifications of the Raglan. The London tailors are turning out about twenty varieties of these coats, many of which are made of rain-proof or cravenette cloth. Even the frock Chesterfields are not tight-fitting, as they were two years ago, and can be easily slipped on and off. The winter has been so mild that many of the visiting Englishmen have eschewed overcoats altogether, except in the evening, when they wear a dark, single-breasted coat, with half-velvet collar, and lined with silk, over their evening clothes. The cape coat without sleeves, and the "evening" Raglan, fitting tightly at the waist, with great outspread skirts, are in disfavor just now. Among the Englishmen who have been seen on Fifth Avenue within the past ten days without overcoats are Carl Johnston and Max Muller. Mr. Muller usually appears in dark frock-coat and waistcoat, with trousers of dark-gray foundation, with a tiny stripe pattern, black silk Ascot with small figure, silk hat, and dark-horn gloves. Carl Johnston had a Park suit of gray and black Oxford mixture, a modified pepper-and-salt, with cutaway-coat, deep all around turn-down collar, black four-in-hand, top hat, and kid gloves of a shade of lighter brown. A few foreigners have revived the small white edging between the waistcoat and the shirt. At one time the Prince of Wales adopted this fashion, but with a stout man it is apt to accentuate bad points, and of late years he has abandoned it. It has somewhat of a "dresy" appearance, but its introduction this winter was short-lived. At the end of the season one hears rumors of gray Oxford mixture dinner-coats. This is another attempt to introduce the colored evening-dress, but, like all other efforts in this direction, it has failed. A few ultra-dressed men have taken to these coats, as they have also attempted the red tie with the black dinner-jacket. It will never be in general favor, as black is regarded everywhere for men as the color for attire on all occasions of ceremony and in the evening.

Arnold White, the author, who was formerly secretary to Baron Hirsch, in a scathing letter in the *London Chronicle* attributes Britain's present position and her effete, military and administrative, to the baneful influence of smart society. He says: "Disreputable women who affect the conduct of a lady without her graces are among its leading spirits. When the morals of the poultry-yard flourish in the atmosphere of the stable it is only natural that the intelligence of the nursery is applied to the problems of the empire. To enter into the charmed circle neither brains, nor breeding, nor birth, nor influence are necessary. All that is required is money—and then more money. Every now and then an explosion takes place and the public learns with bewilderment that cheating at cards is a normal feature of smart society, or that women who are courtesans in all but name are no more tabooed in smart society than they were at the pavilion at Brighton in the days of the regency. The secret influence on the government wielded by this common rout of Circes, Sybarites, cynics, and financiers is subtle and profound. Legislation, foreign policy, and taxation are not settled in Parliament. The real decisions are made in the drawing-rooms in the season, on Sundays in the country-houses, in boudoirs and restaurants. The wrong class of American women—people who are not received in New York or Washington—are pushed into what is seemingly but not really exclusive society. Smart women without character, men without self-respect, and a government that is too philosophical, effete, preoccupied, or exhausted to see that England's greatness is slipping away from her, are the allies of this infamous confederacy."

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Giles—"It must have afforded you quite a little satisfaction to send her that comic valentine."  
Merritt—"More than you imagine. I was with her when she opened it."—*Town Topics.*

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, February 21st, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Cal. St. Cable Co.	2,000	@ 117½			
Los An. Ry. 5%	9,000	@ 105½	105		
Los An. & Pac. Ry.	5,000	@ 102½			
Market St. Ry. 5%	11,000	@ 118	117½		
N. R. of Cal. 5%	2,000	@ 115	115		
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%	2,000	@ 106½			
Oceanic S. Co. 5%	3,000	@ 105½-105½	105½		
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%	5,000	@ 110½			
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%	1,000	@ 116½			
S. V. Water 4%	2,000	@ 103½-104	103½	104½	
S. V. Water 4% 3d.	1,000	@ 102½	102½		
	STOCKS.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.	500	@ 73½-75	74½	75	
Spring Valley Water.	1,145	@ 94½-99	97½	97½	
	Gas and Electric.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Equitable Gaslight	850	@ 3½-4½	4	4½	
Oakland G. L. & H.	20	@ 46-45½	46	46½	
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.	30	@ 51			
Pacific Lighting Co.	20	@ 44½	44	44½	
S. F. Gas & Electric.	715	@ 50½-51½	50½	51	
S. V. Gas.	25	@ 4½	4½		
	Banks.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Cal. S. D. & T. Co.	10	@ 98½	98½	100	
Nevada National	100	@ 185			
	Street R. R.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
California St.	125	@ 118½-118½	118		
Market St.	620	@ 61½-62	61½	62½	
	Powders.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Giant Con.	855	@ 88½-93	88½	89½	
Vigorit	850	@ 2½-2½	2½		
	Sugars.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Hana P. Co.	1,710	@ 8-8½	8		
Hawaiian	110	@ 83½	83		
Honokaa S. Co.	830	@ 28½-29½	28½	29½	
Hutchinson	100	@ 25½-26	25½	26	
Kilauea S. Co.	175	@ 18-20	18	28½	
Kilauea S. Co.	530	@ 44½-45½	45½	45½	
Onomea S. Co.	380	@ 25½-26	25½	26	
Panauha S. P. Co.	355	@ 25½-26	25½	25½	
	Miscellaneous.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Alaska Packers	125	@ 119-119½	119	120	

Manipulation has been rife during the past week. A bear raid was made on Giant Powder. Small lots thrown upon a dull market broke the stock five points, although the affairs of the company are in good condition. It closed at 89 bid on the street; 85½ shares changed hands during the week all told. Spring Valley Water "seller sales" for short interest have wobbled the market about. During the week it has gone from 94½ to 99 and down to 97½, closed bid at the latter price; 1,145 shares the aggregate sales. Equitable Gas has been in good demand. It is rumored that the Hall process will be superseded by the regular Lowe patents. Sugar stocks have been quiet, but fair sales, altogether 4,175 shares. Speculative brokers have done the greater part of the trading. Market quiet with very few orders.

The Oakland Equitable Gas Company has levied an assessment of \$1 per share that will be delinquent on March 20th, and day of sale on April 12th. The Vigorit Powder Company has levied an assessment of 50 cents that will be delinquent upon March 20th.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

GEO. R. SANDERSON, A. W. BLOW,  
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

**A. W. BLOW & CO.**  
Tel. Bush 24. 238 Montgomery Street, S. F.

ARTHUR W. MOORE,  
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.  
Stock and Bond Broker.

412 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO

**Hawaiian Trust & Investment Co., Ltd.**  
Stocks and Bonds—We buy and sell strictly on commission all first-class Hawaiian Stocks and Bonds. Members of Honolulu Stock Exchange.

In General—We are prepared to look after property both real and personal, collect and remit incomes, and execute any business commission for persons residing abroad.

References—Messrs. Welch & Co., 220 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.; Bank of Hawaii, Limited, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

GEORGE R. CARTER, Treasurer,  
409 Fort Street, Honolulu, H. I.

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The most Durable & Reliable  
of Writing Machines.  
Wyckoff Seamans and Benedict  
327 Broadway, New York, N. Y.  
211 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,213,146.59  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits December 30, 1899..... 28,563,655.41

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhardt, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1900.....\$26,110,681  
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000  
Reserve Fund..... 210,067  
Contingent Fund..... 407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,  
Cashier, Asst. Cashier.  
Directors—George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, Geo. Tasseira, E. B. Pond.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.  
CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000  
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000  
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT..... 2,365,968  
October 1, 1899.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier  
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

## CORRESPONDENTS:

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.  
The Bank of New York, N. B. A.  
Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank  
Boston.....The National Shawmut Bank  
Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank  
Union National Bank  
Philadelphia.....The Philadelphia National Bank  
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank  
Virginia City, Nev.....Agency of the Bank of California  
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Freres  
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft  
China, Japan, and East Indies. Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China  
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000  
JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager;  
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIFMAN, Asst. Cashier;  
H. L. MILLER, Second Asst. Cashier.

Directors—John J. Valentine, Anse Christensen, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, H. M. S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Berningham, Dudley Evans.  
Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.  
Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869,451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.  
COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco,  
411 California Street.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The waitress at the Falmouth Hotel (says the Portsmouth, Me., *Advertiser*), who served Bryan on Thursday morning (who, unfortunately, left without giving her anything), made rather a *bon mot* when she turned around to another waitress and said: "Why, I thought they said that man was for free silver!"

Rev. Dr. William Bliss, of Pasadena, Cal., is the head of a new school of political science, of which the chief features are direct legislation and the initiative and referendum. His leading followers are college men and pedagogues. One of them said lately to a Los Angeles woman: "I do not understand why Dr. Bliss's friends should be exclusively learned men—especially scientists." "Why, Toni Moore explained that long ago," was her quick answer; "they have turned from the bliss of science to take up the science of Bliss."

Young Willie Jefferson, son of the famous "Joe," is a typical Jefferson, in habits, manners, looks, and wit. Some weeks ago, Willie was given a nice fat sum out of the savings of his distinguished father, and allowed to go to Europe for the summer. Willie went. One day Joseph Jefferson received a cablegram marked "collect" from Willie, then in Paris: "Send five hundred dollars.—WILLIE." The elder Jefferson answered: "What for?" The reply seemed to arrive almost before Mr. Jefferson's message was sent. It read: "For Willie." Willie received the money.

Oliver Wendell Holmes enjoyed that humor best which was of his own production. On one occasion he was holding forth at great length on the subject of cannibalism, and having wound himself up to the proper pitch, he turned suddenly to Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who was sitting near him, and asked: "Imagine! What would you do if you were to meet a cannibal?" "I think," Mr. Aldrich sweetly replied, "that I should stop to pick an acquaintance with him." This rejoinder cast such a gloom over Dr. Holmes that during the rest of the dinner his conversation was limited to monosyllables.

In one of his farces, Glen McDonough had written two or three lines to be spoken by a chorus-girl. The lines were given to a green, heavy amateur, who looked well and would do. At the rehearsal the girl made her way to McDonough, who held the book, and said: "Mr. McDonough, I have a line in the first act and one in the third. Couldn't you write me one for the second act, too?" McDonough thought a minute, looked at the girl, and said: "Yes; in the banquet scene you enter and say, 'Here is the ham.'" "Oh, do I bring the ham on with me?" "No, my dear; it is not a speech, it is a confession."

At a gathering of Cincinnati folk on New-Year's Eve, J. G. Schmidlapp, who is looking after the building of the new seventeen-story structure at Fourth and Walnut Streets (says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*), was one. Nearly everybody made some sort of a speech, or told a story, or sang a song. Mr. Schmidlapp enjoyed it all, but volunteered no speech or song. This fact was noticed by Attorney Wilby, who was toastmaster of the occasion, and, turning to Mr. Schmidlapp, he said: "We haven't had a speech yet from Mr. Schmidlapp. Of course, we know he is rather backward, and more given to doing than saying, but now we call on Mr. Schmidlapp for one of his seventeen stories."

At one time when there was a vacancy in the Massachusetts hishopric, Dr. Phillips Brooks was the most prominent candidate. Bishop Lawrence, then dean of the Theological School, in Cambridge, was walking with President Eliot, of Harvard University, and the two were discussing the situation. "Don't you hope Brooks will be elected?" asked the dean. "No," said Dr. Eliot; "a second or third-rate man would do just as well; and we need Brooks in Boston and Cambridge." Phillips Brooks was elected, and a little later Dr. Eliot and Mr. Lawrence again discussed the matter. "Aren't you glad Brooks was elected?" queried the dean. "Yes, I suppose so," said Dr. Eliot, "if he wanted it; but, to tell the truth, Lawrence, you were my man."

Mme. Calvé tells this story on herself: "When I went to the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels in 1881, I made my *début* as Marguerite. My second performance was to be Cherubino. At that time I was very slight. My neck and arms were thin, and so of course were my legs. I did not think I could possibly appear in breeches without something to make me look a little plumper. So I went to the costumer of the theatre and told him I wanted some pads. He made them according to his own ideas of what beautiful legs should be, and sent them to me so late that I had no time to try them on. I don't know what I must have looked like when I stepped on the stage, thin and girlish from the waist up, but provided with the most enormous calves. After the first act the manager rushed around to my dressing-room. 'My Heavens!' he exclaimed, 'where in the world did you get those legs? They certainly are not

your own.' I admitted that they were not, and said I thought I was too thin to dispense with pads. 'Don't you know,' he said to me, 'that a young girl with straight, slender legs is far better suited to the part of a page than when she disfigures herself with such things as those? Take off the pads and go out in your own legs.' I decided to follow his advice. When I came on the stage again I was thin, but at least symmetrical. The effect on the audience was startling. I seemed to see the people in the theatre craning their necks to discover what had happened to change me so. The conductor of the orchestra stared at me as if his eyes would pop out of his head. After a moment or two the cause of the astonishing alteration in my looks seemed to be understood, and there was a titter of laughter through the audience. Since that time I have never worn pads."

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## The Best of Fees.

Fee simple, and a simple fee,  
And all the fees in tale  
Are nothing, when compared to thee,  
Thou best of fees—female.  
—Home Journal.

## Sancho Panza Leary.

I am Sancho Panza Leary,  
There is only one of me;  
And I have a little island  
In the middle of the sea.

'Twas a wicked little island  
In a Spanish neighborhood;  
But I caught it by the collar  
And told it to be good.

Then I told it to be better,  
Then I told it to be best;  
Yes, I took it and I shook it,  
And I wouldn't let it rest.

For I'm Sancho Panza Leary,  
And a Governor of note,  
And I stuffed a proclamation  
Down my little island's throat.

'Twas a tired little island,  
But I made it go to work;  
'Twas a lazy little island,  
But I wouldn't let it shirk.

'Twas an awful little island,  
With a friar and a slave;  
But I laid my hands upon it,  
And I told it to behave.

I'm a champion reconstructor,  
And they all know who I am—  
Captain Sancho Panza Leary,  
And the Governor of Guam.  
—Chicago Journal.

## A Warranted Conclusion.

Oom Paul took a seat on a kopje.  
Said he: "I hate to talk shoppe,  
But the British, you see,  
And with me must agree,  
Are what we might call 'on the kopje.'"  
—Ex.

## A Retired Kentuckian.

In politics I shall not try  
To shine. My patriot hopes are done.  
My eyesight is so bad that I  
Could ne'er correctly shoot a gun.  
—Washington Star.

## The Fickle Maid.

"Why do you go to Vassar?"  
I asked of my heart's own queen.  
"Because," she said, "I want to be  
A little Vassarline."  
But she changed her mind, the fickle maid,  
As she'd done many times before;  
'Twas not, she confessed, that she liked Vassar  
less,  
But she really liked Bryn Mawr.  
—Harvard Lampoon.

Bacon—"Some people carry a joke too far." Egbert—"Yes, Penman, the humorist, carried one to fourteen different newspaper offices, I understand, and didn't sell it even then."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

## Barnacles on Ocean Cables.

The recent investigations for cable laying in the Pacific Ocean have revealed the interesting fact, that if not upon rock bottom, they gradually become incrustated with barnacles and seaweeds, heavy enough to break them. This is like dyspepsia, which, if it is not checked, grows until it breaks down the health. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will prevent as well as cure indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, liver and kidney troubles. It makes weak stomachs strong. All druggists sell it.

Miles—"I wonder how a composer feels when he encounters a man with a hand-organ grinding his tunes?" Giles—"Probably like any other man who has to meet his own notes."—*Chicago News*.

**Check that Cough**  
with **BROWN'S**  
**BRONCHIAL TROCHES.**

Fac-Simile Signature of *John C. Remond* on every box.

## The Advantages of Being Kind to Animals.

"'Chambers,'" said the reminiscent Mrs. Griggs. "Oh, I thought you said 'Chandler.' There was a man down in our town named Chandler, who was hit by a mad dog—a great, big, yaller dog named King Napoleon. He wasn't a young man—about forty—and the dog was five, so they said. It hit him right in the mouth. He was a kind man, awful kind, allers speakin' to everything. He see the dog, and reachin' out his hand, said 'Hello, critter!' just like that, and the dog jumped up and hit his mouth."

"No, they didn't kill the dog. He died without bein' killed. Chandler wasn't a young man, as I told you. He had lost all of his regular teeth, and had a set of false ones. He was what you call a 'huck tooth.' All of his natural teeth had stuck 'way out, and when he got false ones, not wishin' to change his appearance, though his folks wanted him to git some little teeth that would stay in his mouth, he told the dentist to make 'em hucky; and the dentist made a mistake, and made 'em two or three times hucker than the real ones had been—so much so that Chandler couldn't close his lips over 'em no-how. Chandler refused to take 'em at first, but when the dentist offered 'em at a third of the regular price, he took 'em. When he said 'Hello, critter,' to that yaller dog, he was smilin', and when the savage animal jumped up and hit him in the mouth he didn't git hold of nawthin' but the teeth, which come off in his mouth, and he swallowed 'em and it killed him; indigestion, I guess, though there wasn't any inquest to find out what he did die of. Chandler made the dog's owner, William Morrison, buy him a new set of teeth, and he skinned the dog when Morrison threw it out in a vacant lot, and made a nice huggy-robe out of the skin, which, when he had used it for two years, he sold to a Chicago man for fifteen dollars as the hide of a California mountain-lion; so you see he didn't lose nawthin' by bein' kind to animals."—*Bazar*.

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## Paris Exposition

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## International Navigation Co.'s Lines

## AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris),  
from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.  
New York.....March 7 | Kensington.....March 21  
St. Paul.....March 14 | New York.....March 28

## RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every  
Wednesday, 12 noon.  
Southwark.....March 7 | Kensington.....March 21  
Westernland.....March 14 | Noordland.....March 28

## EMPIRE LINE.

## To Alaska and Gold Fields.

Rates and Sailings for 1900 now ready.  
For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1900.  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Feb. 27  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Friday, Mar. 23  
Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Apr. 17  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Friday, May 11  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.



## Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1900.  
America Maru.....Wednesday, March 7  
Hongkong Maru.....Saturday, March 31  
Nippon Maru.....Wednesday, April 25  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.



S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, Mar. 7, 2 P. M.  
S. S. Marlboro sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, Mar. 21, at 8 P. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., February 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, March 2, change to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For E. C. and Puget Sound ports, 10 A. M., February 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, March 2, and every fifth day thereafter.  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., February 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, March 5, and every fifth day thereafter.  
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., February 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, March 5, and every fourth day thereafter.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., February 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, March 2, and every 4th day thereafter. For other information see folder.  
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., March 5.  
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.  
Ticket Office 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel)  
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St., S. F.

## WHITE STAR LINE.

## AMERICAN SERVICE.

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OCEANIC  
The Largest Vessel in the World.  
17,040 tons, length 704 feet, width 68 feet.  
28,000 horse-power.

## TEUTONIC and MAJESTIC

Twin Screw.

10,000 tons. 582 feet long.

## CYMRIC

Twin Screw, 13,552 tons, 600 feet long, one of the largest steamships afloat.

## GERMANIC

Well known to ocean travelers, and now completely refitted.

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## S. TENNEY FRENCH, G. W. A.

94-96 Dearborn Street, Chicago.  
For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER, 613 Market Street, or to official railway and steamship offices on Pacific Coast

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## NOME, ST. MICHAEL, DAWSON

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## CARRYING UNITED STATES MAIL

## FOR NOME DIRECT:

From San Francisco.....S. S. PORTLAND.....April 30, 1900  
From Seattle.....S. S. DORA.....April 30, 1900  
From San Francisco.....S. S. RAINIER.....May 10, 1900

## FOR NOME, ST. MICHAEL, AND ALL OTHER POINTS:

From San Francisco.....S. S. ST. PAUL, May 26th  
A STEAMER WILL BE DISPATCHED EVERY FORTNIGHT THEREAFTER.

## FOR JUNEAU, SITKA, PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND, COOK'S INLET, KODIAK, AND ALL INTERMEDIATE POINTS:

From Seattle.....S. S. BERTHA, commencing April 8th  
AND MONTHLY THEREAFTER.

For new folders, maps, and further particulars as to freight and passage, apply to ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY, 310 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
For Seattle sailings apply to CAPT. JAS. CARROLL, Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wash.



## SOCIETY.

## The Stetson-Doe Wedding.

The marriage of Mrs. Eleanor H. Doe to Mr. James B. Stetson took place at Pasadena on Monday, February 19th. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Robert Mackenzie, of this city, in the Presbyterian Church.

The bride was the widow of the late John S. Doe, a millionaire lumberman, and has one child, a daughter ten years of age. Mr. Stetson is president of the North Pacific Railway and of the California Street Cable Car Company, and is a member of the Pacific Union and Bohemian Clubs. He has three children, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Chauncey M. Winslow, and Mr. Harry N. Stetson.

## The Simmons-Crow Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Evelyn Crow to Dr. Samuel E. Simmons took place on Thursday evening, February 19th, at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Robert Bradford Marshall, in Washington, D. C.

The wedding was a quiet one, the guests being limited to near relatives and friends. The bride's cousin, Mrs. Frank Marion Stewart, of Atlanta, Ga., was her matron of honor, and the groom was supported by Dr. Carleton Potter, of Boston, as best man.

After a short trip through the East Dr. and Mrs. Simmons will come to Sacramento, where they will reside.

## The Scott Dinner-Dance.

Mr. Lawrence I. Scott gave a dinner-dance on Tuesday evening, February 20th, at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott. Dinner was served at five round tables, and at its conclusion dancing was enjoyed until midnight, when supper was served. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Dr. Reginald Knight Smith, U. S. N., and Mrs. Smith, Mr. Lawrence I. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Cornwall, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. James Ellis Tucker, Miss Brigham, Miss Effie Brown, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Ellmore, Miss Gaylord, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Ethel Lincoln, Miss Isobel Kittle, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Alma McClung, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Adelaide Murphy, Miss Edith Merry, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss May Stubbs, Miss Tatum, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Leila Voorhies, Miss Woods, Mr. Walter Bliss, Lieutenant Buret, U. S. N., Mr. Clarence Carrigan, Mr. John Carrigan, Mr. Bruce Cornwall, Mr. Alexander Center, Mr. Dupont Coleman, Mr. Frederick H. Coon, Mr. Willard Drown, Mr. Redick McKee Duperu, Mr. R. H. Gaylord, Mr. Harold Howard, Mr. Frank King, Mr. Percy L. King, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. Edwin McAfee, Mr. Knox Madlox, Mr. Misenberg, of Chicago, Mr. Frederick W. McNear, Mr. I. Murray Orrick, the Rev. Mr. O'Rourke, Mr. Ellery Stowell, Mr. Burbank Somers, Mr. Walter Scott, and Mr. William H. Taylor.

## Reception at the Presidio.

A reception was given to Lieutenant Rogers F. Gardner, Third Artillery, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gardner (née Smith) by the bachelor officers at the Presidio on Tuesday evening, in the club-rooms of the Presidio club. The affair was managed by Lieutenant John C. Raymond, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., Lieutenant Wallace B. Scales, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., Lieutenant William Forse, Third Artillery, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Ralph P. Brower, Third Artillery, U. S. A., who invited the officers and ladies of department head-quarters, the Presidio, and all the stations around the bay, and also a number of civilians from this city. The Third Artillery Band was brought over from Angel Island, and a very pleasant evening was passed.

## The Mardi Gras Ball.

The bal masqué to be given at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art on Tuesday evening, February 27th, promises to be more brilliant socially and spectacularly than any of its predecessors. The Art Association has done everything in its power to make the scene a beautiful one, and many handsome fancy costumes are to be worn by men as well as by matrons and maids. The issuance of the tickets is hedged about with many safeguards, the name of each person to whom one is issued being registered in a book at the institute, and those that already appear on it show that the leaders of society are to attend. The present list of box-holders is as follows:

House boxes—Mrs. Winthrop Elwyn Lester, Mrs. William H. Patton, Mr. John de Witt Allen, Mrs. F. A. Frank, Mr. William Babcock, Mrs. R. T. Carroll, Mrs. William Willis (two boxes), and Mr. Horace D. Pillsbury.

Gallery boxes—Mr. George Whittell, Mr. John

de Witt Allen, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. James W. Byrne, Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, Mr. B. T. Lacy, Mr. Joseph A. Donohue, Mr. Leon Sloss, Mrs. Clarence M. Mann, Mrs. William Kohl, Mr. William G. Irwin, and Mrs. W. W. Stow.

## The Burlingame Club.

Washington's Birthday was celebrated at the Burlingame Country Club by a professional golf match in the morning and pony-races at the Hobart track in the afternoon.

The competitors in the golf match, which was over 36 holes, medal play, were Willie Anderson and Horace Rawlins, of the Oakland Golf Club, David Stephenson, of the San Francisco Golf Club, and James Melville, of the Del Monte links, and it resulted as follows:

Anderson, first prize of \$75, 181; Stephenson, second prize of \$45, 187; Melville, third prize of \$20, 188; and Rawlins, 192.

There was music at the club-house during luncheon, which was served on the broad verandas, and some two hundred members and guests were present.

Among these were a score of men who had ridden with the San Mateo County Hunt, the finish of which was at the Burlingame Club. They had had a hunt breakfast, beginning at nine o'clock, at the home of Mr. J. J. Moore at Menlo Park, and had ridden twenty miles between the start at 11:15 and the finish at 2:15. Among those who rode were:

Mr. Francis J. Carolan, M. F. H., Mr. E. D. Beylard, Mr. Leon Boqueraz, Mr. Charles N. Dunphy, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. Hugh Hume, Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. J. J. Moore, Mr. Peter D. Martin, Dr. H. B. de Marville, Captain W. H. McKittick, U. S. V., Mr. George Parsons, and Mr. H. D. Watkins.

The races, which took place on the Hobart track in the afternoon, resulted as follows:

Quarter-mile dash for polo ponies—Walter Scott Hobart's Brandy, Hobart up, first; Tommy Tompkins, Charles N. Dunphy up, second; Francis J. Carolan's School Girl, Carolan up, third. R. M. Tobin's Duke, Lieutenant John P. Hains, U. S. A., up, Lady Jane Gray, Peter D. Martin up, and Hugh Hume's Spice, Hume up, also ran.

One-quarter mile, for race ponies—Hobart's Slat, Hobart up, first; Carolan's Lady Barbara, Dunphy up, second; McKittick's Pitapat, McKittick up, third. McKittick's Grandee, Hains up, also ran.

Three-quarters of a mile, trotting, for carriage horses under saddle—Carolan's Stella, Dunphy up, first; Hobart's Greenway, Hobart up, second.

Duc d'Abbruzzi Cup, two and one-half miles, over hurdles—Hobart's Six Bits, George Parsons up, first; Winthrop Elwyn Lester's Mr. Buller, Charles Lane up, second; Martin's Rosamonde, Martin up, third.

Five-eighths of a mile, for race ponies—Hobart's Slat, Hobart up, first; McKittick's Pitapat, Dunphy up, second.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement has just been announced of Miss Bessie Shreve and Mr. Robert G. Hooker. Miss Shreve is the daughter of the late George R. Shreve, and Mr. Hooker is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Hooker, of 917 Bush Street.

Announcement was made on Friday evening, February 23d, at a dinner given by Mrs. J. C. Tucker in Oakland, of the engagement of Miss Wilhelmina Havemeyer and Mr. Andrew L. Stone. Miss Havemeyer is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Havemeyer, of Riverside, Chicago, and came to Oakland last December to act as bridesmaid at the marriage of her cousin, Miss Mai Tucker, to Mr. A. S. Macdonald. Mr. Stone is a graduate of the University of California and a member of the leading Oakland clubs.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Black have announced the marriage of their daughter, Miss Jeannette Black, to Mr. Frank Norris, which took place in New York City on Monday, February 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Drown have issued invitations for a large dinner which they will give at their home on Jackson Street on Monday, February 26th. Mrs. Henry L. Dodge will give a card-party on Saturday afternoon, February 24th, at her home on the corner of Jackson and Franklin Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey gave an elaborate dance in honor of Miss Katherine Dillon at their home on Jackson Street on Wednesday evening, February 21st. About one hundred and twenty guests were present, and four figures of the cotillion were danced under the leadership of Mr. E. M. Greenway.

Mr. F. A. Greenwood gave a box-party at the Columbia Theatre on Monday evening, February 17th, followed by a supper at the Palace Hotel. His guests were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, Miss Dillon, Miss Greenwood, and Mr. E. M. Greenway.

Mrs. William Kohl gave a card-party at her rooms in the Palace Hotel recently, at which the prizes were won by Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, and Mrs. Cyrus Walker.

Mrs. Louis F. Montague gave a progressive-euchre party in honor of Mrs. Alexander Garceau on Wednesday, February 21st, at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Greenwood invited a number of her friends to luncheon at the University Club on Saturday, February 17th, and afterward to the Columbia Theatre. Her guests were Miss Leontine Blake-

man, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Ethel Kellogg, Miss Loughborough, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Margaret Salisbury, and Miss Lilian Spreckels.

Miss Bernice Drown gave a luncheon in honor of Miss Edith Merry recently at her home on Jackson Street. The young ladies present were the Misses Drown, Miss Edith Merry, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Mary Nichols, Miss Bertie Bruce, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Mary Stubbs, Miss Loughborough, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Josephine Loughborough, and Miss Fanny Baldwin.

Miss Thérèse Morgan gave a luncheon recently at the home of her mother, Mrs. W. P. Morgan, on Clay Street, her guests being Miss Elizabeth Ames, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Sarah Drum, Miss Florence Josselyn, Miss Bertha Smith, and Miss Anna Voorhies.

Miss Genevieve Carolan recently entertained at luncheon at her home, at 1717 California Street, Miss Lina Cadwalader, Miss Hopkins, Miss Edna Hopkins, Miss Frances Moore, and Miss Mary Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Miller gave a large reception in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Stanford (née Herrick) at their home in Oakland on Tuesday evening, February 20th. Mrs. Miller and her daughter, Miss Annie Miller, were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Donald Y. Campbell, Mrs. Thomas Prather, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Harry East Miller, Mrs. John B. Moon, Mrs. Collin Ross, Mrs. J. H. T. Watkinson, Mrs. Philip E. Bowles, Mrs. William G. Henshaw, Mrs. George McNear, Jr., Mrs. Mark Requa, Mrs. W. F. Herrick, the Misses Herrick, Miss Nellie Chabot, Miss Amy McKee, Miss Wilhelmina Havemeyer, and Miss Violet Whitney.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Goodwin on Wednesday, February 21st, at their home at 2505 Pacific Avenue.

## Golf Notes.

The semi-final round, 18 holes, in the second tournament for the San Francisco Golf Club's Council's Trophy for men was played on the Presidio links in the morning of Washington's Birthday, Mr. S. L. Abbot, Jr., defeating Mr. E. J. McCutchen 5 up and 3 to play, and Mr. R. H. Gaylord defeating Mr. A. C. Bingham 9 up and 8 to play. In the finals in the afternoon, Mr. Abbot defeated Mr. Gaylord 4 up and 3 to play, winning the tournament.

In the afternoon an 18-hole handicap competition, open to all except the winner and runner-up in the preceding tournament, was played. The scores follow:

H. Blackman, 58, 52, 110, less 18 handicap, 92; C. Page, 45, 50, 99, 5, 94; H. C. Golcher, 56, 53, 109, 14, 95; H. Pillsbury, 48, 50, 98, 3, 95; Worthington Ames, 53, 58, 111, 15, 96; L. Cheney, 55, 57, 112, 15, 97; J. W. Byrne, 50, 52, 102, 5, 97; Major H. J. Gallagher, 52, 54, 106, 8, 98; C. P. Eells, 55, 56, 111, 12, 99; E. J. McCutchen, 52, 54, 106, 5, 101; A. C. Bingham, 57, 54, 111, 10, 101; A. C. Binney, 58, 58, 116, 12, 104; J. S. Severance, 58, 60, 118, 18, 100.

The San Rafael Golf Club's new course of 18 holes was inaugurated on Washington's Birthday by a tournament which resulted as follows:

Gentlemen's bogey handicap—S. H. Boardman, even; H. M. Wallis, 1 down; Baron A. von Schröder, 1 down; C. P. Pomeroy, 2 down; H. P. Sonntag, 2 down; J. J. Crooks, 3 down; R. J. Davis, 6 down; R. G. Brown, 6 down; A. A. Curtis, 9 down; G. Heazelton, no returns.

Ladies' bogey handicap—Mrs. R. G. Brown, 2 up; Miss A. Hoffman, 2 down; Miss T. C. Morgan, 9 down; Miss Morgan, no returns.

Gentlemen's driving contest—Won by Baron Alex von Schröder, 160 yards clear carry against the wind; R. G. Brown, second, 145 yards; J. J. Crooks, third, 138 yards. Also competed F. S. Johnson, George Heazelton, R. J. Davis, S. H. Boardman, C. P. Pomeroy, and H. M. Wallis.

Ladies' driving contest—Won by Miss Alice Hoffman, 128 yards and 119 yards; Mrs. R. G. Brown, second, 115 yards; Mrs. F. S. Johnson, third.

Gentlemen's approaching and putting contest—Won by Baron Alex von Schröder, 22; R. G. Brown, second, 25; J. J. Crooks, C. P. Pomeroy, and F. S. Johnson, 26 each; Dr. Howitt and H. M. Wallis, 27; Maurice Dore, 29.

Ladies' approaching and putting contest—Won by Miss Ella Morgan after playing off a tie with Mrs. R. G. Brown, 23 strokes; Mrs. Johnson, third, 24; Miss Alice Hoffman, 26.

The ladies of the San Francisco Golf Club having challenged those of the Oakland Golf Club to a home-and-home match, 18 holes, 8 players on a side, the first contest will take place on the Presidio links on Saturday, February 24th.

## Choice Table Wines.

The choice Clarets and Burgundies of J. Calvet & Co. are universally adopted by connoisseurs as the most absolutely reliable in quality and excellence.

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WHILE words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. MUMM & Co.'s EXTRA DRY in 1899 aggregating 109,303 cases, or 72,495 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

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**ROYAL** Baking Powder  
Absolutely Pure.  
Made from Pure Grape Cream of Tartar.



## SOCIETY.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs arrived from New York on Tuesday, and is stopping at the Pacific Union Club. Mrs. Oelrichs sailed from New York on Saturday, February 17th, for Europe, where she will spend some weeks with the Vanderhilt party.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels and the Misses Grace and Lillian Spreckels are expected back next week from Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and the Misses Mary and Helen Thomas returned on Tuesday from a visit to Los Angeles.

Mrs. Florence Baldwin and Miss Deacon, who have been spending the past few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin at their home at Mountain View, returned to the East early in the week.

The Countess Festetics de Tolna is now in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood, Miss Cora Jane Flood, Mr. John W. Twigg, Mr. Winfield Scott Jones, and Major Jared L. Rathbone made the trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mr. T. C. Van Ness sailed for Honolulu on the Oceanic steamer *Alameda* on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Howe and Miss Howe, of Seattle, are stopping at the California Hotel.

Mrs. E. J. McCutchen, Miss Sarah Collier, and Miss Sallie Maynard are expected to return from Southern California next week.

The Misses Voorhies may visit their uncle, Colonel Seaton Grantland, this summer in Paris, where he has been appointed a United States commissioner to the exposition.

Miss Clara Huntington and Miss Elizabeth Huntington are visiting friends near Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Tuttle, of Auburn, are guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. F. W. Clarke sailed from New York on Wednesday, February 14th, for Southampton on the American liner *New York*.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Dinkelspiel, of Bakersfield, are guests at the California Hotel.

Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson have returned from a six-weeks' visit to Honolulu.

Mr. H. M. Gillig was among the passengers from Southampton to New York on the last trip of the *Oceanic*.

Mr. Francis J. Carolan came up from Burlingame on Monday, February 19th, and was a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock, of San Rafael, the Rev. and Mrs. Arthur Crosby, of New York, and Mr. Oscar T. Sewall were among the recent visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Wood and Miss S. P. Webster are here from Boston, and are at the California Hotel.

Mr. Hall McAllister arrived in New York City on February 18th.

Mr. Horace G. Platt, who went to New York a week ago, has gone on to Washington, D. C., and is now in the South, visiting his sister.

Miss Rose Hooper is living with Mr. and Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan in Paris.

Mrs. John Dempster McKee, Mrs. James Irvine, Mrs. W. S. Davis, Miss Maude S. Smith, and Miss L. L. Boole recently made a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant have returned to their home on Broadway, after a visit to Burlingame. Mr. Walter S. Newhall came up from Los Angeles on Tuesday for a business trip. He returned on Friday, accompanied by his mother, Mrs. H. M. Newhall, who will visit him for a few weeks.

Mr. William G. Irwin is making a brief visit to San Diego.

General R. H. Warfield returned last week after a three weeks' absence to the East.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Keables, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Stolp, of Oakland, Mrs. M. S. Barnett, of Dixon, professor R. E. Allardice, of Stanford, Mr. C. C. Joyce, of Chico, Mr. C. E. Haven, of Santa Rosa, Dr. J. Wagner, of Carson, Mr. W. G. Coleman, of Jacksonville, Mr. H. B. Ransdell, of Chicago, Mr. I. A. Sturges, of St. Louis, Mr. J. L. Adams, of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sedgewick, of Chicago.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. W. P. Morgan and Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wilson, of Meriden, Conn.; Mrs. C. Nichols, Miss Bell C. Nichols, and Mr. and Mrs. George E. Butler, of San Rafael, Mr. and Mrs. T. Rinaldo, of San José, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Thomas, of Salt Lake City, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Amh, of Boston, Mass., Mr. Robert H. Percival, of London, England, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Nelson, of Montreal, Mr. W. Edwards, of Hong Kong, and Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Holman, of Portland, Or.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Commander Richard Inch, U. S. N., returned on service in the Orient last week, and is a guest the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant J. L. Jayne, U. S. N., has been ordered temporary duty on the *Independence*, at the Mareland Navy Yard.

Captain William H. McKittrick, assistant adjutant-general, U. S. V., has come up from his ranch at Bakersfield, and is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant H. M. Merriam, Third Artillery, U. S. A., is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Ensign Lewis C. Richardson, U. S. N., who has been a guest at the Occidental Hotel for some days

past, sailed on Wednesday for Honolulu, on the Oceanic steamer *Alameda*.

Lieutenant-Commander B. A. Fiske, U. S. N., has returned from the Philippines, and is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant B. F. Hutchinson, U. S. N., has been ordered home from the *Independence* and placed on waiting orders.

Captain Vernon A. Caldwell, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant Campbell E. Babcock, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant George H. Know, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., have been relieved from duty in the Philippines and ordered to report to the adjutant-general for further orders.

Lieutenant J. K. Robinson, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Philadelphia*, and ordered to the *Marblehead* for line duty.

Lieutenant G. E. Burd, U. S. N., has been ordered from the New York Navy Yard to temporary engineering duty on the *Pensacola*, and then to the Asiatic Station for engineer duty.

Lieutenant M. M. Taylor, U. S. N., who has been detached from the Washington Navy Yard and ordered to the Asiatic Station, will leave this port on February 27th.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## The Rogers Concert.

A concert was given by Miss Isabelle M. Rogers at Byron Maury Hall on Thursday evening, February 15th, at which she had the assistance of S. Martinez, accompanist, and an orchestra under the direction of H. Stigliano. The programme was as follows:

Overture, orchestra; bass solo, "Will o' the Wisp," Edmond Bert; "Anvil Chorus," orchestra; contralto solo, "Stride la Vampa," Verdi, Miss Isabelle M. Rogers; "Island of Dreams," William Fenstermacher; selection, orchestra; soprano solo, "Dreams," Strelzki, Miss Flossie Beauford; "Nightingale," Zeller, T. F. Hemmenway; selection, orchestra; contralto solo, "Fiddle and I" (violin obligato), Miss Isabelle Rogers; selections, "Romeo and Juliet," Gounod, Miss Myrtle Lane; finale, orchestra.

A series of concerts is to be given here during the weeks beginning on March 5th and 12th by Mme. Galski, who was here with the Ellis Opera Company last year, the famous haritone, David Bispham, and Walter Damrosch, the noted orchestral leader. The sale of seats will begin on Thursday morning, March 1st.

The next of the symphony concerts to be given at the Grand Opera House, under the direction of Mr. Henry Holmes, will take place on Thursday afternoon, March 1st, when Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" overture and Saint-Saëns' "Danse Macabre" will be given.

Mrs. Lawton, widow of the late General Lawton, has made the following acknowledgment of the home fund raised for her by popular subscription in grateful recognition of her husband's services to his country:

"PEWEE VALLEY, Ky., February 18th.—DEAR GENERAL CORBIN: Such kindness as yours can never be repaid, and my heart is very full when I try to thank you. Words seem very poor at such a time. Will you please believe that I do appreciate it, and all my life will find comfort in the remembrance.

"The universal feeling which prompted such wonderful generosity from the nation is so beautiful to me and so dear, my gratitude is inexpressibly profound. It has relieved the one anxious thought Henry would have had, and I do not know how to thank you or the nation. Believe me, with kind regards, very sincerely,

MARY C. LAWTON."

The Van Ness Seminary Club, which was formed recently with a membership of seventy graduates and former pupils, has for its object the promotion of friendship among the members and the fostering of loyalty to the institution from which it derives its name. The following officers have been elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. William R. Cluness, Jr.; vice-president, Mrs. Milton Bray; treasurer, Mrs. Clarke Burnham; corresponding secretary, Mrs. George Mayers; recording secretary, Miss Dozier.

## Art Notes.

Preparations for the Gump sale are being pushed forward rapidly, and the first view of the collection, which is set for Thursday evening, March 1st, promises to be a notable occasion.

The collection is by far the finest that has ever been shown in San Francisco. It comprises more than two hundred and fifty canvases, the fruits of Mr. Gump's searches in the art centres of Europe during the past five years, with a few examples of dead masters purchased from private galleries. Among the latter are a genuine Sir Peter Lely, an historic canvas from the brush of David, court painter to Napoleon the Great, another by the famous Le Brun, and some others almost as notable.

But the greater number of the paintings are from the studios of the leading European artists of the present day—Julien Dupré, Beauxesque, Débat-Ponsan, of Paris; the Spaiard, Diaz; Muzzioli, of Florence; Gahrini, of Rome; Eberle, of Munich; and similar men of the front rank in art today.

The exhibition will open on Thursday evening, March 1st, and visitors will be welcome every afternoon and evening from that time until the end of the sale, which will begin on Monday evening, March 5th, and continue through the ensuing week.

A Thoroughly Reliable Establishment  
To buy precious stones, pearls, fine jewelry, and silverware. A. Hirschman, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

## RECENT VERSE.

## Nectar.

In a golden bowl I brew  
Leaf of rose and violet dew,  
And the essences of things  
Natal to Pierian springs:  
(Bird-song, brook-song, hreeze a-hlow.)  
Sweets that in dream-gardens grow;  
Spray that leaped the harbor bar  
Amorous of the twilight star;  
Bubbles of delight that float  
From a seraph's liquid note;  
Bloom from Joy's low-bending bough;  
Cupid, drop a kiss—and now,  
Sweetheart, here's a health to thee,  
Drink the draught, Sweetheart, with me!

—Clarence Urry in East and West.

## What the Car-Wheels Sang.

With a scream of the whistle our farewell said,  
And into the blackness of night we sped  
On and on  
To meet the dawn;  
Under the sky where the stars burned red;  
Past hills that stood where the snows were shed,  
Ghently white as the shrouded dead;  
On and on  
To meet the dawn;  
True hand at the throttle and hope ahead  
The steel rails ringing—  
The swift wheels singing:  
"To kith and kin, O hearts that roam—  
In vine-wreathed cot, and marble dome,  
Over the world we bear you home!"  
Whirled through the dark where the black steed  
drives  
Are joys and sorrows of human lives;  
Laughter and weeping,  
And children sleeping  
On the breasts of glad mothers; and wistful  
wives;  
The clank of chains and the grip of gyves!  
On and on  
To meet the dawn  
Where Light the soul of the Darkness shrives!  
The steel rails ringing—  
The mad wheels singing:  
"To gloom or gladness, O hearts that roam—  
To darkened dwelling or marble dome  
Over the world we bear you home!"  
There are hearts that listen with hope and fear  
For the signal thrill of the engineer:  
That thro and thrill  
At that signal shrill,  
Does it bring them the rose or the rue to wear?  
The song, the sigh, or the burning tear?  
On and on  
To meet the dawn—  
The black night dies, and the hills stand clear!  
"What are you bringing,  
O swift wheels singing—  
O daisied meadow and dew-sweet loam?"  
"The hearts that hunger—the hearts that roam—  
Over the world we bear them home!"  
Old friends, old lovers, in a rapture wild—  
Kiss of the mother and clasp of the child;  
The night is gone—  
We have met the dawn;  
Never so gladly the sweet sun smiled!  
Never the spirit of Night beguiled  
The hand so true,  
That the throttle knew—  
Bearing the burden of mother and child  
On and on  
To the joy o' the dawn!  
With ever that song to the hearts that roam—  
"To vine-wreathed cot and marble dome  
Over the world we bear you home!"  
—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

Owing to the cutting off of the Kimberley output, four large diamond-cutting houses of Hanau, Prussia, have closed down. In Antwerp three thousand men have been thrown out of employment by the closing of the lapidary establishments, and in Amsterdam twenty-five hundred men. The correspondents abroad do not take a cheerful view of the situation. The diamond importers are not viewing the situation with absolute complacency. They point out that if the Boers are victorious they may take a notion to put the entire output of the mines on the market at "hargain prices," in order to raise money. The syndicate which controls the output has always held back a portion of the yield, and if there should be a wholesale marketing of the gems without any restraint, the consequent fall in prices might be ruinous to those who have stock on hand.

In addition to the various other additions and changes which will be made at the Tavern of Tamalpais, a second story is to be built which will contain thirty-two rooms for guests, many of them in suites, with sitting-room and bath-room connected, while on the east end will be a large suite of rooms fit for family use, and which may be connected with or separated from the remainder of the hotel at the will of the occupants.

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The Grill rooms for ladies and gentlemen have an international reputation, and the recently added Supper Room is now recognized as the place to obtain after-theatre refreshments.

## CLEARANCE SALE

Special for Week Beginning Feb. 26th.

Ladies' Southern Ties, small sizes, 1½ 4 AA to 8, formerly \$2.50.....75c  
Ladies' Kid Oxfords, sizes 2½ 4 AA to 8, formerly \$2.50.....\$1.00  
Ladies' Suede Kid Oxfords in Black, Tan, Nile Green, Lavender, nearly all sizes, formerly \$6.00 \$1.50  
Gent's French Calf Cuck Sole, Hand-Sewed Lace Shoes, nearly all sizes, \$6 to \$7 grades, \$3.60, \$4.15  
Gent's Patent Leather, Lace or Congress, best makes, formerly \$5.00, sizes 6 to 6½ A, B, C.....\$1.50  
Gent's Double Sole Calf Lace Shoe, calf-lined, pointed toes, sizes 9-11 A, B, C, D.....\$2.25  
Misses' Patent Leather Button Shoes, French toes, kid, black cloth or tan cloth tops, sizes 11-2, formerly \$2.....85c  
Misses' All Kid or Goat Skin Button Shoes, French toes, sizes 11-2, formerly \$2.50.....95c

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*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Rumsey, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express, Davis, Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P
*8.30 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*5.15 P
*8.30 A	San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marys- ville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	*Milton, Oakdale, and Sonoma.....	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations. Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*11.45 A
*9.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*7.45 P
*9.00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*9.45 A
*9.00 A	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles.....	*12.15 P
*10.00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations. Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	*6.45 P
*12.00 M	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacra- mento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*2.45 P
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*12.00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.	*12.00 P
*4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*5.45 P
*4.00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*9.15 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San Jose, and Stockton.....	*10.45 A
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Bar- bara, and Los Angeles.....	*7.15 P
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*5.30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	*6.45 P
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*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Fel- ton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*5.50 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	*9.20 A
*11.45 P	Hunters Excursion, San Jose and Way Stations.....	17.20 P
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10.00 A. M.	12.00 1.00 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 P. M.	
COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Street.)		
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*7.00 A	San Jose and El Estations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P
*9.00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P
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*11.30 A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.36 A
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*14.15 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.00 A
*5.30 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.35 A
*6.30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*18.00 A
*11.45 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

General—"What is that noise? It sounds like a steam-whistle." Aid—"One of the correspondents was shot through the cheek, sir, and his expressions are leaking."—*Judge*.

Clara—"They say Nell is going to marry a man old enough to be her grandfather." Maude—"Is it possible? I didn't suppose there was a man living that old."—*Chicago News*.

Liveried menial—"Me lud, the carriage waits without." Lord Fitz Josher—"Without what?" Liveried menial—"Without horses, me lud; 'tis an automobile."—*Chicago Record*.

Fooble—"We don't call them 'bunkers' over on our links now." Tee—"No, what then?" Fooble—"They're so hard to get over we call 'em 'kopjes.'"—*Baltimore American*.

Kipling's model: *The tramp*—"Will yer gimme something ter eat, lady?" *The lady*—"You forgot to say 'please.'" *The tramp*—"Scuse me, ma'am; yer see, I'm de original Absent-Minded Beggar!"—*Town Topics*.

Mrs. Qui-Vive—"Dear Mr. Surplice, I can't make up my mind what Lenten sacrifice will be the most acceptable." Mr. Surplice—"Ah!—oh!—well—dear madam—suppose you give up trying to run the church."—*Life*.

A modern test: "He's a very great man," said the awe-stricken young woman. "Oh, I don't know," answered Miss Cayenne; "I haven't seen any magazine articles written by him about himself."—*Washington Star*.

Hard on George: *Weary*—"W'y ain't youse got no use fer Washington?" *Leary*—"I don't like de front part uv his name; an', anyway, anybody wot displayed a fondness fer choppin' wood at sich an early age hez my profound contempt."—*Judge*.

Automatic grand opera: *Mrs. Brown* (at Mrs. Smith's tea)—"Oh, dear, that dreadful Miss Smith is singing again. I wonder what started her?" *Tom Brown* (aged seven)—"I dropped a penny down her back when she wasn't looking."—*Chicago Journal*.

"I must confess to a great deal of egotism," said Willie Wishington. "Indeed?" responded Miss Cayenne. "Yes. I think about myself entirely too much." "Oh, that isn't egotism. That's merely the usual human tendency to worry over trifles."—*Washington Star*.

In Kentucky: "Colonel Castlerig will not be at his office to-day," said the assistant; "he is confined to his home." "That's too bad," replied the stranger, who wanted to see the colonel. "What's the trouble—grip?" "No; his gun's out of order."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

No cause to worry: "I suppose," he said, as they undulated around the hall, "that my mother would be awfully worried if she knew I was here. She thinks it is a terrible sin to dance." "Oh, never mind," the girl said; "she wouldn't know you were dancing, even if she saw you."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

Mrs. Smyth (looking up from her paper)—"What does it mean in the Washington news when it speaks of 'the lower House'?" Mr. Smyth—"That means the House of Representatives. The Senate is higher." Mrs. Smyth—"How is it higher? Do you mean that it costs more to get there?"—*Philadelphia Record*.

They heard a noise in the kitchen and crept down. He carried a pistol and she a curtain-pole. Then they discovered the cause of the noise. "Did you see that rat jump out of the oven?" she gasped, holding her skirts; "why didn't you shoot him?" "Because he was just out of my range," he chuckled.—*Chicago News*.

A local yarn: *Stubb*—"Have you ever noticed how long it takes the servants of the north side to answer the door bells?" *Penn*—"Yes, and I heard a good story about that the other day." *Stubb*—"How did it go?" *Penn*—"Well, it seems that some heartless mother wrapped her baby in a newspaper and placed it on the doorstep of a north side residence. When the servant did come she found the baby sitting cross-legged reading the sporting news."—*Ex*.

Mrs. E. N. Taylor, of 413 River Street, Manistee, Mich., testified to her belief in Steadman's Soothing Powders by writing all the way to England for a packet.

Gayboy—"What are you going to wear at the fancy-dress ball?" Mrs. Golightly—"I shall go as a Hawaiian belle in a grass costume." Gayboy—"In that event, I shall go as a lawn-mower."—*Town Topics*.

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# The Argonaut.

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The treaty negotiated by Secretary Hay with Great Britain concerning the Nicaragua Canal has aroused an amount of opposition which must have astounded the administration. Even such loyal administration organs as the New York Sun and Chicago Times-Herald oppose it bitterly. Similar opposition comes from many strong administration newspapers throughout the country. Such journals as the Chicago Post, the Chicago Tribune, and the San Francisco Chronicle oppose it, while oddly enough it is supported by hither to the administration like the Springfield Republican and Evening Post. It is perhaps unfor-

tunate for the administration that these new-found friends should be persistent praisers of things British rather than of things American.

The provisions of the proposed treaty may be briefly summarized as follows:

A guaranty to the United States by Great Britain of the right to construct, operate, maintain, and control an interoceanic canal, control to be subject to certain conditions.

A guaranty by the United States of the absolute neutrality of the canal.

A guaranty by the United States that it will not fortify the approaches of the canal.

A guaranty to the United States of the right to police the canal.

A guaranty that warships of belligerents, while permitted to use the canal in time of war, should not remain in it for more than twenty-four hours.

The provision which causes the strongest opposition is that forbidding the fortification of the canal. It has aroused the ire of even administration organs. Furthermore, the genuine American does not like Great Britain to "allow" the United States to build a canal on American soil; he does not like to have Great Britain "demand" that its neutrality be guaranteed; and he dislikes most of all that Great Britain should have anything to say concerning a canal built by an American republic on American soil and connecting the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of the North American continent. It looks as if the administration, with its many new-fangled doctrines, had forgotten the Monroe doctrine.

The New York Sun goes so far as to propose that we annex Nicaragua, so that "the canal will become an internal affair, like the Erie Canal, with which no other power will have a right to interfere." Over a year ago the Argonaut predicted that if the United States built the Nicaragua Canal this country would annex a part or all of Nicaragua before doing so. This amused our California contemporaries. They may see now that the annexation is being gravely discussed. We still believe that if the United States builds the Nicaragua Canal it will build it on its own soil.

Much ink has been wasted by newspaper strategists in proving that fortifying the canal is unnecessary. But the fact remains that Great Britain has a large navy; that the United States has a small navy; that if the United States builds the waterway and does not fortify it the canal would, in the event of war with Great Britain, fall into her hands. Thus we would start out with a small navy and a great canal. When the war was over Great Britain would have her great navy, our small navy, and our great canal. In a war on our own soil, neither Great Britain nor all the powers could defeat us. But in a war over a canal separated from us by oceans, gulfs, and seas, the strongest sea power would win.

The religious question in the Philippines has many embarrassing phases for the President. One we have already referred to—the administration's attempt to temporize with the missionary question and to placate the Roman Catholic Church by discouraging Protestant missionaries from evangelical work in the Philippines. This question contains the germ of a religious row in the United States to which the Spanish war would be but a teapot tempest. The administration had better take heed.

Another embarrassing phase is the church-property question. Millions of dollars' worth of property in the islands is claimed by the Roman Catholic Church. But what is the Roman Catholic Church in the Philippines? Is it the Papacy? Is it the friars or monastic orders? Is it the Filipino people organized into parishes? Do these people own their parish churches? Or, does the government?

Low Wallace, Jr., in a recent article makes a striking argument to prove that it is the government. He maintains that the Spanish crown obtained from the Papal See grants to all regions west of the Azores; that the Spanish crown, in addition to conquest, thus acquired Papal title to its colonies as well; that the Spanish crown even nominated officials of the church; that the Spanish crown allowed them the use of certain lands for religious purposes, such as churches, monasteries, nunneries, burial grounds, etc.; that the Roman Church did not acquire title in fee, but only a

usufruct; that there are in existence no deeds granting any such fee; that the title to such property is therefore not vested in the Roman Catholic Church, its bishops, or its monastic orders; that it remained in the Spanish crown; that the Spanish-American War, by conquest and by treaty, transferred all property of the Spanish crown to the United States; that therefore the church property in the sometime Spanish islands is now the public property of the United States.

Mr. Wallace's argument seems absolutely clear and incontrovertible. It points with steadfast finger the path which the United States should follow. The government is at present wavering, but any other course on the islands would result in a popular outburst on the mainland. If the United States Government donates this, its public property, now used for church purposes, to the Church of Rome, or that church's monastic orders, it would perform a possibly pious but certainly imprudent act. The first amendment of the constitution prohibits the establishment of religion. To give valuable public property to the Roman Church for its support and maintenance would certainly be an establishment of religion. Any such act by the President—who now rules the islands—would be unlawful. Any statute by Congress authorizing such act would be unconstitutional.

If the administration is bent upon giving our public property in the Philippines to churches, and can accomplish it constitutionally, why confine its generosity to the Roman Church? There are several other denominations in the United States that we have heard well spoken of. What is the matter with the Presbyterian Church? That church has spent millions in foreign missions. If the administration is giving away millions of public property to churches, we hearken some of it for the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Mr. McKinley is a Methodist—why not see that his church gets a slice? The Baptist Church is very strong in the South—a gift of ten or fifteen millions of our Philippine public property would help along the Southern vote.

Seriously, however, Mr. Wallace's argument seems to us incontrovertible. The so-called church property in the Philippines has become the property of the United States. The best use to which the United States can put it would be to turn the monasteries and nunneries into public schools, and to utilize the revenues from the vast landed possessions to maintain these schools. Thus property once used for presumably beneficent ends will continue to be used in such directions, for nothing is more beneficent than the maintenance of public schools. If the property so long clutched by Roman Catholic monastic orders in the Philippines should be devoted to educating the Filipinos in American public schools, it would surely prove that out of evil good may come.

The registrar of voters has called attention in the daily papers to the fact that every elector who desires to vote at the primary and general elections this year must have his name registered anew without regard to whether he has formerly been registered or not, and urges all to attend to this at the earliest possible date. This is because of one of the provisions of the law known as the Smith registration law, which went into effect last month.

A new register must be compiled every two years in all counties of the State. Registration begins on the first day of January of each even-numbered year, instead of one hundred and sixty days before the election, as formerly, and continues until forty days before the election, instead of eighty-five days, as before. Those who have already been registered, but change their residence to another precinct in the same county, may be transferred at any time not less than twenty-five days before the election. The voter's affidavit for registration must now be made out in duplicate, and both copies must be signed by him. Within fifteen days after registration has closed these affidavits are arranged by precincts, the originals and duplicates being separated. The affidavits of each precinct are then arranged alphabetically by surnames, and bound together in books.



Each affidavit is then numbered in regular order, beginning with number one in each precinct. Within five days after they have been thus bound an index is prepared for each precinct, showing the names, ages, addresses, and numbers of the several voters. At least one hundred copies of each index must be printed. When an election is to be held, the several boards of election are furnished with one of the books of affidavits and five copies of the index. When an elector desires to vote he must, at the time of announcing his name to the election officers, write his name and address on the roster of voters, which roster is filed with the election returns after the polls are closed.

The purpose of this law is to furnish a further safeguard against fraudulent voting. A "stuffer" may be willing to vote another man's name, and run the risk of being detected while he is doing so. But men of this class fear a pen and ink, and would hesitate a long time before they would take the chance of writing another man's name when it may be compared with the original signature, and thus furnish permanent evidence against themselves on a charge of fraudulent voting. This is the theory of the law; whether it will justify expectations remains to be seen. One of the effects of the law can be seen at the present time, however. It increases the work of the registrar of voters, and therefore increases the danger of mistakes creeping in by which the voter may be put to considerable inconvenience, if he does not actually lose his vote. The way to avoid this danger is to register early.

Certain advanced proponents of the theory of socialism profess to see in the trend of municipal events in this country an indication that their doctrine is to become a matter of popular faith, ultimately controlling the conduct of cities. In support of this they are able to cite a number of examples. The Socialistic Fabian Society of England has sent J. W. Martin, its lecturer, to the United States so as to afford him opportunity to study conditions here. The result of his investigations thus far will be noted with interest by even those who do not find themselves carried to similar conclusions. Mr. Martin recently contributed to the *Contemporary Review* a paper on the subject. He deals with municipal ownership and municipal corruption, apparently deeming that a general knowledge as to the latter would serve to promote the former. He touches upon the rule of Croker in New York and "Dave" Martin in Philadelphia, and draws attention to the situation in Chicago and St. Louis. He describes the "boss" system as semi-barbarous, as the following excerpt shows, but discerns in it no cause for discouragement:

"The view of this side of American city government alone—bosses with semi-barbarous codes of morality, officials dishonest and inefficient, representatives mean in ability and corrupt in character—gives the impression to an English citizen that they can not possibly follow the example of British cities in that enlargement of municipal functions which is roughly described as municipal socialism. Yet the trend in this direction is, as Dr. Albert Shaw, the foremost authority on American municipalities, says, 'the most popular and significant movement of the day in the United States.'"

To uphold the assertion that the trend of which he treats is an entity, Mr. Martin adverts to the election of Mayor Jones, of Toledo, a man who though a pronounced socialist received a greater vote than was given his combined opposition. Haverhill and Brockton, Mass., each chose socialistic mayors. The growth of a similar sentiment is also revealed to Mr. Martin through the indignation in Chicago at the prospect of the illicit hestowal of street franchises, and in the support accorded Altgeld in the mayoralty contest. In other principal cities of the Middle West Mr. Martin says he has found a kindred sentiment, while, as to New York, he regards the clamor for ownership of public utilities as an expression of a distinctly socialistic idea. Boston he regards as an eminent example, and he rejoices in the municipal printing-plant, the electrical department, and other features of local government in successful operation there.

The gentleman reaches the difficult part of his task when he attempts to demonstrate in the face of the admitted corruption that the plan he espouses would be a way to betterment. He acknowledges that to the British citizen the two facts will appear to be mutually exclusive. There is held the opinion that honesty is the first requirement, and that an official who is not financially clean is unfit to be trusted with more extended operations. This order of things Mr. Martin declares to be impossible in the States, "because the private corporations which control the city services are a prime cause of the corruption." Then he proceeds:

"Public ownership offers less temptation to jobbery and scoundrelism than the surrender of public services to private corporations. The alternative is not between honesty with private enterprise and dishonesty with public ownership, but between periodical and gigantic frauds along with the surrender of city property and the retention of valuable rights at the risk of constant petty peculation. Neither policy offers ideal conditions, but the preference is now in favor of the smaller thefts. It is cheaper for the city to lose small sums annually through the selection of workmen for political reasons than to remain in the grasp of private corporations who can levy exorbitant charges."

Needless to say, this argument has not been received as convincing. Indeed the *Chicago Evening Post* pronounces

the logic of it *bizarre*, lacking plausibility. It resents as preposterous the allegation that trustworthy and faithful men can not be elected to municipal position, and thinks that so long as such can be elected the claims of socialism as the only remedial agent have nothing on which to stand.

While there is a common purpose to improve the city, there is one reform so necessary, and at the same time so simple, that the delay in execution of it is well nigh inexplicable. This is the removal of the unsightly fences erected for the display of advertisements. These fences constitute at once a nuisance and a danger, and serve no object of utility. They mar the aspect of the street, shock the eye with a hideous exhibition of gaudy color, and are so lofty as to be in constant peril from every passing wind. Not only is the likelihood of their falling to be considered, but they are used as screens behind which is dumped refuse that should be destroyed. They give an impression of untidiness, a most unfortunate impression, decidedly detrimental to the standing of San Francisco, and a direct denial of its professions of artistic taste and decent thrift. It is as though the lawns were unkempt, the gates swinging by one hinge. In wet weather the sodden paper drips and flaps, and from it drains a pasty compound across which people must tread. Perhaps persons of unoccupied minds may view the obstructions as they pass on the cars, but they do so never in quest of information. The advertisement is wasted; therefore no excuse for its continuance can be given.

In San José the city authorities decreed that no such fence should be more than ten feet in height. When the police sought to enforce the order, beginning on some fences that measured eighteen feet, they were restrained by injunction; but a just judge dismissed this, and the work of demolition brought joy to the heart of the observer. In San Francisco there are many fences more than eighteen feet tall, and there is no reason to suppose the arm of authority any less potent here than there. The example set in the Santa Clara town is so excellent that it should be followed without delay. The new board of supervisors has much to attend to, but this could be at once added to the list and in no manner interfere with other duties awaiting.

Possibly nobody ever transgressed written or unwritten law without seeking to establish his right to do so, and training himself to regard interference as wrong and impertinent. Hence there is no surprise that the owners and abettors of the fences should claim complete justification, and immunity from all regulation. Their plea is not in consonance with applied rules. The city has a right to safeguard its streets, even to beautify them. It has a right to look after its welfare, whether from a sanitary or business point of view. There may be a moral side to the case under consideration, for some of the advertisements have been of a character to shock and disgust. The city can decree that its thoroughfares shall be kept open, passable, and clean. It orders the wire to come from its pole and go underground. It cuts down a tree that may cast harmful shade, or litter the pavement with its leaves, or brush the face of the pedestrian. There is no reason why an exception should be made in favor of the toppling bill-board, which combines many hurtful qualities unrelieved by a single element of good.

To remove the fences at once would be a mere precautionary measure. While they stand, ever liable to tumble, there is the constant possibility of damage to life and limb, and consequent actions at law. Even if no specific havoc be wrought, values are depreciated and the reputation of the city injured. It is strange that San José, where the evil is far less prevalent than in San Francisco, should have been ahead of the metropolis in taking steps to suppress it.

Senator Hanna's favorite measure, known as the Hanna-Payne Subsidy Bill, has stirred up violent opposition, even among the Republican newspapers. It is ostensibly designed to encourage American ship-building. It provides for the payment from the national treasury of nine millions of dollars per year for twenty years to owners of American ships. The opponents of the measure say that most of the nine millions would go to the transatlantic liners; that they are already doing business at a profit; that if the law had gone into effect a year ago a few Atlantic liners would have absorbed five out of the nine millions; that they are now running successfully without a subsidy; that in nine years the treasury would, under this law, pay the whole cost of a steamer like the *Oceanic*; that at the end of the nine years the United States would not own her, but the steamship company would; that, finally, the bill will take one hundred and eighty millions of dollars out of the pockets of the people to give to some business men who are already making large fortunes.

The bill has aroused such violent opposition, even within the ranks of the Republican party, that the administration is

weakening in its support. It is now hinted that its consideration will be postponed until the short session of Congress after the Presidential election. Senator Hanna violently opposes this, but if he is wise he will consent. We Republicans are staggering along under a good many white men's burdens already. Imperialism, trusts, talk of a British alliance, Asiatic cheap labor, and island free trade seem to be as much as we can pack comfortably, without carrying this Hanna subsidy business too.

President Jacob Schurman, of the Philippines commission, is having a great many awkward explanations to make. In regard to the existence of human slavery in Sulu under the American flag, President Schurman refuses to make any explanations, and waives inquirers aside with the remark that it is "merely a military matter." As for the religious question, President Schurman is in an even deeper hole. He has been forced to take sides against the Protestant missionaries who wish to evangelize the Filipinos. In weak tones he urges them either to combine on one form of creed—a sort of Protestant syndicate, as it were—or else stay away and leave the Filipinos to the Roman Catholic friars. Of course the unfortunate Schurman is actuated in his dilemma by a desire not to embarrass the administration, which dreads the opening of the religious question in the islands.

But President Schurman can not conceal and the administration can not stifle the religious question in the islands. It is one of the many evils which its new policy has sown like dragons' teeth. They are germinating, and the harvest will soon be ready for the reaper.

The religious question in the islands is now secondary only to the commercial question. Soon it will be first. It will be a fight between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism. It will spring from the assumption of the Roman Catholic Church in America that the Protestant Church in America has no rights in the islands recently annexed by America. Even so broad-gauge a Roman Catholic prelate as Archbishop Ireland is out in print against the idea of evangelical missions in the Philippines. He affirms over his signature that the work of Protestant missionaries there will only serve to make our flag unpopular, and he further says that any effort to teach the Filipinos that "their historic faith is wrong and that they ought to become Protestants" will only result in "making the people discontented and opposed to the American government."

There can be no doubt that this view has been tacitly encouraged by the administration officials in the Philippines. Some of them have gone so far as to "request" Protestant missionaries to stop their work there. This was the case with Missionary Hariman, in Cebu, whom the administration officials caused to stop his evangelical work among the natives. This statement is made on the authority of James B. Rodgers, a Presbyterian missionary there.

We recognize the many embarrassments of the administration in its Asiatic annexation scheme. This religious question is not the least embarrassing. But we warn the administration that the American people will tolerate no tampering with religious freedom in order to smooth over political embarrassments. Mr. McKinley has had a good deal to say about "freedom wherever our flag floats." Roman Catholics have religious freedom where our flag floats on the mainland. Are Protestants to be denied religious freedom where our flag floats on the islands?

The system by which the regulation of personal relations in this country is left to the legal enactments of the various State legislatures has frequently been pointed to, both as an advantage and as a disadvantage. The various rules obtaining in the different States have frequently given rise to confusion, particularly in certain commercial transactions and in the property rights arising from divorce. One school of students of social problems has urged that these questions should be left to the federal government in order to secure a desirable uniformity. On the other hand, it is claimed that there is an advantage in this very variety of legislation, since it affords an opportunity for a comparative study of the effects of legal regulations, and enables experiments to be tried without the danger of the wide-spread disturbance of social relations that would result from federal legislation in the same lines. The laws governing elections, and the large body of legislation relating to the regulation and control of quasi-public corporations, furnish examples of this phase of the question.

It is among the States of the Middle West that this experimental legislation has been carried to the extreme. These laws have not always been wise, but they have been radical, and they have always had an educational value, since it is through their mistakes that people learn political wisdom. There is a tendency to look to the law to accustom results that can be arrived at only outside of it.

SOCIALISM AS A MUNICIPAL FEATURE.

PROPOSED LEGAL REGULATION OF MARRIAGE.

HANNA'S SUBSIDY BILL OPPOSED.



ignore the fact that placing an enactment upon the statute-books does not of itself bring about the result that was aimed at. Colorado is the latest State that seems likely to learn this lesson anew. The mild, dry climate of that State is peculiarly favorable to those troubled with diseases of the lungs, and, as a result, consumptives have flocked there from all parts of the country, just as they have rushed to Southern California. The result has been the same in both cases. The healthy inhabitants have contracted tuberculosis, until the disease has gained alarming headway. In order to restrict its further extension, the legislature of Colorado has before it a bill providing for a medical examination of all those who desire to marry. In each county there is to be a board of examining physicians. All applicants for marriage licenses must obtain from this board a certificate that they are in a healthy physical condition before the marriage license will be issued to them.

The proposition to restrict marriages to those who are physically fit to enter that state is not a new one, though this is probably the first time that it has been proposed to enforce it by legislation. The Perfectionists, a communistic community, attempted to carry out the theory even more radically a number of years ago, but the results fell far short of their expectations. Should the proposed law be enacted in Colorado, it will probably prove to be a failure. Those who are determined to marry will generally find an opportunity to do so. The tug-boat marriages of a few years ago in this State, and the more recent matrimonial excursions to Nevada, indicate a method by which the provisions of the law will easily be evaded. The proposed law is said to have the approval of the physicians in Colorado, and its purpose is certainly worthy of indorsement. While the best medical opinion to-day is opposed to the idea that tuberculosis is transmitted by heredity, parents whose vitality has been wasted away by the disease will transmit to their children weakened constitutions that will render them more susceptible to the attacks of any fatal malady. A more effective safeguard, however, would be the isolation of all afflicted persons. By proper treatment in a sanitarium, tuberculosis may now be cured, unless it has gone too far. A cure is far more desirable than a condemnation to celibacy.

To weigh the merits of a cause on trial before the courts is not within the province of a journal conducted on legitimate lines, and therefore discussion of the contest inaugurated for the Fair millions may with propriety be deferred. However, there are some features attendant upon this that, apart from the main contention, are matters of immediate public interest and concern. There is every indication that into the legal battle have entered the elements of fraud, perjury, and subornation of perjury. Statements have been made freely that one of the chief transgressors has boasted that the attorneys for whose benefit he made his latest oath had promised him immunity from punishment. The assumption of this authority to annul the statute, as well as the intimation that the statute had already been defied, takes this phase of the matter away from its connection with a struggle for the Fair gold and makes of it a general proposition. Can the courts of justice be mocked?

One man, a certain Simpton, sometime justice of the peace at Sausalito, has made two affidavits bearing upon questions at issue. In the first he swore that he had performed the marriage ceremony uniting James G. Fair and Nettie Craven. No sooner had the jubilation of the Craven contingent become marked, than he made another affidavit averring that the former had been false and totally without foundation. He claimed that a lofty motive of entrapping a pretender had actuated him in thus proclaiming himself a liar. While there may be some technical way of classifying the Simpton act as something else than perjury, the *morale* of it is exactly the same as that of the testimony of a witness who goes upon the stand and under oath tells that which he knows to be untrue. That the whole controversy appears to bear the taint of fraud is undeniable. That there is suspicion of bribery and forgery, as well as of the other crimes mentioned, is well established. Nothing could more clearly indicate contempt for the law than the course that has been taken.

That Simpton is not alone is beyond dispute, and that he deserves not simply to be despised of honest men, but to be brought to condign punishment, is equally clear. No other treatment will satisfy a community which has grown tired of the scandal, or restore the courts which have been brought into the shadow of disrepute. What may be the fate of the Fair millions is of little importance, but that in their distribution chicanery and perversion can be instruments either of attack or offense, is a circumstance sombre and serious. The time for an effort in the direction of reform is here. If the allegations as to Simpton are correct, his place is in the penitentiary, and with him should be every one who inspired him or connived with him.

There are distinctly defined rules of evidence and of pro-

cedure. The courts are certainly competent to deal with those who manage to prostitute the processes of law, and who almost openly declare themselves to be above the reach of the judge or the jailor. Enough has been made public not only to justify but virtually to compel action on the part of the district attorney. Let those suspected of roguery be haled to the bar and made to render an account. The status of affairs is such as to create disgust and disquietude. If such means as seem to have been applied are to go unnoted, then no litigant having a righteous cause can hope for equity, and no rascal need to fear resort to any trickery, to purchase, or to violence. The grand jury has a duty to perform. The people and their tribunals ask for protection.

For many years Roman Catholics have held up Professor St. George Mivart, the prominent English scientist, as proof of the fact that their church was not hostile to science. But

Professor Mivart, although very circumspect, has at last got himself into trouble. A few years ago in one of his articles he differed from the Roman Catholic doctrine of a material hell. The article was condemned by the Curia and placed on the Index Expurgatorius. Professor Mivart submitted. But last month he published, in two English reviews, articles concerning questions of faith which met with the disapproval of Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster, head of the Roman Catholic Church in England. In them Professor Mivart said he does not believe that "all species of animals came up to Adam to be named by him." He does not believe that "Jonah lived within the belly of any kind of marine animal." He does not believe that "the world was created in any six periods of time." He does not believe that "Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt." He does not believe that "Joshua interfered with the regularity of solar time." Finally, he does not believe a number of other things that the Councils of Florence, Trent, and the Vatican say that he must believe.

Cardinal Vaughan, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, has demanded that Professor Mivart shall sign a formula or profession of faith, some paragraphs of which run as follows:

"I hereby declare that, recognizing the Catholic Church to be the supreme and infallible guardian of the Christian faith, I submit therein my judgment to hers, believing all that she teaches and condemning all that she condemns."

"I condemn and revoke all other words and statements which in articles contributed by me to the *Fortnightly Review* and the *Nineteenth Century*, or in any other of my writings are found to be, in matter of faith or morals, contrary to the teaching of the holy Catholic Church according to the determination of the Apostolic See; and in all such matters I submit myself to the judgment of the said See; receiving all that it receives and condemning all that it condemns."

Dr. Mivart did not consent to sign this recantation, and asked whether he should believe that "Divine inspiration guarantees the truth of certain statements." The cardinal replied to this in the language of St. Augustine: "I should not believe in the truth of Scripture unless the authority of the Catholic Church so bade me." The cardinal then formally declared the inhibition of Professor Mivart, thus depriving him of the sacraments of the church until he shall have recanted his opinions.

Professor Mivart responds at length, saying, among other things:

"It is now evident that a vast and impassable abyss yawns between Catholic dogma and science, and no man with ordinary knowledge can henceforth join the communion of the Roman Catholic Church if he correctly understands what its principles and its teaching really are, unless they are radically changed."

He instances certain beliefs of Roman Catholics, and says:

"To ask a reasonable man to believe such puerile tales would be to insult him. Plainly the Councils of Florence, Trent, and the Vatican have fallen successively into greater and greater errors, and thus all rational trust in either popes or councils is at an end. . . . Now, I have myself maintained, and maintain, that a secret wish, an unconscious bias, may lead to the acceptance or rejection of beliefs of various kinds, and certainly of religious beliefs. But when the question is a purely intellectual one of the utmost simplicity, or like a proposition in Euclid, then I do not believe in the possibility of emotional deception. The falsehood of the historical narration about Babel is a certainty practically as great as that of the equality of the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle."

The scientific world has for a number of years regarded Professor Mivart with an interest not unmixed with amusement and tinged with expectation. The very phrase "a Roman Catholic scientist" seemed like a jest. Professor Mivart's attempts to square ecclesiastical circles and reconcile modern science with monkish dogma have added to the gayety of the learned world. They knew his attempt would eventually fail, and that he would arouse the Curia, the modern descendant of the Inquisition. He has done so. But he has discovered that no man, scientist or other, can think with his own mind and still be a follower of the Church of Rome.

The fact that Great Britain has 213,000 troops and 452 guns in South Africa shows the proportions which this war, which in the beginning was thought in England would be a small and comparatively insignificant affair, is assuming. Great Britain has had a great many wars, and they have been fought in many parts of the world, but never before has she put anywhere near so large a force in the field.

## WASHINGTON NOTES.

The Capital City Crowded—Hotels all Full—Daughters of the Revolution—Washington Water—The Puerto Rico Fight—Few Flags on Washington's Birthday.

Washington is crowded. It is always full during the congressional session, but this time it is unusually crowded. In addition to the usual hordes of lobbyists, there are many governors of States here with their suites, arranging for the Capitol centennial celebration. The Democratic National Committee is in session also, which means a number of henchmen and hangers-on. Then the Daughters of the American Revolution are holding their annual convention here, and they, with their sisters and cousins and aunts, and an occasional melancholy and henpecked husband, fill the hotels from garret to cellar. These husbands are not daughters of the American Revolution, they are merely its sons-in-law, and they have the apologetic air of those who have married into a large and contentious family. For the Daughters of the American Revolution show traces of the blood of their strenuous sires, and at their conventions spend most of their time in fighting.

The revolutionary daughters are holding their convention at the National Theatre. They are having the usual feminine difficulty in coping with parliamentary procedure, and manifest the usual feminine desire—all to talk at the same time.

At Monday's session about the only business done was a futile attempt to do business. The noise of conversation became so great that a Pennsylvania delegate angrily denounced the ladies present who were talking over private matters, and demanded that they should retire from the hall and allow the convention to get down to work. The sentiment was vigorously applauded. Then all the ladies fell to discussing the outrage in so animated a way that the transaction of business again became impossible. Mrs. Sherman, of New York, then arose and demanded quiet. She said that if the ladies would not keep quiet she would move for the appointment of a sergeant-at-arms. She said the day before one of the young lady pages had been knocked down by two members of the congress in one of the numerous wild rushes across the room. A chorus of "Ohs," and "Ahs," and "Good gracious" at once ran around the room. One indignant delegate denied "the truth of the assertion." Then Mrs. Thompson, of Massachusetts, arose and said it was true; that the young lady who had been knocked down was in her charge, and that two vice-presidents were the culprits. Here the convention broke out into what was almost a riot, and Mrs. Thompson was forced to sit down. Mrs. Forsythe, of New York, stated that while the young lady was really knocked down, "it was an accident, as the two vice-presidents were in haste to answer an imperative summons." Mrs. Hatcher, chairman of the house-committee, stated that she had done her best to maintain quiet, but that the ladies "paid no attention to her pages, who were well-bred young ladies, but that they had been abominably treated"; that if the ladies would not preserve proper decorum, she would resign. Her utterances were also applauded, and the convention went into another gale of noise which again drowned all attempts at business.

At last the incident was closed by a request that the newspaper reporters be asked to make no mention of the incident, and the convention then devoted an hour and a half to wrangling over the minutes of the preceding meeting, which was all they had time to accomplish at that session.

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To those who know Washington as it was years ago it seems extraordinary how the old hotels ever could have accommodated the crowds. In the last ten or twelve years numerous modern hotels have been erected—lofty and spacious buildings like the Shoreham, the Raleigh, and others. I do not suppose the population of Washington has increased more than thirty per cent. since Grover Cleveland's first term, but the hotels—of all kinds—have increased about a hundred per cent., and yet they all seem to be full. I arrived three days ago, intending to stop over for a few days en route between New York and Florida, and barely succeeded in securing accommodations. As I write, you can not get even an inferior room at any of the leading hotels, and they are turning people away.

In the old days people went to old-fashioned hotels like the Ebbitt, the Arlington, and others of that ilk; they ate dinner in the middle of the day, and supper in the evening; they partook uncomplainingly of poor food badly cooked and served on the American plan. The one oasis in the desert of Washington's bad cookery was John Chamberlin's. There you could get something decent to eat, although the



charges were not moderate. I still remember an immodest bill for a very modest breakfast there:

Boiled salt mackerel.....	One dollar.
Cup of coffee.....	Thirty cents.
Pot of cream.....	Ten cents.
Baked potato.....	Ten cents.

I stood all the rest, but my gorge rose at the price of the potato. I protested, and the bland head-waiter at once reduced the charge from a dollar and a half to a dollar. Chamberlin must have had a sliding scale. I never saw any prices on the bill of fare there then. In that respect it was like those swell *cafés* in Paris, such as the Lion d'Or, where it is considered unseemly to put prices on the bill, and vulgar for the guests to ask them. However, Chamberlin's was very good, even if it was high-priced. The difference between it and some of the modern Washington hotels is that they are high-priced and not good.

There used to be at John Chamberlin's an interesting coterie of politicians; political leaders—what they still in the South call "orators" and "statesmen"—local notabilities like Colonel "Dick" Wintersmith, of Kaintucky, and Andrew Curtin, "war governor of Pennsylvania"; national notabilities like Uncle Larry Jerome, Tom Ochiltree, and Henry Watterson. But things have changed. John Chamberlin is dead. His house is run by a "company," and of the notabilities some are dead and some have reformed.

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The present position of the majority in Congress over the Puerto Rican tariff bill is extraordinary. The Ways and Means Committee are endeavoring to convince their fellow Republicans that their bill should be passed. The Republicans in opposition to the bill are wavering. Both wings of the Republican majority claim that they represent the President. The President's message puts him on record as against the bill; his spokesmen claim that he is for the bill; while the Democratic minority is supporting the President against the members of his own party. Only the day before yesterday in the Ways and Means Committee-Room, Mr. Newlands, of Nevada, assured me that if a vote were taken at that time the dissenting Republicans and the nearly solid Democratic minority would defeat the Ways and Means Committee bill. This in the House of Commons would be almost equivalent to a failure of the ministry to command a vote of confidence, and would mean the fall of a cabinet. However, Mr. Newlands was candid enough to add that the Republicans were "getting together," that strenuous efforts for harmony were being made, and that when the final vote came the Republicans would probably all be in line.

A brief synopsis of this party tangle may not be uninteresting. In his message to Congress the President earnestly advocated free trade with Puerto Rico. After consulting him, Chairman Payne, of the Ways and Means Committee, drew up a Puerto Rican tariff bill on those lines. But the Republican members of the committee differed concerning it; the majority disagreed with the President, and the Democratic members disagreed with the majority. Three reports were made to the House: First, a majority Republican report, differing with the President, and favoring a Puerto Rican tariff of twenty-five per cent. of our own Dingley tariff; second, a minority Republican report agreeing with the President; and third, a minority Democratic report favoring absolute free trade. This Democratic report went further. It not only favored free trade but claimed that the constitution and laws of the United States were extended to Puerto Rico when the treaty of cession was signed. This report was a close legal and constitutional study of the question, which was very ably handled by Representative Newlands. It gave the key-note to the Democrats. Whether through sincere or insincere motives, they at once denounced the contemplated Republican procedure as not only unconstitutional but wicked. They began a vigorous attack on the Republican majority, and it must be admitted that our party forces for a time were demoralized.

At this writing the Republican leaders are nervous. They have a majority of only fourteen over the Democratic opposition, which solidly opposes the bill. Twelve Republican votes would defeat it, and there are, as I write, from twelve to fifteen Republican votes in doubt. Among them is mentioned Congressman Loud, of California. The Republican leaders hesitate to call a caucus, as the wavering Republicans announce that they would not be bound by a caucus decision, as "the Puerto Rican question is not a political one." In fact, they claim that Chairman Payne and his followers are really the recalcitrants, as they are opposing the President's policy.

All these matters may be settled before these lines meet the reader's eye. But some comment on them now will be readable, as the fight, from a political point of view, is a very pretty one. It may be well to add here that the *Argonaut* was the only journal in California which pointed out to its party the embarrassment the Puerto Rican measure would cause, and this journal declared that the bill would precipitate dissensions in the Republican ranks and give the Democrats an advantage which we might have cause to regret. Most of the newspapers of California ignored the whole question. The few that commented on it sneered at the importance attributed to it by the *Argonaut*. I take great pleasure now in saying to these editorial quidnuncs that the question is attracting more attention in Congress than any economic measure that has been before it for many years; that to cope with it the House is holding night sessions; that to continue its debate the House did not adjourn over Washington's Birthday; that the debate continued all day; that the House is crowded at every session; and that the speeches are followed with close attention. The Washington *Star* says that "it is a long time since a question of such importance has come before Congress, and rarely have such large and attentive audiences followed the discussion of an economic measure." The New York *Tribune* says: "It has been a long time since Congress has had to deal

with heavier responsibilities or more novel and important legislation. Never before have speeches on such questions been addressed to more receptive audiences."

As showing the embarrassment of the Republican majority, some of the incidents on the floor of the House may be worth relating. Yesterday, Mr. Ray, of New York, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, was delivering a legal argument in favor of the bill. He declared that the constitution covered only the States of the Union; that it could not be extended to territory which was merely "the property of the United States." He was interrupted by Mr. Bromwell, of Ohio (Republican), who is not in favor of the bill. Mr. Bromwell put this question to him:

"Your bill imposes a tariff on Puerto Rican products coming into the United States and on United States products coming into Puerto Rico. Puerto Rico is now a part of the United States. The constitution prohibits export duties. This is practically an export duty, as it is immaterial at which end it is collected. Is not such a bill unconstitutional?"

Mr. Ray gazed reproachfully at his fellow-Republican for a moment, and then began what is known in the prize-ring as "sparring for wind." He talked for a long time without saying much germane to the interrogation, but finally, in reply to the repeated proddings of Mr. Bromwell, said, in substance:

"An export duty is one levied on goods going from here to a foreign country, not one levied on goods coming from a foreign country to this."

He was interrupted by Mr. Henry, of Texas, who blandly inquired: "Do I understand that the gentleman speaks of Puerto Rico, our new possession, as a *foreign country*?" "No, sir," said Mr. Ray, hotly, seeing the pitfall into which he was stumbling, "I repudiate any such meaning." And, waving his interrupters aside, he continued his legal argument on less dangerous lines.

But Mr. Bromwell again interrupted with the statement that he thought the President knew more about Puerto Rican matters than the Ways and Means Committee, and that the President's attitude in favor of free trade had not been changed to his knowledge; that if the President had changed his attitude, he [Mr. Bromwell] believed that the President would so inform his fellow-Republicans. This remark caused consternation on the Republican side, but met with no response.

The President's silence is not the least embarrassing factor in the present complication. Yesterday it again came up on the floor of the House. Representative Brantley, of Georgia (Democrat), had just finished an elaborate speech opposing the bill. He was followed by Representative Grosvenor, of Ohio (Republican), defending the bill. General Grosvenor is very close to the President, and is universally regarded as a spokesman for the administration, therefore his remarks would have been followed with close attention, even if they were not eloquent and witty, as his speeches always are. But even General Grosvenor found himself at times embarrassed by the pointed questions from the Democratic side.

When tauntingly asked by Representative Richardson, the Democratic leader, "Why does the Ways and Means Committee bill run counter to the recommendations of the President in his message?" General Grosvenor replied:

"The President wrote his message in November. Had he the same information since then as the committee, he would change his mind as the committee have changed their minds."

To which the Democrat retorted: "Do you know that the President has changed his mind?"

General Grosvenor was silent.

His tormentor went on: "Can you assure the House that the President has changed his mind or has not changed his mind?"

General Grosvenor hesitated for a time, and then replied: "I am not the mouth-piece of the President." Then shaking his head quizzically at the Democrat who was badgering him, he said: "The gentleman made a long speech on this question yesterday. To-day he desires to add to it. I was very well satisfied with his speech as it was. Apparently he is not." This raised a laugh, and saved the situation.

General Grosvenor was permitted to go on with his speech, although dodging these embarrassing questions. But he made one point—addressed to the wavering Republicans—which seems unanswerable. It was this—that the necessary money must be raised by this tariff bill, as Puerto Rico could not raise it by direct taxation; that otherwise the Republican party would have to pass an appropriation bill and pay Puerto Rico's running expenses out of the United States Treasury; "and what," asked General Grosvenor, "what would our Democratic friends on the other side say to that during the coming campaign? How could we answer charges that we were paying Puerto Rico's expenses out of the United States Treasury?" As a political argument this is unanswerable. The Democrats would use it to accomplish the defeat of the Republican party.

The most notable speech on the Republican side was made to-day by Representative Littlefield, of Maine. He is the new member who made a sensation with his speech in the Roberts polygamy case. He opposes the tariff bill on sentimental grounds. There is much to be said on that phase of the matter, and Mr. Littlefield handled it remarkably well. I think, however, that the Republican House will be inclined to vote upon the issue on material and political grounds.

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Washington may have grown larger and richer, but she has not improved her drinking water. It is still the same rich brown Potomac. True, they strive to filter it to remove some of the mud, but fail ignominiously. At present it is particularly dark-complexioned, owing to heavy rain-storms, as is the case also now with the New York Croton and the Philadelphia

Schuylkill water. The Washington water is so bad that one would imagine the natives had an abundance of other waters to drink. But whatever may be the case with the rich and great it is evident that the masses drink Potomac straight, for yesterday I went into a drug store where there was a soda-fountain, thinking they would have their "soda" made out of clean water. However, I first cautiously sounded the proprietor by asking him if there was any distilled water company in Washington like the Hygeia Company in New York.

"No, there is not," was the reply.

"But you must use distilled water in mixing prescriptions?"

"Oh, yes, we make a little for that purpose."

"But," said I, pointing with inquisitive finger at the soda fountain, "don't you make your soda-water out of distilled water?"

The pure soda man looked a little confused, but rallied and replied: "Oh, we make that out of spring water."

I did not ask him where his spring was, but I think it was in a faucet at the back of his shop, through which ran the rich brown Potomac fluid to be subsequently clarified by alum.

My only use of the Potomac water is in the bath. Even there I hesitate on entering at its rich chocolate color, and on emerging I look around despairingly for some other bath with which to wash off my bath.

"The river Rhine, as is well known,  
Doth wash the city of Cologne.  
But oh, ye nymphs, what power divine  
Henceforth shall wash the river Rhine?"

And how shall the man who bathes in Washington water be bathed withal?

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Washington's Birthday was a beautiful day in Washington. Fine days in winter here are rarer than in California, so I spent the late afternoon in driving through the fine north-west quarter. Fresh from the debates in the House of Representatives, I had never in my life heard so many allusions to "our flag." But in driving around Washington I did not seem to see the flag. Aside from the flags on the federal buildings I saw but six American flags! This in the capital of the nation, in the heart of the richest quarter, in the city which was named after Washington, and on his natal day.

JEROME A. HART.

WASHINGTON, February 23, 1900.

Colonel Richard W. Thompson died at his home in Indianapolis on February 9th, aged ninety-one years. Richard W. Thompson was born in 1809, the year of Lincoln, Gladstone, Darwin, Tennyson, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. He met and personally knew every President of the United States except Washington; he was elected to Congress in 1840; he was an intimate friend of Lincoln; he stumped his State for Henry Clay in 1832; he was Secretary of the Navy in the Cabinet of President Hayes. For seventy years he was active in politics. He participated in more national campaigns than any man in the history of the republic, delivering speeches in every Presidential struggle from 1832 to 1896. He was sent as a delegate to more national conventions than any man now alive, first as a Whig and later as a Republican. He nominated Morton for the Presidency in 1876, and in 1892, at Minneapolis, when he was eighty-three years old, he performed the same office for Benjamin Harrison. Mr. Thompson declined offers of more important offices than almost any other man ever prominent in public life. President Taylor offered him the mission to Austria. President Fillmore wanted to make him recorder of the general land office; President Lincoln pressed him to accept a seat on the bench of the court of claims. But, for one reason or another, Mr. Thompson accepted none of them. The passing of "Dick" Thompson marks the close of an epoch in the political history of the country (says the *Chicago Tribune*). He was the last survivor of the old school of public men who grew up in the backwoods and went from the log-cabin to the halls of Legislature. He was the last link in the chain which bound the fathers of the republic to the fourth generation of their sons.

The most sumptuous copy of the New Testament in existence is a splendid *édition de luxe* presented to the Dowager-Empress of China on the occasion of her sixtieth birthday, the presentation having been made in due form by the British and American ministers. The book is a royal quarto volume in silver covers, embossed with bamboo and bird designs, and is printed on the finest paper with the largest type, and with a border of gold encircling each page. It was incased in a solid-silver casket, ornamented with symbolical designs, the whole weighing ten and a half pounds, and upon the cover of the casket there is a gold plate which relates that the book is the gift of the Christian women in China. Not long after the presentation of this magnificent volume, the eunuchs were sent from the palace to the bookstore to ask for a common copy, so that the empress and her ladies might compare the two texts.

The greatest banquet in history took place August 1, 1889, when the 40,000 mayors of France sat at a table in the Palais de l'Industrie in Paris. There were three relay of about 13,000 guests each. To prepare the feast required 75 chief cooks, 13,000 waiters, scullions, cellar-men, and helpers, 80,000 plates, 52,000 glasses, knives, forks, and spoons in proportion, 40,000 rolls, and fish, meat, and fowl by the ton. The banquet was part of the centenary celebration of the events of 1789.

Six Vice-Presidents of the United States have died while in office. George Clinton, died April 20, 1812; Elbridge Gerry, November 23, 1814; William Rufus King, April 1, 1833; Henry Wilson, November 22, 1875; Thomas Hendricks, November 25, 1885; and Garrett A. Hobart, November 21, 1899.



## THE MAGIC BIT OF SILVER.

How Gomez Founded His Fortune.

"I want to ask you a question, Gomez."

"Well, my dear hoy, what is it?"

"Where did you get your money?"

The question was an abrupt one—it was almost impertinent. But Gomez de Bonilla was an intimate friend of mine, a good fellow, and—we had dined. To say truth, we had not only dined but wine, and it was over some excellent post-prandials in the shape of further wine and fragrant cigars that I had asked the question. But I had long wished to do so, and I will tell you why.

Some two years before, Gomez was poor as a church-mouse. He was always a good fellow, but then, you know, there is a difference between good fellows rich and good fellows poor. And, to my shame he it spoken, I think I liked him better rich than poor. Well, as I said, he was almost destitute. He had a profession, it is true—he was a journalist; but in Spain the gains of the fraternity of the pen are not large. What little he did earn went to the had, for he was an inveterate gambler.

But from a poverty-stricken journalist he suddenly hopped out into a man of wealth. He had the finest horses, he belonged to the most fashionable club, he had the most luxuriously fitted town house, he had purchased the country-seat of a decayed grandee, he had the best cook in Madrid, and he moved in the best society—for alas! even in Spain the golden key is beginning to open all portals. But do not think from what I say that Gomez was not a gentleman, for he came of an excellent family.

Well, as I said, we had just finished an excellent dinner, and over the walnuts and wine I put my question:

"Gomez, where did you get your money?"

He looked at me thoughtfully, and knocked the ash from his cigar. "Where did I get my money?" he repeated, slowly. "And what says Dame Rumor concerning it, Pedro?"

"There are all sorts of stories," I replied; "some probable, some wildly impossible; some good-humored, more ill-natured. You will pardon my frankness if I tell you that I have heard some people call your wealth 'ill-gotten gains,' whisper of retired highwaymen, and the like. There are others who hint darkly at counterfeiting. Among the lower classes there is a wide-spread belief that you have sold yourself to the devil. And I have even met intelligent people who hinted at supernatural means."

"Perhaps they were right," was his laconic reply.

I stared at him.

"Listen, and you may perhaps tell me whether the means were supernatural or no. I have never been able to decide. The reason that the source of my fortune has never been discovered was because the only man who knew of it left the city the day after—"

He paused.

"The day after what?" I queried.

"Well, I will begin at the beginning. The story is a curious one, and should be told in sequence."

He lit a fresh cigar, and then began:

"You knew me two years ago, when I was poor. You also knew, as did all my friends, that I had a passion for gaming. You would all of you chorus, when speaking of me, 'Poor Bonilla! He has the worst of vices—he is a desperate gambler.' You were all wrong. I did not play simply for love of it. I played because I was poor. I was not a gambler, I was a speculator. I had fixed upon a certain sum which I considered a competence. I saw no way of acquiring it by my profession, so I devoted myself to the green cloth—how assiduously you know."

He smiled at the expression of assent which involuntarily flitted over my countenance, watched the smoke-wreaths curling over his head for a moment, and continued:

"One evening I was feeling unusually blue. I never drank, as you know—that is, never to excess—and certainly never to what is called 'drowning sorrow.' My resource was the gaming-table. Unfortunately I had in my possession a considerable sum of money, which had been intrusted to me by a friend, for the purpose of paying some debts; he had been suddenly called away from the city. I entered the gambling-hell, and seated myself at the roulette table. Fortune was against me; the few *duros* that belonged to me were soon gone. Something seemed to possess me that night; I was not myself. I did what I never should have dreamed myself capable of doing—I staked my friend's money. I staked it, and I lost it all."

I was about to speak.

"Do not condemn me," he interrupted; "you could say nothing severer than were my self-reproaches. Long I sat there, glaring at the other players. As I watched the ivory ball spin round, my brain seemed to spin round, too. My senses seemed to be leaving me. I felt as if life were no longer dear to me. Penniless and dishonored, what was there left to live for?"

"As these thoughts passed through my working brain, the night wore on. The players dropped off, one by one. The tables were gradually deserted. Soon there was but one left lighted—the roulette-table before which I sat, and at which one persevering gamester was trying his luck. Finally he, too, wearied, and I was left alone with the banker, who was the proprietor of the gambling-hell."

"Oh, I remember," I interrupted, "José Herrera, who disappeared so suddenly a couple of years ago."

"The same," replied Bonilla, fixing his eyes keenly upon me.

I do not know why, but I began to feel uncomfortable. However, he continued:

"The hanker looked at me inquiringly. I half rose to retire. I had fully determined to blow out my brains in the street, and that I did not do so is owing to one of the strangest of circumstances—so strange that you will not blame me for wondering whether it was supernatural. I half rose, I say, and as I did so, I saw upon the floor a

round, bright object which had a silver shimmer as the gas-light fell upon it. It was a coin, a—"

"A *peseta*," I interrupted, breathlessly.

"Yes," he went on, "a little bit of silver coin—only a *peseta*. But it saved my life. I placed my foot upon it, and motioning to the hanker, said:

"'A *peseta* on the seventeen!'"

"The hanker knew me well—he had cause to—and without making any inquiries he repeated my wager after me, and set the hall a-whirling. It stopped in the seventeen."

"Seventeen wins," said he, and on the seventeen clanged seven silver *duros*.

"Do you leave it there?" said he. I nodded.

"Again the ivory ball spun round, and again it stopped at seventeen. 'Seventeen wins,' said the hanker."

"Again I left the glittering pile upon the seventeen, and again it won. Seven several times did the Goddess Fortune smile upon me. And when I stopped, it was not because I feared to venture further, but because I had broken the hank. The poverty-stricken wretch who a few moments before had contemplated suicide was now wealthy."

"And the *peseta*," said I, "you have that still, of course?"

"No," he replied, with a strange smile.

"Why," exclaimed I, with surprise, "had I been you I would have kept it all my life."

"No," he replied, with the same peculiar smile, "you would not have kept it."

"And why not?"

"When I stooped to pick up the coin I found—nothing."

"Nothing!" I echoed. "Why—what—where—"

"That which I had taken for a *peseta* was not a coin. The round, silvery object on which the light had fallen and deceived me was—"

"What?"

"A drop of water."—*Adapted for the Argonaut from the Spanish.*

## AN INCIDENT OF THE PLACERS.

Not an ounce o' dust;  
Clean hust!  
A lost year,  
Slavin' here;  
Workin' the shovel an' pick an' pan,  
Livin' on grub not fit fer a man  
An' dreams o' strikin' it rich!  
Reckon I've dug my last ditch—  
Down to hard-pan, bed-rock, at last,  
With all them pipe-dreams past:  
Dreams about goin' back home some day,  
With a sackful o' nuggets, an'—Hello, thar! Say!  
W'at d'ye mean—that is, come in, Pard!  
Ye s'prised me a hit: I wuz thinkin' hard;  
Wuzn't specuin' a call—  
That's all.

Draw up here; ye look done.  
Hoss petered? This trail ain't no fun.  
What? Fifty mile—ye say  
Ye've done fifty mile to-day?  
Sho! Take it easy; stretch out across  
The fire-place, stranger—I'll see to yer hoss.  
Gosh—no wonder yer critter's heat  
With that load holdin' down his feet.  
What ye got in 'em—lead?  
Hey? What wuz that ye said?  
Nuggets—gold dust—gold?  
W'y, them saddle-hags 'ud hold  
Over a hundred-weight, I 'low—  
Yer laughin'—guyn' me! How?  
Goin' home? Got enough?  
Wall, stranger, it's kind o' rough—  
Not as I envy ye yer luck,  
But it's hard on a ole chap w'at's stuck  
To a prospect-hole through thick and thin  
As I've did, an' then not made it win—  
It's apt, I say, to make him rile  
When a tenderfoot strikes such a pile.  
Sho, derned ef he ain't asleep!  
He's too trustin' to keep  
Them nuggets long. Ef I wuz like some,  
He'd go from hyar to Kingdom Come—  
An' me? I reckon the Eastern trail  
Wouldn't find me no snail.  
A measly, low-down idee!  
What's got inter me  
To make me figger sich a thing?  
Shows what hard luck'll bring  
A poor feller to, who's allus bin  
Toler'ble free from sin,  
But them hags wuz heavy as—gold.  
What'll they fetch, when sold?  
A hundred-weight; forty thousan', rough.  
No wonder he said 'twuz 'nough!  
What's he did, that he should light  
On sich a find as that! 'Taint right,  
An' me a-slavin' long  
On nothin'. What's the cuss?  
Ef I let daylight inter my wuz,  
Tumble him down a shaft—no muss—  
And vamoose on his boss!  
He wouldn't know no loss,  
An' I'd hev made a raise at last—  
Hold on—I'm mebbe too fast;  
Perhaps the feller's shammin'—no,  
That snore's an honest enough one. So;  
Not the gun; I reckon this  
Ole knife ain't so apt to miss;  
'Twouldn't be pleasant to only wing  
The lad; the knife's the thing.  
How he sleeps! I kin feel his breath—  
He haint no thought o' death.  
A leetle lower down—hyar—one blow,  
An' the trick 'ud be—Say! Wake up! Hello!  
Gosh, hut the boy is sound asleep—  
What am I shakin' ye fer? To keep  
Yer circulation up.  
Reckon ye want ter sup,  
An' the kettle's biled. Besides, my friend,  
'Taint jest healthy, I apprehend.  
Fer ye, with that gold fer yer piller, to snore  
Hyar on my cabin floor—  
Suthin' might happen—I don't say w'at.  
Take a bite, an' git, while yer gold ye've got  
An' yer life's yer own. Eh—how?  
What are ye laughin' at now?  
'Taint no joke, I tell ye—What's that? Not gold—  
Only some quartz to assay? Sold?  
Sold! Thank God! But take my advice:  
Don't ye never joke that way twice—  
Some feller can't take that kind o' a joke.  
Ye've done yer feed? Fill yer pipe and smoke.  
Sorry the jug's out—Will I jine you?  
Wall, I don't keer ef I do!

—Ralph Graham Taber in the Criterion.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Czar has presented a new yacht to Prince George of Greece, who saved his life in Japan some years ago.

During a sojourn on the slopes of Vesuvius for his health, Professor Giovanni Bovio has written a drama giving a picture of life in ancient Greece, the characters being Socrates, Xantippe, and their two children.

A new Johann Strauss is in the field. He is a son of Eduard Strauss and a nephew of Johann the Second, and has already composed an operetta. He is going to start this year on a trip around the world with a "Johann Strauss Vienna Orchestra."

It was only by accident that Senator Vest became a Missourian. He was on his way to California, in 1853, to practice law here, when he was snow-bound at Georgetown, Mo., and not being too well supplied with money, he decided to practice there for the rest of the winter. He did so well that he gave up the Pacific Slope plan.

The late Sir John Millais's bluff and hearty unconventionality of manner is illustrated by the amusing story his son tells of his reception of Cardinal Newman, when the latter dignitary, with a bevy of prelates, came to the studio to sit for his portraits. Pointing gayly to his sitter's chair, the famous artist cried: "Come, jump up, you dear old hoy!"

The distinction of being the first soldier—officer or private—to be recommended for the Victoria Cross during the present Transvaal campaign belongs to Captain Walter Norris Congreve, of the Rifle Brigade. The circumstances under which this high honor was gained occurred at the battle of Colenso, when Captain Congreve made a most gallant attempt to save the English field-guns from falling into the hands of the Boers.

Pope Leo's year of jubilee has begun badly. Rome counted on the arrival of least three hundred thousand pilgrims, but unless there is a change soon, the number, judging from the first month of the year, will hardly exceed thirty thousand. The first great pilgrimage, that from the province of Liguria, headed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Genoa, consisted of only twelve hundred persons, chiefly priests. The year will be marked by the canonization of a number of new saints, eleven names being now under consideration in the Congregation of Rites.

"Lord Dunraven is an excellent type of a mean class," says the *Dublin United Irishman*. "Recently this 'gentleman' dismissed a number of his workmen at Askeaton, all under forty years of age, and his lordship's wife went among them telling them that as they would not get work in the district they should all join the British army. These men were dismissed, we believe, solely in order to force them into the ranks of England's hattered soldiery through fear of starvation. Not one of them, we are glad to say, 'took the shilling' from her ladyship. If the farmers of the district do not provide employment of some sort for these unfortunate fellows, they will deserve the contempt of all Irishmen."

It is interesting to note the number of eminent men of the present day whose education began in a printing-office. William Dean Howells learned the trade in Hamilton, O.; Amos J. Cummings has set type in nearly every State of the Union; Congressman James M. Robinson worked on the Fort Wayne (Ind.) *Daily News*; Richard Watson Gilder, the poet-editor of the *Century Magazine*, once set the type and did the press-work on the *St. Thomas Register* at Flushing, L. I. William P. Hephurn, of Iowa, used to be a compositor, and a fast and accurate one. So were Charles B. Landis, of Indiana, William H. Hinrichson, of Illinois, George D. Perkins, of Iowa, and a host of other prominent men in the country.

An interesting story is told concerning the life of G. W. Stevens, the war-correspondent who died recently in South Africa of enteric fever. Four years ago he married Mrs. Christina Rogerson, who, although more than double his age, is a woman of wonderful charm, wit, and fascination. She enjoyed the spirit and gaiety of a woman of twenty when Stevens, then twenty-six, married her. She was then sixty-three years old. Mrs. Rogerson refused him repeatedly, but she eventually yielded to an unceasing importunity. Their married life was very happy, and at Merton Abbey, Nelson's one-time residence, they devoted the kindest parental care to six boys and six girls taken from the worst haunts of vice and misery. These children they prepared for honest livelihood. Mrs. Stevens is still very handsome and a sister of the famous beauty, Mrs. Henry Smith, whose daughter was the Mrs. Virginia Crawford of the Dilke case. She has a substantial fortune in her own right.

Twenty years ago Charles M. Schwab went to work in the Carnegie iron works at Pittsburgh as a stake-driver at a salary of one dollar a day. Now he is president of the Carnegie Steel Company, Limited, and draws a salary larger than that of the President of the United States. As the executive head of the great Carnegie interests, Mr. Schwab is just now prominent in the public eye. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1863, and had only a common school education. At fifteen years of age he went to work, and for a year or two drove a mail wagon and clerked in a grocery store. In his seventeenth year he got a job with the Carnegie Company. His first work was to drive stakes for the foundation of a new building. His rise was so rapid as to be phenomenal. He became chief engineer in 1887, general manager a little later, and in 1896 a partner in the company. Years ago he was offered a salary of more than fifty thousand dollars a year to go to England and take charge of some English iron and steel works. This offer he declined at once.



## ENGLAND'S GOLF CHAMPION.

He Defeats America's—An Argonaut Correspondent Describes their Match—Millionaire Golfers—Carnegie Breaks His Record—Vardon May Come to California.

The last few days have been red-letter days for golf players in St. Augustine. Harry Vardon has been here—Vardon, the professional champion of Great Britain, and the man who holds the world's record in golf.

Vardon is an Englishman born on the island of Jersey, and this is his first experience on other soil than British. His father is a professional gardener and the son was following his father's calling until, about ten years ago, he discovered that his golf playing was phenomenal—that he could lower records easily on all the links he played over. So he gave up gardening and devoted his entire time to golf. For the last three or four years he has been at Granton, in Yorkshire, England, where there is one of the wealthiest golf clubs in Britain. And all he has to do there is to play golf with the golfing nobility and gentry at a guinea a round! He does not even have to teach, for he has men under him who attend to the monotonous task of giving instruction to beginners. Because a man is rich seems to be no reason in this country any more than in England why he should not be as anxious to excel in golf as though his bread and butter depended upon it. Here in St. Augustine there is many a weary millionaire who would be almost willing to give a month's dividends to lower his score a single stroke. One of the professionals pointed out a multi-millionaire merchant of Chicago who, he said, had taken up golf only a little while ago and who now played so good a game that "the boys were always willing to play with him." By "the boys," he meant the professionals. He had forgotten the millionaire's name, and the fact that he played a good game was more important by far than the amount of his money.

Apocryphal of millionaires enjoying golf, when the first papers were filed in the long-threatened legal clash between the steel kings, Carnegie and Frick, the reporters of course set about at once to secure an interview with Mr. Carnegie. But they could not find him. After several days it was definitely learned that he was down in Florida "for rest and recreation." But all efforts made to see him failed, as he was the guest of his sister-in-law at Dungeness, on Cumberland Island, off the coast of Florida, and there is no public communication with the place. When informed by the manager of the estate that several newspaper men were desirous of interviewing him regarding the Frick suit, Mr. Carnegie's only answer was: "Say to the correspondents that I am playing golf, and that I broke my golf record yesterday."

Possibly the breaking of his golf record again would be of infinitely more satisfaction to Mr. Carnegie than the winning of the great suit.

But to return to Vardon and the great exhibition-game he played here. It took place last Saturday, and luckily for the on-lookers there was no rain, though it was bitterly cold, and in the afternoon an unpleasant gale blew up. Professional golf-players from all over the East were here to witness the game. Among them were Bernard Nicholls, the professional of the Philadelphia Country Club links; George Low, runner-up for the American championship and professional at the Dyker Meadow links; and "Willie" Hoare, the champion long-distance driver. "Willie" Smith, who holds the professional championship of America, was given the honor of playing against the visiting champion. It was a 36-hole contest. Eighteen holes were played in the morning and 18 in the afternoon, and every stroke was watched with the most eager interest by the crowd of several hundred people who followed the game from the first tee to the final put. What a great thing the present-style short skirt is for women who want to follow golf matches! In fact, a long skirt about the links looks almost as grotesque as would a hall-gown on the street.

Both men were in excellent form, and each put up a splendid game. Vardon is a prepossessing-appearing man, with a pleasant smile and a gentlemanly bearing. He says little and smokes much—though for the match he had laid aside his briar pipe. He is twenty-nine years old, stands five feet eleven in his stocking feet, and weighs a hundred and fifty-five pounds. On the links he is more like a magician than a man. His driving is a marvel, and there is little he will not attempt with his wooden clubs. He tees up but very little, makes a full, graceful swing, strikes the ball without the least apparent effort and with the most beautiful "follow through" imaginable, and away the ball flies in a straight line almost parallel to the ground at the height of the eye, then soars like a bird until its force is spent, and drops dead at last a couple of hundred yards or so distant in a bee-line between the tee and the hole.

But Vardon's playing is *sui generis*. In the first place, his driver is only forty inches long and weighs less than thirteen ounces. His brassies are the same in length of shaft, though of course heavier, and he uses them for every conceivable sort of a distance shot, regardless of the lie, and with deadly accuracy. For approach shots he uses the mid-iron rather than the mashie, and, clipping a neat hit of turf at each stroke, he places the ball with unerring judgment within a few feet of the flag, where it stops dead every time. His putting seems less remarkable than his strokes on the fair green—possibly for the reason that he is accustomed to putting on grass greens. These in St. Augustine are of marl sprinkled with sand, and are difficult for a stranger to become accustomed to. He uses, ordinarily, a goose-neck putter and sends his ball twirling into the hole with a beautiful spin, something like the "reverse English" of the hilliard-player. This spin seems to steady the ball on its path. Those who know say that putting is Vardon's strong point, and that the day before playing his famous match with Willie Hoare, when he broke the old Scotch golfer's heart by beating him, he spent the entire day practicing putting. An excellent method, by the way,

for any one to spend the day before he plays a match game; for a match in nine cases out of ten is decided on the putting-green.

Vardon also has a habit that is all his own of practicing his strokes in the air before playing, as if thereby to calculate the distance. In grasping his clubs he seems to hold them easily, but brings his hands so closely together that the thumb of the left hand overlaps the little finger of the right. In short, everything he does about golf seems to be different from the way we are taught to do, which makes it seem as if instruction in golf amounted to very little and that every one must work out his own salvation. But whatever one may think about the value of lessons in golf there can be no two opinions regarding the benefit to be derived from seeing good golf played. And Vardon knows how to play good golf—he does not play at it.

It is a curious fact that all through the exhibition game on Saturday the sympathy of the crowd was with Smith. The impression seemed to prevail that because Smith held the professional championship of America that he is an American. But such is not the case. Smith has been in this country less than a year and came over from Scotland for the express purpose of playing in the open tournament for the championship which is held every year on some one of the Eastern links. He is a canny Scot if ever there was one. Even his speech is measured. Therefore the match between him and Vardon was a Scotch-English affair rather than a British-American one, and the intense interest expressed in Smith was, on that account, rather amusing to those who knew the facts.

In the forenoon, Smith seemed to need encouragement and sympathy, for the first round was all Vardon's way. He lowered the professional record for 18 holes on these links to 71, and when the morning's half closed he was 6 up. But, in the afternoon, things went differently. After winning the first hole, an evil genius seemed to preside over Vardon's puts, and Smith made four holes and four were halved before Vardon took another hole. Then they tied the next in 4, and Smith won the twelfth in 3. The next was halved in another 4. Then Vardon took the fourteenth in 5 to 6, and was dormie 4. On the next hole Vardon's ball was rimmed, and Smith slipped in ahead in 4, whereat the "gallery" seemed pleased, though the real golfer at heart was too much interested in the individual strokes to care much for the contest. The sixteenth hole is a long one, and when both balls rested on the green in 4, within a couple of yards of the hole on either side, the excitement grew intense. "Will he make it?" "Is this his last chance?" and similar loudly whispered questions as to Smith's welfare filled the air. Smith looked appealingly around, and a voice from the crowd authoritatively said, "Will the audience please not talk while the players are making strokes!" After that the proverbial pin could have been heard to drop while Smith putted in 5. In a moment Vardon's ball followed easily into the hole, and every one thought it was another tie. For an instant the players, the caddies, and the umpire all stood still on the green. Then Low, the runner-up for the American championship, who was caddieing for Smith, could retain himself no longer, and spoke out exultantly, forgetful of the fact that he was naught but a humble caddie: "Mr. Smith won the hole in 5 to 6; Vardon moved his ball."

So Smith had still a chance to tie the match. He was now only two down with two to go. But Vardon, or the Fates—which was it?—were too much for him. The seventeenth hole was halved and the match went to Vardon with two up, one to go:

MORNING ROUND.												
Vardon:												
Out	4	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	37	
In	3	5	3	3	4	5	5	3	3	3	34	71
Smith:												
Out	4	4	3	4	5	5	5	5	5	4	39	
In	4	4	3	4	5	5	5	6	4	4	40	79
AFTERNOON ROUND.												
Vardon:												
Out	3	6	5	4	6	5	6	4	4	4	43	
In	3	4	4	4	5	5	6	5	3	3	39	82
Smith:												
Out	4	4	4	4	5	5	5	4	4	4	39	
In	4	4	3	4	6	4	5	5	3	3	38	77

Vardon, 153; Smith, 156.

Throughout it was an intensely interesting match, and one that it would have been worth a golfer's while to go a long distance to witness. But it is not unlikely that Californians will soon have an opportunity of seeing an equally interesting one, for the Spalding Company has made Vardon a proposition for a Western tour which he seems inclined to accept for the fall. In the meantime, he is scheduled to return to Britain for the open championship tournament in May, to be held this year at St. Andrews.

There is money in golf for these professional men. For the simple privilege of using his name across the face of their clubs the Spalding Company pay all of Vardon's expenses on this trip and guarantee him besides two hundred and fifty dollars a week for his time. The Wright & Ditson people have a similar arrangement with A. H. Findlay, and the Dunn firm of Dayton, O., with Smith and Hoare, though, of course, these lesser stars do not command so high a price as Vardon. The professionals who teach golf also have an easy thing. One of them admitted frankly that during a six weeks' season in the South last winter he made over two thousand dollars in addition to what he made in the North during the rest of the year. That is the reason why he teaches golf instead of going into business, and that is why young Scotchmen like Smith and Low come over to this country to play in our open tournaments. NIBLICK.

ST. AUGUSTINE, February 19, 1900.

Copenhagen's crusade against rats has led to the formation in that city of a Rational Danish Rat Exterminating Society, which organization has constructed, at considerable expense, a crematory for the bodies of the rodents which it kills. The rats are said to be dangerous carriers of disease germs, and it has been found dangerous to the health of the city to bury them.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## Private Theatricals.

## BEFORE THE CURTAIN RISES.

The guests assemble. Down stairs I steal,  
As if I'd dressed a century before,  
And pause, a courtly heau from head to heel,  
Close by the greenroom door.  
The fire-light glows within; the leaping blaze  
Shines on an eager face. What happy spell  
Summoned that sweetest glimpse of olden days,  
That arch and radiant belle?

Ready to play her part in quaint disguise  
Of powdered hair and old brocaded gown,  
She warms a dainty foot, nor turns her eyes,  
Where, with an anxious frown,  
Conning his hook, our crafty Villain sits;  
Tall, handsome, honest, he's a wealthy squire—  
A trifle heavy—in our telling hits  
He rather misses fire.

I push the door, and meet a smile from each:  
My lady's eyes are lifted from the flame:  
The Villain keeps his finger on a speech,  
And greets me by my name.  
I am the happy hero of the play,  
With Love, and Luck, and Valor on my side;  
I am to conquer everything to-day,  
I am to win my bride.

And I will win her! Ah, they do not know—  
Well may they praise me as I act my part!  
This courtship of a hundred years ago  
Is living in my heart.  
Yet I can plead my cause without the aid  
Of studied phrases—they are poor and weak;  
Wait only till our comedy is played—  
This is no time to speak.

The actors hurry in, and one and all  
Appeal to me to listen or to look.  
The footman's livery is a size too small,  
The prompter wants his book.  
My father comes to show his wrinkled face,  
And loiters nervously behind the scenes;  
I praise his baldness and his feeble pace—  
He's only in his teens!

There are so many duties to perform,  
And at a moment's notice I must say  
Who is to see about the thunder-storm,  
And who takes in the tray.  
Where is the fatal deed that must be signed?  
I give them all their answers, and by chance,  
Lounging beside the window, lift the blind  
And cast a careless glance.

Nothing to see—how heavily it rains—  
Nothing but here and there a gliding spark,  
Where carriages along the country lanes  
Come rolling through the dark.  
Beyond, there lies a world of gloom unknown;  
Our little space of glitter, warmth, and light  
Is but a many-colored bubble, blown  
On a black sea of night.

Well, let the bubble break without a sigh,  
And let to-morrow come, as come it will;  
I am the happy hero till I die,  
If she is with me still!  
And when hereafter we recall this day  
Of painted, powdered courtship from the past,  
We'll laugh at stage and prompter, while I play  
The lover to the last!

## AFTER THE CURTAIN FALLS.

All's over now. It was a great success.  
Our honest Villain did the best he could;  
Took pains, and plodded through his wickedness;  
He's really very good;  
And when he drove the lady to despair  
With darkly howling threats and feigned alarms  
I rushed upon the stage, defied him there,  
And clasped her in my arms!

An explanation followed. I embraced  
A few relations, quite unknown till then;  
Virtue was lucky, Villainy disgraced—  
We all were better men.  
Then came my wrinkled sire—"Nay, I mistook—  
You won't bear malice for a blunder—zounds!  
Take your old father's gift—a pocket-book"—  
'Twas twenty thousand pounds.

"Bless you, my children! She's a pearl, my boy!"  
The others gathered round for their farewell,  
And stood in attitudes, and wished us joy,  
And so the curtain fell.  
They called us hack. The laughing plaudits swelled  
To welcome us. That moment was divine—  
The token of my triumph! As I held  
My darling's hand in mine.

I seemed to feel her happy pulses beat,  
As mine were beating in my joy and pride;  
I trod the whole world underneath my feet  
Since she was by my side!  
And then—why, as we passed I overheard  
A hurried whisper, caught a meaning smile:  
Enough—it was the Villain she preferred—  
The Villain all the while!

That was the end, and here I am alone,  
Dismally laughing at my sorry plight;  
I listen to the wind's unceasing moan,  
I gaze into the night,  
Only to see my pale reflection cast  
Upon the gloom. A bitter lash of rain  
Falls, with a sudden fury of the blast,  
On the black window-pane.

She loves him—loves him! She will be his wife!  
And strangely I recall, as here I stand,  
How in another world, another life,  
I loved, and dropped her hand.  
What did I think of as I bent my head?  
The firelight flashed upon my buckled shoes—  
Poor hero! Well, there's nothing to be said—  
Was she not free to choose?

She did not know! With my whole heart I played.  
What then? She thought I acted well, no doubt;  
If Love came stealing through the masquerade,  
How should she find him out?  
She did not know! God bless her in her choice!  
(Aye, and the Villain, too!) No thought of blame  
Shall ever lend its hardness to my voice,  
When I would speak her name.

There will be other plays in coming years  
When this is half-forgotten; there will be  
New scenes, new dresses, and new hopes and fears—  
But this old play for me!  
One can't be always learning things by heart;  
Variety is charming—yet it falls.  
'Zounds!' (as the father said, I'll play my part  
Until the curtain falls!—Margaret Velez.



## EGYPT'S KHEDIVES.

Ismail Pasha's Magnificent but Inchoate Ideas—How He Celebrated the Opening of the Suez Canal—Tewfik Pasha and the Arabi Rebellion—The Present Khedive.

Frederick Courtland Penfield's experience as the diplomatic representative of the United States in Egypt, from 1893 to 1897, especially fitted him for writing interestingly of the land of the Sphinx and Pyramids, and too much praise can not be given to him for the impartial manner in which he has handled his subject, "Present-Day Egypt." His volume is a discursive budget of information and comment—social, political, economic, and administrative—presenting a series of faithful pictures of the Egypt that is interesting to the winter visitor, health-seeker, and general reader desirous of learning something, and not too much, of contemporary conditions in the oldest country in the world.

Mr. Penfield's pen-pictures of Cairene and Alexandrian life are full of movement and color, while his chapters on that complex piece of machinery which has been devised for governmental purposes through the coöperation of the alien powers, the Khedive, and the Sultan, are uncommonly lucid and helpful. Egypt has six partners, we are reminded—France, Germany, Russia, Austria, and Italy, as well as Great Britain. Mr. Penfield is luminous on the subject of their various responsibilities and privileges, although he admits that "it would tax the capacity of the proverbial Philadelphia lawyer" to understand the situation sufficiently to be able to expound it with authority. He discusses Egypt's taxation, and estimates exactly how hard it hits the *fellah*; describes what has been and is going to be done for Egypt in the way of irrigation, and balances the damage threatened to Philæ's picturesqueness by the great dam at Assouan against the benefit to Egypt's fertility; tells how Mougél Bey, the Frenchman who first designed the Cairo barrage, saved the Pyramids when Mehemet Ali wanted to pull them down and use their material for that work; and sketches the story of the Suez Canal, which was not to cost Egypt a piastre and was to pay her fifteen per cent. of the tolls, and how De Lesseps tricked Ismail Pasha in the end.

When Ismail came into power, he found his people living in the middle ages of orientalism, but practically free from debt:

Every pound of cotton that his country could send to England brought a dollar; and this condition spurred Ismail at once to set to work to develop every resource of the delta and valley of the Nile—to bring Egypt abreast of the western countries that he had visited—with a lordly disregard of cost. Railroads were built, and bridges and docks constructed; sugar-factories sprang up along the Nile like mushrooms; and, before cane-cultivation had practically begun, six sections of Cairo were laid out and the land donated to those owing to erect houses; the harbor of Alexandria was deepened and enlarged; elaborate schemes for irrigation were organized; and, in fact, everything appropriate and inappropriate was done to transform Egypt into a part of Europe, as far as enlightenment and prosperity were concerned. Money was borrowed and spent blindly. Much of it stuck to greedy and dishonest hoards, and Ismail's reign may be said to have been the golden age for the most clever and unscrupulous adventurers from every part of the world.

In 1866, in consideration of a large sum of money, Ismail obtained the sanction of the Sublime Porte to a new order of succession based on the law of progency; and in 1867 he was raised to the rank of Khedive:

He certainly left his impress on history, and had he not lived it is doubtful if Cairo would to-day be half as acceptable to his wistful sojourners. What he did for the city might be compared to what "Boss" Shepard did for Washington, "Boss" Tweed for New York, and Napoleon for the Third and Haussmann for Paris. In his brief rule, sixteen years, Ismail incurred for his people a debt of more than four hundred and fifty million dollars—a greater obligation than any other person that ever lived has succeeded in creating.

Half the royalties of Europe helped Ismail to spend twenty-one million dollars in celebrating in Cairo the opening of the Suez Canal:

The opera of "Aida" was composed to his order, and produced as an incident to the entertainment of the Empress Eugénie and other guests. When it was discovered that there was no suitable building in the capital for the opera's production, the Khedive ordered the present opera-house to be erected. Workmen toiling day and night accomplished this in a few weeks. "Aida" had a cast composed of the greatest singers of the period, the Egyptian Museum was ransacked for jewels and "properties" to be employed in its production, and so delighted was the Egyptian ruler with the work of the composer that Verdi was handed a purse of thirty thousand dollars after the opera's first presentation. Mariette Bey, the savant in Egyptology, occupied himself with the reconstruction of the era of the Pharaohs, and it is to his skill and learning that opera-goers owe their enjoyment of the marvelous picture of the temple of Ptah, in the second act. Perhaps no opera was ever put on the stage in such elaborate fashion, or with such scrupulous regard for archaeological accuracy. Planned to stand but a few months, the theatre has since been the home of opera in Cairo, and Verdi's masterpiece is given there several times every winter. The composer's original manuscript of "Aida" is among the treasured archives of the opera-house.

In examining the correspondence files in the American diplomatic agency in Cairo, Mr. Penfield came upon a record that served as a vivid illustration of Ismail's love for doing things that would attract notice and make talk:

It was a document relating how one of my predecessors, twenty or twenty-five years before, during business at the Royal-Ten Palace in Alexandria, was invited to defer his return to the capital, and dine that night with the Khedive. The American representative stated that he was unprepared, having brought on evening dress. "That will be all right," exclaimed his highness; "at seven o'clock you will find your clothes at your hotel." A telegram was dispatched from the palace to Cairo, and a special messenger, traveling by special train, brought the desired raiment. It cost somebody—probably the Egyptian taxpayer—a considerable sum for running the train a hundred and thirty miles, and was wholly unnecessary, for the resources of Alexandria could have produced a dozen suits of evening garments in no time. But that was Ismail's way of doing things.

When General Sherman informed him that American military men could give Egypt a capable army, he brought thirty or forty of these specialists to the country, and paid them lavishly, instead of fifteen or twenty as advised by the great general:

When Ismail sent a wedding-gift of a handful of diamonds to General Sherman's daughter, later on, the value of the dazzling jewels was found to be so great that the limited Sherman fortune was menaced by the New York customs collector. Asked to present an obelisk to New

York's Central Park, Ismail promptly authorized the removal from Egypt of the monolith of red syenite granite that Julius Cæsar had brought from Heliopolis to adorn the approach to the Cæsarian Temple at Alexandria, forgetful of the fact that it was covered with hieroglyphs of the reigns of Thothmes the Third, Rameses the Great, and Seti the Second, that it antedated the Christian era fully twelve centuries, and was for other reasons an object of priceless value to students of Egyptology. But there was nothing petty about Ismail, and when he admired a nation as he did the American, he would have given away a pyramid with as little concern as he would a blooded horse from his stable.

It was Ismail's dream to make an Oriental Paris of Cairo:

To this day, hidden away in Cairo cellars, are miles of iron fencing made to his order in Europe, a conspicuous feature of whose ornamentation is the royal cipher "I. R.," surmounted by a monarch's crown. This was to inclose the palace domains, and the design had been agreed upon in anticipation of the successful outcome of negotiations pending at Constantinople for absolute independence. So certain was Ismail Pasha of positive rulership that it is related that a banquet was given to a group of favorite functionaries in celebration of the news that he believed was forthcoming from the Sublime Porte—that the Sultan had at last consented to give him full sovereignty of the Nile country. The dinner was Lucullian in character, each dish a gastronomic triumph, and the programme called for a *surpris* at the end of the feast. What it was to be, only the Khedive and the *chef* knew. Clothed in immaculate white satin, the *chef*, wielding an enormous wooden knife, lifted the crust of a huge pie placed in the middle of the festal board, and out stepped a sprite in pink fleshings, dainty of face and form. With simulated bewilderment, she scanned for a moment the faces at the table, and placed a kingly crown upon the brow of Ismail. But an edict of another sort issued from Constantinople, and a few weeks after the historical feast Ismail was sent away from Egypt, never again to see his beloved capital. When dying, he pleaded to be taken back to Egypt; but out until he was dead was the consent of the Sultan and the powers granted.

Few events in modern history are more pathetically dramatic than the substitution of Tewfik for Ismail:

The Turkish Grand Vizier dispatched two telegrams to Cairo on June 26, 1879. One was to "Ismail Pasha, ex-Khedive of Egypt," the other to Mohammed Tewfik, his son. To the former it was stated that his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, as the result of a decision of his council of ministers, had formally decided to request Ismail's retirement from the throne, in favor of the next in succession, His Highness Tewfik Pasha, and that the *irade* on this effect had been issued. While Ismail was reading this decree at Abdin Palace, the son was reading the other message at his country-seat, a few miles out of Cairo, to the effect that "His Imperial Majesty the Sultan has named you, by imperial *irade*, Khedive of Egypt, and the firman will be delivered to you with the customary ceremonial. Convoke the ulema and functionaries, the chief meo of the country, and the government employees, and communicate to them the stipulations of the decree relative to your succession, and at once relieve His Highness Ismail Pasha, from the direction of the affairs of the government."

Consternation reigned at Abdin when the message arrived with the words "ex-Khedive" so boldly penned on the envelope that there could be no mistaking the purport of the inclosure. All the palace dignitaries refused to deliver the message:

At this moment bluff old Cherif Pasha, personally minister of this or that, strode into the palace. With some reluctance he consented to take the fateful telegram upstairs to the Khedive. Ismail's face changed a little as he read it. "Send at once for His Highness Tewfik Pasha," was all he said. Then he folded the message and laid it on the table by his side. A moment later he handed the bit of paper to Cherif to read, saying, as he did so: "I can't go to the investiture; I do not think that can be expected of me. But I shall be the first to salute the new Khedive of Egypt, and wish for him a more successful reign than his father has had." Then, drawing the table nearer, he said to Cherif Pasha: "Now, we will have a game of backgammon."

Tewfik's message was hurried full tilt from the telegraph-office, the messenger making a record for speed, wondering as he ran if he would be made a pasha or a hey.

True to the habit of punctilious politeness acquired in France, Ismail determined to maintain his *savoir faire* to the hour of adversity. He quickly called to Constantinople that he submitted to the will of his sovereign Sultan, and Tewfik Pasha arriving at the palace shortly after, Ismail is said to have greeted him with the words, "I salute my *effendina*," bowing low to his successor and covering his hands with the kisses of submission.

Tewfik's account of what passed immediately following the greeting in their altered stations is thus told:

"When I came to the throne I received the oews without joy. Sympathy with my father's fall, and the great sense of responsibility, left me no room for rejoicing. After my father's courtly salutation acknowledging me as his *effendina*, he heaped reproaches upon me and accused me of having at last intrigued successfully. I then produced two letters from one of his former ministers, received when I was acting as regent, in his absence from the country. These offered me the support of the army; and if I consented to the minister's plot, it was proposed to destroy the Khedival yacht when it returned to Alexandria, sending Ismail to the bottom of the harbor. My father read these letters and was much moved. He then kissed me affectionately, saying: 'Forgive me, my son, forgive me!'"

The most notable event of Tewfik's reign was the rebellion brought about by Arabi Pasha, who inflamed the people with his propaganda of "Egypt for the Egyptians":

He had risen from a common soldier to be a colonel, and had a fondness for intrigue. His flowery talk and employment of claptrap dramaticism had lifted him within a year from obscurity to notoriety, and wherever he went he excited the admiration of the common people. They followed him in the street, singing his praises, and he was uddenly the man of the hour. It is related that, as he once walked along an important thoroughfare, in a manner indicating profound reflection, knowing he was followed by a hundred worshippers, he struck a dramatic attitude, and said, as if speaking to himself: "Here—placing his foot over a certain spot—"hurried here is the heaven-sent weapon that will free Egypt from the grasp of the infidels." A dozen eager hands claved in the earth and brought to light a Remington rifle, so bright and free from rust as to justify the suspicion that the crafty Arabi had deposited it there but a few hours before.

Tewfik Pasha was a strange combination of courage and weakness. The latter was proved when the spirit of rebellion among his troops first took concrete shape:

Arabi had led four thousand soldiers to Abdin Square to demand from the Khedive the dismissal of the Riaz ministry, against which great dissatisfaction had been manifested. Arabi was a clever and conspirator, Mahmoud Sami. Three sides of the great square in front of Abdin Palace were filled with soldiery and the accompanying rabble, when the Khedive, attended by Sir Auckland Colvin, an English official, went forth to meet the insolent Arabi. The leader rode across the square, sword in hand, to the point where the Khedive stood, with his group of palace officials. Arabi was nervous, and the experienced eye could tell at a glance that he could be cowed as easily as a truant school-boy. "What shall I do?" Tewfik asked of Colvin. "Tell him to dismount," was the reply. "Iniz il!" commanded Tewfik. Without a word, and almost with undignified haste, the comic-opera hero was on the ground, but his sword was still drawn. The Khedive pointed to it, and Arabi sheathed it promptly. But his hands trembled as he ran the blade into the scabbard, betraying the cowardly heart beating within his jacket. It was the moment for action. "Demand his sword," whispered Colvin to his highness. Could Tewfik's lips have uttered these words in a manner carrying authority, the craven would have laid his weapon at the feet of his *effendina* and kissed the skirt of his garment—and the Arabi rebellion would have been stifled while yet in innocent embryo, and a dark chapter in Egyptian history would have been avoided. But the Khedive's tongue was as if paralyzed. A word to the troops, later,

would have caused a re-affirmation of their loyalty; and, had their sovereign mounted Arabi's horse and led the regiments through the city, Arabi and the cause he was espousing would have been ridiculed out of existence. But Arabi saw that he had conquered in this conflict with spineless Tewfik, and from that instant he was master of the situation and the apostle of a movement now grown to national proportions. Arabi had his way, and the Khedive dismissed the ministry of Riaz Pasha. Not many months later Arabi was minister of war, and his better-informed ally, Mahmoud Sami, rose to be prime minister.

After his easy triumph at Abdin, the dreamy Arabi became a bustling bully, full of his own importance, and displaying more than usual ignorance:

But to a man the army was with him, and fifty thousand peasant farmers along the Nile were ready to fight under his banner whenever he called for them. Tewfik did many things to placate Arabi, which did much to turn his head. At last the rebel leader forced the Khedive to hide himself for safety in one of his palaces near Alexandria, while he became dictator of the country, basing his authority upon his military prestige. He sent lying proclamations into the interior, and pretended to have divine revelations pointing to a crushing victory over the Christian oppressors of the land. It was his boast that his guns could sink any fleet, whatever its strength; and he assured his followers that a hundred thousand foreign soldiers, if they landed in Alexandria, would be hacked to pieces.

The baseness of Arabi's opinions was quickly proved, for the forts of Alexandria were able to make only feeble resistance to the modern ordnance of Admiral Seymour's fleet, and were reduced to ruins in short order, with the principal quarter of the city as well:

During the bombardment, Tewfik was in his palace, three miles out of Alexandria, with his wife. When urged, before the shelling of the city, to seek shelter on his yacht or on a warship, his answer was: "No. I will remain with my people in their hour of danger. I am still their Khedive." Within range of shots from the ships in the harbor, and with a blood-thirsty, looting mob near by, Tewfik remained in his Rameleh palace throughout the two days of carnage. Shortly after the crushing of Arabi, cholera broke out in Cairo in its most fatal form. Then this man who had failed to nip a rebellion in the bud by a commanding word to Arabi, went deliberately with his Khediva to the capital, against the advice of his suite and to the dismay of the physicians. He went from hospital to hospital, inspiring courage throughout the stricken city by his example, and helping the bereaved with money from a purse not overflowing.

Of the present Khedive, Abbas Hilmi, Mr. Penfield draws a sympathetic, even enthusiastic picture, as an able, sensible, charming young man, to whom English critics have been unfair for political reasons:

British functionaries of a rank entitling them to come into personal relations with Abbas Pasha form a sincere liking for him. But the petty subordinate, seeing him at a distance, or, more likely, not at all, is obstinately wedded to the belief that it is his duty as a loyal Briton to utter partisan opinion against the nominal head of the government from which he may be earning his daily bread. Americans, on the other hand, invariably like Khedive Abbas, and as a people they are not incapable of forming sound judgments. They see him with eyes not blurred with political vapors.

Less than eight years ago Abbas was a light-hearted student in Vienna, pursuing a course of study at the famous Theresianum, fitting him for the exalted position some day to be his:

The Austrian emperor took a kindly interest in the lad being educated to rule the oldest nation in the world, and means were provided for giving him a practical insight into the profession of the soldier, as well as the calling of the engineer and the skilled artisan. In the midst of these pursuits, at the age of eighteen, when he believed he had many years for study and travel, the news was cabled from Cairo, on January 7, 1892, that his father, Tewfik Pasha, had died suddenly, and that Prince Abbas had been proclaimed Khedive. Thus ended abruptly the happy student days, and the prince had to exchange the outspoken language of youth for the carefully considered phrases of head of a nation to control which several European governments were in jealous rivalry, one of them being repossessed on Egyptian soil, without any real authority, by an army of five thousand men, and hundreds of officials employed in administrative capacities. It was surely not a promising prospect.

The lingual capacity of the Khedive is striking, especially to those who regard a prince's training as purely ornamental:

During the course of an "audience day" it frequently happens that he discusses questions of state with the British and United States diplomatic agents in excellent English, with the representative of France in faultless French, and with the German in the choicest language of the Austrian court. Later, he conducts affairs with the Sultan's representative in Turkish, and may conclude the day by presiding over a council of his ministry, when all sorts of intricate details of policy are arranged in Arabic, the native tongue of Egypt, and one of the most difficult of languages. The evening may see his highness at the theatre, listening, with pleasure and understanding, to opera in Italian.

For an Eastern, Abbas Pasha is extraordinarily energetic:

When the Duke of Cambridge was in Cairo, a few seasons since, it was arranged that a field review he give of the Egyptian troops quartered in the capital, in honor of the famous commander-in-chief of Queen Victoria's army. The proposition came from Britishers in the Egyptian service—those who believe that Egypt would go to the eternal bow-wows were it not for the fostering hand of England. His Highness the Khedive was to be present, as nominal commander of the army. All Cairo was at Abbasieh, on horseback or in carriages, to see the maneuvers. The Khedive galloped on to the parade-ground with his aids, and immediately took command of the forces. The spectators were treated to something manifestly out on the hills, for the young Egyptian put the soldiers through their paces in a manner causing consternation to the officials who had intended the Khedive to play an ornamental part only in the show. Infantry and cavalry were hurled here and there, the camel corps was sent across the desert to repel an imaginary foe, and platoons of artillery were ordered into position, and their guns belched forth volley after volley. This mimic warfare, extending over miles of the desert, was kept up for two hours, and waxed so fast and furious that nearly all the spectators had fallen by the wayside, from inability to keep up, long before it was over. His royal highness of England had not experienced such a shaking-up for years, and when the campaign ended did not hesitate to say that the Egyptian soldiers were a fine lot of men, knowing every detail of a soldier's calling.

While a devout believer in the religion of the Koran, the Khedive has never taken advantage of its provision that one may have four wives:

He is a monogamist, as was his father. The Khedive has no harem in the European sense. Each of his palaces, however, has its "harem division," which means simply that portion set apart for the Khedivah and Khedivah-mère and their enormous *entourage*. The attendants are young Turkish women coming chiefly from the provinces of Georgia and Circassia, and are attired in exquisite garb of semi-European character. Although spoken of in the Orient as "slaves," many of these young women have the simplest duties, and in Europe might almost be regarded as ladies-in-waiting at court. It was a woman of this class that was taken by the Khedive for his wife, and the published accounts of the marriage may have shocked Western-world readers, knowing little of actual life in the East. It was in keeping with Mohammedan custom, however, and was most popular with the Egyptians.

Mr. Penfield's volume is beautifully illustrated and contains a map and an elaborate index.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$2.50.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## A New Note in Fiction.

If the current novels may be taken as a reflex of contemporaneous life, it is matter for congratulation that the neurotic woman is choosing for her mate the sturdy and simple son of the soil, and that the emotional equilibrium of the race may be restored in the course of another generation. Ten years ago the popular psychological novel was of the "Heavenly Twins" type, and now it has been supplanted by "The Enchanter" and "Yeoman Fleetwood."

In "The Enchanter"—noticed in this column a few weeks ago—a high-strung young woman was irresistibly attracted by the strength and nobility of a farmer's son, and the same situation is developed in M. E. Francis's "Yeoman Fleetwood." The yeoman's mother, who had "married beneath her," has insisted on his going to a public school and later to Cambridge, but he is quite content to follow in the ways of his father. But a disturbing element comes into his life in the person of Rachel Charnock, the young lady of Charnleigh Hall. Fleetwood believes his passion hopeless, until, in fear of sudden death, her mother begs him to guard the daughter's life. Then he accepts the trust, and with it the determination to win her for his wife. Driving from the field another suitor who would coerce Rachel's father's aid by pressing him financially, Fleetwood relieves the father's necessities on condition that he be allowed a fair chance to win the girl; and, so well does he fare, that in a year they are affianced. Then comes opposition from the father, and at her demand they elope and are married.

But on their return, before the marriage is known to any others, she learns of the bargain he had driven with her father. In a passion of outraged pride, she denounces him as a hypocritical scoundrel, and, scorning her father as well, goes up to London to take refuge with her aunt. It is in the days of the Regency, when Beau Brummell set the fashion for the hucks, and his favor makes the country beauty the popular toast of the day. Even the prince himself is *épris*, and the town soon rings with Rachel's mad doings. When her husband learns of her pranks, he goes up to London to rescue her, and then begins the best part of the book. It would be a pity to forestall the reader's pleasure by setting forth the humiliations to which the outraged beauty subjects him, or even to hint at the intensely dramatic scene in which he rescues her from the lecherous regent and his tipsy companions. These sketches of the Regency manners are admirably done, and arouse the hope that M. E. Francis will give the world more in the same line.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## The Privateers of Two Wars.

It was only during our two wars with Great Britain that privateering was engaged in by the United States, but in those few years the privateers made themselves such important forces that no history of American achievement can be complete that does not give them credit. Edgar Stanton Maclay has given no little time to making up an authentic record of the exploits of these terrors of the sea, and the result, in his "History of American Privateers," is a work that deserves a place with the best of popular histories of the nation. Few books of real or imaginary adventures can match this volume in thrilling interest, and the prominent figures in these daring encounters and narrow escapes will live in the memories of all who admire courage and patriotism.

The preface of Mr. Maclay's work sketches the investigations that led to the authorization of this aid to the naval power of the nation, and notes the strange fact that no complete record had been attempted before. In his first chapter he writes of the origin of privateering, and describes the character of English privateersmen and the details of their schemes for success and the distribution of the prizes taken. The slight distinction between the buccaners of the Atlantic Coast and the first privateersmen is pointed out, and the careers of some of the pirate captains briefly told. Two hundred pages are given to the exploits of Talbot, Haraden, Dr. Drowne, Manly, and other bold captains who harassed and captured the vessels of Great Britain during the Revolution, and these true stories are the equal of anything in romance. The War of 1812 was even more productive of stirring history, so far as sea-fights and pursuits are concerned, and the list of noted names grows with speed. A single chapter at the end tells of the vessels that sailed under letters of marque from the Confederate government.

Mr. Maclay's researches while preparing his "History of the United States Navy" gave him a large quantity of material for this work, but he was not content until he had examined all known sources, and chosen with care from the abundance discovered. His work will appeal to all readers, whether students of history or merely seekers of entertainment.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$3.50.

## The Manifest Destiny of a Pretty American.

It is not easy to find any good and sufficient excuse for the existence of Julia Magruder's new

novel, "A Manifest Destiny." The characters are neither admirable nor striking, the story is neither elevating nor absorbingly interesting, and the literary style is like that of the *scenario* of a play, which describes the emotions, actions, and speeches of the players carefully and minutely, but is never vivid narrative.

The heroine is a girl who has always lived with her mother in an interior New York town. She is beautiful and queenly, and a visiting Englishman falls in love with her. Presently she consents to become his wife, though she declares her feeling for her mother has exhausted her capacity of loving; and, when her mother dies, she crosses to England to be married.

She has been influenced in her suitor's favor by the fact that he is heir to the title and estates of his uncle, Lord Hurdly, and before meeting her *fiancé* she goes to the uncle to plead that he shall withdraw his objections to their marriage. The older man, a masterful and unscrupulous person, refuses to grant her request, but instead offers her immediate possession of the title and estates if she will marry himself. As it is the position and not the man she wants, after Lord Hurdly has made her believe his nephew is fickle, she accepts.

It may be the purpose of the story to show the misery of a loveless marriage, for she soon tires of her high estate and longs for some human interest, whereupon her husband becomes jealous and treats her with refined brutality. But, before matters become unbearable, Lord Hurdly is killed in the hunting-field, and, after a decent period of mourning and coyness, the widow marries his nephew and heir and once more fulfills her manifest destiny as a pretty American girl by wearing an English title.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

John Kendrick Bangs has almost completed a new volume, which will be called "The Booming of Acre Hill, and Other Sketches." In it the author gently satirizes certain phases of social life in small towns that strive for distinction under the shadow of the metropolis.

Mrs. Grant Allen, the widow of the novelist, is about to open a book-shop in the West End of London.

The late G. W. Stevens's last book, "Cape Town to Ladysmith," is to be brought out soon.

Owing to the fact that the title of Miss Mary Johnston's new novel, "To Have and to Hold," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., has already been used in England, it will be brought out in London as "By Order of the Company."

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. are about to publish a new novel by Guy Boothby, entitled "A Maker of Nations," in which he traces the adventures of the modern soldier of fortune.

Mr. Anstey has made a play out of his really humorous *Punch* novel, "The Man from Blankley's," and it will soon be produced in London.

"Red Pottage" is now selling at the rate of thirteen hundred copies a day. In the fourteen weeks since the date of issue, eight editions have been printed.

A new revised edition of James D. Forbes's "Travels Through the Alps of the Savoy" will be published immediately by the Macmillan Company.

"The Queen's Garden" is a new story by Mrs. M. E. M. Davis, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish this spring.

The London *Academy* has this year awarded a prize of twenty-five guineas to W. B. Yeats for his "Wind Among the Reeds," and like sums to "Zack" (Miss Keats) for her short novel, "On Trial"; to Hilaire Belloc for his biography of Danton; and to G. M. Trevelyan for his "England in the Age of Wycliffe."

Caspar Whitney has purchased *Outing*, and will become its new editor.

The success of "Dionysius the Weaver's Heart's Dearest," by Blanche Willis Howard (Mme. von Teuffel), has encouraged the Scribners to issue another complete novel found among her unpublished manuscripts, "The Garden of Eden." It was withheld from publication during the author's life because it contained passages written in a frankly autobiographic vein.

Mr. Lang says that the earliest instance of the phrase "literary log-rolling" he has met occurs among the letters printed in W. M. Griswold's "Passages from the Correspondence of Rufus W. Griswold."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will soon issue Michaelangelo's sonnets, edited by William Wells Newell.

Doubts as to the British pronunciation of "sphere" are raised by an absurd quarrel between illustrated weeklies in London. Clement K. Shorter, until recently editor of the *Illustrated London News*, having undertaken to publish a new illustrated newspaper called the *Sphere*, the *News* people are trying to cut the ground from under his feet by publishing a rival sheet under the name of the *Spear*. The fight is filling the advertisement pages of the dailies.

## RECENT VERSE.

## Love's Fireside.

The room is cozy  
And dark;  
The curtains sway to and fro;  
In visions rosy I mark  
The log flames flutter and flow.  
For I see the haze  
In a golden haze  
In each window-pane swirl and blow,  
Where it shimmers  
And beams,  
Where it glimmers  
And gleams,  
One blaze in six panes aglow—  
Six little blazes in six little panes,  
Though but one on the tiles I know.

One face in the log fire light  
In a reverie beams and shines—  
One face in the log fire bright  
Is mellow in all its lines.  
And then there's the selfsame face  
A-smile in each flame-lit pane,  
A-beam with the winsome grace

Of a tender love refrain:

Six little faces  
In six little panes,  
Six little graces  
All in a row;  
Six little graces  
And six little faces,  
Though only one at my hearth I know.

When Love's fire's smoldering low,  
My fancies, like window-panes,  
Reflect with her smile divine  
The goddess that tends the shrine  
Her face that scatters all woe  
With its charm that never wanes  
Is hundreds of faces,  
With hundreds of graces,  
In Fancy's panes a-row.  
Though hundreds of graces  
And hundreds of faces  
In Fancy's window grow,  
Only one face,  
With its matchless grace,  
At the hearth of my heart I know.

—R. K. Munkittrick in *Harper's Weekly*.

## Till Death Us Part.

"Till death us part,"  
So speaks the heart,  
When each to each repeats the words of doom;  
Through blessing and through curse,  
For better and for worse,  
We will be one till that dread hour shall come.

Life with its myriad grasp  
Our yearning soul shall clasp,  
Aye, ceaseless love and still expectant wonder;  
In bonds that shall endure,  
Indissolubly sure,  
Till God in death shall part our paths asunder.

"Till death us join,"  
Ob, voice yet more divine!  
That to the broken heart breathes hope sublime  
Through lonely hours,  
And shattered powers,  
We still are one, despite of change and time.

Death, with his healing hand,  
Shall once more knit the band,  
Which needs but that one link which none may sever.

Till, through the Only Good,  
Heard, felt, and understood,  
Our life in God shall make us one forever.

—Dean Stanley in *London Spectator*.

## A Slumber Song.

Sleep, my beloved—to sleep and dream is best;  
The night to us is peace, the day unrest;  
For day, while parted, brings to us but pain;  
In dreams we live the dear past o'er again.

We weep not in our sleep;  
Our tears are for the day,  
Which smiles, while I but weep,  
For thou art far away.

Hushed be the voices of the garish day,  
Its frets and cares and sorrows swept away;  
Forgotten quite the interval of years  
Since last we met, with all their bitter tears.

Sleep, love—to dream is best;  
Our waking is but pain;  
In sleep alone we rest  
And live the past again.

Sleep, my dear love, and be thy dreams of me!  
Waking or sleeping I still think of thee;  
But dreams make present time of all the past;  
The night restores thee—would my dreams might last!

Dream, dear, till the day breaks  
And earthly shadows flee,  
Where morn to grief ne'er wakes,  
And I be one with thee.

—Neil Macdonald in the *Basar*.

The February number of the *Bookman*, in speaking of Olive Schreiner's implacable hatred for Cecil Rhodes, says that it is generally known in Mrs. Schreiner's own circle that she at one time was infatuated with the South African colossus. The *Bookman* adds:

"This admiration in a less violent form was shared by the other members of her family, but of them her mother alone remains unchanged. It is related that from the first money which she earned from 'Trooper Peter Halket' Olive Schreiner sent twenty pounds to her mother, who immediately forwarded it to the Cecil Rhodes fund!"

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Woman's Love for a Scamp.

Whoever read "The Maternity of Harriott Wicken" will be curious to see Mrs. Dudeney's new book, "Folly Corner," but it will be productive of little satisfaction beyond the gratification of that curiosity. The first was a very unpleasant study of a woman whose child was an idiot from birth, and who finally followed the example of a hen that savagely killed its malformed chick. "Folly Corner" is not quite so repulsive as that in its central theme, but it is bad enough, and its background is the same unattractive, narrow-minded suburban society.

Folly Corner is the home of the Jaynes, farmers since the time of Oliver Cromwell, and to its young master, Jetbro Jayne, comes Pamela Crisp, who, though she has answered his "matrimonial" advertisement, proves to be his cousin. Reared in pretentious competence, she had been reduced to absolute poverty, five years before, by the death of her parents, and had been buffeted about in London in a hard struggle for life. The scamp she loved had been justly imprisoned, and she had taken this means to cut herself off from him forever. But, within the year of probation before she shall have been married to Jetbro, the old lover turns up, and his dominion over her is restored at once. She knows and despises him, but he is "the first," and at a word from him she wheedles money out of Jetbro and follows the adventurer to London.

From this it will be seen that the tale is a study of a weak woman's strong love—a passion that could make her brave death or shame to be near its object, and that can be killed by no brutality of word, blow, or worse, on his part. It is cleverly done, and shows a marvelous insight into the workings of a certain type of the feminine heart and mind. The pictures of rural English society, where "culture" is just beginning to encroach on preserves and babies as conversational pabulum, are also drawn with undeniable skill. But is it worth while? As well might an artist spend his days in reproducing unclean packing-boxes.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

## Carlyle as Son and Brother.

Professor Charles Townsend Copeland offers a worthy tribute to the memory of England's great man of letters, and renders a service to his readers that will be appreciated, in his volume "Letters of Thomas Carlyle to His Youngest Sister." The introductory essay, "Carlyle as a Letter-Writer," is an illuminating study, critical and unprejudiced, yet marked by a reverence for the sincerity and true kindness of the character more fully revealed in the passages connecting the communications that make up the bulk of the work. There are sixty of the letters, covering almost as many years, the greater number being written by Carlyle to his youngest sister, Janet, though there are a few addressed to his mother, and three written by the mother to her daughter. The letters are accompanied by brief comments and explanatory notes, with enough of biography to make clear the circumstances under which each communication is written.

It is no new or even unfamiliar view of the essayist and historian that Professor Copeland presents in this work, but it is made an attractive one by the genial rays that light up Carlyle's unaffected demonstrations of love and care for the members of the family from whom he was separated at the time. There seems little room for doubt, after reading these messages from one to another, that the attachment of Carlyle and his mother was "as rare as it was beautiful." And even less gifted sons would have been stirred to quick response by such an appeal as Margaret Carlyle sent her boy in 1824: "I pray do not let me want food; as your father says, I look as if I would eat your letters. Write everything and soon." The little sister, youngest of the flock, who married and crossed the sea to make a home in Canada, was always near to her brother's heart, and there are few of his letters that do not give evidence of material inclosures to show with more enduring power than mere words the reality of his affection. There are glimpses of his own home life, of his literary labors and triumphs all through the letters, but one finds few selfish motives, and never a note of vanity. The record closes with notes from relatives describing the last scenes in that long and busy life, and there is a pathos here that is not studied. There could be no better introduction to the more pretentious biographies of the genius of Ecclefechan than Professor Copeland's volume.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

## Essays on the Ethics of Expansion.

The pride of world-power glory is in the atmosphere; it has affected not only politicians and preachers, but penwomen as well. Aline Goren is responsible for a volume of essays showing the exaltation that possesses her through this new emotion, but there is little beside moonlight fantasies in them. The book is entitled "Anglo-Saxons and Others." Brilliant paragraphs, lofty phrases, and inverted commonplaces that seem new at first glance, are frequent in her pages, but sound reasoning from accepted bases is rare. There are seven of the

essays, and the titles betray an effort to mask an apology with a brave show of argument. "Certain Sociologists and the Anglo-Saxons" is followed by "The New Empire," and "The Gospel of Action," precedes "The Religious-Commercial Instinct," though it is separated from it by "Anglo-Saxon Humanitarianism." With "The Higher Civilization" and "Relative Ethics" the ground appears to be fairly well covered, and the essayist lays down her pen.

There are some side excursions in these ethical and political studies, some feminine views of sentiment that are made to suit their surroundings, and occasional reminiscences of humor that serve to entertain, but the real questions are all undecided at the end. Here is a new illustration of the growth of the factory system, which will seem wrong-side up to most readers:

"It was the invention of an English farmer, to whom it occurred to hire large tracts of land from his landlord, and to cultivate them, or graze sheep upon them, employing laborers to help in the work, paying them himself, and being himself liable and responsible for the risks of the undertaking. It was an ingenious plan, and it succeeded far beyond the expectations doubtless of its probably very untheoretic original promoter. From agricultural undertakings banded upon the consolidating system, to the handling in like manner of arts and crafts, the step was short. When England had her factories and her factory-workers, she awoke to discover that she had her key to the world in her hand."

Still, it may be said that the essays are vigorously done, and that they read better than the speeches on manifest destiny, and kindred subjects, that may have inspired the author.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Greek Art in Statuettes.

Even to those whose acquaintance with Greek art and literature is of the slightest, Miss Hutton's monograph, "Greek Terracotta Statuettes," will be found to possess many charms. The examples the author has chosen are beautiful pieces, dating from the fifth century, B. C., and possessing, aside from their archaeological interest, the attractions of form and the suggested story or legend. Many classical writers have been drawn upon for definite statements concerning these figures or incidental allusions to them, and Miss Hutton's patient study and notable gift of expression have made this modest little volume an achievement of distinct value. Of the fifty-odd statuettes described, nearly all are in the British Museum, and Mr. A. S. Murray, keeper of the department of Greek and Roman Antiquities, contributes an introduction to Miss Hutton's work. The illustrations are in colors, and the work of the printers and binders is excellent throughout. The book is attractive from every view, and valuable to those who would know more of the civilization of early Greece.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.50.

## New Publications.

"A Pretty Tory," by Jeanie Gould Lincoln, is a romantic story of the Revolution, with its scenes laid in the South. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

A children's story of strange adventures shared by a brave company is "The Island Impossible," by Harriet Morgan, with illustrations by Katharine Pyle. It is to be commended. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Florence Marryat's latest novel, "A Rational Marriage," is built upon the trouble that came of a secret wedding, and is as readable, if not as strong, as some of her earlier stories. Published by F. M. Buckles & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

General readers will find many unfamiliar yet alluring facts of astronomy in "The Story of Eclipses," by George F. Chambers, in the latest issue in the Library of Useful Stories Series. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 40 cents.

Paris and London artist life, some rather melodramatic villains whose plans finally miscarry, and a faithful couple who find happiness after much tribulation, are the principal features of William Murray Graydon's lively novel, "In Friendship's Guise." Published by Street & Smith, New York; price, \$1.00.

A plan to remove one of the most distressing burdens of the state is proposed in Dr. W. Duncan McKim's radical volume, "Hereditary and Human Progress," and though it may not commend itself to all readers, the suggestions and arguments will compel serious attention. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Several means for bird protection which can not be embodied in legal enactments are pointed out in "Our Native Birds: How to Protect Them and Attract Them to Our Homes," by D. Lange. Notwithstanding the promise of his subject, the author has not made an attractive book. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

A realistic story of life on board a merchant ship in the 'sixties is told in "The Shellback," by Alex. J. Boyd, but the record of brutality on the part of the American captain seems overdrawn. There are

many notes on the practical part of seafaring, and an appendix contrasting former conditions with those of the present time. Published by Brentano's, New York; price, \$1.50.

Recent events in the political world having brought the Mormon question again into prominence, the publishers have issued a new edition of Mrs. A. G. Paddock's forceful story, "The Fate of Madame La Tour," which was first given to the world eighteen years ago and impressed all who read the book. Mrs. Paddock had an intimate acquaintance with social conditions in Utah when she wrote her novel, and made good use of her knowledge. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; price, \$1.00.

## Prevalence of Plagiarism.

Commenting on the announcement of G. P. Putnam's Sons that the story recently published by them under the title of "Aboard the American Duchess," a story purporting to be the work of an American author who writes under the name of George L. Myers, is a plagiarism of a story published some years back by Headon Hill, of London, entitled "The Queen of Night," the New York Sun says:

"No reader for a publishing firm can be familiar with all books published, and it is not surprising that this firm should be fooled as it was, but it would seem that the certainty of being detected would discourage such swindles. The publishers have discovered that the man who perpetrated this one has a bad record. A man who for several years was a reader for a publishing firm, and later for a theatrical manager, said not long ago: 'Even some of the classics are sent to the publishing firms as original, and not infrequently they are works that should be familiar to every one. So many books are published each year now, however, that it is not difficult to find works with which the average reader is unfamiliar. When I began reading plays, however, I came near losing all faith in human nature. At least a third of the plays submitted to me were either stolen bodily from old plays, translated from the French or the German, or merely revised from one or the other of those sources. It is easier to plagiarize plays than books, because few of the former are published in permanent form, and unless they have been exceptionally successful on the stage they are quickly forgotten.' A Boston publishing firm has recently been made the victim of a different sort of a trick, but one equally humiliating. It published a book of travel and exploration, and it has recently discovered that the author of it never traversed the country described, but simply relied on an active imagination. Two New York ministers who were conspicuous enough to warrant the newspapers publishing their sermons found, several years ago, that even plagiarism in the pulpit might be quickly detected. The publishers who were fooled on 'Aboard the American Duchess' have paid the author of it compensation for the books sold by them, but they have not made public the real name of the plagiarist. He sent the book to them under an assumed name."

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A strong, dramatic story, full of both the heart and the human interest that the public are supposed so to like, forms the skeleton of "The Silence of Dean Maitland." As a book it was a success and brought its author fame, and, I suppose, a certain amount of fortune. But every dramatic book does not make a dramatic play. And every dramatic book that is to be turned into a dramatic play requires the work of a practiced hand to get it into playable shape.

In the adaptation that Mr. H. R. Roberts has just given at the California, the main defect is the flat, commonplace dialogue. The construction of the piece is not by any means bad, and the conduct of the story is fairly successful, being clear, comprehensible, and calculated to hold the auditor's interest from first to last. Mr. E. Lewis Scott is the adapter, and, while he has not done amiss with Maxwell Gray's plot, he has certainly produced about the dreariest conversations it would be possible to imagine.

In a psychological drama, where the main interest is in the working out of a distressful mental and moral problem by a timid, tortured soul, no one expects to have their ears tickled by an interchange of wit or an outburst of epigrams. In the dignified, religious circles in which the action takes place, wit and epigrams have no place, and the shadow of the church and the grave-yard are so dense upon it all that one feels any form of humor would be unseemly. But in the preserving of a solemnly pious atmosphere it was not necessary to make the actors in the drama talk like Sandford and Merton, or the good boy in a tract. No attempt has been made to designate character by means of speech. Everybody, except the child Winnie, converses in the most drearily griggish strain. And, as for the sinful minister himself, he reminds one most forcibly of Mr. Chadband and his remarks about "the light of truth, my brethren."

An entire revision of the dialogue would make of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" a good play for the exploiting of Mr. Roberts's talents. But the whole piece needs re-writing. The first act, which has less talk and more action than any of the others, is the best. When Mr. E. Lewis Scott gets down to simple scenes of family life, he is astonishingly dull and ignorant of stagecraft. In the second act, the minister returns after a year's absence. There is no animation about his greeting, though his whole family, *fiancée* included, are gathered together to welcome him. They sedately shake hands and say "How d'ye do," as if they had seen him two days before. There is not the least suggestion of heartiness or vivacity about the scene, and yet this is a peculiarly united and affectionate family, who are greeting their dearest member after an absence under strangely painful circumstances.

Throughout the entire piece there is the same disregard of truth and nature. People tell each other the most amazing things without preamble or animation. The faithful sister hears from the self-sacrificing friend that it is the dean who really committed all the villainies, and shows about the same amount of virtuous vexation that might be expected of her if the news had been that the dean had forgotten to pay his last tailor's bill. The friend returns from a twenty-years sojourn in jail, and they meet with the cheerful politeness that they would show at a garden-party. The best situation in the second half of the play is that between the dean and his unknown son. If the boy with the forged check were stricken out, and this interview prolonged, intensified, made more impassioned on both sides—in the boy's demand for justice and the father's growing terror as he listens to the stranger's story—it would make the most powerful climax in a drama of great sombre interest.

It is, however, this scene and the threat of exposure of the drunken doctor that robs Dean Maitland of the interest the audience have felt in him. He has committed all manner of crimes, been guilty of inconceivable hypocrisies and meannesses, yet the revelation of his hidden anguish, of his torments of remorse, and of the ever-gnawing fears that haunt him, give to his figure a sort of despairing dignity. Seeing his perpetual suffering, and the torture of years of terrified silence, the spectator feels that he has expiated his sins. The confession before his congregation was the last final transport of abasement. But, unfortunately, he only made the confession when the doctor on one side and his son on the other had trapped him. His downfall was assured, and so, sooner than be written up in the yellow press, or caught according to the English methods of hunting down criminals, he rose in his pulpit and told all. It made a fine scene, but it de-

stroyed Dean Maitland's prestige with the audience.

It takes a master hand to make a drama interesting that turns on a microscopic exposition of character. The stage is the place for action. Stories told in movement are the stories for the boards. Dramatic representation is not fitting for studies in psychology unless an Ibsen holds the pen. Many actors have been fascinated by the thought of exploiting these melancholy figures who live on with silent lips, hugging to their breasts a gnawing remorse for some unsuspected crime. Mansfield, a purely intellectual force, has tried "The Scarlet Letter," which is very like "The Silence of Dean Maitland," and even Dostoevsky's terrible and awe-inspiring novel, "Crime and Punishment." But not even the genius of Mansfield could give living interest to either.

The company that play "Dean Maitland" are neither very good nor very bad. At the first blush they appear to be exceedingly poor. But after sitting out the play from the rise to the fall of the drop-curtain, I am of the opinion that only geniuses could make good matter out of such material. Dean Maitland, even in the days of his youthful heyday, talks of "unseemly levity," and generally indulges in the Chadband form of English. He gets it from his father, who, one dismal day, while conversing solemnly in a church-yard, with a thick snow-storm falling from the flies, remarks, casually, that "Gratitude is the quantity of Euclid." The ladies of the family are, as might be expected, somewhat depressed by the solemn atmosphere in which they dwell, and speak with veiled sorrow on such safe themes as that goodness is beautiful and sin is wrong. Everybody, with one consent, upon all strenuous occasions, calls upon his Maker, either in ejaculations or prayers. One would suppose that the Maitland family were the special objects of Divine Providence's solicitude, to hear the frequency of their appeals.

Mr. Roberts himself is an actor of intelligence and dignity. He appears to be young, and it, therefore, is not so serious that he has many old-fashioned mannerisms. He constantly employs a set of stereotyped gestures, such as are used by old star actors of the legitimate in this country. He has evidently been trained in a camp where tradition was revered. But he is young enough to break away from all these Old-World trappings of a past era, and develop his own individuality. A tour in this country, where he will see all the new methods and come in contact with the ideal of intelligent progression, will do him an immense amount of good. He has in his favor an attractive figure, an admirable voice, and a mobile and interesting set of features.

As for the women, they do the best they can with the material they have. Miss George Elliot, who, I believe, is a local addition to the company, is exceedingly good up to the act wherein her lover returns after a trifle of eighteen years in jail. In the earlier scenes she gave a good impression of the startled, upright, and uncompromising young girl brought up according to the strictest sect of the Church of England. She was a very worthy and unattractive woman. Miss Madge Corcoran had nothing to do but look pretty, and she enacted her *rôle* with great success. She is certainly the best-looking woman the antipodes has ever sent this way, and every one regretted that an untimely fate cut her off in the third act.

American playwrights ought to be encouraged to write, and American managers ought to be encouraged to produce their writings, by "The Old Homestead." It is here again, with the author in the cast, after how many years of hard wear? Everybody has seen it—most people several times. As one of the most appreciated out-flowings of the national drama we have all paid it our homage. And yet it has still the power to pack a house, to keep an audience in a continuous roar of laughter, and to hold the attention of every spectator through five long acts, which exploit one of the thinnest and least original of stories.

The most remarkable thing about this remarkable work is its freshness. I do not know how many times I have seen "The Old Homestead," but its jokes, its plot, its human interest, have lost nothing of their naive buoyancy. It defies the flight of time and the fluctuations of taste. Take any other modern play that has been on the stage for as many years and see how old-fashioned, how trite and stale it now appears. Try "The Squire," of Pinero's—a good play in its day; "The Charity Ball," which is much younger; "The Banker's Daughter," "The Silver King," and you will find them as past the mode as a ten-year old hat. But "The Old Homestead" retains a perennial air of youth. There is nothing in the performance now in progress at the Columbia Theatre to suggest that it is not a last year's piece.

One of the reasons of this is that Mr. Thompson has not allowed himself or his company to drop into burlesque or to become mechanical. Every player in the piece treats his *rôle* with respect, never nor under-acting it. None of the actors, except those who play the fashionable folk in act second, show the least inclination to caricature. Each character is treated as seriously as if it belonged to the most realistic of modern drawing-room dramas. This is all the more creditable, as

act second is pure farce. It is the one act in the play which is off the key, and belongs to burlesque. Only the sobriety of Mr. Thompson's performance saves it—and, of course, the dialogue. There is no use caviling at that. "The Old Homestead" dialogue is a triumph. For pure Americanism, homely wisdom, and shy wit, it is hard to beat. Artistically speaking, the piece stands nowhere—but that dialogue is simply delicious.

GERALDINE BONNER.

#### STAGE GOSSIP.

##### Second Week of "The Old Homestead."

Denman Thompson has been drawing crowded houses to the Columbia Theatre, and on Monday evening he will enter on the second and last week of his engagement in "The Old Homestead." Those who have already seen the play during its many previous visits, with some other actor in the leading *rôle*, will find it worth their while going again, for Mr. Thompson has made the character of the quaint New Englander his own, and acts with such sincerity that old Joshua Whitcomb will always remain one of the most charming contributions to the stage. On the other hand, those who have not yet witnessed the production will find it a clean, simple story, especially refreshing after the deluge of French farces, claptrap melodrama, and antique comic operas from which San Francisco has recently been suffering.

William Gillette's comedy, "Because She Loved Him So," which has not yet been given in this city, will be the next attraction. J. E. Dodson and his wife, Annie Irish, head the company.

##### "In Darkest Russia."

It is to be regretted that Maggie Moore and Mr. Roberts did not open their short stay at the California Theatre in "Mrs. Quinn's Twins," for, while the latter is a far cry from the up-to-date comedies which are now being written, it gives us an opportunity to see the versatile comedienne at her best in a congenial Irish *rôle*, and allows Mr. Roberts to appear to better advantage than as Dean Maitland in the poor adaptation of Maxwell Gray's powerful story. To-night (Saturday) the last performance of "Mrs. Quinn's Twins" will be given, and next week Gratton Donnelly's "In Darkest Russia," a stirring melodrama, is to be the bill. It abounds in strong, dramatic situations happily relieved by laughable comedy scenes, and calls for some effective stage pictures. The company, which is under the management of Edwin C. Jepson, is said to be an excellent one.

##### The Tivoli's Magnet.

"The Idol's Eye" is still drawing crowds to the Tivoli Opera House, and on Monday next it enters on the eighth week of its phenomenal run. Ferris Hartman as Abel Conn, the aeronaut, and Alf C. Wheelan as the "Hoot Mon" man, are nightly received with enthusiastic applause, and their new topical songs and stage business are timely and droll. One of the principal reasons for the success of "The Idol's Eye" is the fact that, despite its many presentations, the principals and chorus have not become mechanical, but act with as much dash and spirit as on the opening night. From present indications this tuneful opera will need no successor for many weeks to come.

##### At the Orpheum.

Among the new specialties which will be seen at the Orpheum next week will be the Si Hassan Ben Ali Troupe of Moorish Acrobats, who will introduce a number of startling acrobatic feats; the Smedley Sketch Club, which includes the precocious Smedley children, who will present a one-act comedy entitled "The Little Mother," by Catherine Staggs; Martinetti and Grossi, grotesque musical artists, whose imitations of musical celebrities are said to be very clever; Newhouse and Ward, bicycle comedians; and Annie Whitney, the monologist and originator of the popular song, "A Little Bit Off the Top," which she will sing.

Those retained from this week's bill are the Franks Trio, Trovillo, the Dancing Passparts, and Pauline Moran and her little pickaninnies.

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"Theatrical life as viewed from the orchestra-chair of a first-class New York theatre, and the life of the average player are two very different things," says Philip G. Hubert, Jr., the dramatic critic, in the concluding chapter of his recently published volume on "The Stage as a Career." "If," he continues, "the average actor could play in first-class theatres, could act in clean, interesting plays, could have a permanent home, no matter how humble; if he could look forward with some certainty to becoming enough of a popular favorite to earn a competency in the course of years; in a word, if acting, undertaken seriously and with intelligence, offered as good a guarantee of a fair living in decent surroundings, cheered by social consideration and the reasonable probability of a comfortable old age, as a score of other occupations open to men and women without capital, I do not see why young people should not be encouraged to go upon the stage. In the ideal community of the future the theatre will probably hold a high place, and actors will rank with the most valued citizens. But for the present there is no prospect that the stage will soon offer the rank and file of its followers any rewards commensurate with the hard work and self-sacrifice demanded of them. I say this not unmindful of the high social consideration in which successful actors are held here and in England, and the large salaries now paid in good theatres."

"To sum up, the arguments against the stage as a career that seem to me unanswerable are:

"1. The uncertainty of employment.  
"2. The helplessness of the actor as an independent factor in the theatrical world.

"3. The lack of home life.

"4. The hardships of travel.

"5. The danger to manners if not to morals.

"Every actor with whom I have talked has made much of the two first-named drawbacks to a theatrical life. It is notorious that about one-third of the members of the dramatic profession are always out of employment, and this affects even men and women acknowledged to be competent. Many of the plays put upon the stage, even by reputable managers, fail to please the public. Nothing is better known in the theatrical profession than the utter impossibility of predicting the fate of a play. Many a play by experienced authors, and in which authors, managers, and actors had every confidence, has fallen utterly flat, and the actors have found themselves out of employment for a whole season. Every production of a new play is more or less of an experiment. The most successful of American managers to-day are men who have been more than once upon the verge of bankruptcy. Theatrical ventures are recognized as far more hazardous than ordinary commercial ones, for in times of business depression the theatre, as a luxury, is sure to suffer. People must eat, and must wear clothes, shoes, and hats; but they need not buy theatre-tickets. While the shoe-dealer may have a hard time of it during bad business years, he is not likely to find himself wholly without an income. The actor has this possibility always before him. In the case of women upon the stage, every year after the third brings increased difficulty in the search of employment. To be sure, there is an 'old woman' needed in every stock-company, but the salary is likely to be small; and a young woman can play an old woman's part, while an old woman can not, as a rule, play a young woman's part. Old age, or even middle age, is the terror of every actress. Engagements, even in the best theatres, are never made for more than one season. A man or woman who does good work in a business-house or factory is reasonably sure of a position year after year, with the certainty that his or her value will increase with length of service. With the actor it is otherwise. The close of every season brings about the end of all contracts, and, after a certain age has been reached, each year will find the market value of the actor's services less than the year before.

"An actor is helpless without a manager. The small shoe-dealer, after an apprenticeship of a few years, may scrape together some capital and go into business for himself, perhaps in some little village or town. The actor can do nothing of the kind. He must wait until some manager consents to employ him. The theatrical business is now so managed that a few men control the output of new plays, the best theatres, and the best actors. A capital far beyond that which the average actor can hope to acquire is necessary to obtain plays, theatres, and actors. The rental alone of a New York theatre holding one thousand persons will average twenty-five hundred dollars a week, which sum pays also for the ushers, ticket-sellers, scene-shifters, the lighting and heating. If one adds to this enormous rental the cost of the company, of the play, of scenery, costumes, music, advertising, it will be seen what a capital is required to face possible disaster.

"Lack of home life during nine or ten months of the year is a serious objection to theatrical life. Nowadays constant travel seems to be the lot of nine-tenths of our players, for the happy ones attached to good stock companies are so few as

hardly to count. The life is one of railway, hotel, theatre, railway, hotel, theatre, day after day and month after month. Even the members of stock companies have to do more or less traveling. A permanent home for the rank and file is out of the question. It has been said that in this respect actors are no worse off than commercial travelers. But the 'drummers' are always men, and can stand the discomforts of hotel life and travel, while half the members of every theatrical troupe are women. Moreover, the commercial traveler is usually a young man who travels for a few years in order to gain experience. The older the actor and actress the more travel they are likely to have before them. A woman needs home life to bring out what is best and sweetest in her. For men it is not so hard until middle age is reached; but for women, after the first glamour and excitement of the life have worn off, the lack of a home is a real misfortune. . . .

"Unless she has excellent health, it is apt to be a dangerous life, so exposed is the wandering actress to cold, to damp rooms, to overheated railway cars, and underheated dressing-rooms. She may have to act in a low-necked gown while arctic blasts blow across the stage, or she may have to wear furs when the mercury rises to the hundred mark. She may have to play the part of the pampered butterfly of fashion when, owing to belated trains, she has had nothing to eat for the last ten hours.

"That the wandering life forced upon all theatrical people leads to a deterioration of manners will be admitted, I think, by all candid observers who mingle much with stage people. Some strong characters may be uninfluenced by the constant association with people who may be frivolous in mind and manner and slangy in talk; such people may preserve a native dignity and sweetness while playing nightly in farces in which dignity and sweetness are conspicuous only by their absence, for actors have little to say as to the plays they appear in. A girl may object to playing month after month in a meaningless farce; she may feel that she was born for Juliet. But with nineteen-twentieths of the profession, especially the younger members, it is farce or nothing. She may have to talk slang and behave like an idiot for three hours every night, and yet if she is strong enough she may emerge unscathed from the test. She will, however, have to be of rare temper to do so, and such characters are the exception. The young girl who joins a traveling troupe will, as a rule, end by losing the manners and the speech that people of refinement admire. It would be a miracle were it otherwise. The dangers to a girl's morals are no greater upon the stage than an unprotected woman will meet in any other occupation in which she is brought in contact with all sorts and conditions of men and women. . . .

"It is idle to deny that the stage has great attractions and great rewards for the successful few. Under certain conditions few employments or professions are more attractive. There is little of drudgery or routine about it, its higher positions are well paid both in money and fame, and even in the smaller companies, where much money or fame is not to be expected, the life is often a fairly pleasant one, provided the people of the company are agreeable and kindly. There is certainly variety enough about it, for the actor sees more country in the course of one season than other people in the course of a life-time. Finally, there is that greatest attraction of all—the possibility that fame may be attained after a few years' work, and perhaps at a bound. No career offers such prizes as the stage if we take into consideration the apprenticeship required. No young doctor or lawyer can hope to attain the income of the successful young actor, while as to women, here is one profession in which woman stands upon a par with man.

"I believe that under certain conditions the stage might be an ideal employment for refined people of an artistic bent. With the stage of to-day it is at best a hazardous experiment. Side by side with excellent plays from which decent people may derive amusement, rest, instruction, perchance even inspiration, are found, even in the best theatres, plays so utterly vile that one feels it a sort of disgrace even to witness them. To act in them must be agony and constant degradation to some, at least, of the people so employed. But putting aside this question of the moral character of the work assigned the actor of to-day, or its influence for good or bad upon the spectator, I do not advise an intelligent, ambitious, earnest young man or woman to study for the stage, because I am convinced that in nine cases out of ten the same intelligence, energy, and taste will be productive of more happiness if utilized in other fields."

In addition to giving his own opinions and advice on the various topics which he treats, Mr. Hubert quotes at length from articles by such excellent authorities as Mary Anderson, John McCullough, Mme. Modjeska, Joseph Jefferson, Lawrence Barrett, Maggie Mitchell, Dion Boucicault, and Sir Henry Irving. The book will be found of great service to those who are contemplating the adoption of the stage as a career.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

—SUPERIOR TO VASELINE AND CUCUMBERS. *Creme Simon* marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grange Bateliere, Paris. Druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

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Gives Hot Water Instantly, and quantity sufficient for a Bath in five minutes, at cost of One Cent.

Our Heavy Pressure Heaters connected to your Kitchen Boiler will distribute a continuous flow of Hot Water throughout your house in 3 minutes.

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A. W. CRAWFORD, General Agent.

324 Parrott Building, San Francisco.

### The Races.

There will doubtless be a large attendance at the Oakland track to-day (Saturday), for the Burns Handicap for two-year-olds and upward for a ten-thousand-dollar purse is to be the big event. The distance is a mile and a quarter, and, as there are some eighty entries, there will surely be a large field. On Saturday, March 10th, another special event is announced which ought to prove equally attractive. It is the Palace Hotel Handicap, for two-year-olds and upward, the distance being a mile and a furlong and the purse two thousand dollars.

The Order of Spanish-American War Nurses has requested permission of Secretary Root to erect in Arlington Cemetery a suitable monument, to cost not less than ten thousand dollars, to commemorate the work of the army nurses, not only those of the Spanish-American War, but all army nurses who are or may be buried in Arlington. The order was organized several months ago, its object being to celebrate the first admission of trained nurses into the United States army, to commemorate the work of nurses in the United States hospitals during the Spanish-American War, and to distinguish such nurses from others who have not served in the army. Attention is called to the fact that lots 1251 to 1263 have been assigned to army nurses, and that one army nurse has already been buried there. On one side of the monument it is proposed to have inscribed the names of all nurses who died during the Spanish-American War, while serving as nurses, the other side to contain the names of all army nurses buried now or hereafter in the national cemetery.

### Champagne Record Smashed.

109,303 cases imported in 1899 of G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry was never before approached. Carrying an enormous stock of choicest wines, its fine quality can not be excelled, regardless of price. Its remarkable 1895 vintage now imported equals its best predecessors.

Callahan—"Poor Casey is worried to death. After losin' both arms an' wan leg be the trolley-car he be took down wid appendicitis an' pneumonia, complicated wid angina pectoris an' muscular rheumatism, an' whin he gits out av the hospital they be goin' to thry him fer murderin' Jerry Hogan tin mont's ago an'—" Costigan (disgustedly)—"Shure, an' Casey has nawthin' to worry about, an' Casey has nawthin' to complain about. Casey isn't married. These fool bachelors make me sick wid their imaginary thronbles."—*Judge*.

### Always the Same.

There never is any change in the superior qualities of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. In delicate flavor, richness, and perfect keeping qualities it can be guaranteed. It has stood First for forty years. Avoid unknown brands.

In the United States army there are eight hundred commissioned officers who have risen from the ranks.

### A Pure Complexion Assured.

*Creme de Lis* outpoints all similar cosmetics. As it contains no poisons its results are unequalled. It purifies and beautifies the skin at once. It contains all the qualities necessary to create and preserve youthful beauty.

The Tavern of Tamalpais continues to be the Mecca of outing parties desirous of escaping the noise and hustle of city life. Mill Valley is especially inviting in its verdant garb, and the views of the surrounding country from the Scenic Railway are incomparable.

## THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE

COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. MCCURDY PRESIDENT

STATEMENT

For the year ending December 31, 1899

According to the Standard of the Insurance Department of the State of New York

INCOME	
Received for Premiums	\$44,524,519 22
From all other Sources	14,365,557 99
	\$58,890,077 21

DISBURSEMENTS	
To Policy-holders for Claims by Death	\$15,629,979 43
To Policy-holders for Endowments, Dividends, etc.	10,739,057 12
For all other accounts	12,228,444 13
	\$38,597,480 68

ASSETS	
United States Bonds and other Securities	\$173,183,461 74
First Lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage	74,794,821 63
Loans on Bonds and other Securities	6,330,000 00
Loans on Company's Policies	4,374,636 66
Real Estate: Company's 12 Office Buildings, and other Properties	23,186,525 06
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	13,112,455 02
Accrued Interest, Net Deferred Premiums, etc.	6,060,637 41
	\$301,844,537 52

LIABILITIES	
Policy Reserves, etc.	\$251,711,088 61
Contingent Guarantee Fund	47,052,545 91
Available for Authorized Dividends	2,180,900 00
	\$300,944,534 52

Insurance and Annuities in Force \$1,052,665,211 64

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct; liabilities calculated by the Insurance Department.  
CHARLES A. PRELLER Auditor

ROBERT A. GRANNISS VICE-PRESIDENT

WALTER R. GILLETTE General Manager  
ISAAC F. LLOYD Vice-President  
FREDERIC CROMWELL Treasurer  
EMORY MCCLINTOCK Actuary

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## VANITY FAIR.

William C. Whitney's new house, one of the most beautiful and costly of the many which have lately been built in New York, was thrown open for the first time to others besides his close personal friends a fortnight ago, when the trustees of the American Museum of Natural History were entertained. It stands on the north-east corner of Sixty-Eighth Street and Fifth Avenue and was originally built by Robert Stewart, but the latter would never recognize his former home were he to return to it to-day. It has been completely remodeled and modernized. The entrance is on Sixty-Eighth Street. One descends a flight of marble steps and enters a low hall through a wrought-iron gate and glass doorway. In the centre of the hall stands a magnificently carved Dutch oak table. To the right, through a marble archway, is the entrance to the servants' quarters. To the left, on the Fifth Avenue side of the house, are Mr. Whitney's private offices, and, adjoining, a reception-room, done in *rococo* style, with grillings of gold on the mirrors. Between these mirror-panels are some beautiful paintings. A wide marble staircase leads to the main hall, the marble walls of which are hung with what are said to be the most valuable Italian tapestries in this country. The ceiling came from the Barberini Palace, in Florence. It is in sunken squares of blue and gold. The mantel, which is of the most elaborately carved marble, was carved in Italy, but was brought from Paris. A winding white marble staircase leads to the rooms on the upper floors. On the main floor, on the Fifth Avenue side of the house, are a drawing-room and library. The former room is hung in gold and maroon silk and velvet tapestry, which was brought from a Florentine palace. This drapery covers the walls, except for the spaces in which are hung the few valuable paintings. Among these is John Hoffer's "The Dancing Girl." Adjoining the drawing-room is the library. This room is filled with superb black oak bookcases, the walls above are hung in red velvet tapestry trimmed with gold, and the mantel is also of white marble delicately carved. The walls of the dining-room are entirely covered with paintings brought from a palace outside of Genoa. The ceiling in this room also came from the Barberini Palace. The conservatory, which leads from the dining-room into the hall-room, is decorated with marbles brought from an Italian garden. The hall-room is the most beautiful apartment in the whole house. It boasts of walls which, as they stand, came from the Château of Phœbus d'Albert, near Bordeaux, which was built in the time of Louis the Fourteenth. In the time of Louis-Philippe, the walls, which are of polished oak, exquisitely decorated in a design of gold, were brought to Paris. The decorated ceiling of the room alone is new. The dark-brown oak and its gold decorations blend most exquisitely with the light maroon draperies. This hall-room is said to be the most beautiful in this country. The decorating of this house has taken years, and it is said that one million dollars was spent upon the two lower floors alone. Mr. Whitney says that had he foreseen the difficulties he never would have undertaken the work. His house may now be said to be an Italian palace transplanted to the metropolis of the New World.

The laws of Mexico have always been strict in regard to marriages and divorces (remarks the New York Times). Recently a case has been decided in the City of Mexico which attracted attention on account of the plaintiff's prominence in society and the legal points involved. In fact, the civil court found it necessary to establish a precedent, as no case of the same character has been tried in the republic. In 1895 an American citizen, Edgar Joseph Hahn, of St. Louis, married a young Mexican lady, Señora Par Diez Barroso. The wedding was a society event, and some of the chief dignitaries of the land were present. Mutual disillusionment and a separation followed, a baby girl being left with the mother. The lady in the case is the plaintiff, and, it is said, she desires to marry again. The rules of the Roman Catholic Church do not permit a divorced woman to marry. The question of one desiring to do so was not to be considered by the church, and there was no civil law to cover the case. The laws of reform make a civil ceremony necessary to a legal marriage. As Roman Catholics consider marriage a sacrament, both civil and religious rites are the rule, the former taking place first. In case of annulment of the marriage contract new vows may be taken. The plaintiff in question claimed to have discovered after her marriage that her husband had a wife living, from whom he was divorced. Therefore, as her church did not allow her to marry a divorced man—or him to marry her—she prayed that the contract be declared null and void. This, it is said, the church was ready to do; but, a civil ceremony being necessary, it fell to the court to decide her real status, and it has taken several months to reach a decision, as it felt the responsibility of establishing a law which, in view of the steady growth of foreign colonies in the republic, may be frequently tested. If the man had no right to marry, the lady's situation was a peculiar one—though she chose to accept it, if thereby she is allowed to make a new marriage. Fourth Civil Judge Jesus F. Uriarte decided the marriage to be null and void, owing to a prior union on the man's

part, though he had been divorced from his wife in the United States, where it was a lawful act for him to marry again. As he had acted in good faith in his Mexican marriage, no action against him was taken, and each party had its own costs to pay. Thus it is clear that, while Mexico recognizes a foreign marriage, she does not recognize a divorce secured in any country as giving a right to marry again within her limits. The status of the child did not come before the court, it having died a few months ago. The consensus of opinion among Americans seems to be that Mexico, through her courts, has taken a wise step in endeavoring to preserve the sanctity of the marriage vow.

The social season in St. Petersburg was recently inaugurated by a reception by Charlemagne Tower, the United States ambassador. His residence is on the left bank of the beautiful Neva River, in the most select and exclusive part of the English Quay. The house is one of the most spacious and elegantly appointed in the city, and contains a large collection of furniture, art treasures, and interesting articles collected by Mr. and Mrs. Tower from the art-centres of the Old World, during their residence abroad, and which they propose to place in their Philadelphia home on their return. A Washington Post correspondent, who was a guest at the reception, gives an interesting account of the rapidly with which Russian drivers rush up to a residence, deliver their passengers, and get away. An hour before the reception begins, traffic on the portion of the quay where the embassy is located is turned into other streets. This leaves a clear passage for the guests' vehicles. Before the carriage has fairly stopped the door is opened, and the passengers jump out as if shot from a cannon, the sidewalk being covered with canvas to protect guests from the cold wind. The door is opened, and the guests rush in as if escaping from a house on fire, and the outer door is closed instantly. Then the second door is opened, by which means draughts are avoided, and the guests are ushered into the reception-room to deposit their wraps. Each carriage is accompanied by a footman, who assists in removing the wraps and caring for the same. People who have never visited a cold country like Russia during the winter months have no idea of the space required to care for the immense *shubas*, and great coats of fur, and other wraps worn by from one thousand to fifteen hundred people who are in a house at one time, and can scarcely conceive of the system, prompt manner, and ease with which they are handled, and the absence of confusion or excitement, which is due to the large number of trained servants.

The burial of Mrs. Abraham Leshar at Kleinfeltersville, the other day, with her sixty-five-year-old black silk wedding-gown for a shroud brings to notice a queer East Pennsylvania custom which prevails among German farmers (says the New York Sun). Nearly all the people, old and young, have their shrouds and grave-clothes all ready when death comes. The old people especially have all arrangements for their funeral made, and written out in all details. Indeed, it is a common thing to find a special bureau-drawer set apart for the grave-clothes. One custom is to keep every vestige of the wedding-outfit for the interment apparel. Gown and undergarments are in many cases worn but once by the bride, and then laid away to wait for her death. Gray silk is much in vogue for wedding-gowns, as the color is preferred for burial-robos to white or black. Where wedding-gowns are not saved, the women folks make their own shrouds, cutting them out, sewing and trimming them. To borrow a shroud-pattern is nothing unusual. It passes from farm-house to farm-house. Long winter evenings are taken up with getting grave-clothes ready; so that when a person dies, all the friends need do is to open the death-drawer and there find written instructions as to the place of burial, the kind of grave and coffin, the name of the minister who is to officiate, the text of the sermon, the three hymns to be sung, the pall-bearers, the grave-stone and its inscription, and all about the grave-clothes. This fashion makes it very easy for the friends to decide on the funeral arrangements. Some old farmers go so far as to state exactly which calf and how many chickens shall be killed for the funeral dinner, and who is to be hired to take care of teams and feed the horses of the visitors.

"I have had an opportunity of inspecting in the studio of its author a statue that is likely to be the subject of much controversy," writes the *Pall Mall Gazette's* Paris correspondent. "In a few weeks it will be in a position on one of the most prominent sites in Paris, for it is to crown the gigantic gateway erected at the beginning of the Champs-Élysées, which will be the principal entrance to the exhibition grounds. This gateway, he said in passing, is of most ingenious construction. It contains a system of turnstiles so arranged that thirty thousand people will be able to pass through them in an hour without the least crowding or confusion. But to return to the statue. It is to represent the city of Paris. The veriest amateur will understand at once that the city of Paris must necessarily be impersonated by a female figure. M. Moreau-Vauthier, the rising young sculptor to whom the work has been intrusted, has not attempted to evade

this self-evident obligation; the revolutionary departure he has made from the traditions of his art concerns the fashion in which he has draped his figure. It is a matter of common observation that the choice of costume in the case of statues reproducing the female form is exceedingly limited. Such statues either wear nothing at all, or they are arranged in the flowing garment that draped the charms of the Grecian ladies of antiquity. The fashion-plates for statues offer no other alternative—either an absolute void or the classic peplos. M. Moreau-Vauthier has trampled upon these time-honored conventions. Greatly daring, he has clothed his statue in the dress of a woman of to-day; his 'City of Paris' is a Parisienne whose attire might have been furnished by a dressmaker of the Rue de la Paix. The sticklers for the academic in art will, doubtless, be dismayed by this experiment; but, though M. Moreau-Vauthier's work is sure to be criticised, it is equally certain that it will have a host of partisans."

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, February 28th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.	Closed.	
	Shares.	Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	500 @ 111½		
Cal. St. Cable Co.	1,000 @ 117½	117	
Los An. & Pac. Ry.	1,000 @ 102½		
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	14,000 @ 105-105½	105	105½
Market St. Ry. 5%...	8,000 @ 118-118½	118	119
N. Pac. C. Ry. 6%.....	20,000 @ 103½	103	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	10,000 @ 106½		
Oakland Water 5%.....	6,000 @ 105	105	
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%...	7,000 @ 110½-110¾	110¾	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%...	10,000 @ 110½		
1905.....	1,000 @ 117	116¾	118
S. V. Water 6%.....	1,000 @ 104	103¾	
S. V. Water 4%.....	4,000 @ 104		

	STOCKS.	Closed.	
	Shares.	Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water...	450 @ 72½-74¾	72½	
Spring Valley Water...	833 @ 96¼-97½	97½	
Gas and Electric.			
Equitable Gaslight...	575 @ 3½-4	3½	
Pacific Gas Imp. Co...	10 @ 52	51½	
Pacific Lighting Co...	10 @ 44		
S. F. Gas & Electric...	735 @ 50¾-52¼	51½	51¾
S. F. Gas.....	800 @ 4½		

	BANKS.	Closed.	
	Shares.	Bid.	Asked.
Bank of Cal.....	11 @ 405	401	405
Street R. R.			
California St.....	75 @ 118½	118	
Market St.....	195 @ 62-62¾	62¾	63¾
Powders.			
Giant Con.....	1,005 @ 89¼-92¾	90	90¾
Sugars.			
Hana P. Co.....	205 @ 8½	8	
Hawaiian.....	100 @ 78-81	83	85¼
Honokaa S. Co.....	1,545 @ 28-29½	29½	
Hutchinson.....	1,010 @ 25-25½	25½	
Makaweli S. Co.....	560 @ 45¼-45½	45½	45¾
Onomea S. Co.....	645 @ 24-25½	25½	26
Paauhau S. P. Co...	1,615 @ 25-25½	25½	26
Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers.....	205 @ 119½-120	119½	120½
Oceanic S. Co.....	85 @ 92¾-94	94	93
Pac. C. Borax.....	85 @ 145-147½	147½	

There were about 5,400 shares of sugar stocks traded in, but the fluctuations were narrow. Hawaiian was sold down to 78 seller, but closed at 83 bid, on small sales. Onomea sold down 1½ points to 24, but closed at 25½ bid, 26 asked. The balance were steady on average transactions.

Giant Powder recovered 3½ points to 92½, but was again raided by the bear interest, and closed 90 bid, 90¾ asked.

Contra Costa Water was weaker, and sold down 2 points to 72½. Spring Valley Water was steady at 97 to 97½, but some uneasiness was felt by the market about what the board of supervisors may do in regard to the rates.

San Francisco Gas and Electric showed some strength, and sold up as high as 52¼ on filling of short contracts, but eased off at the close ½ point to 51½.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

GEO. R. SANDERSON, A. W. BLOW,  
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.  
Tel. Bush 24. 238 Montgomery Street, S. F.

ARTHUR W. MOORE,  
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.  
Stock and Bond Broker.

412 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO

## Hawaiian Trust &amp; Investment Co., Ltd

Stocks and Bonds—We buy and sell strictly on commission all first-class Hawaiian Stocks and Bonds. Members of Honolulu Stock Exchange.

In General—We are prepared to look after property both real and personal, collect and remit incomes, and execute any business commission for persons residing abroad.

References—Messrs. Welch & Co., 220 California Street, San Francisco, Cal. Bank of Hawaii, Limited, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.  
GEORGE R. CARTER, Treasurer,  
409 Fort Street, Honolulu, H. I.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869-451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco,  
411 California Street



# Strengthens System Body Brain and Nerves.

# VIN MARIANI

(MARIANI WINE)

No other preparation has ever received so many voluntary testimonials from eminent people as the world-famous Mariani Wine. Agreeable and lasting.

Before Meals **APPETIZER**  
After Meals **DIGESTIVE**  
At all Times **TONIC**

Sold by all druggists. Refuse Substitutes. Mariani & Co., 52 W. 15th St., New York, publish a handsome book of endorsements of Emperors, Empresses, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops, and other distinguished personages. It is sent gratis and postpaid to all who write for it.

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Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 600 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe. Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day. Write for circular and terms.

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LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, SYDNEY.

*Cholly*—"Your papa kicked me out when I asked him for your hand." *Miss Gabby*—"Papa is so intense; he puts his whole sole into everything he undertakes."—*Baltimore American*.

# THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,213,146.59  
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits December 30, 1899.....28,663,655.41

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOWNY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOONFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—Jen. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, D. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

# SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.  
Deposits, January 1, 1900.....\$26,110,681  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve Fund.....210,667  
Contingent Fund.....407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,  
Cashier, Asst. Cashier.

Directors—George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, Geo. Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

# THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.  
CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000  
SURPLUS.....1,000,000  
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.....2,365,968  
October 1, 1899.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier  
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

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Australia, and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000  
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H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst. Cashier;  
H. L. MILLER, Second Asst. Cashier.  
Directors—John J. Valentine, Andrew Christeson, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Bernhardt, Dudley Evans.  
Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Heory James was once praising the work of a fellow-author. "You are very kind to him," said some one present, "for he says very unpleasant things about your work." "Ah," said Mr. James, "hut theo both of us may be wroog!"

During the Franco-Prussian War a well-known English correspondent was sent to the front by his paper, and oo ooe occasion Von Moltke sent for him and said: "Mr. —, on such and such a day the German army will perform such and such a movement. If that appears in the —" (naming the paper) "you will be shot." The news did not appear.

A war-correspondent writes from South Africa to the Loodon *Daily Mail*: "A certain gallant corps at Chieveley Camp provided the guard that should protect our precious beer till Christmas Day. In the morning two dozen bottles were missing. 'Disgraceful!' said the authorities; 'double the guard.' And they doubled it. Next day four dozen were missing."

President John Quincy Adams ooe asserted that he would not give fifty cents for all the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, addiog: "I hope America will not think of sculpture for two centuries to come." When some ooe quoted this to William Morris Hunt, he asked, dryly: "Does that sum of money really represent Mr. Adams's estimate of the sculpture of those artists, or the value which he places upon fifty cents?"

Lord Randolph Churchill had not been chancellor of the exchequer long before the annual report on the condition of Great Britain's finances was presented for his signature by Sir Francis Mowatt. "Oh, I can't make head or tail of this," said he, testily; "why don't you arrange the figures so one can understand them?" "My lord, I have adopted the simplest known method. I have used decimals throughout." "Yes, yes, I see, but I never did know what those damned dots meant," was his lordship's reply.

Once at a dinner-party, where General N. B. Forrest, commanding the Confederate cavalry, had been invited as the guest of honor, a loquacious widow, with hair of raven black, rudely interrupted the conversation by asking General Forrest why it was that his beard was still black, while his hair was turning gray. With great politeness Forrest turned toward her. "I fear I can not give you a satisfactory answer," said he, "unless, possibly, the reason is that I have used my brain a little more than I have my jaw."

Some of the late Revivalist Moody's meetings were "open" in the sense that any one so disposed was at liberty to speak or pray, and he was beset by "cranks," but he faced them with great courage. When a speaker was taking breath, he would give out the next hymn as naturally as if the man had finished. To a speaker who had scarcely commenced what he had intended to say, Moody once said: "Now, sir, that is perfect; if you add a single word you will spoil it. Let us sing No. 123." When provoked beyond measure, he could be very severe. An Australian evangelist had told a long story of his own glorious doings and of the opposition he had everywhere encountered. As he sat down, Mr. Moody remarked: "I can tell why they opposed you." "Why?" "Because you spoke too much about yourself."

Several years ago Colonel Jack Chinn visited Texas. He took with him a negro valet, Sam. This negro had been a slave in the Chinn family before the war and idolized his young master. One night, while in Houston, the darkey went to Chinn and said: "Massah Jack, I'se goin' out in cullud society heah to-night an' I'd like to borrow dat ivory-handled six-shooter of yours to take along." "Why, you black rascal," returned the colonel, "some of these Houston coons will take that gun away from you and break it over your head." The darkey straightened up. Like his master, he was a man of unquestioned nerve, and there was a peculiar glitter in his eye as he said: "Massah Jack, you let me hab dat gun an' if I don't show up heah wid it in de mawnin' you go down to the morgue an' throw down de sheet an' say: 'Lawd! don't he look nacker!'" Colonel Chinn's body-servant was that night armed in a manner that entitled him to move in the best circles of Afro-American society in Houston.

In the early days of Ventura, Dr. Bard, brother of the new senator from this State, established such a reputation for willingness to fight that few presumed to provoke his anger. He was once informed that the lawyer he had engaged to represent him in a certain case had sold out to the opposing side. "I'll cut his heart out," said Bard, when the news came to him. Shortly after that, walking with one of his friends, Dr. Bard met the lawyer on the street. "Come in and have a drink," said that worthy, and the three men entering the bar-room ordered three glasses of whisky, which were put before them.

"Drick," said Dr. Bard to the lawyer. "Not until you are ready," the lawyer politely replied. "No, not with me," said Bard; "you drink now." "Not until you drink," insisted the legal light. Dr. Bard's pistol was out io a moment, and poited between the eyes of the mao who had betrayed him. "Drick!" said he in a voice of thunder; "drick, I tell you!" The lawyer drack with avidity, and wheo he was through, Bard and his friend threw their full glasses on the floor. "We don't drick with curs," said they, and turning their backs walked out of the room.

To Omar.

Omar Khayyam, you're a jolly old Aryan, Half sybaritic, and semi-barbariao, Not a bit mystic, but utilitarian, Fond of a posy and food of a dream. Symbolist, poet, and clear-eyed philosopher, Had you a wife I am sure you were boss of her, Yet you'd be ruled by the coquetish toss of her Garland-crowned head at you, Omar Khayyam.

For there is vanity In your humanity, Else your urbanity Were hut a flam. And the severity Of your austerity Proves your sincerity, Omar Khayyam.

Well I remember when first you were heralded, Persian-born poesy ably FitzGeralded; Impulse said huy you—and I to my peril did:

Now a meek slave to your genius I am. Some of your doctrines to us may seem hatable, Though we admit that the themes are debatable; But your ideas, are they really translatable?

Into our languages, Omar Khayyam? In your society All inebrity Seems but propriety. Truth hut a sham;

And the reality Of your carnality Courts immortality, Omar Khayyam. From the grave depths of your massive tranquility

Thoughts you produce, knowing well their futility, Thoughts that you phrase with a fatal facility, Hurl with the force of a battering-ram!

But we care not though your message be cynical, Not very creedal and scarcely rabbinical; We, your adorers, put you on a pinnacle.

For that we love you, old Omar Khayyam.

Though you're erroneous, Still you're harmonious, And you're euphonious

In epigram. O'er the censorious You are victorious;

We hold you glorious, Omar Khayyam.

—Carolyn Wells in February Century.

The Last Sandwich.

It was probably half-past four o'clock when a cadaverous man with green spectacles entered the cheap restaurant. He glanced furtively around at the shelves, which at the noonday hour are vivid with every color that pie is heir to, but which at four-thirty are empty, and look as lonesome as the "bleachers" when the base-ball cranks have gone and the wanton wind plays tag with the memorial peanut shell. Alas, there was not a pie for his weary spirit to light and rest upon; and he said to the attendant siren, who looked inquiringly at him:

"What kind of sandwiches have you?"

"We have but one left," she replied, while she pointed at the lone, solitary survivor, which had the appearance of shrinkiog into an attitude of defense, as if to make the best of the situation. "It is really food for reflection," sighed the patron, without saying whether he would take it or not, "when I consider that there are thousands of sandwiches consumed in the pavilion every day, and a certain importance attaches itself to the one which, out of this vast number, should be the last. And perhaps I am the last man that will be in here to-day, and if the sandwich could think and reason, perhaps I would be quite as much an object of curiosity to it as it now is to me."

"Do you want it?" asked the girl, with a sweet, commercial smile.

"I do," replied the patron, emphatically, "and please deal it to me before it can fall into other hands. I want it as a matter of sentiment. All last things have a peculiar charm for me. The last rose of summer and the last run of shad have a peculiar interest, and the last words of great men, though commonplace, if not selected and decided upon in advance, are always regarded with a sort of reverence."

Here he raised the sandwich in rapt cootemplation, and opened it with the smile of a bibliomaniac, as if it was a rare copy of a rare edition of the "Complete Aogler." And as he held it open he seemed to be reading a poem to the time of fairy music.

"It is as the man who is pointed out as the sole survivor of the Balaklava charge or the Last of the Mohicans. But what kind is it?" he asked, scrutinizing it more closely than ever.

"Corned beef," replied the acolyte of food.

"Corned beef, corned beef," he repeated, weighing the words carefully, "and it is the last of its race—the Uoocas of to-day's noble army of sandwiches; but its star is about to set, if I may be

allowed a metaphor, and it will set as soon as I have applied unto it a few mural decorations of German mustard."

Here he reached out, and, opeoing the book of food as gently as if it were of the daintiest biddiog, he illustrated the virgio page of corned beef to suit his fancy until the mustard dripped from the corned beef's deckle edges. Theo he lapsed into silence and devoured it, eveo unto the last crumb. Haviog done which, he arose and haoded a oickel to the vision of lovelioess behiod the counter.

"To have encountered your last sandwich was indeed a uoique experience, and it has set me to thioiking. There is philosophy in the tea-biscuit, and the cruller is a lamp of wisdom. Thioik of the last survivor io the boat from a wrecked ship, thioik of the last man who loads on the ferryboat after a long ruoniog-jump, then you may appreciate my feelings upoo arriviog just in time to enter into business relations with your last fadiog sadowich, whose very corned beef had an antique flavor that was uoique."

"That was the cao," replied the siren; "the canoed corned-beefs always go last."

"The can," he murmured sadly, "like the fabled shell of poesy, discourses strange measures," and then with deliberation he continued:

"The canned siren shall have me no more. I have eaten your last sandwich."

"I know it," replied the girl, who ootinued: "Why should you tell me what I already know?"

"Because you don't know—what you already know when you don't know what I mean when I say I have eaten your last sandwich."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I simply mean that I have eaten your last sandwich—the last one you will ever succeed in selling me. I don't object to spending the nickel, hut, alas and alack, I haven't a nickel-plated digestion. Good day!"—R. K. Munkittrick in the Criterion.

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## SOCIETY.

## The Mardi Gras Bal Masqué.

The hall given on the evening of Mardi Gras at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art was the most beautiful and the best managed that the San Francisco Art Association has yet achieved. The many spacious rooms, including the new Mary Seales Art Gallery, were decorated lavishly and in admirable taste, and, with all the ladies in costume or domino and many of the men in fancy dress, the sight presented when the ball was at its height was a most brilliant one.

More than seven hundred and fifty tickets had been sold, and fully six hundred of them were represented in person. The ladies were all masked, though the men were not, and all were inspected by the *viser* committee—Mr. Vanderlyn Stow, Mr. Albert Gerberding, and Mr. Frederick W. Zeile. Mr. Orrin Peck was the Prince of the Carnival, and in his court were Miss J. Hadenfeldt as his consort, Mrs. Arthur Barendt, Mrs. John A. Clover, Miss Wanda Hadenfeldt, Miss Emily Calvert, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. A. Hellman, and Mr. William B. Hopkins, with Mr. Theodore Keene as herald and Master Lamont Doan as trumpeter. These ranged about the throne while the Prince of the Carnival made his address, and, after a grand march, the hall began. There was no intermission, the supper-room being open from eleven o'clock until two, and the revels were kept up until a late hour.

The receipts from the sales of tickets and boxes amounted to more than four thousand dollars, and, as the expenses had been wisely administered, a handsome sum will be added to the treasury of the association.

## Mardi Gras Dinners.

Several elaborate dinners were given prior to the Mardi Gras hall. Mr. Joseph D. Grant, president of the San Francisco Art Association, entertained thirty-four friends in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club, seating them all at a round table decorated with oak-leaves and almond-blossoms. His guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Casserly, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Blanchard Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Viscount and Mme. de Lalande, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Moody, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Miss Head, Miss Mahel McClay, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Ward, of London, Mr. Allen St. J. Bowie, Mr. J. W. Byrne, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. John Lawson, Mr. Oscar T. Sewall, and Mr. A. B. Williamson.

Mrs. William Robinson Whittier entertained a party of sixteen at her home at the corner of Jackson and Laguna Streets. Those at table were:

Mr. and Mrs. William Robinson Whittier, Miss Gertrude Carroll, Miss Ella Goodall, Miss Florence Josselyn, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Therese Morgan, Miss Adelaide Murphy, Miss Isabel O'Connor, Mr. A. F. Allen, Mr. Willard Drown, Mr. Frederick A. Greenwood, Mr. George E. P. Hall, Mr. Ogden Hoffman, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, and Mr. N. N. Wilson.

Mr. William Sanborn gave a dinner at the University Club. Those present were:

Mr. William Sanborn, Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Fannie Loughborough, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Alice Owen, Miss Polhemus, Miss Sanborn, Mr. Arthur Callahan, Lieutenant Kelly, Mr. Maddox, Mr. John Sanborn, and Mr. Burhank Somers.

Dinners were also given by Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, Mrs. Clarence M. Mann, and others.

## La Jeunesse Dance.

The last meeting of La Jeunesse for the present season, which took place at Cotillion Hall on Friday evening, February 23d, coming the night after Washington's Birthday, was a *bal poudré*. The decorations were Colonial, and many of the ladies wore gowns of the same period and powdered hair.

The cotillion was directed by Mr. Percy King. Instead of there being a first set, as formerly, the couples were called out for each figure by its leader. Four figures were danced, the leaders being Miss Leila Voorhies, Miss Kathryn Dillon, Miss Edna Hopkins, and Miss Alma McClung. Supper was served at midnight, and afterward, this being the last meeting of the season, round dancing was enjoyed until two o'clock.

The organization has been so successful that it will be continued next year. The patronesses are:

Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. A. W. McClung, Mrs. W. H. McKittick, Mrs. William H. Mills, and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies.

## A Concert by Amateurs.

The ladies who in former years were patronesses of the Impromptu and Cinderella dances gave a concert in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel on Monday evening, February 26th, in aid of the Seaman's Church and Institute and of the Seaman's Catholic Institute. The patronesses were Mrs. Parrott, Mrs. Head, Mrs. Casserly, Mrs. Tobin, Mrs. Irwin, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mme. de

Lalande, Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Mrs. Hohart, and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant.

The programme presented was as follows:

Trio, op. 42, piano, violin, and violoncello—allegro animato, andantino, finale, allegro con fuoco, Gade, Miss Marie Wilson, Miss Ames, and Mr. R. M. Tobin; op. 89, No. 23, "Die Nehenonnen," Schubert; songs, with piano, "Serenade de Don Juan," Tschaiakowsky, Mr. Edgar Mills; duets for violin and piano, op. 94, "Zwei Romanzen," Schumann, Mr. Tobin and Mrs. J. B. Casserly; songs with piano, "Spring and Love," Franz, "L'Eclouge," Delibes, Mrs. Hall McAllister; soli for harp, op. 23, No. 4, "Nachtsucke," Schumann, op. 12, "Mazurka," Schuecker, Mrs. Casserly; prelude for violin, harp, and organ, Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Mrs. Casserly, Mr. Tobin, and Mr. H. Carrington Wilson; duets for soprano and tenor, op. 78, No. 3, "Ich denke dein," Schumann, op. 34, No. 3, "Finlay" (Burns), Schumann, Mrs. McAllister and Mr. Mills; andante, from "Cello Sonata," Grieg, Miss Ames; piano solo, op. 49, No. 4, "Berceuse," Brahms-Neustadt, Mrs. Walter Rountree; song, with violin, "cello, harp, and piano, "Stances," Flegier, Mr. Mills.

About eight hundred tickets, at \$2.50 each, were sold, and the hall was crowded to its fullest capacity by an audience which encored every number.

## The Murphy Luncheon.

Miss Adelaide Murphy gave a luncheon on Monday, February 26th, in honor of Miss Mary Greenwood Josselyn. It took place in the ladies' department of the University Club, and a couple of hours were spent in the discussion of a well-chosen menu. Miss Murphy's guests were:

Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mrs. William Robinson Whittier, Mrs. Samuel C. Buckbee, Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury, Mrs. Knight Smith, Miss Mary Greenwood Josselyn, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Gertrude Carroll, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Margaret Cole, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Sarah Drum, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Flora Elmore, Miss Lillian Follis, Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Clara Hamilton, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Helen Hopkins, Miss Edna Hopkins, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Florence Josselyn, Miss Alyse Latham, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Maenie McNutt, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Frances Moore, Miss Therese Morgan, Miss Nichols, Miss Cornelia O'Connor, Miss Edith Preston, Miss Margaret Salishury, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Edith Stubbs, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Grace Taylor, and Miss Leila Voorhies.

## The Josselyn Luncheon.

Mrs. Charles Josselyn gave a luncheon in honor of Miss Frances Moore, who is now her guest, at her home at 2424 Steiner Street, on Wednesday, February 21st. Mrs. Josselyn's guests were:

Mrs. Percy P. Moore, Mrs. Atherton Macondray, Miss Josselyn, Miss Mary Josselyn, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Margaret Cole, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Charlotte Field, Miss Lillian Follis, Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Clara Hamilton, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Maud Mullins, Miss Edith Preston, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Edith Stubbs, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Helen Thomas, and Miss Leila Voorhies.

## The Redding Dinner-Dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert P. Redding were the hosts at a dinner-dance given in honor of their daughter, Miss Ellita Redding, and her fiancé, Mr. Herbert B. Gee, whose engagement was announced a fortnight ago. It took place at their residence, 2629 California Street, on Monday evening, February 26th, and was a "pink dinner," the house being prettily decorated in that color. After the service of an elaborate menu, dancing was enjoyed until a late hour. About thirty couples enjoyed Mr. and Mrs. Redding's hospitality.

## Notes and Gossip.

The marriage of Mrs. Anna M. Scott to General W. H. L. Barnes took place on Monday evening, February 26th, at the home of the groom's brother, Mr. John S. Barnes, 22 East Forty-Eighth Street, New York City. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. David H. Greer, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Barnes, and on Tuesday the couple left for this city. The bride has lived in this city for several years. General Barnes is a well-known figure in legal, political, and social life, and is a prominent member of the Bohemian Club. He has two sons, Mr. William Sanford Barnes and Mr. John Barnes.

Mrs. Florence A. Frank gave a tea on Friday, February 23d, at her home, 1601 Van Ness Avenue, at which she was assisted in receiving by her mother, Mrs. A. J. Pope, and her sister, Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy.

Mrs. Henry Seale gave a luncheon in honor of Mrs. W. F. Nichols at the Occidental Hotel recently, her guests being Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Clappitt, Mrs. G. F. Buckingham, Mrs. Dougherty, Mrs. Frances Edgerton, Mrs. J. A. Fillmore, Mrs. Garrett, Mrs. Maddox, Mrs. McMullin, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Winchester, Mrs. Irwin, Miss Stowe, and Miss Voorhies.

A "fifteenth-century party" was given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler on Saturday evening, February 24th, at their home at 2020 Broadway. The guests were all in costumes of that period. The earlier part of the evening was devoted to children's games, and later the older guests participated in the festivities.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

Gadski, Bispham, and Damrosch.

Six Wagner concerts by Mme. Gadski, David Bispham, and Walter Damrosch, conductor, are to be given at the California Theatre in the coming fortnight, and, supplemental to them, Mr. Damrosch announces a series of six explanatory piano recitals to be given in the mornings.

The list of concerts is as follows:

Tuesday afternoon, March 6th, at 2:15, "Tannhäuser"; Thursday afternoon, March 8th, at 2:15, "The Flying Dutchman"; Friday afternoon, March 9th, at 2:15, "Die Meistersinger"; Monday night, March 12th, at 8:15; Tuesday night, March 13th, at 8:15; Wednesday night, March 14th, at 8:15.

The subjects of the three evening concerts have not yet been decided, but it is announced that there will be no repetitions.

From "Tannhäuser" the selections will include Elizabeth's "Dich Theure Halle," the duo for Tannhäuser and Elizabeth, Wolfram's air of "Blich ich umher," Elizabeth's appeal and prayer, and Wolfram's "Song to the Evening Star"; in "The Flying Dutchman," the Dutchman's air, Senta's ballad, and a duet; and in "Die Meistersinger," Hans Sachs's monologue, his duos with Stolzing and with Eva, Beckmesser's monologue, and the quintet.

The programme of the recitals is as follows:

The "Ring des Nibelungen"—"Das Rheingold," "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," and "Die Götterdämmerung," on March 5th, 7th, 10th, and 12th, respectively; "Parsifal," on March 14th; and "Tristan and Isolde," on March 17th.

## The Symphony Concert.

The fourth symphony concert under the leadership of Henry Holmes was given at the Grand Opera House on Thursday afternoon, March 1st. A large audience was present, and the following programme was performed:

Overture, "Fingal's Cave," op. 26, Mendelssohn; symphony in C, No. 2, op. 61, sostenuto assai, allegro, ma non troppo, scherzo, allegro vivace, trio I, II, adagio, espressivo, allegro molto vivace, Schumann; symphonic poem, "Dance Macabre," Saint-Saëns, solo violin part, Mr. John Marquardt; overture, "Oheron," adagio, sostenuto, allegro con fuoco, Weber.

The next concert will be the last of the series.

The death of Calvin F. Fargo took place in his rooms at the Pacific Union Club on Sunday, February 25th. The cause was Bright's disease, but, though the decedent was eighty years of age, no apprehension had been entertained until a few days ago. He was one of four brothers who came to California in 1850 from Batavia, N. Y., and only one of them, Mr. Duane Fargo, of San Gabriel, survives him. After amassing a fortune in the liquor business, Calvin Fargo went to Paris in 1868 and remained there fifteen years. For the past ten years he has made his home at the Pacific Union Club. His estate, valued at six hundred thousand dollars, will go, it is understood, to his nephews and nieces.

## For Wireless Steering.

An English invention for steering any craft, whether submerged or otherwise, by means of an ether wave on the wireless telegraph principle has been perfected. In naval war it is expected to make the torpedo-boat almost infallible. In this respect it will equal the great American dyspepsia cure—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters—which never fails to cure constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, malaria, fever and ague. Every one needs it, and all druggists sell it.

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Used at almost all notable banquets, balls, weddings, etc.

## INCREASE

During 1899 over previous year,

In Premiums . . . . .	\$364,596.43
In Interest . . . . .	21,125.85
In Income . . . . .	385,722.28
In Assets . . . . .	301,202.95
In Surplus . . . . .	20,785.17

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### SOCIETY.

#### Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker and the Misses Rutherford will leave New York for Paris during the present month.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin have been in town during the past week, stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Edith Merry, who has been visiting the Misses Stubbs at their home on Pacific Avenue, will soon go East to join her mother before her return to Guatemala, where her father is now United States minister.

Mrs. W. W. Wiggins, Miss Jessie Wiggins, and Miss Carrie Wiggins enjoyed a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, the Misses Spreckels, and Mr. William G. Irwin are at Coronado.

Mr. W. P. Veuve and Miss Vida Veuve, of Los Gatos, are in town, and are guests at the California Hotel.

Major E. L. Stern was among the American liner *St. Louis's* passengers from New York to Southampton on her last trip.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Thurston, of Chicago, are guests at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Wellington, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Davis, Miss Lilla Boole, Miss Anita Davis, Mr. Kenneth Davis, and Mr. Arthur Wellington, of Ross Valley, recently made a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michels leave on Saturday, March 3d, for New York, whence they will sail on April 10th for Paris. They will travel extensively on the Continent and in the Orient, not expecting to return to San Francisco for at least a year.

Mrs. Horace Wilson and Miss McNeil arrived in New York last Tuesday on their way to Paris.

Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Gardner and Miss Gardner came down from Napa early in the week and are guests at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dunphy came up from Millbrae on Tuesday and were guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Palache and Mr. Whitney Palache were among the recent visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

The Rev. Dr. William Rader sailed from New York for Southampton on the American Line steamship *St. Louis* on February 21st.

Mr. A. B. McCreery arrived from the East on Tuesday, and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Sophie Hall, of New York, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Thomas B. Bishop.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Preston and Miss Preston came up from Portola for the Mardi Gras ball, and were guests at the Palace Hotel.

Among the week's guests at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. H. C. Whiting, Mr. and Mrs. M. Brown, Mr. John C. Coleman, Mr. W. H. Miner, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Miller, Mrs. S. L. Bee, Mrs. John S. Bowman, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Rixford, of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bond, of San Rafael, Mrs. M. B. Nicholson, of Oakland, Mrs. A. K. Bentley, Miss Florence Bentley, of Milwaukee, and Mr. John Bentley, of Chicago. Mr. George D. Peters, of Portland, Or., Mr. G. F. Richardson, of Honolulu, and Governor Henry T. Gage, of California.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Gorrell, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. F. Hazen, of Healdsburg, Captain J. F. Smith, of the *City of Peking*, Mr. C. D. Morgan, of Los Angeles, Mr. R. H. Worthinghouse, of New York, Mrs. Garrison Gerst, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Hammond, of Upper Lake, Mr. F. H. Kennedy, of Stockton, Mrs. C. H. Markham, of Portland, Mrs. F. M. Smith, of Los Angeles, Mrs. W. P. Coleman, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. H. Eppinger, of Paso Robles, and Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Morrison, of San José.

#### Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General W. R. Shafter, U. S. V., went to Bakersfield Wednesday for a few days.

Brigadier-General Gilbert S. Carpenter, U. S. V., has been ordered to proceed from this city to his home.

Lieutenant-Commander Henry Minett, U. S. N., when discharged from the hospital, is to go to the *Pensacola* for temporary duty and later to the Asiatic Station.

Commander John F. Merrill, U. S. N., returned on Tuesday last from Honolulu on the Oceanic steamship *Australia*.

Lieutenant C. H. Hayes, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Pensacola*, and will presently proceed to the Asiatic Station.

Lieutenant Homer C. Poundstone, U. S. N., sailed for England on the American liner *St. Louis* on February 21st.

Captain J. F. Merry, U. S. N., arrived from Honolulu on Tuesday, and is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. George W. Laws, wife of Lieutenant G. W. Laws, of the United States ship *Hartford*, and Miss Marie L. English, of Vallejo, attended President and Mrs. McKinley's reception to the army and navy at the White House in Washington, D. C., on Wednesday, February 14th, the last "card reception" of the season.

SEVERAL NEW DESIGNS IN MONOGRAM stamping are shown by Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers. A specially handsome design is the monogram in a beaded circle, surrounded by a dragon.

### Golf Notes.

Teams of eight ladies each from the San Francisco and Oakland Golf Clubs played the first half of a home-and-home contest on the Presidio links on Saturday, February 24th, the San Francisco team winning by 25 up. The record of the match follows:

Miss Alice Colden Hoffman, San Francisco, beat Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, Oakland, 7 up; Miss Alice Moffitt, O., beat Miss Maud Mullins, S. F., 6 up; Mrs. Le Grand Cannon Tibbitts, O., beat Mrs. R. Gilman Brown, S. F., 4 up; Miss Mary Scott, S. F., beat Mrs. William Pierce Johnson, O., 11 up; Miss Caro Crockett, S. F., beat Miss Wilhelmina Havemeyer, O., 9 up; Miss Sarah Drum, S. F., beat Miss Lucy Moffitt, O., 7 up; Miss Maud O'Connor, S. F., beat Mrs. Peter E. Bowles, O., 5 up; and Miss Palmer, O., beat Miss Mai Moody, S. F., 4 up.

The return match will be played on the Oakland Club's links on Saturday, March 3d.

A ladies' 18-hole handicap contest for a prize offered by Mrs. Henry T. Scott was played on the Presidio links on Friday, March 2d, too late for notice in this issue.

The second open tournament for the amateur championship of the Pacific Coast will be begun on the links of the Oakland Club on March 10th. Members of all organized golf clubs on the coast are eligible. The qualifying round, which must be played on the Oakland links within the two weeks prior to March 10th, and not later than March 8th, is over 18 holes, medal play; those making the 16 lowest scores will be eligible; the first two rounds of the tournament, which will be match play, will also be over 18 holes, and the semi-finals and finals will be over 36 holes. Play will commence at 1:30 P. M. on the first day of the tournament, and will be continued on subsequent days, within a week, to be designated by the committee.

#### San Mateo County Hunt.

Mr. Francis Carolan, M. F. H. of the San Mateo County Hunt, has issued the following list of fixtures for the month of March:

Saturday, 3d, 3 P. M.—Reid School, Belmont, luncheon at 1 P. M. by invitation of E. Duplissis Beylard, Esq.; Wednesday, 7th, 3 P. M.—16-Mile House, San Bruno Road; Saturday, 10th, 2:30 P. M.—Race Course, Ingleside, luncheon at Club House 12:30 P. M. by invitation of the master, finish at Uncle Tom's Cabin; Wednesday, 14th, 4 P. M.—El Cerrito, San Mateo; Saturday, 17th, 3 P. M.—Wellesley Park, Redwood, luncheon at 1 P. M. by invitation of J. Downey Harvey, Esq.; Wednesday, 21st, 4:15 P. M.—Polo Field, Burlingame; Saturday, 24th, 3 P. M.—S. P. Station, Baden, *table d'hôte* luncheon, Uncle Tom's Cabin, 1 P. M.; Wednesday, 28th, 4:30 P. M.—Laurel Creek; Saturday, 31st, 3 P. M.—Crossways, Burlingame.

In addition to these meets, the hounds will meet every Monday at eight o'clock in the morning at the polo field, until further notice.

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## CLEARANCE SALE

Special for Week Beginning Feb. 26th.

Ladies' Southern Ties, small sizes, 1½-4 AAA to B, formerly \$2.50, .....75c  
Ladies' Kid Oxfords, sizes 2-4½ AAA to B, formerly \$2.50, .....\$1.00  
Ladies' Suede Kid Oxfords in Black, Tan, Nile-Green, Lavender, nearly all sizes, formerly \$6.00, \$1.50  
Gent's French Calf Cork Sole, Hand-Sewed Lace Shoes, nearly all sizes, \$6 to \$7 grades, \$3.60, \$4.15  
Gent's Patent Leather, Lace or Congress, heat makes, formerly \$6.00, sizes 5 to 6½ A, B, C, .....\$1.50  
Gent's Double Sole Calf Lace Shoes, calf-lined, pointed toes, sizes 9-11 A, B, C, D, .....\$2.25  
Misses' Patent Leather Button Shoes, French toes, kid, black cloth or tan cloth tops, sizes 11-2, formerly \$2.00, .....95c  
Misses' All Kid or Goat Skin Button Shoes, French toes, sizes 11-2, formerly \$2.50, .....95c

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Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO. (Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)		
LEAVE	From February 26, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Rumsey, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P
*8.30 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*5.15 P
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marys- ville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	*Milton, Oakdale, Sonoma, Carneros, Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*11.45 A
*9.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*7.45 P
*9.00 A	Martinez, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*9.45 A
*9.00 A	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles.....	*12.15 P
*10.00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	*6.45 P
*12.00 A	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacra- mento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*6.45 P
*12.00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*4.15 P
*1.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*2.45 P
*3.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*18.00 P
*4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*5.45 P
*4.00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*9.15 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	*10.45 A
*5.00 P	The Tracy Limited—Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Bar- bara, and Los Angeles.....	*7.15 P
45.00 P	Sunset Limited—El Paso, New Or- leans and East.....	*10.45 A
*5.30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*10.45 A
*5.30 P	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Bar- bara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*12.15 P
*5.30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	*8.45 A
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*6.45 P
*6.30 P	Vallejo.....	*6.45 A
*6.30 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*12.15 P
*6.30 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*9.45 A
17.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Sta- tions.....	*4.15 P
*8.05 P	Oregon and California Express, Sac- ramento, Marysville, Redding, Port- land, Puget Sound, and East.....	19.55 P
		*8.15 A
COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)		
*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Fel- ton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*5.50 P
12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	*9.20 A
611.45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San José and Way Stations.....	17.20 P
CREEK ROUTE FERRY. From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—		
*7.15	9.00 11.00 A. M., 11.00 2.00 13.00	
*4.00	15.00 *6.00 P. M.	
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—		
10.00 A. M.	12.00 *1.00 12.00 *3.00 14.00 *5.00 P. M.	
COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)		
16.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	16.30 P
7.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P
12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	12.36 A
13.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A
15.00 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	19.00 A
15.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.35 A
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	18.00 A
611.45 P	San José and Way Stations.....	7.30 P
* A for Morning. P for Afternoon.		
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"Do you think doctors ought to help an incurable patient to die?" "If he can't die without medical assistance, yes."—*Detroit Journal*.

Appreciation: *Dr. Fox*—"What sensation arises from the contemplation of self?" *Bushong*—"The sense of the beautiful."—*Roanoke Collegian*.

Not to be caught: "There's a boy wants to see you, sir." "Has he got a bill in his hand?" "No, sir." "Then he's got it in his pocket; send him away!"—*Punch*.

*Mrs. Grill*—"Oh, dear! I've sung to this baby for an hour, and she hasn't stopped crying yet." *Mr. Grill*—"Probably she has been waiting for you to stop."—*Tit-Bits*.

*The deacon*—"Oh, Lord, ef dis yere chicken be stolen, we hope you will oberlook de fact, fo' it's almighty small, almighty tough, an' almighty inad-quite ter go 'round."—*Life*.

*Frayed Feeter*—"Bill says he kin remember de time dat he swam in luxury." *Torne Tatters*—"Yes; he fell inter a beer-vat once while applyin' fer a job in a brewery."—*Judge*.

*Miss Palisade*—"I caught Miss Panhandle listen-ing to the music at the opera the other night." *Miss Summit*—"Well, you know she has never had many social advantages."—*Life*.

*She*—"A married couple should pull together like a team of horses." *He*—"Yes, and they probably would if, like a team of horses, they had but one tongue between them."—*Chicago News*.

The vexed question: *Train-boy*—"Scribner's, Harper's, the new Century"—*Old gentleman* (waking up)—"Nonsense! It won't be the new century till next year!"—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Sure they are beautiful: *She*—"Men are more conceited about their looks than women." *He*—"Prove it." *She*—"Men always put their hats on without looking in the glass."—*Chicago Record*.

Practice makes perfect: *Clerk*—"You can't get these boots on. You should try a size larger." *O'Rafferty*—"Niver do yez moind. Oi'll be able to get them on afther Oi wear thim a toim or two."—*Chicago News*.

"What is the difference between the State of Massachusetts and Kentucky?" "Give it up, colonel." "Massachusetts produces boots and shoes, and Kentucky produces shoots and booze."—*Washington Star*.

*Jones*—"Curry is an awful unfortunate fellow." *Jackson*—"That so?" *Jones*—"Yes; he snores so loud that he always wakes the baby, then the baby cries so loud he wakes Curry, so they have to walk together."—*Tit-Bits*.

The simon-pure article: *Percy*—"Have you ever loved before?" *Edith*—"No, Percy! I have often admired men—for their strength, courage, beauty, intelligence, or something like that; but with you, Percy, it is all love—nothing else!"—*Puck*.

"What is your waist measure?" asked her dearest friend. "Really, I've forgotten," replied the demure little maiden. For a moment she was buried in thought. Then, turning to her escort, she asked: "Harold, how long is a man's arm, anyway?"—*Chicago Post*.

"I suppose there is a great deal of jealousy among your generals?" "A great deal," answered the Filipino chief, gloomily; "we have an army scandal at band. The man who claims to hold the record for long-distance retreats is accused of violat-ing the rules of such contests and using a pace-maker."—*Washington Star*.

A conscientious child: "Good boys never let their left hands know what their right hands do. Ain't that what the minister said, mamma?" "Yes, dear." "I'm a good boy, ain't I, mamma?" "I think so, my dear." "Yes. 'Cause whenever I reach in the jar to steal cookies I allus put my left hand in my pants pocket!"—*Ex*.

*Stubb*—"It's strange how temptations will come before a drinking man." *Penn*—"Of whom do you speak?" *Stubb*—"Why, Fenwood. He was sitting at the parlor window when an old lady passed with corkscrew curls. I'll be hanged if Fenwood didn't go right down in the cellar and bring up a bottle of French brandy."—*Chicago News*.

By removing causes of irritation, and by pre-serving a healthy state of the system during infancy, Steedman's Soothing Powders made their reputation,

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The chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, Major Frank McLaughlin, has announced that he will soon call a general meeting of the committee to decide upon the date and place for holding the convention for electing delegates to the national convention. There is no time to be lost, as the convention will be held at Philadelphia on June 19th, and the delegates should be selected at least one month before that date. The primary law makes no provision for holding this preliminary convention, and therefore it devolves upon the State Central Committee to determine the manner

in which delegates shall be selected, and the apportionment of delegates among the various counties and precincts throughout the State. The machinery for the official primaries will not be available, and therefore the system agreed upon for selecting delegates must be organized by the various local committees. Should the club system be adopted, it will be necessary to open head-quarters in each precinct to give sufficient time for the enrollment of members, for the organization of the clubs, for the work of electing delegates, and for the settlement of disputed elections. All of this work, which must precede the meeting of the State convention, will require considerable time if it is to be properly done, and the eight weeks remaining before the convention must convene will be none too long.

There is another consideration that can not be overlooked. The long-protracted contest over the selection of a senator to succeed Stephen M. White divided the party into a number of warring factions, and engendered not a little bitterness of spirit. The final agreement upon Senator Bard was wise, and satisfied each faction as well as it could be satisfied without achieving victory for its own candidate. Yet some little time must elapse before these various factions can be brought into perfect harmony to accomplish the most effective work. This must be done in the clubs, and, therefore, sufficient time must be given them to heal all breaches and perform their work to the satisfaction of all.

The coming election is one of the most important that the country has yet entered upon. History has been made very rapidly during the three years that Mr. McKinley has occupied the Presidential chair; new questions have arisen demanding solution; new policies have been adopted to meet the changed conditions. There may have been some differences of opinion as to the policies that should have been followed, but the time for such criticism has now passed. The voter in the coming election is confronted by the necessity of supporting the administration and maintaining those principles of government for which the Republican party has stood for nearly half a century, or declaring his allegiance to Bryanism with all that it involves. It is morally certain that William J. Bryan will be the candidate of the Democratic party; he has control of the organization; he is the idol of the unthinking Democratic masses; that party has no other man of sufficient prominence to oppose him as a candidate. His election would mean an endorsement by the people of this country of the substitution of a silver standard for the gold standard in our finances, of coercion of the supreme court to the views of the socialists, of the destruction of the national banking system, of the imposition of the inquisitorial income tax, of all the fads and vagaries of all the mentally undeveloped socialists in the country. The Populists will support him again, for he represents all the destructive theories that they favor. Many of the gold Democrats, as in the case of Bourke Cockran, will be found under his standard.

Under these circumstances the citizen with brain enough to realize the conditions and the consequences involved, and with patriotism enough to seek the welfare of the country, can not hesitate in choosing the course he will pursue. To turn the government over to the Populistic fanatics who surround and uphold Mr. Bryan would be a misfortune that it would require years for this country to recover from. The governments of the various insular possessions that have been acquired during the last two years must be provided for, and those who are establishing them should be permitted to place them upon a firm basis. The Republican party has by no means an easy task before it in the coming election. Mr. Bryan has carried on a continuous campaign since the day he was defeated at the polls, and no candid observer can deny that his personal popularity has been increased. It is the duty of every Republican to strive to the utmost from the present time until the day of election to insure the success of the party. Whatever of had feeling may have been engendered by family quarrels should be laid aside; the most effective organization should be developed and maintained in order that on the sixth of

November California may be found in the right column and in support of the principles that the Republican party has ever maintained.

The board of supervisors has completed inquiry into the affairs of the water and gas companies, and has fixed the rates to be paid by consumers during the next year. The investigation has been more complete this year than ever before, and included not only the valuation of the property of the companies, but the items of expenditure, including the cost of production and of distribution to consumers. The result is that those who use these necessities will have their bills considerably reduced in amount beginning with the first day of next July. As usual there were wide discrepancies between the estimates of value presented by the representatives of the companies and other experts, but considerable information was elicited that will be of assistance when the question of municipal ownership comes up next November. Thus, Mr. Schussler placed the value of the water company's property at \$30,000,000, but expressed the opinion that it could not be bought for less than \$35,000,000, while Colonel von Schmidt valued it at just about one-half of that amount, and announced that water could be brought from Lake Tahoe and distributed at an expense of \$18,000,000.

As regards water rates, the ordinance as adopted reduces the charge to private consumers ten per cent. from the rates that now obtain. The rates charged for shipping and to the city government are not changed. As regards the city's payments this is a wise policy, for a water company performs a service to the community as such, and compensation should be made out of the city treasury. It is unfortunate, however, that the supervisors could not see their way to reducing the rates for shipping. This is a heavy charge on commerce, and it would be a wise policy to reduce it, even if it necessitated a heavier payment for public uses.

For the first time an exhaustive investigation was made into the cost of producing and distributing gas and electricity. The expert of the San Francisco Gas Company testified that it cost the company 48.317 cents for each thousand feet of gas, the principal elements being leakage (12 cents), salaries (7 cents), and repairs (13 cents). The Equitable Company placed its cost at between 35 and 40 cents. The San Francisco Company values its plant at \$13,000,000; two experts valued it at \$10,000,000 and \$6,000,000, respectively. The value of the electric plant of the San Francisco Company was placed at \$3,154,000; that of the Independent Company at \$2,250,000. These are a few of the more important figures brought out at the investigation. Based upon the investigation, an ordinance was adopted making the rate for gas to private consumers \$1.40 for one thousand feet, instead of \$1.50 as at present; for public buildings, \$1.35; and for street and park lights, 9 cents, or an equivalent of \$1.59 for one thousand feet. The maximum rate for electric lights was placed at 11 cents per thousand watt hours, a reduction from 20 cents. President Crockett, of the gas company, threatens a general reduction of the wages paid employees, claiming that only by so reducing the cost of labor can a deficit be avoided. A considerable field for retrenchment might be found were the salaries of officials instead of laborers looked into.

Attention has heretofore been called to the needless clamor of the street, the jarring clang of bells, surviving symbols of by-gone ages; the senseless and annoying whistles, the outcry of hucksters, the rumble of iron-bound wheels over pavements of uneven stone. It is pleasing to note that the fight of the Argonaut against the most distressing of these nuisances has been taken up by so dignified a body as the Merchants' Association. In a recent paper in the official organ of the association, A. J. McNicoll, an active member, presents a number of views akin to those already expressed in these columns.

Mr. McNicoll notes with congratulation that the device of perambulating wagons and trucks equipped with bells, the



racket serving the purpose, usually, of some politician about to utter himself, is no longer tolerated, and properly regards the reform as a step in the right direction. However, there are other steps to take, and the complete accomplishment of reform is remote. The paper denounces the custom of church-bell ringing, and the howling of whistles and sirens. For neither of these customs can any shadow of defense be advanced. The church-bell begins its brazen tumult at five o'clock each Sunday morning, and this continues at intervals of half an hour until the possibility of rest has vanished. The noise does not accomplish any legitimate end. It disturbs the slumber of weary men and women to whom Sunday is the one day of repose. It robs the night-worker of sleep to which he is entitled. And it does not call to the sanctuary a single person who would otherwise stay away. Everybody knows where the church in which he worships is situated, the time of its services. The clangor of the bell conveys no information save that a usage once reasonable, because of the absence of time-pieces, has been rendered wholly superfluous, and when one pauses to think of it, has become silly as well as objectionable. The church has no more right than any secular institution to maintain a nuisance. Public sentiment in this regard needs educating. In other cities the church bell has been abolished, and the church is no longer provided with a belfry. The absence of this bell would have no tendency to lessen the number in attendance, but it would be a boon to those who do not attend. Nobody would assert that a bell has power to call to worship anybody whose inclination is to stop away, nor is a person of such inclination without the pale of consideration, although apparently so considered.

The fire-bell needs suppression. It also is useless. Once, when San Francisco had an awkward fire-scheme, which involved the summoning of its members from a distance, it had to be employed. With a paid department the former necessity vanished, and the fire-bell and whistle became, like their neighbor in the church-tower, merely a menace to peace and an unprovoked assault upon the nerves. There is no reason why the town should be alarmed over the burning of an ash-barrel or a showing of sparks from a chimney. People drawn to a conflagration are in the way, and where they have no interests at stake their presence is an impertinence. By the terms of the charter any house can be connected with the fire-alarm system if the owner or tenant will pay the cost of connection and a reasonable sum for the service. This cost is to be fixed by the supervisors, and the sooner they shall fix it and get the new plan into operation the better. Then the fire-bell and whistle must cease their disturbance, for not even a theoretical excuse can be made for them.

As to the factory whistle, Mr. McNicoll urges his fellow-members to discontinue it at their several establishments. What good is accomplished by the discordant announcement at morning, noon, and night? Any workman who can not afford a watch—and reliable ones may now be obtained for less than a dollar—can at least look at a clock, and know when the hour for beginning or quitting has arrived. With church and fire-bells, and fire and factory whistles silenced, life would contain added pleasures. There would be absolutely nothing lost by the change. The time is coming when all this will have been accomplished; when soundless bells shall rust and dust gather undisturbed in the lusty-throated whistle; when rubber tires roll over streets, smooth as a table-top, and the clatter of horses' hoofs be an unwonted incident. Then people, looking back at the clangorous present, will marvel at what they endured.

Both of the prominent political parties have now practically completed arrangements for the national nominating conventions, which are to precede the opening of the national campaign for the election of a President of the United States to succeed McKinley. The Democratic National Committee met for that purpose on Washington's Birthday in the city of Washington. The cities contesting for the convention were limited to Milwaukee and Kansas City. Both made good showings in the matter of accommodations and facilities, and each offered the committee a contribution of fifty thousand dollars. The result was the choice of the latter city by a very large majority of votes. Dates proposed were May 9th, June 14th, and July 4th, and the latter date was finally accepted, the choice being mainly due to the arguments presented by ex-Senator Gorman. He claimed that the party was well organized for the campaign this year, which it was not in 1896, and that it would be wiser to follow the traditional method of allowing the party in power to hold its convention first and make its platform announcements, so that the Democrats would know what they would have to meet. The call of the committee indicates its design to unite all Republican opposition under its banner by announcing that "all democratic, conservative, reform citizens of the United States, irrespective of past political asso-

ciations and differences, who can unite with us in the effort for pure economical and constitutional government, and who favor the republic and oppose the empire, are cordially invited to join us in sending delegates to the convention."

From the discussion in committee, as reported, in connection with the call, it would seem that it is the expectation of Democratic leaders that Bryan would be renominated, and that the Chicago platform of 1896 would be at least perfunctorily affirmed. The probability is that the Democratic party can not entirely withhold its approbation of the Bryan platform without exposing itself to a charge of backing down, and without taking a risk of seriously dividing the party vote and discouraging the elements which are expected to make for another fusion with Populists and silver Republicans. So far as known there was no allusion whatever to the issue of free silver. That fact, taken together with the trend of events and the sporadic utterances of prominent Democrats during the past two years, forms good ground to believe, as the *Argonaut* has repeatedly claimed, that the issue of free-silver coinage will be relegated to the background. The real issues upon which the party will depend must, therefore, be the trusts, expansion, imperialism, and militarism, combined with such errors of the Republicans as may be found available. With Bryan as a candidate, however, it will be difficult for the party to avoid responsibility for the silver issue, of which he is the embodiment.

Two months ago the Republican National Committee met and issued a formal call to "the Republican electors of the several States, District of Columbia, and the Territories, and all other electors, without regard to past affiliations, who believe in the principles of the Republican party and indorse its policies," to meet in a national convention in Philadelphia on the nineteenth of next June. That committee, through the utterances of Senator Hanna, its chairman, indicated its belief that the issues which would be most forcibly presented by the party in the coming campaign would be the "prosperity of the workingmen of the country, and the retention of the Philippines."

Both conventions will be made up by the choice of delegates to double the number of its senators and representatives in Congress to represent each State, to whom will be added two delegates from each of the Territories of Alaska, Arizona, Indian Territory, New Mexico, and Oklahoma, and the same number from the District of Columbia. These arrangements are not precisely similar in the two parties, but are sufficiently so to cover a general statement that each of the conventions will require the selection of about one thousand delegates and their alternates. The general plan will be to elect delegates in State and congressional district conventions, the delegates from Territories being chosen in popular conventions. In California the law which provides for the holding of primaries in August makes no provision for the election of delegates to national conventions. Such a provision was included in a law passed in 1897, which was afterward declared unconstitutional, but for some reason it was omitted from the later and present law which was enacted last year. These primaries, which will select delegates to State and congressional district conventions, must in consequence be held under the direction of the various State and local political committees. So far, no plan for organizing the conventions has been formulated by the committees. In any event, the electors chosen will be entitled to have their names placed on the official ballot upon being indorsed by the conventions, which will meet under the primary law in August.

On the Democratic side in this State there are complications growing out of the diversity of opinion regarding the status of the conflicting party wings, and the desirability of fusion, which offers every probability for an interesting struggle for predominance between the contending factions. The Democratic State committee undoubtedly favors the rehabilitation of the Chicago platform, while the city and county committee contains a very aggressive contingent of gold Democrats. The situation must renew the battle which was precipitated in the last mayoralty convention. Similar conditions may be counted on to bring about similar controversies in Democratic circles everywhere throughout the country.

Among economic organizations wide-spread and malign in effect must be reckoned the paper trust, of which mention has formerly been made in these columns. It is a trust for the existence of which there can be no pretext but greed, and for the toleration of which apathy must be the sole excuse. The suggested remedy of permitting free importation of wood-pulp from Canada does not promise relief, for the same monopoly that now flourishes would, in all probability, control the added product. The remedy is in the establishment of plants outside the trust and above its influence.

Owing to rabid competition the price of paper was for a time too low. During this period many concerns were forced to the wall. An injustice was done also to con-

sumers, who had started into business on what they supposed to be a permanent basis of the paper industry, only to find prices going skyward under the impetus of the trust. The prices did not stop at a legitimate figure, but continued to soar far above. Journals found that the returns barely or not quite covered the cost of white paper. So marked became this anomalous condition that enlargement of the circulation (supposed to be profitable and much sought) actually represented an additional loss. Cheap publications found themselves helpless, the penny daily could not stand the drain. An increase in subscription prices was the only relief, and unless a change shall soon be brought about many periodicals now within the reach of everybody will be forced to suspend. The trust has reduced its own expenses, but declines to accord patrons any benefit. During the war with Spain, when the editions of daily papers reached a phenomenal point, it promptly adjusted its rates so as to absorb all the extra revenue. The publisher did the sowing, but the trust the reaping. It is an arrogant combination, affecting the interest of every citizen who makes, patronizes, or buys a paper or book.

There are many wealthy publishers in the United States. They are competent to defend themselves if they choose. They are not by any means helpless. All that is necessary is for them to establish rival plants. The trust can not prevent them from doing this, and a threat from it would only emphasize the occasion for haste. There are forests in Washington suitable for the manufacture of wood pulp. There is no lack of fuel or transportation facilities by sea and land. Many publishers are men of wealth secured in other lines of effort. They can consent to have this wealth drained from them into the coffers of the trust, or they can, by opposing the trust, see their investments made remunerative, and force the trust to cease the dictation of oppressive terms. As for the small publisher, the proprietor of the country daily, he must have relief or see his business go to ruin.

That the publishers of the land will quietly submit to being bled much longer is not a reasonable view to take. They have had all the experience they need to teach them that from the paper trust they have nothing to expect but extortion. Under this they have rested until patience has become exhausted, and they understand that they must find their own way out of the difficulty. Happily, this way is not hard to find. Publishers can either start their mills or supply the capital for the purpose. They have in their power the defying, and doubtless the overthrow of this particular trust, and in the whole decalogue of combinations, watered, and paying dividends on phantom stock, there is none other that more sharply touches the welfare of the public than the one under consideration.

Many American women have sought England as a field wherein to expend money acquired by their industrious fathers in the United States. The daughter of the successful junk-man has gone abroad to indulge in the luxury of a title that could not be purchased at home. A constitution devoid of romance does not permit titles to flourish on American soil, and the practical framers of statutes governing this commonwealth were out of sympathy with the lord and duke social and political system, when they essayed, with some measure of ability, to start a new one. The American girl who wishes to buy a title, even though it be attached to a debt and a dotard, is clearly within her right, provided she has the price, when she gratifies the wish.

There has grown up in England a considerable colony of the expatriated feminine. Many of the ladies who have forsaken the place of their nativity are persons of intelligence. Some of them, from a worldly standpoint, have done well. They have secured a standing that to them seems of value, and they must be permitted to be the judges. They have reached a plane from which they fancy they look down upon this republic, and cast a pitying eye upon those who are still here, devoid of rank and having no family crests save those made to order. These ex-Americans have been particularly active in appeals to the United States for assistance in behalf of the British wounded in South Africa. It is at this point the question of taste arises.

Is it gracious that a lot of ambitious women, who deliberately quit the land of their birth, should turn to it now with a subscription paper? It does not appear that any obligation exists for responding to an appeal based upon a sentiment that does not exist. These women have their own selfish aspirations, and it may be that, all unknowing to themselves, such aspirations are now actuating them. If they entertained a regard for the United States, they would have felt an impulse to fit out a hospital-ship for use at Cuba or in the Philippines. Had their love for England no taint of egoism, it would seem that they might have gone into their own long purses at this time. Many of them, despite the price they paid for husbands, have money left,

ARRANGING FOR  
THE NATIONAL  
CONVENTIONS.



while a portion of them secured veritable bargains, so that a thank-offering would be seemly. Others, still, have got the privilege of drawing on the patient parent, who has always supplied them with funds, whether to secure a new opera-wrap or an old title.

Altogether, the effort of the voluntary exiles does not deeply touch the heart. The suffering both of British and Boers is pitiful, and anything done to alleviate it will receive the commendation of humanity; but the endeavors of a clique to heg relief for part of the sufferers savors of pretense. Let them ask of the associates they chose rather than of those they voluntarily abandoned.

While it is true that changes in the geographical boundaries of nations, whether through conquests or through annihilation, are of slow development, yet it has been evident for a number of years that readjustments on a vast scale have been pending, and recent events have proved that they are nearer at hand than conservative observers have been willing to admit. The modern tendency in political, as well as in industrial affairs, is toward great combinations. The trend is toward the absorption of the smaller nationalities by their larger neighbors, and, while it is impossible to foretell just how the adjustments will be effected, the tendency may already clearly be seen. International jealousies in Europe have maintained the "balance of power," yet, in spite of this, during the last half-century, the petty states of the Italian peninsula have been combined under one government, and the German empire has grown out of the consolidation of numberless petty principalities.

The effect of this international jealousy has been to force European nations to look elsewhere for fields in which to extend their territorial possessions, and the more backward peoples of the earth have been for them merely subjects for exploitation. Africa and, more lately, China have been the most conspicuous examples of this extension of civilization by the nations with guns, though perhaps Russia's advance in Asia has been the most interesting exhibition of the persistence of this tendency. The conquest of what was formerly known as Siberia was completed about the middle of the nineteenth century. This conquest had been along the line of least resistance to the north, the more populous and warlike communities to the south being carefully avoided. In 1864 the process of extending the boundary to the south was commenced, and it has been continued year by year until all of that country formerly known as Turkistan has been annexed, and apparently Persia, Afghanistan, and Manchuria are soon to be the fields of extension. In Africa, England's project of the Cape to Cairo railroad seems about to be accomplished, while France, Italy, and Portugal have each acquired immense tracts. The islands of the Pacific have been apportioned among these mighty instruments of civilization, until practically all of the waste places of the earth have been taken up, and yet the appetite for expansion is unappeased.

It is at this point that the more interesting modern phase has been developed, and here Germany is the centre of interest. The rumor has been persistent for a number of months that Wilhelmina, the young Queen of Holland, was about to wed Frederick William, the Crown Prince of Germany. Such an alliance would not of itself make Holland a part of the German empire, but it would be a long step in that direction. Now, this sentimental influence is supplemented by a more practical one. The attack of the British upon their kinsmen in South Africa has aroused the Hollanders to a realization of the fact that a small nation is powerless when the cupidity of a strong neighbor has been aroused, and Germany is the only nation that Holland can look to for protection. An agitation in favor of annexation to Germany has been started by the Dutch press, and is backed by the mercantile and progressive elements among the people. Such a movement is likely to have far-reaching results. On the other hand, it is apparent that the Austro-Hungarian empire will fall to pieces upon the death of the present emperor. In such an event the German provinces would naturally seek to become a part of the German empire. Such a disturbance of the balance of power would lead to other readjustments. France would look for compensation, Italy would seek to extend its northern boundary, Russia would revive its cry of "On to Constantinople." The twentieth century promises to see the extinction of the smaller nationalities in Europe.

The Democratic, the Mugwump, and the free-trade press have broken out into an hysterical chorus over the determined stand of protectionist Republicans against island free trade. They have tried to uphold President McKinley in his declaration in his Congressional message in favor of such free trade. When the President "fell down," they were dismayed, but they are now endeavoring to make him recant his recantation. They have stigmatized the imposition of duties on

Puerto Rican products as "a robber policy." They have made the deliberate statement that Puerto Rico had free trade with Spain, and therefore should have free trade with the United States. This statement is utterly false. Spain imposed duties on Puerto Rican products, and this is admitted by the Puerto Ricans.

As for departing from our Republican protection policy in trade with Puerto Rico, the New York Times honestly admits its error. It says:

"One-quarter of the rates which we have to pay on our imports would make Puerto Rico the envy of all other West India islands thus barred out of competition with it. We confess, for our own part, that, when we expressed approval of the President's first suggestion of the entire abolition of tariffs between us and the island, we did not take into account the objections which have since been developed to that course."

The Times is not Republican—it is an independent, free-trade paper. Yet it is honest enough to admit its error when it makes one. The San Francisco Chronicle is a protectionist and Republican paper—or claims to be. It ought to be as honest as the New York Times. Is it?

## WASHINGTON NOTES.

Great Debate on Puerto Rico—Most Important Since the War—Bolting Republicans Chastised—Democrats Defeated—Depew's Début—Dewey's Presidential Aspirations.

Washington, February 24th.—The Puerto Rican tariff debate is at fever heat. Lest California readers may think this topic dry, I may say that the House has not seen such crowded galleries since the debates over the Spanish war. It is not the question of the tariff nor of poor little Puerto Rico that is involved. It is the great constitutional question of how all our new possessions are to be governed. For the action of Congress on Puerto Rico will constitute a precedent affecting, if not shaping its action on Hawaii, the Philippines, and probably Cuba.

It is useless in this letter to discuss unfinished congressional action which will be finished by the time these lines are printed. But some comment on the actors in these stirring scenes may not be without interest. And the man who at 3 P. M., February 23d, most filled the public eye, and who has almost wrecked the Republican leaders' programme, is Representative Charles E. Littlefield, of Maine.

What the people may think of him next week or next month is a different matter.

Littlefield is a new member, and two months ago was an unknown man. He succeeded to the seat of Nelson Dingley, author of our present tariff bill. Littlefield won the ear of the House some six weeks ago by a powerful speech in the Roberts polygamy case. He opposed the action of the Republican majority. His was the losing side, but he won national fame in a day. Since then, he is looked upon as one of the most eloquent orators in the House. When it was announced that he was to speak last Friday, both Republican and Democratic sides were filled; so was the "Cherokee Strip"; so were the lounges on which cross-roads statesmen lazily lie at length and drowse over the morning paper; and so were the cloak-rooms, through whose open doors smoking statesmen blew blue clouds of tobacco and strained their ears to catch his words. The galleries were filled. In the Members' Gallery tremulous Angelinas from Kankakee snuggled up against proud Edwins and asked them to point out "our congressman." In the Public Gallery our African fellow-citizens—who slumber there in warmth and comfort during these winter days—woke up and gazed in astonishment at the orator with looks that were almost human. For Littlefield is a vigorous orator. The average congressional Demosthenes hesitates, hems, haws, hawks, coughs, stumbles, stutters, and is frequently unintelligible, occasionally ungrammatical, and often inaudible. But Littlefield's delivery is sharp, clear, keen, loud, and resonant. His words fly out like bullets from a machine-gun. So rapid is his delivery that the House stenographers relieved each other at five-minute intervals, leaving their desks and working immediately in front of him in order to catch his fiery torrent of words. He spoke for two hours and a half, apparently without notes, except a single sheet of paper containing what were evidently the heads of his discourse. On another sheet were references to documents, dictionaries, reports, and other works of reference which he had heaped up before him. And when the citation was needed, his hands would play like lightning amid the heap of volumes until he found it, when he would read the extract in a whirlwind of words.

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Littlefield has a fine, well-modulated, sonorous voice. In this he differs from the average congressman, whose noise is a mixture of snuffle and drone. He is a man of good presence—tall, stalwart, broad-shouldered, but not stout—with keen eyes, prominent nose, and a strong face, somewhat

wrinkled, although he seems not more than forty-five. In his speech he described himself with arrogant modesty as "only a hackwoods lawyer." But he need not have been so modest. Many other and much greater men in this country have been country lawyers, and among them was Abraham Lincoln. It is an open question whether the country lawyer has not more opportunities for study and mental improvement than has his city brother.

At all events, Mr. Littlefield need not have protested so much. In this country most of us are farmers' sons, and the farmer's son who becomes a country lawyer is much more apt to amount to something than the farmer's son who first goes to the city and then goes to the devil.

Littlefield's speech was an able one. It is impossible even to summarize here the points in a speech two and a half hours long. I thought that he—as well as the other advocates of free trade with Puerto Rico—dwelt too much on the devastation caused there by the recent cyclone. We are all sorry for the cyclone sufferers in Puerto Rico—very sorry, indeed—but it does not seem quite apparent why we should modify our tariff system because they suffer from a cyclone. The Republican party was not responsible for the cyclone, although Mr. Littlefield and the Democrats seemed to think so. The author of the cyclone was God—and this is not written irreverently.

Democratic concurrence with Mr. Littlefield's cyclone sympathies recalls the fact that most of the applause during his speech came from the Democratic side. He spoke in time given him by Representative Richardson, the Democratic leader. When the Speaker's gavel fell it was a Democratic member who arose and moved that Littlefield's time be extended by unanimous consent. And his savage attacks upon the policies of his party were heard by the Republican side with silent attention, but by the Democratic side with strenuous applause.

In addition to dwelling unduly on the cyclone sufferers in Puerto Rico—which had nothing to do with the case—Mr. Littlefield read with much effect the proclamation to the Puerto Ricans of General Miles, whom he styled "that magnificent soldier." General Miles in his proclamation said: "We have come to hestow upon you the blessings and immunities of the liberal institutions of our government." The promises which General Miles made to them Mr. Littlefield demanded should be kept. And he declared he would never vote to violate them.

Had I been a member of the House, I would have liked to tell Mr. Littlefield that military commanders in the field are concerned with military matters; that the future status of the Puerto Ricans did not come within General Miles's jurisdiction; that when military commanders—at least those of a republic—enter into political promises in the field, their promises may or may not be ratified by their governments; that when a republic is forced to ratify all the promises of its successful generals, it is usually done by the successful general overturning the republic, as Bonaparte did; and last, but not least, that this republic repudiated promises made on the battle-field by no less a man than Sherman to no less a man than Johnston. The President set aside a convention made by these two generals, on the ground that Sherman had authority only in matters military, and that his promises concerning the future political status of rebels must be repudiated.

I say that I would have said these things to Mr. Littlefield had I been a member upon the floor of the House. But being merely a private citizen, unmounted, and in the gallery, I held my peace.

Concerning the Sherman-Johnston convention, I have no hooks at hand, and am writing from memory.

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It is needless to say that Mr. Littlefield's speech, if it pleased the Democrats, caused bitter resentment in the Republican ranks. The following day Representative Tawney, of Minnesota (Republican), vigorously attacked Littlefield for his speech. He denounced him for his "playing to the galleries"; for his "lack of decent courtesy toward the members of the Ways and Means Committee"; and ascribed his motives to "the hope of notoriety." The House Republican leaders approve of Tawney's speech, and say frankly that they will cripple Littlefield if they can. The fact that a new member should assail legislative veterans is in itself almost unprecedented in the history of the House, but the Republican leaders claim that Littlefield's speech was wanting in the courtesy which the unwritten rules of the House demand—even between the opposing sides, and most of all between differing members of the same side.

In short, the feeling toward Littlefield among many Republican representatives is quite bitter. This was shown at the Republican conference which was held last night. Littlefield, McCall, and others refused to enter a caucus or to be bound by its decisions, on the plea that "the Puerto Rican question is not a political one." Therefore the gathering,

AN ISLAND  
FREE-TRADER  
BACKS DOWN.



was called a "conference." After four bours' discussion a reconciliation committee of ten was chosen. This committee will probably effect some compromise—perhaps reduce the twenty-five-per-cent. provision in the bill, or limit its operations to a term of years, or recommit the bill. But all this will be settled before these lines are printed.

At the conference the bitter feeling toward Littlefield and McCall was shown when they claimed that "they could not conscientiously abandon their positions." Thereupon many members accused them of "putting their own opinion against that of one hundred and seventy other Republicans." Littlefield suggested that if the bill were changed to provide free trade with Puerto Rico he would "consent to the insertion of a declaration that it was not to be taken as a precedent." It was suggested in return that he support the pending bill with a clause added, saying it was not to be regarded as a precedent. But this he declined.

From this one-sided proposition it is evident that Littlefield is a man of much ability but not of much tolerance. For a politician to set up his own opinion against that of his party is neither tolerant nor tactful. I question much whether Littlefield's action in this matter will help him politically. For a politician who is ambitious to rise, the first requisite is blind, unswerving, unquestioning loyalty to his party.

A Maine man tells me that here is the secret of Littlefield's action: The census of 1900 is expected to show a falling off in Maine's population. With a change in the ratio of representation Maine will lose one member of Congress. This will involve redistricting the State, and Littlefield desires to make the nation talk about him in order that Maine's pride in him may insure her giving him one of her three congressional seats.

This is only a chronicle of other people's opinions, and not the expression of my own. But to my wild, Western mind the action of Littlefield, McCall, and the few free-trade Republicans seems not only disloyalty to party but impracticable sentimentalism. It accomplishes nothing. Under Spain, Puerto Rico paid a tariff tax; under this bill, she is to pay one-fourth the tariff paid by the other West Indian islands. This will enrich her at their expense in a few years. She must raise revenue for current expenses. She can not raise it by direct taxation, as she is impoverished by pestilence, cyclones, and "acts of God." The only other ways to raise it are by tariff, taxes, or by borrowing it, or by taking it out of the United States Treasury. She has no credit, and if she borrows it the United States must guarantee the loan, which means that we must pay it if she does not do so. If we give her, or lend her, or guarantee her the money, the Democrats will accuse us, and justly, of making the American people pay the Puerto Rican people's expenses—an excellent issue with which to open a Presidential campaign. But most important of all, if this small knot of free-trade Republicans succeed in bulldozing a large majority of protectionist Republicans, they may defeat the protectionist bill, but the others will defeat a free-trade bill. The upshot will be, as a result of Messrs. Littlefield & Co.'s efforts, that, instead of twenty-five per cent. of the Dingley tariff, Puerto Rico will have to pay one hundred per cent.

Poor Puerto Rico! She has need to cry "Save me from my friends!"

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**February 26th.**—There is much gossip in Washington as to Admiral Dewey's Presidential aspirations—or, rather, Mrs. Dewey's—for it seems to be the universal belief here that the admiral was quite sincere in his disclaimer of all Presidential ambition, but that he has changed his mind since his marriage. It does not follow from these rumors that the admiral has any immediate intention of entering the political arena. It would seem as if the Dewey boom were to come four years from now, after President McKinley's second term—if he is re-elected, as all Republicans hope he will be.

Admiral and Mrs. Dewey are much in evidence in Washington society. Mrs. Dewey is a lady of winning personality, and entertains and is entertained largely—and with forethought. Last Saturday, for example, they gave a mammoth reception to the Daughters of the American Revolution. It took place at the house of John R. McLean, Mrs. Dewey's brother, as the McLean house has a large ball-room. When the people gave a house to Admiral Dewey they omitted a ball-room for some reason. The reception was very successful, and every revolutionary daughter left Washington an earnest adherent of the Deweys.

Oddly enough, there is a disposition in Washington to say ill-natured things about Mrs. Dewey. Why, I do not know. Another thing which seems inexplicable is the uncertainty still existing about Admiral Dewey's politics. Many here say that he practically has no politics; that he has never voted; that he is being groomed as a dark horse by his brother-in-law, John R. McLean; that McLean is enormously wealthy and controls an influential Democratic organ, the Cincinnati Enquirer; and that McLean will boom him for the Democratic nomination four years from now.

I give these rumors for what they are worth. Stranger things have happened. Grant did not want to be President, but wished to remain general of the army for life. He never voted a Republican ticket until eight years after the war; yet he became a Republican President. Dewey did not want to be President, but wished to remain admiral of the navy for life, yet he may become a Democratic President.

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**February 26th.**—The Republicans held another conference this evening and are in a way to effect a compromise. Speaker Henderson, Payne, Dalzell, and a number of members of the Ways and Means Committee were closeted with the President for two hours to-day at the White House. As a re-

sult, at the conference this evening Mr. Shattuck, of Ohio, said: "I will do what the President wants. But I must know what he wants. Whispers behind doors as to his wishes do not suit me." Chairman Payne then arose and said: "I saw the President this afternoon, and he told me that he had no doubt of the constitutionality of the Puerto Rican tariff bill. He told me also that if the bill is passed by Congress he will sign it."

This convinced many of the wavering members that the President was in favor of the bill. As a result of the conference a compromise will undoubtedly be made. It will probably result in scaling down the duty and making the tariff a two-year one. Littlefield, McCall, and perhaps three or four others still threaten to vote against the bill.

In the House to-day Mr. Payne, the Republican leader, was forced to ask for an extension of time on the tariff debate—a favor which had already been refused to the Democrats. Mr. Richardson, the Democratic leader, granted it with some sarcastic reference to the Republican "lack of unanimity and lack of magnanimity." In fact, with our wrangling majority in the House the Democratic minority are having great sport with the Republican side these days.

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**February 26th.**—One of the political jokes running around Washington is this—that the Democrats are satirically congratulating the Republicans on having passed the currency bill in one House and having it safe in the other; the Democrats say that the national banks and other "gold bug" interests will be safe when the bill is signed, and that the Pactolean stream of contributions to the Republican campaign fund will suddenly dry up. "In short," says a humorous Texas Democrat, "you're as foolish to pass that bill for the bankers. Why don't you hold the silver scare over their heads? It was worth millions to you, and now you've gone and done it."

And perhaps we have.

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**February 28th.**—Yesterday the Senate floor was filled and the Senate galleries were crowded—rather unusual occurrences. The event was a set speech by Senator Depew. It was his *début* in that line, for his only speech as yet was a brief eulogy of the late Vice-President. It was a plea for expansion, based principally on the need for extension of our markets. It was well written and well delivered, but there was nothing in it which has not been said before. This is no reflection on Senator Depew. It is difficult to say anything new at present on that topic.

Dismissing the matter of the speech, its manner was excellent, although, oddly enough, this practiced orator seemed nervous in addressing his senatorial audience. Yet it was merely an audience of some few score gentlemen, middle-aged, elderly, and old, who affected to pay little attention to the speaker. This is a senatorial pose. It is the thing to write letters to Farmer Boggs about turnip seeds when a Depew is thundering at your ear about "following the flag to far Cathay."

But the senators do not always content themselves with silent indifference. During Depew's speech a white-haired senator tottered into the chamber and was immediately greeted noisily by a tall, long-haired senator, and a short, bald-headed senator. They continued their conversation in view-halloo tones until Depew stopped short, turned round, and waited for them to desist. Their conduct is probably what is called the "courtesy of the Senate."

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**February 28th.**—The general debate on the Puerto Rico tariff closed yesterday, and to-day debate under the five-minute rule begins with the vote to take place at three o'clock. As I write, the Republican majority is very narrow—only two, in fact. A number of them are ill and not all are paired. The debate yesterday was an exciting one, the event of the day being a scorching speech by Representative Dooliver, of Iowa. He divided his censure impartially between his bolting Republican colleagues and the Democrats. His speech, which was eloquent and sarcastic, was received with ringing applause. Representative Cannon, of Illinois, also made an earnest speech. He has no elocutionary graces, and his gestures are awkward and his delivery sing-song. But he commands the respect and attention of the House. He also bitterly denounced the bolting Republicans.

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**February 26th.**—Our new possessions are causing much embarrassment to the Republican majority in the Senate as well as in the House. The Democratic minority are merciless and remorseless. In the Senate debate on the Hawaiian bill there is much embarrassment over the property qualification for suffrage. Some Republican senators say they will not vote for the bill unless it be stricken out. It does seem queer that we should refuse manhood suffrage to our educated yellow and black fellow-citizens on the islands when we grant it to our ignorant yellow and black fellow-citizens on the mainland. Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, said that Northern senators objected to the two-hundred-dollar property qualification in the South Carolina constitution, but that they were willing to vote for a property qualification in Hawaii. His controversy at the time was with Senator Spooner, and all that the embarrassed Spooner could find to say was "Don't wave the bloody shirt."

This is one of the many pitfalls into which the expansion question is continually leading Republican feet. In fact, our party is finding so much difficulty with the constitution that there is in Washington much talk of amending the constitution. It may be only idle chatter, and the newspaper articles

thereabout may be merely feelers for public opinion. But the fact remains that this talk is heard continually.

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**February 28th.**—The Republican editors and their Republican readers throughout the country who have been bamboozled by the mugwumps and the Democrats into working for this free-trade bill might profit by some remarks made on Tuesday by Mr. Cannon, of Illinois. He said with great earnestness that many Congressmen on this floor had changed their minds that they had done so after investigation; that many had changed their minds while examining material for preparing speeches; that numbers of men had spent from ten days to three weeks in studying the question; that they had ever facility for obtaining information; that all the documents of all the departments, and the rich stores of the vast Congressional Library were at their disposal; that unpublished information in reports to the departments had changed their minds of many; that this information had so impressed the President that even he had changed his mind. "Yet," said Mr. Cannon, in substance, "newspaper men, without any of this information at all, flippantly condemn these Republican who have studied the subject. What do they know about it?"

What indeed? Cannon is right. Any one listening to the speeches in this debate can not fail to be impressed with the evidences of close study into this matter shown by the representatives. Littlefield, of Maine, spent many days preparing himself for his speech. So did Newlands, of Nevada. Bailey, of Texas, spent three weeks upon his. But a newspaper editor who has spent three minutes glancing at the telegraphic heads reverses their judgment instantly. He thereby writes himself down an ass. For a man's opinion is worth anything on a matter concerning which he is utterly uninformed—not even that of a newspaper editor. And no man is infallible—not even a newspaper man.

Among the hundreds of men on this floor there are doubtless some dodos and many mediocrities, but the majority of them are smart men. And smart as are our newspaper writers, I am half inclined to believe that smart congressman is just a trifle smarter than a smart newspaper writer.

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**March 1st.**—Yesterday was the last day of the bitter fight over the Puerto Rican bill. When the House convened the floor was filled and the galleries crowded. Even the President's Gallery—rarely represented—contained a number of spectators, and the Diplomats' Gallery was filled. In it the Duke d'Arcos, Spanish ambassador, listened attentively, and winced as he heard Amos Cummings shout to the Republican side: "You have snatched Puerto Rico from the talon of Spain." He speaks English—he married an American girl.

The day was a crowded and interesting one. It would be impossible in this already too long letter even to outline its incidents. But I may say that both sides rallied all the forces, and spared no effort to win. The President set for wavering Republicans, and urged them to vote for the bill. Absent members were summoned by wire. Six members were carried in when necessary; among them was Brownlow, of Tennessee, who was borne from hospital to the House, accompanied by his wife and physician. Bingham, of Pennsylvania, left his sick-bed where he had been for a month, to vote for the bill. Spigh of Mississippi, was dug up from the bath-rooms in the basement, and hurried down the aisle to vote, clad only in an overcoat and a pair of trousers.

The dispatches have told the proceedings and the result. Briefly, Chairman Payne offered an amendment reducing the duty to fifteen per cent. This and other minor amendments were carried. Then McCall, of Massachusetts, or of the bolting Republicans, offered a substitute bill for free trade. All the Democrats voted for it, as well as the bolting Republicans (I commend this curious partnership to the attention of my free-trade Republican colleagues in California). The substitute bill was defeated.

Numbers of speeches were made during the day under the five-minute rule. Many of them were excellent. The hit of the day was made by Otey, of Virginia, who convulsed the House with his parodies of Republican speeches and his imitations of Cannon and Dalzell. Debate closed at three o'clock and the voting began. It lasted an hour and a half. As readers already know, the bill was carried by a vote of 172 to 161.

Six Republicans bolted, led by Littlefield and McCall. Four Democrats voted for the bill, among them De Vries of California. I congratulate Mr. De Vries on his political acumen. He knows what the people of California want, and he knows it better than the Republican editors in California do, as they will find out soon, when they wake up. This confirms what I have said elsewhere about comparisons between congressmen and editors.

Attending these debates and hearing the Republican par attacked by Democrats and bolting Republicans certain has the effect of toning up one's Republicanism. I rejoice unfeignedly at the passage of this bill. It maintains Republican supremacy in the House unbroken. It maintains the the Republican leadership, without which the House would be a mob. It saves the party from the humiliation of having a Democratic minority control it. It defeats the principle of free trade, which is obnoxious to Republican principles. It maintains the time-honored Republican principle of protection to American industry. It again safeguards the American farmer and the American workingman. But more than all of these, it shows that the Republican party will not permit these tropical islands to be made integral parts of our federal Union, and that annexation and expansion shall never mean the dilution and degradation of American citizenship.

JEROME A. HART.



## AMERICAN ART PATRONS ABROAD.

The Hope and Joy of the Plodding Painters of Paris—Copies of a Single Picture Made the Work of a Life-Time—  
End of an Artist's Dreams.

We were in M. Grievaz's studio in Auteuil. And, among his portraits and landscapes and sunsets, and studies of face and color and light and life in far-away lands, we were talking—talking of the art-spirit in America, of the shaping there of a genuine art, horn of the spirit of the great new people, expressive of their new outlook on nature and life. And Grievaz avowed that the years he had spent in the United States at the outset of his career had left on him a strong impression that another half-century would see an art-movement coming from America that would create a revolution in the art-centres of Europe.

Grievaz, in the fading light, was adding the last few touches—here and there a dash, as caprice dictated—to his picture for the next Salon, a graceful, lightsome thing, with yet a touch of melancholy, too. Why is there always that?

Then he laughed and turned round on us, brush in hand, palette on thumb.

"Talking of America, do you know that if Columbus and George Washington had never been born, quite a large number of worthy brethren of my craft would have long since ceased to live and paint? Or, at least would have had to cut their canvases into rags to make paper with, and used the contents of their paint-pots on house-fronts?"

I broke in, "Oh, yes, I know what you mean. You are thinking of the unceasing stream of the best European works which go to the enriching of American museums and private galleries. Everybody knows that if one wants to study the fine flower of modern French painting and sculpture one has to patronize the *ligne transatlantique*. Why, all the art-lovers here have poured out whole Atlantic oceans of ink in bewailing the fact. An old story, *mon cher*."

"That, too," said Grievaz, waving his brush emphatically, "but—Listen. Did you ever notice that picturesque old fellow, with the velvet suit and the velvet *béret*, who sits in the Louvre all the year round, with always the same sized canvas before him, painting an impression of the Rubens gallery? Well, when I was a young art student coming to the Louvre at odd half-hours to get up an appetite for work, I used to see that man in just that spot, seated on just that tabouret, painting on just such a canvas and never painting anything other than the long gallery with the flaming, gorgeous Rubens, and the unvarying cosmopolitan crowd. He has painted there and painted that for twenty-three years. He paints it perfectly now—with a mechanical perfection, *bien-entendu*. He is not a great artist, that old fellow; he is not an artist at all. But he is a respectable painter, quite as much entitled to his daily bread and butter as the bulk of respectable writers. He lives because America exists and because America is rich enough to visit Europe. He is one of an enormous class. Go and talk to him one of these days."

Very soon after I was treating myself to an archaeological orgie in the Louvre, and suddenly I remembered the advice. I found the picturesque old fellow in the Rubens gallery, and I watched him painting awhile. His canvas was nearly finished, a very presentable and agreeable piece of work. No one would hesitate to hang it in his study, though certainly no one would suggest buying it for a national collection. An honest, companionable picture, apt to revive pleasant memories, hearing the same relation to art that good, sound, ordinary journalism does to literature.

"You have painted that same picture before, monsieur, have you not?—if you permit me the question."

And then the old man talked. And from him I learned many interesting things.

Yes, he had painted that same picture some six or seven times a year for twenty-three years. He would never paint anything else now. He had begun with his dreams, like the rest, he told me; but a man could not live on his dreams. He could, however; yes, be very well *could* live on the Rubens gallery, painted six or seven times a year. As an art student he had bawled the place. The scene had woven a singular spell over him—the long gallery, the flaming, glorious walls, the crowds that stood and passed, stood and passed all day long, their figures dimly reflected in the waxed-oak floor. He could not keep away. One day he set to work to paint it all. And he worked at his impression for two months, living, the while, on a couple of *sous* of bread and a *chopin* of wine—on these things and his baunting impression.

As he was finishing his canvas, a fur-coated stranger asked if it was for sale. A new idea! He sold the picture for five English sovereigns chinking down before him then and there. That bought him good dinners for many days; and he would repaint the impression—and make a better picture of it, to have and to hold for himself. So he set to work a second time to paint the Rubens gallery, with its magnificent walls glowing with superb forms, and its polished, shining floor reflecting the daily crowds of pilgrims. And again he sold the picture. That was his misfortune; the fates were against him. He always sold the picture. And he has sold it so often since that he has finally become perpetually installed, a picturesque piece of furniture, placed there in his quiet corner, always painting the Rubens gallery. A tranquil existence, and a happy, now that the dream of his youth is quite dead, and, after all, just as honorable as any other.

But the thing that interests us is that this anchorite of the Louvre, by force of painting the Rubens gallery, has learned to speak a little English. His clients are nearly always English-speaking people—one in five, an Englishman; three in five, American; one in five, any kind of other man. For trade purposes he has mastered a vocabulary of some five hundred words, all carefully selected for his purpose. He probably could not ask for a crumb of bread or a jug of

wine in the Saxon speech, but he can discourse quite interestingly on light and shade and middle distance and values—and *patati* and *patita*, all the rest of the jargon. His is an English designed for the need of the man, an English *ad hoc*, very quaint.

I asked him if there were many painters like himself, painting just one perpetual picture. He was a little nettled. His mild eye was troubled for a moment as he explained that he was unique; no other artist in all the world had so wide a clientele for one only specialty.

So far had he fallen from his dreams that he was proud of his limitation. But he told me that there was an enormous number of spoiled artists who had turned themselves into more or less honest machines, turning out pictures to order on a limited range of subjects to which they had devoted themselves for years. Paris swarms with them. They are found in all the show places of Europe. They never sign their work, but they recognize each other's brush. It is the universal experience that the best patrons of this kind of work are Americans.

I asked a reason, and the one offered struck me as plausible enough.

The American traveling in Europe carries his money in his pocket and acts promptly on his judgment. If he likes a thing and the price of a thing, he pays down the price on the spot and carries the thing home under his arm. The traveler of other nations keeps his money locked up at his hotel, carrying in his pocket five dollars' worth of silver for his small expenses. If he likes a picture he has to go to his hotel to get the money for it, and, on the way, he has time to ask himself whether he really likes the thing, whether it is really worth the money, and what in thunder his wife will say about it. By the time he has reached home he has decided that he would just as soon keep the money in his box.

And they are all so afraid of the critics—all the others. They think they will write themselves down inartistic—which, you know, is a great deal worse than being labeled "paricide"—if they buy and hang a picture which is not signed by a well-known craftsman, or which, at least, has not been exhibited in a moderately reputable art-gallery, and mentioned in a passably instructed newspaper article.

But your true American, wise man, does not pose, and so he does not have to fear the ribald mirth of his artistic friends. He buys the picture for his personal pleasure, and critics and artistic friends may go—anywhere they please.

The rich private collectors of America and the European agents of the American art-galleries woke up to the enormous power and strange, latent beauty of Rodin's sculpture before French critics had done sneering at the hardy innovator. Now, the French collectors, public and private, are mourning their lack of examples of the greatest master of statuary that this century has produced. It is exactly the same independent spirit that leads the ordinary American tourist, "seeing Paris before he dies," to become the purchaser of a class of work which, without being of any high artistic value, is honest, interesting, serviceable.

For the artists, it is easy to catch them *flagrante delicto*. They camp themselves from early spring to late in the fall outside a famous building, or in a beautiful nook of a park or public garden, and work quickly, quickly at their impression. They do not make any effort to attract attention, for they know by long experience that sooner or later the right person will come along and gaze at the picture, and finally ask timidly if the artist intends to sell it. When the client is too timid altogether, the knight of the tabouret knows very well how to attract him by a little talk on the beauty of character of the piece of life, or landscape, or picturesque street-corner he is handling. From that on to the mention of the modest price which the artist hopes to get for his work when it is done is an easy step. In half an hour the business is accomplished, the client carries away the picture, thinking he has only anticipated some small professional picture-dealer, dispensing, so to speak, with the middle-man. And the artist idles away a happy day or two, then sets to work to paint over again his "Window of Notre Dame," or his "Scene on the Grands Boulevards," or his "Ile de la Cité," or his "Spring in the Tuileries."

And, more power to him, say I.

PARIS, February 20, 1900. STEPHEN MACKENNA.

The recent formal incorporation of Barnard College into the educational system of Columbia University seems to accomplish as close a union between these institutions as the friends of the higher education of women are likely to desire. Barnard is now as much a part of Columbia as the School of Mines is, or the Law School. The president of the university is the president of Barnard also. Her dean will hereafter be an appointee of the president, and will have a seat in the university council and a vote on all matters that come before it. Her professors will be university professors, nominated by the dean of Barnard, but appointed by the president of Columbia. Graduate students of Barnard studying for higher degrees will be registered as students, not of Barnard, but of Columbia. The Barnard students will stick to their own building, and their classes, as a rule, though not in all cases, will be separate from those of the Columbia men, but the same professors will teach both. This means a much closer union than that of Radcliffe with Harvard. It does not amount to co-education, such as flourishes at Ann Arbor and many of the Western universities, but it seems to come as near co-education as Barnard cares to venture. The dean of Barnard, whose resignation is announced, is to be congratulated on the strong position in which she leaves the institution, of which for five years she has been the head. She took office as Miss Smith, but for about a year she has been Mrs. Putnam. Her services to the college have been exceedingly valuable.

America sells nearly three times as much as she buys; Germany buys over two hundred and fifty millions of dollars' worth more every year than she sells; while Great Britain last year actually bought twice as much as she sold.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Queen Victoria has more living descendants than any other monarch in Europe. She has seven surviving children, thirty-two grandchildren, and thirty-three great-grandchildren.

The money contributed by a grateful nation to Mrs. Mary G. Lawton, widow of Major-General Henry W. Lawton, was handed over to her at Washington, D. C., on Tuesday by Adjutant-General H. C. Corbin, the amount being \$98,407.07.

The last scene in Anthony Hope's dramatization of his novel, "Rupert of Hentzau," in which Rudolph Rassendyll lies in state, produced such depression on his London audiences, owing to the fact that so many notable English families are in mourning, that George Alexander yielded to a general sentiment and omitted it.

The French Commissioners of the Paris Exposition have been informed by Menelek's Minister of State, M. Ilg, who is now in Zurich, that he has received word from his master, the Negus of Abyssinia, that he (Menelek) has abandoned his intention to visit the exposition, as he is much occupied with the construction of the railway from Jihoutil to Harrar.

Sir Reginald Palgrave, clerk of the House of Commons, has resigned. He is a brother of the late Sir Francis Turner Palgrave, who compiled the "Golden Treasury of English Lyrics," and of the late William Gifford Palgrave, the Oriental traveler and diplomat. Their grandfather was a Jewish stockbroker named Cohen, who changed his name to Palgrave on becoming a Christian.

Judge William Howard Taft, the head of the new commission to the Philippines appointed by President McKinley, is an Ohioan by birth, a graduate of Yale (1878), and a lawyer of recognized ability. He is about forty-three years of age, and is a vigorous man capable of hard work of a high order. He was from 1890 to 1892 Solicitor-General for the United States. His appointment as judge of the United States Circuit Court (VII. Circuit) dates from 1892. His father, Judge Alphonso Taft, was Attorney-General of the United States under President Hayes.

Mlle. Jeanne Chauvan, of Paris, has at last obtained her right to practice law in France. Two years ago she applied to the authorities for admittance to the bar as a lawyer. Her examinations had been passed brilliantly, and she asked the right to practice the profession for which she had prepared herself. The verdict was that no woman could practice law in France. Less than a week ago the courts granted the right to women to practice law with the full honors of men, and Mlle. Jeanne Chauvan is the first to go to the bar. She is also one of the editors and founders of *La Fronde*, the famous woman's paper of Paris.

Emilio Cassi, the Rough Riders' hugler, who has been serving a three-years' sentence in jail at Havana for the killing of Lieutenant Martinez, of the Cuban army, in last March, during the affray at the Inglaterra Hotel, over the distribution of the three-million-dollar war fund, was pardoned and released on February 22d by Governor-General Wood. While in jail Cassi was married to Miss Castillo, a young Cuban woman, who had devoted her fortune to the aid of the Cuban revolutionists. She pleaded with President McKinley, Governor Roosevelt, Governor-General Wood, and the military authorities at Havana for her husband's release, and was finally successful.

Last November the Society of French Artists accepted from Miss Anna Klumpke, who inherited Rosa Bonheur's estate, a gift of ten thousand dollars, the largest prize foundation in its history. The interest on this sum, three hundred dollars a year, will, by Miss Klumpke's stipulations, be a "Rosa Bonheur prize," to be awarded by the regular Salon jury to the most meritorious picture of the year, regardless of age, of sex, or of nationality of the artist. This will open one more gate to fame and recognition to young and foreign artists, for tradition allows the *medaille d'honneur* to go only to a Frenchman of a certain age and of long-established reputation.

Professor Wilbur Olin Atwater, of Wesleyan University, who claims to have shown by conclusive experiments that alcohol in moderate quantities is a food and not a poison, and who unqualifiedly condemns as unscientific the "scientific temperance instruction" now used in the public schools, is an American chemist of note, and a graduate of the university in which he is now so prominent a teacher. In 1895 Professor Atwater's book on "Chemistry and Economy of Food" was published by the government of the United States under the authority of the Secretary of Agriculture. This distinguished chemist is a native of Johnsburg, N. Y., and is now in his fifty-sixth year. He is a Ph. D. of Yale, and has studied in several of the big universities of Germany. All these facts give his opinion upon any question of chemical science more than usual weight.

Stephanie, the Crown Princess of Austria, second daughter of King Leopold of Belgium and widow of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, who committed suicide some ten years ago, was married on March 3d at Miramar, on the Adriatic, to Count Elemér Lonyay, a Hungarian nobleman. The marriage was opposed by both the King of Belgium and the Emperor of Austria, and every possible effort was made to prevent it. The crown princess, however, was willing to suffer the penalty of amorganatic marriage, sacrificing her rank as a princess of Austria and of Belgium, and losing all the wealth she would otherwise have inherited from her royal father and father-in-law. Her only child, the Archduchess Elizabeth, who is seventeen years of age, lives near Vienna surrounded by her own court, and will no longer be able to receive her mother as an equal.



## MADRE MARIA'S MAGIC.

The Black and White Charms that Reconciled Two Rivals.

On the very corner of Calle de los Pescaditos Blancos (Street of the Little White Fish), just where it juts into the little Plaza de San Pablo, is the shop of Doña Antonia. It is a clean, tidy little place, and in it you can buy the best cigarettes to be found in all Mexico, you can be served at all hours of the day with thick Spanish chocolate, hot and pasty—for Doña Antonia is Spanish and therefore knows how to make delicious chocolate—also, you can buy there pins, needles, lottery tickets, native Mexican sugar, in tall brown cones, macaroni fresh from Italy, sardines, olives, Spanish wine, and many other things, for while the shop is a small one, it contains what the proprietor proudly calls "an assortment of the most complete and finished."

Doña Antonia herself waits on her varied customers. All of the common folk in that part of the city patronize her, and so she is kept very busy, with hardly time enough to attend to her yellow-headed parrot, or to keep the "mariposa" light burning under the picture of *la Virgen* which hangs on the wall.

Things were different when Carlos the Torero was there—good-looking, swaggering Carlos, in his gaudy bull-fighter's shirt and tight trousers, with his pig-tailed head surmounted by the flat *torero* hat—but Carlos has most cruelly been banished. Not that he ever did any work in the shop, the gods of bull-fighters forbid! But he at least was always willing to lounge in the door or against the counter, thereby scaring away robbers, and even on some occasions so far unbent his dignity as to serve the chocolate to customers of his own fraternity, while Doña Antonia beamed from afar. For she worshiped Carlos with the adoration that only a fat and homely woman of forty can feel for a young and handsome man.

Ever since bull-fighting had gone out in Mexico, three years before, she had waited on Carlos, hand and foot, giving him cheerfully and lovingly from her savings, and working doubly hard in order that he might appear gorgeous on feast days and Sundays. His clothes were of the best that money could buy; his pointed Mexican shoes were of the finest yellow leather; his vivid scarlet neck-ties were always of satin or softest silk; none of the bull-fighters who lolled on San Francisco Street or in front of the Cantina del Tio Pepe smoked such long, fine, black cigars as did Carlos, and none of them could boast the silver and copper coins which always jingled in the pockets of his braided *torero* jacket. In short, Carlos was in the greatest of luck, the very highest of clover, and did not realize his blessings until it was too late. For all this magnificence and luxury was taken away from him, through his own fault, and that of Panchita.

Not that Carlos cared for pretty, coquettish Panchita; not a bit of it! Carlos loved no one but his own lazy, good-looking self, and nothing but his own ease and comfort. For Doña Antonia, who furnished him with the good things of life which he so much cared for and appreciated, he had a kindly, fraternal regard; being, moreover, aware of the furious temper which lurked beneath Doña Antonia's good-natured exterior, he had always been careful to avoid entanglements with younger and handsomer women, or, at least, to keep such affairs from her sharp and very suspicious ears.

In the case of Panchita, however, it was a difficult matter, for she was either too careless or too much in love to dissemble. She could not or would not refrain from casting coquettish glances at the bull-fighter, even when Doña Antonia was by, and, finally, even took to purchasing her thread and needles and other supplies from Doña Antonia's shop, refusing there to be served by any one but Carlos himself.

Naturally, this state of affairs could not last for long, and things came to a crisis one day when Doña Antonia overheard Panchita addressing some coquettish remarks to the *torero*, and, moreover, caught him in the very act of kissing her pretty though needle-worn hands. After which there was a scene, and very nearly battle, murder, and sudden death. Doña Antonia, being a very powerful woman, and, moreover, greatly infuriated, scrupled not to fall upon the luckless couple, tooth and nail. Carlos managed to escape with his life and a blackened eye, while Panchita, at the end of the fray, was minus one tooth and what seemed at first sight to be fully half of her pretty black hair. The noise of the fight naturally attracted attention, and the combatants were finally separated, much the worse for wear, but, nevertheless, still breathing forth defiance and slaughterings. Carlos had most unaccountably disappeared after the first two rounds and could not now be found; pitying neighbors escorted homeward the battered and wailing Panchita, while the equally wailing Doña Antonia barred her shop-door in the very face of gaping customers, and locked the kitchen-door upon herself. No, not even that graceless Carlos should enter, if, as was always his custom, he came home penitent and entreating at supper time. For once Carlos should be severely handled and taught sense and decent behavior.

That was at eight o'clock. At nine, Carlos had not yet returned; at ten, there was still no sign of him, and Doña Antonia was beginning to grow very uneasy. Something must have happened, for, no matter what was wrong, he always came for his meals. At eleven he was still missing; so, at twelve, the poor woman put on her *tapalo* and went forth in search of the delinquent.

At the Cantina del Tio Pepe she found him, weeping bitterly in the midst of sympathetic comrades, who reproached the lady for her cruel treatment of poor Carlos. Truly, she had not seen what every one else well knew—that Carlos loved no one but her. "All the world" knew that the shameless Panchita pursued him with her coquetries. Fie upon Doña Antonia to so ill-treat poor, faithful Carlos, who had been driven to drink and threatened suicide through her hardness of heart!

Two comrades carried homeward the incapacitated Carlos, with Doña Antonia weeping remorsefully behind them, and sundry other *toreros* winking and chuckling in turn behind her back. For, while in luck, Carlos was as generous a *torero* as ever lived, and it would not do, for their own sakes, to have Doña Antonia cut off his supplies. And so, as the *cortege* wended its way toward the little shop of Doña Antonia, one shameless bull-fighter after another poured into her ear tales of poor Carlos's persecution at the hands of Panchita. Well knew the Virgin, they declared solemnly, that Carlos cared for no woman but his own adored Antonia. Had he not sworn to them many a time and oft? And was it his fault if infatuated girls would make unwanted love to him?

Nothing is easier to deceive than a woman who wishes to be deceived, and Doña Antonia believed devoutly every word of the waggish *toreros*. Carlos was put tenderly to bed, the bull-fighters feasted gayly on white bread, sardines, garlic, and Spanish wine, while Doña Antonia, with contrite face and reddened eyes, beamed upon them from the door of Carlos's room. They had opened her eyes to the real character of that disgraceful Panchita, whom she had credited, time and again, on her thread and needles and wool. How foolish a woman she had been not to realize before the devotion of Carlos and the evil behavior of Panchita!

Before the noisy departure of the *toreros*, Doña Antonia's plans for vengeance had been completed. When she went to sleep that night she said several *padre nuestros* before the image of *la Virgen* and promised to burn long and costly candles before her picture every day of the year if certain prayers were granted. And then, wisely believing that God (and also the Virgin) helps those who help themselves, the wily shop-keeper made her plans for an early visit next morning to old Madre Maria, the witch, who would tell her, for a consideration, what she should do with that graceless Panchita.

Madre Maria lived in a small, dark, smelly tenement far out. Here Doña Antonia found her at dawn, and into the sympathetic ear of the shriveled old woman she unfolded her tale of woe, while Madre Maria smoked away steadily at her cigar stub, nodding her white head at intervals as she listened.

Good! Then what the *niña* wanted was a *cosita*—a small charm, that is to say—for the shameless Panchita? Something not dangerous, the *niña* understood; merely a little thing that would, after taking it, cause her to lose any love for Don Carlos? *Aie*, but it would be easy! And only a matter of five days at that; if the *niña* would listen, paying to her *pobre madre* first the small number of eight reales, she would tell her what to do.

Half an hour later, with a wee bottle of black fluid in her pocket, and a thin, black chicken, muffled up in her *reboso*, Doña Antonia sped briskly toward the Street of the Little White Fish. Joy and hope once more shone in her eyes and beamed from her fat, red face, even though the advice and charm of Madre Maria had cost one dollar and eighty cents.

Most assuredly it was old Maria's "day." Hardly was the broad back of Doña Antonia turned than another client appeared upon the scene, also bespeaking advice and a mild charm that would destroy the love of a rival woman. In the same manner did Madre Maria advise the second applicant—no less a person than Panchita—selling her, in turn, some white fluid and an attenuated white chicken, the mate of the black one sold to Doña Antonia. "Of a truth did the chicken come somewhat high," the old witch had stated to each applicant, "but figure to yourself, *niña mia*, that it is a charmed one, wherein great power lies, and it has moreover eaten for weeks only charmed food given it by the hand of your Madre Maria!" As a fact, both chickens had been stolen by mendacious Maria in the dark of last night's moon—but no matter!

So Panchita, her mind at ease, and also believing that all of her sorrows were now soon to be ended, hurried joyfully home, with bottle and chicken hidden safely in the depths of her blue *reboso*. Meanwhile, at intervals during that entire day, chuckles of hearty and most unwonted mirth issued from the dark room of Madre Maria, who, while not ordinarily a merry personage, seemed mightily amused over something.

Never in his life had the astonished Carlos been more kindly and generously treated than during the next few days. Doña Antonia seemed to think that nothing was good enough for him, and, filling his pockets with coins, fairly pushed him into the streets, with injunctions that he enjoy himself with his companions. Had the *torero* been a suspicious man he might have thought Doña Antonia was engaged in secret pursuits of which she wished him to know nothing. Not being suspicious, however, he hastened to obey her commands and have a joyous time.

As a matter of fact, there was nothing evil in the actions of Doña Antonia, once left alone, save that one might have accused her of foolishly pampering and overfeeding a debilitated black chicken, which she had housed in the charcoal-box and fed thrice daily on black *sapotes* and *tortillas* made from dark meal. But no one—Carlos least of all—ever saw the chicken, whose life endured for a brief span only, and therefore no one unjustly condemned her.

Now, in the great tenement-house just across the street, this same chicken-pampering process was secretly being gone through with by pretty Panchita, save that her fowl was fed solely on white *sapotes* and light-colored *tortillas*. As in the case of Doña Antonia's chicken, which flourished and day by day waxed fatter and fatter, her white chicken also thrived and grew plump until, by the end of the fourth day, you would not have recognized either of these "charmed chickens."

On the evening of this same fourth day, Doña Antonia arrayed herself in her best purple skirt and black lace *mantilla*, with the announcement to dumfounded Carlos that she was going to the house of Panchita for the purpose of asking her and her mother to eat the midday meal with them

the next day, since it would be a *fiesta* and Panchita accordingly at leisure.

For many months it had been the custom of good-hearted Doña Antonia to invite Panchita and her blind old mother to her own savory feast-day dinners. In view of last week's quarrel, however, Panchita's mother was even now tearfully lamenting that their dinner would have to be of *tortillas* and beans. So that, driven to it by her mother's tears and her own urgent desire to break bread with Doña Antonia, Panchita was about to start on a mission of peace, when that person herself appeared, with jovial expressions of sorrow that any misunderstanding had arisen between the two families, and her desire that her two good friends should join her next day for the usual *fiesta* meal. Of a verity they must come. Carlos had promised to go with some companions to the Naucalpan bull-fight, wherefore she would be all alone and sad if they did not come to eat with her.

Peace was restored in full, and soon Doña Antonia hustled home to prepare for the next day's feast. Poor Carlos was hustled incontinently out of the house, while Doña Antonia, doors and windows carefully shut and locked, proceeded to kill and boil the black chicken, first carefully burying its feathers and bones. All that night the mortal remains of the charmed chicken simmered away in a tiny *olla*. The resultant broth was carefully collected next morning by Doña Antonia, and, with the black fluid from the little bottle of Madre Maria, was mixed into a very savory soup, flavored with sherry, and garnished with aguacates—of which there was only one plateful. Not that any one of the trio had to do without soup, however—far from it. Soup of the very best, also made of chicken, with sherry and tiny bits of garlic flavoring it, was to be served to herself and Panchita's blind mother.

The dinner was a great success, despite the fact that only the three women were present, and that the hostess was called away from the table at least four times to speak to customers out in the shop. The first one of these calls gave Panchita her opportunity, for Panchita also had killed a chicken that previous night, and in a small bottle, carried in her pocket, was the boiled-down result thereof. The door between the dining-room and the shop had been carefully closed by Doña Antonia, so that her guests might not be molested by noises from without—never was there a better chance. In two seconds Panchita had uncorked her bottle and emptied its contents hastily into Doña Antonia's soup. Then, concealing the bottle, she was unconcernedly swallowing her own soup when Doña Antonia returned to the table. Neither of the two women for a moment suspected that they were partaking of charmed soup, made in identically the same manner from the charmed chickens of Madre Maria, and warranted to kill the love of any man, woman, or child on the terrestrial globe.

Now, few of us place overmuch credence in signs, tokens, and, least of all, charms. For which reason I am loath to tell you the final result of the charms so ingeniously and unsuspectingly exchanged between these two jealous women; still, if you are incredulous, it is not my fault.

That very same night, reaching home late and in a somewhat intoxicated condition, poor Carlos tasted the first fruits of the charm. For, in spite of all blandishments and words that should have melted the heart of even a stone image, Doña Antonia fell upon the luckless *torero* and, with abuse of the strongest, literally smote him hip and thigh, after which she cast him forth into the outer darkness of the Street of the Little White Fish, cruelly bolting the door in his face and announcing that she had now washed her hands of him and his shiftless comrades.

This from the woman who had adored him during three long years; this from the woman who had that very morning given him all her available money and entreated him to come home early. Poor Carlos! For, even though he returned several times to tearfully beg for mercy, there was shown him only freezing contempt and coldness, with at last the announcement that his next call would be watched by the *gendarme* at the corner, for which reason he had best keep away for good and all from the shop of Doña Antonia.

Being, as it were, off with the old love, the hapless *torero* bethought himself of a new. Was there not pretty Panchita, for whom he had always entertained a fondness? Doubtless even yet she was fretting her heart out over him and his neglect. He would go to her and console her.

How Panchita received him deponent sayeth not; of how she sped him on his departure admiring neighbors in the tenement-house still speak, though of the order of his going Carlos remembers little more than a vision of multitudinous bright stars, and a "bump, bump" that seemingly lasted for centuries, meanwhile his surprised and helpless body hit the steep stairs at the rate of sixty times a minute, with Panchita and the neighbors cheering from above.

The "charm" was complete. Never more was the *torero*, Carlos Garcia, seen in the Street of the Little White Fish, and never were better friends than Doña Antonia and the girl Panchita, who, strange to say, have never realized just how the thing really occurred, and have, in fact, forgotten all about old Madre Maria and the black and white chickens.

G. CUNYNGHAM TERRY.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1900.

Owing to the discovery of a French chemist in Lyons, there is likely to be a growing market for fish scales. The Frenchman has discovered how the scales may be used in the manufacture of artificial pearls and other ornaments, and the supply is absolutely inadequate. Mr. Covert, United States consul at Lyons, has interested himself in the matter, and finds out that there is an actual demand for large quantities of scales in his consulate, where good prices are paid for them. The scales should be sprinkled with salt, as soon as they are removed from the fish, and packed in tin cans. The American sturgeon has the most beautiful and largest scales of almost any fish in the world, and this item may have considerable interest to fishermen on the Pacific Coast, where the largest quantities of this huge fish are now captured.



A WAR FOR AN EMPIRE.

The Military Situation in South Africa—Strength and Strategy of the Boers—Sir Alfred Milner as Governor of Cape Colony.

Practically every phase of the Transvaal war is covered in the February number of the *North American Review*, interesting articles being contributed by Lieutenant-General John F. Owen, of the Royal Artillery; Captain Fritz Hoenig, retired, of the German army; Major-General O. O. Howard, retired, U. S. A.; Henry Cust, formerly editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; Dr. J. C. Vnigt, author of "Fifty Years of the Republic in South Africa"; and Mantague White, recently consul-general of the Transvaal in London. From each of these articles we quote striking paragraphs.

In writing of the military situation, General Owen says that the Boer strategy has been excellent:

"Their advance into Natal, after the complete investment of Ladysmith, lacked dash and determination, and little was gained by it. Fortunately for us, they also departed from their plan when Methuen advanced; had they carried it out, his column might have been dangerously compromised. Based, as their strategy has been, on their extreme mobility, as an army of horsemen, able easily to outflank us and to cut our communications—our want of mounted troops debar us from preventing them from doing so, or from threatening their communications—it has succeeded admirably. In military intelligence they have shown first-rate organization. They have been greatly aided by the sympathizers of their kin in our colonies, and by lavish expenditure in organizing it elsewhere.

"Tactically, their mobility—and our want of it—has given them immense advantage. When driven from entrenched positions, they have been able to retreat with impunity, and usually without pursuit. On the field of battle, as at Farquhar's Farm, they could rapidly retire, rene flank and reinforce the other and haffle our infantry on foot. In field intrenchments they have shown themselves masters, under skilled alien instruction. Intimately acquainted with the terrain, their leaders have shown much skill in choosing positions. Their ordinary mode of life makes them inimitable scouts. Excellent shots, and furnished with long-range, rapid-firing rifles, of the most modern pattern (with smokeless powder), their rifle-fire is most formidable. Their guns, of the usual type employed in the field, are very good, nut-rangin' our own. They have taught us a lesson in the use of heavy guns of position, which they move with comparative rapidity in the field. Rapid-firing guns of small calibre, of most recent pattern, are largely used, often with terrible effect. Their artillery has been well handled, mostly by their mercenaries, but the ammunition used has been very defective."

Of the British strategy, General Owen says it is difficult to judge of it without knowing "the exact reasons dictating departure from the original plan," but he thinks "it would have been better to have carried out the first plan at all costs; though none army corps would not have sufficed." The intelligence department, he says, has not been successful.

Captain Hoenig, in his article on "The Strategic Problems," is of the opinion that "England's first mistake consisted in the fact that her political and military action, which were evidently both intended to bear an offensive character, did not keep pace with each other." Here is his estimate of the Boer forces:

"The additional forces which, since the beginning of the war, have joined the Boers from Cape Colony are estimated at twelve thousand men. Therefore, it is permissible to place the present number of the Boer forces at not far short of sixty thousand men, which are probably divided in two parts, one in Natal and Cape Colony, and the other part on the Orange River. And as the cardinal law of the Boer tactics is evidently to husband their forces—that is to say, not to attempt any sanguinary offensive movements—they will in all probability continue in their efforts to combine the strategic offensive with the tactical defensive. The English forces in the field must at the very least reach the total of one hundred and twenty thousand men if England is to drive back her antagonists by force of arms and dictate peace at Pretoria. In addition to this large force, about forty thousand men will be required in Natal and in Cape Colony for minor eventualities, as well as for the protection of the railway lines, etc. Besides these, at least eighty thousand men might be kept ready in England in the shape of reserve recruits."

Major-General Howard, U. S. A., speculating on the possible crushing of Cronje's forces and the relief of Kimberley, says:

"Of course, Jonbert would retire from Calenso and Ladysmith the instant he saw Lord Roberts's plan. Then Buller could pick up General White's force of five thousand and press along with vigor to keep as many Boer soldiers as possible there to oppose his threats against Johannesburg and Pretoria by that route. If, after the crushing defeat of Cronje, Joubert and his stalwart president did not make peace, probably there would be first a hard-fought battle near Krnnstad, and another, the last one, at Johannesburg. The British will be constantly reinforced, while the Boers are already at their best in numbers, in morale, and in supplies. General Winfield Scott, in 1861, by opening his hand and slowly closing it, showed how the Confederacy was to be conquered. We tried to keep many armies going, all at the same time, from the outer to the inner circle, of which Richmond was the centre; but ultimate success came in the Union forces by so combining armies as to greatly outnumber the enemy on some important line, and

then defeat him in battle all along that line. Kimberley should be the Nashville, Krnnstad the Atlanta, and Johannesburg the Appomattox of the South African war."

Henry Cust, who writes on "The Dutch in South Africa," says:

"It can not be denied, in the case of the Transvaal, that by the further grant of 1881, modified by the concessions of 1884, which were appealed for by the Boer government, the principle of British paramountcy was again admitted, and that an absolute equality of political and other rights was solemnly promised, not only to the British, but to all immigrating foreigners.

"On the other hand, by ignoring utterly and tentatively the engagements on which their national existence has depended; by refusing the least of political or even municipal rights to that majority of the inhabitants who paid nine-tenths of the income of the country; by using vast sums of the money so obtained to enlist the enemies of England, and to equip themselves with an arsenal of arms against the power which created and maintained them; and, lastly, by declaring war against her—by these things the Boers have made South Africa what it is to-day. A thousand voices tell us that it is the land-greed, the gold-greed, the empire-greed of England that have made the war. England, they scream, is the conquering tyrant of free nations. Yet it is a French-born government, loyal to England, that sends troops to the front from Canada, and it is a Dutch government, loyal to England, that is in power at the Cape to-day. Funnulas grow meaningless by repetition, but what truth they carry is unchanged. When England claims 'equal rights for all white men south of the Zambesi,' she says, what generations in practice have proved true, that in Cape Colony, and Natal, and Rhodesia, the Boer stands on exactly the same footing with the English-born; and more, that in an English colony of the world has the proudest, richest Englishman one lonely political or commercial advantage over the humblest and poorest foreign immigrant."

Dr. J. C. Vnigt thus concludes his vignette article in behalf of the Boer cause, comparing their sufferings a century ago with their recent victories:

"It is the last year of the century which opened with the cruel punishment of the Republicans of Graaf Reinet, among whom there was one Lucas Meyer—as there were, also, two named Kruger, and two named Bntba—in the prison at Cape Town. It is the sixteenth of December—the anniversary of the opening ceremony of the court which ordered the execution of the Afrikaner leaders at Slachtersnek; the anniversary of the great defeat of Dingaan's armies at the Blued River; the anniversary of the commencement of the Transvaal War of Independence at Pntchetsroom; the anniversary of the proclamation at Heidelberg of the restoration of the South African Republic. The sons have come back over those mountains—the sons of the Voortrekkers. Over the Drakensbergen they have come back, to retake the land of their fathers.

"The largest army which England has ever had on the battle-field in South Africa—over twenty thousand men, horse, foot, and artillery, with powerful guns from British warships and with lyddite shells to help them—has been hurled back from the Upper Tugela line, losing two thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and also eleven guns. On the Tugela, where the fathers died in 1838, aye, and south of the Tugela, are the sons—now, on the sixteenth of December, 1899. They are there with Lucas Meyer; with Louis Bntba, whose mother was in the *laager* on the Bushmans River in 1838; and with Schalk Burger, whose father was outlawed and proscribed by the British Government, and went across Drakensberg, in 1842. They stand on the Tugela, while, in the background, the great Drakensberg Mountains, where the snow-white everlasting grow, rear their topmost peaks above the clouds.

"The British general has asked for an armistice to bury his dead—on the sixteenth of December—to bury his dead, in the very ground where rest some of the bones of the murdered Voortrekkers. 'Avenge Majuba!' the crowds have shouted, in London and at Durhan and Cape Town. God has avenged Slachtersnek instead."

Montagu White's article on "The Danger of Personal Rule in South Africa" may be regarded as a statement from the Boer point of view of the influences and forces which brought about hostilities between the South African republics and England. Mr. White makes only a brief reference to some of the more important causes:

"First of all, a discontented and irreconcilable British element in Johannesburg was one of the most potent factors. This element was confronted by an original population of Dutch farmers, whose conservatism was intensified by sixty-five years of bitter experience of Great Britain. The sudden rush of a mining, commercial, and speculative community was a complicated problem which would have taxed the abilities and resources of the best organized administration in the world. Even Great Britain was at first unsuccessful in governing the smaller population of the diamond fields, for riots, bloodshed, and anarchy characterized the early days of British administration in Griqualand West. The clumsy diplomacy, in which reference has already been made, must not be lost sight of. Then there was a disappointed capitalist politician, who had ruined his career as a statesman by an act of mad folly, and who was burning to be revenged on those whom he had bitterly wronged. Last, but not least, there were three immensely powerful but unavowed forces, which may be conveniently described as greed of gold, lust of empire, and a thirst for revenge. The first was represented by capitalism, in its pleas for a change in the administration of the republic, which would result in higher dividends, based upon cheaper white labor and a modi-

fied system of black slavery. The second was voiced by the yellow press of London, and posed as jingoism pure and simple; it was intoxicated but not satiated by the successes of Omdurman and Fashda, and shouted loudly for the suppression of the two nebulous republics which marred the symmetry of the South African map. The third was strikingly illustrated by the farewell cry of the crowd, 'Remember Majuba!' as the troop-laden trains steamed out of the terminal stations in London."

Continuing, Mr. White says that in apportioning the blame for the war, the growth of personal rule as embodied in the high commissioner of South Africa must be kept in view:

"In dealing with strictly colonial matters, the high commissioner, as governor of the Cape Colony, is bound to act constitutionally with the advice and consent of his colonial ministers. His duties as high commissioner, however, embrace the care of imperial interests in Rhodesia and Basutland, as well as the conduct of negotiations with the governments of the South African Republic and the Orange Free State. In the exercise of these duties he would be technically correct in acting autocratically and in ignoring the views and advice of his colonial ministers. Whether he would be wise in acting in such a manner is quite another matter. Those who are intimately acquainted with the conditions in South Africa would unhesitatingly answer the question in the negative, for the following reasons. It is impossible for the high commissioner to take any important step in regard to either the Transvaal or the Orange Free State without its having very marked direct or indirect results in the Cape Colony and Natal, because the same racial sentiment and social conditions exist in the Free State and the Transvaal as in the Cape Colony and Natal. The countries are closely connected by the ties of blood and kinship."

Mr. White adds:

"The Cape Colony is the oldest settlement in South Africa, and the colonial ministers, fortified by local knowledge and permanent traditions, are perfectly justified in attempting to influence the high commissioner, who, no matter how distinguished or able he may be, arrives at Cape Town a stranger, ignorant of local conditions and absolutely inexperienced as to South African politics. It will be readily conceded, therefore, that it is of the utmost importance that the high commissioner of South Africa, as well as the governor of Cape Colony, should be guided by the advice and experience of his colonial ministers, and should so shape his policy as to harmonize imperial ideals with colonial sentiment. Such a policy would tend toward confederation or union; it would strengthen and deepen the loyalty of the Cape Dutch; and while fully respecting the rights and the independence of the two republics, would enable the latter to cooperate cordially with the colonies in promoting the welfare of South Africa. The high commissioners of South Africa, with one honorable exception, have acted on very different principles for the last twenty-five years."

In roughly sketching the outlines and characteristics of the different policies and attitudes adopted by the four imperial officers who have presided over the destinies of South Africa since 1877, Mr. White says of Sir Alfred Milner, the present commissioner:

"His appointment was greeted by a perfect chorus of approval. The Unionist press vied with the Radical journals in extolling his moderation, his tact, his impartiality, his patience, and his personal charm. The newspapers and society united in attributing to him just those qualities which were needed to deal with the delicate situation which had arisen in South Africa. Here and there, however, a doubtful note was sounded as to the wisdom of Mr. Chamberlain's choice. One view—that of a Conservative—was that Sir Alfred Milner's success in life lay in the fact of his being a courtier, who placed his abilities and entire energies at the service of his chiefs, and that he had thereby gained their affection, esteem, and support. He had proved a most capable official and administrator in a subordinate position, but it was doubted whether he was fitted for a position of such responsibility and power as that involved in the high commissionership.

"A Radical view of Sir Alfred Milner, expressed immediately after the appointment was made, was to the effect that, although he possessed all the good qualities which had been enumerated by an appreciative press, yet these were neutralized and even rendered dangerous by the fact that he was a jingo of the most pronounced type."

Mr. White contends that Sir Alfred Milner, by the course he has pursued, has amply justified the doubts expressed by these dissidents. He concludes: "Sir Alfred Milner has had magnificent opportunities for doing beneficent imperial work in South Africa. But instead of using his great influence in removing the distrust and unrest in South Africa, which were intensified by the clumsy diplomacy of Mr. Chamberlain after the raid; instead of checking and sternly repressing mischievous and reactionary organizations like the South African League, of which Mr. Rhodes is the president; instead of ignoring and discountenancing the frenzied efforts of the local newspapers, which are largely controlled by Mr. Rhodes—he appears to have utilized all these baneful forces for the purpose of bringing about this disastrous war in South Africa, the far-reaching consequences of which no man is able to foresee."

A fine sample of freak legislation has been presented by Assemblyman Phillips, of New York, who has introduced a bill amending the penal code to include as a dangerous weapon any hat-pin over three inches in length. Mr. Phillips evidently anticipates a gigantic conspiracy against poor weak man.

A KIPLING-AUSTIN PARODY.

[Those who are familiar with the more pretentious verse of England's present poet-laureate will appreciate the exquisite drollery of *Punch's* parody of "The Absent-Minded Beggar," in which Kipling's stang is translated into the old-fashioned, high-falutin style of Alfred Austin.]

"Arma virumque cano."—ÆNEIDOS, I, i.

When "Rule Britannia" rings through hut and hall,  
And men have sung "God Save the Queen" withal;  
When has been wung the keen invective's sword  
Against Meridian Africa's tyrant lord;  
Spare not your largesse for his kin who plies  
The legionary task in tan-hued guise!  
Vague in his views, a man of errant thought,  
His best endeavors oft with frailty fraught,  
Yet with a conscience facile to forego  
The judgment of us or of yonder foe;  
Southward, to clean our scutcheon, see him wind,  
Leaving his loved impediments behind!

Scinn of Atheling or of kitchen-drane,  
Claimant-perchance to Alfred's Alfred's throne—  
Five tens of thousands in each other's train,  
They press athwart the ship-encumbered plain;  
With their domestic wants 'tis Alfred's hope  
To see your cornucopias cope, cope, cope!

Wives he may have, our Thomas, none or more,  
Whose nuptial knot the callous powers ignore;  
From his unchartered wedlock—when shall say?—  
Some offspring may have seen the light of day,  
Who needs the warmth Prometheus first conveyed,  
With solvent hearth and Ceres' homely aid.  
Doubtless are left some damself with whom  
He held high converse in the devils' gloom!  
Wrong? Was it wrong? I only know they grieve  
To miss the pressure of his ambient sleeve,  
When in our care with careless trust assigned,  
The loved impediments he left behind.

Heir to an Earldom or kitchen-thrall—  
These crust-distinctions shall we now recall?  
What bounts it though he left his licensed sire,  
'Twixt Wapping barmaids serving Bacchic fire?  
With claims of wife or wench, 'tis Alfred's hope  
To see your cornucopias cope, cope, cope!

Myriad the matrons who, in utmost need,  
Are nerved by pride to not complain nor plead.  
Their dear Penates rather would they doom  
To lie as pledges with a local Oom.  
Their brave bread-winner absent, serves but ill;  
The nation's pittance practically nil!  
Vague in his views, a man of errant thought,  
He waited not in corners to be sought,  
When summoned, much like sturdy Cincinnatus,  
To leave across his till a crude hiatus,  
Nor lagged to huddle as to who should mind  
The loved impediments he left behind.

Life-work of feudal lord or simple serf,  
Tillers that race upon, or mow, the turf,  
Ceasing their several labors, forth they range,  
From ecurie and mart and moated grange.  
Come, with their kindred's wants, 'tis Alfred's hope  
To see your cornucopias cope, cope, cope!

So shall we face him with reproachless hands,  
(If anything this meaneth) when he lands,  
And, as returned our Ruman, having whacked,  
The Aequian foe, to find his plow intact,  
Likewise should Thomas, Victor, view with pride,  
His former pair of shins unoccupied!  
Vague, as I said, a man of errant thought,  
And apt, when hurt, to say "'Tis naught, 'tis naught!"  
Yet, by our "flag, inflexible as Fate,"  
Shall it be said that we have relegate  
To pauper's rations, we, his kith and kind,  
Those loved impediments he left behind?

Mansinn of Cæsar, pastry-monger's cot,  
Villa of Earl, in all a vacant spot!  
Five tens of thousands in each other's train,  
They move athwart the ship-encumbered main!  
Lo! with the wants of these, their country's hope,  
I bid your cornucopias cope, cope, cope!

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Frank Norris's "Man's Woman."

Frank Norris has taken one of the much-discussed questions of the day, the attitude to be taken by husband and wife each toward the career the other has chosen, for the central theme of his latest novel, "A Man's Woman." The husband is an Arctic explorer, and the woman a trained nurse—neither of which vocations is compatible with uninterrupted domesticity—and Mr. Norris's solution of the question is the same that has been found most acceptable since Adam delved and Eve span: the woman gives up her own career and yet sends the husband out on his frigid search for fame.

Lloyd Seairight, the woman, has endowed a home for trained nurses, and enrolled herself on its staff. Ward Bennett, the man she loves, and Dick Ferriss, his dearest friend, return from a polar expedition, and, Ferriss contracting typhoid fever, Lloyd is sent to nurse him. The case is a most malignant one, and two nurses have succumbed to the infection. At a critical stage of the disease Bennett learns that Lloyd is the nurse, and, in spite of urgent calls from the servant left momentarily at the sick bed, forcibly prevents her from attending the patient. Through this negligence Ferriss dies. Lloyd's love for Bennett is stunned—she thinks it dead—and Bennett himself sinks into a state of apathy. Then he, too, is stricken with the fever, and Lloyd nurses him. He tries to drive her from his bedside, as he had from his friend's, but she is the stronger, and nurses him back to life. They marry, and in time she helps him to another expedition to the pole.

The pictures of the explorers' sufferings and struggles in the frozen north, with which the book opens, are extraordinarily vivid, and equally life-like are the scenes in which Lloyd is shown in her duties as a trained nurse. Mr. Norris has evidently collected his data with the painstaking care of another Zola. But the strain of this painstaking is apparent in every page, and there is not a passage in the book that it is a pleasure to read. As to the mental battles through which Lloyd struggles when Bennett breaks her career and when she forces herself to return to the nurses' house and state the facts to her companions—there are pages and pages of these semi-delirious ramblings that are wearisome. Mr. Norris has got it all in, undoubtedly. What he should have done is to leave in only the salient points.

One can not but take exception, too, to Mr. Norris's title, "A Man's Woman." Brute force is not the modern concept of true manliness, and Ward Bennett is, by his primitive directness of thought as well as by his simian features and physique, little better than a human gorilla, and it is an insult to the race to apply to a female whose love for a male, evoked solely by his force, survives what was in intent the murder of his friend, the high title of "a man's woman."

Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## "The Sovereign Ladies of Europe."

The Countess A. von Bothmer is the editor of an interesting series of sketches of "The Sovereign Ladies of Europe," in which their personalities, achievements, marriage relations, and tastes are carefully outlined. The principal charm of the volume lies in the sympathetic manner in which the author writes of the various rulers without resorting to the gush and adulation which generally characterize a work of this kind. The object of the volume is to convince the average reader that the outward show, the numerous functions, and the splendor with which royalties are unavoidably connected are but accessories, and that to reign in our time means work of the hardest description.

The first chapter is naturally devoted to Queen Victoria, and then follow charming sketches of the Empress Alexandra Feodorovna of Russia, the Dowager-Empress Frederick, the Queen-Regent of Spain, the Queen of Portugal, Queen Margherita of Italy, Queen Olga of Greece, the Empress Auguste Victoria of Germany, the Queen of Saxony, Queen Charlotte of Württemberg, Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands, Queen Sophie of Norway and Sweden, the Queen of the Belgians, Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, and the late Queen of Denmark.

The volume is beautifully bound in red and gold, and contains some one hundred and fifty-three illustrations, showing the various sovereigns at different ages, exterior and interior views of their city and country palaces, and many interesting family groups.

Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia; price, \$4.00.

## A Romance of Old Bermuda.

There is abundant material for a most moving tale in "Mary Paget: A Romance of Old Bermuda," by Minna Caroline Smith. The oppressed maiden of whom the story is told runs away from home in England in the early seventeenth century, and crosses the sea to the Bermudas, in search of her lover, only to find the report of his having gone thither false—surely this gives opportunity for dramatic situations and poignant emotions. But the author holds for the most part to the cold, historical style of narration, and so chills the reader's sympathy.

And yet that she can tell the story as it should be

told is shown in many passages. The love that steals into Mistress Mary's heart as she listens, Desdemona-like, to Master Collingwood Paget's tale of his shipwreck in the Bermudas; the gayety and brilliance of her godmother, the willful Countess of Bedford; the strong passion of the Puritanical Haydon, who, having ruled his noble father, would now compel Mary to be his bride; the clever *coup* by which the countess carried off Mistress Mary under her father's nose, and the grand hall she gave her in her own castle of Tavistock; the pretty love-passages between Mary and Paget, and her abduction by the hot-blooded Puritan—these are all vivid scenes that one recalls with pleasure when the book is ended. But the language of the persons who figure in the tale is stilted and didactic; they speak in long drawn out monologues rather than converse, and the fiction is well nigh foundered by its heavy ballast of history.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Katharine de Forest, whose foreign correspondence as it appeared in *Harper's Bazar* was dear to many feminine readers of that periodical, has written a book entitled "Paris As It Is," which will appear this spring.

Marion Crawford announces that his "Life of Pope Leo," which represents an enormous amount of labor, will not be published until after the Pope's death.

Among the effects of the late Felix Morris have been found some three hundred copies of his delightful "Personal Reminiscences," which is now out of print. Mr. Morris has left his family in very good circumstances, so it is not a question of selling them, but a committee of his friends have undertaken to dispose of them, and any one who wants a copy can send to Mrs. Felix Morris, 42 Irving Place, New York. A good many people will like a memento of the genial artist.

A new romance of the sea, from the pen of Cyrus Townsend Brady, will be entitled "The Grip of Honor."

"The Toiling of Felix," a new volume by Henry van Dyke, which is announced for early publication, will consist of poems.

"Ouida's" forthcoming novel embodies an attack on the modern Italian Government. The plot deals with the power granted to a commercial company to divert the course of a great stream, thus reducing a village to destitution.

The *Criterion* is the latest of the weekly magazines to announce a change into monthly publication. This change takes effect about the middle of this month.

Henry Guy Carleton has completed his dramatization of "When Knighthood Was in Flower" for Julia Marlowe.

"The Son of the Wolf," a book of short stories, by Jack London, of Oakland, is to be brought out shortly by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The stories are based on the author's Klondike experiences and observations.

Lady Tama Arnold, the Japanese wife of Sir Edwin Arnold, has just published in London a little birthday book which she calls "Golden Pages." She justifies the title with the lines, "For golden gleams the pages where names of friends do shine." Sir Edwin has contributed to the volume a series of poems on the months.

The queer and suggestive title of Lucas Malet's forthcoming novel is "The Gateless Barrier." It is to be published in a few weeks.

Guy Boothby's new romance, "A Maker of Nations," has just been brought out by D. Appleton & Co.

"As the Light Led" is the title of a new novel by James Newton Baskett, the author of "At You-All's House," and, like his first novel, its scene is in North-Eastern Missouri.

Among the most notable contributions of *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* for March are "Modern City Roadways," by Nelson P. Lewis; "The Transplantation of a Race," dealing with the negro question, by Professor N. S. Shaler; "What Makes the Trolley Car Go," by William Baxter, Jr.; "Cross-Education," by Professor E. W. Scripture; and "A Century of Geology," by Professor Joseph Le Conte.

A curious operation in literary surgery has lately been performed in England, and it is believed that the patient will recover. The subject was "The Heavenly Twins." Mme. Sarah Grand, at the request of many of her readers, cut from the narrative the striking story of "Israfel" and "Diabolus," and has issued it through a London publisher as a distinct book. This operation is not wholly unparalleled in literary history. The separate publication of the papers in the *Spectator* relating to Sir Roger de Coverley will be recalled by every one. The New Shakespeare Society in England also published some years ago the play of "Marina," made up of the genuine Shakespearean portions of "Pericles," which constitute a drama within a drama, and make a complete story of themselves.

## LATE VERSE.

## Cnmfirt.

No day so drear but evensong  
Shall wake the stars,  
No cell so locked but time elong  
Shall break the bars.

No loss so large, hut leaveth soil  
Its waste to mend,  
No task so great but plodding toil  
Shall see its end.

—Margaret E. Sangster in *Bazar*.

## We Forget.

So many tender words and true  
We meant to say, dear love, to you;  
So many things we meant to do,  
But we forgot.

The busy days were full of care;  
The long night fell all unaware;  
You passed beyond love's pleading prayer,  
While we forgot.

Now evermore through heart and brain  
There breathes an undertone of pain.  
Though what has been should be again,  
We would forget.

We feel, we know, that there must be  
Beyond the veil of mystery  
Some place where love can clearly see  
And not forget.

—Ada Foster Murray in *March Harper's*.

## Song of the Unsuccessful.

We are the toilers from whom God barred  
The gifts that are good to hold.  
We meant full well and we tried full hard,  
And our failures were manifold.

And we are the clan of those whose kin  
Were a millstone dragging them down.  
Yea, we had to sweat for our brother's sin,  
And lose the victor's crown.

The seeming-able, who all but scored,  
From their teeming tribe we come;  
What was there wrong with us, O Lord,  
That our lives were dark and dumb?

The men ten-talented, who still  
Strangely missed of the goal,  
Of them we are: it seems Thy will  
To harrow some in soul.

We are the sinners, too, whose lust  
Conquered the higher claims;  
We sat us prone in the common dust  
And played at the devil's games.

We are the hard-luck folk, who strove  
Zealously, but in vain:  
We lost and lost, while our comrades throve,  
And still we lost again.

We are the doubles of those whose way  
Was festal with fruits and flowers;  
Body and brain we were sound as they,  
But the prizes were not ours.

A mighty army our full ranks make,  
We shake the graves as we go;  
The sudden stroke and the slow heartbreak,  
They both have brought us low.

And while we are laying life's sword aside,  
Spent and dishonored and sad,  
Our epitaph this, when once we have died:  
"The weak lie here, and the bad."

We wonder if this can be really the close,  
Life's fever cooled by death's trance;  
And we cry, though it seem to our dearest of  
foes:

"God, give us another chance!"

—Richard Burton in the *Outlook*.

William Le Queux has received the permission of the Russian Government to travel through Siberia and investigate the progress of the new Trans-Siberian Railway and the state of the penal settlements. His observations will result in a book descriptive of Siberia as it really is.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Nerve of Railroad Men.

To read "The Nerve of Foley, and Other Railroad Stories," by Frank H. Spearman, is to feel grow within one the pride of being American. "If they had faults," writes Mr. Spearman of the engineers, "they were American faults—rashness, a liberality bordering on extravagance, and a headstrong, violent way of reaching conclusions—traits born of ability and self-confidence, and developed by prosperity." As to their virtues—courage, honesty, loyalty, intelligence, the ability to decide quickly and to act immediately—this whole book is a celebration of them.

Foley, of the first story, is an engineer who comes to the West End—the western division of some railroad which operates between Denver and the East—during a strike. He is regarded as a "scab," and even beaten by strikers, but he shows invincible "nerve" of one kind by sticking to his work, of a second kind by saving the life of the chief striker's child, and of a third by coolly asking the biggest hully in the ranks of the disaffected for a "chaw" of tobacco. Georgie McNeal, "The Kid Engineer," is another of the same stripe. He came into the company's service during a strike, and his feat was to save his train, at the risk of his life and the actual loss of his arm, when a side-rod snapped and the hind end slapped into the cab like an iron flail at every revolution of the mighty wheel, when the train was going so fast you could not have seen the murderous rod even by daylight. Another engineer's feat was to overtake and control a runaway train driven by a gale on a down-grade, with nothing but his nerve and skill to save the long passenger-train ahead of it; and still another, having to cover ten hundred and twenty-six miles in better than twenty hours, shot "The McWilliams Special" over a burning bridge.

But the honor of railroad life is not all for the engineer; the fireman, the "brakie," the conductor, and the train-dispatcher all have their share, and one of the best tales in the book is "Bucks," the story of a train-dispatcher who became "second vice-president—which means the boss—of a trans-continental line." The character of the man is shown in the way he took his assistant's confession to having slept over the key. "It's awful business, Jim," he said. "It's murder, you know. It's the penitentiary, if they should convict you. But it's worse than that. If anything happened because you went to sleep over the key, you'd have them on your mind all your life, don't you know—forever. Men—and—children. That's what I always think about—the children. Maimed and scalded and burned. Jim, if it ever happens again, quit dispatching; get into commercial work; mistakes don't cost life there; don't try to handle trains. If it ever happens to you, you'll kill yourself." It never happened to the assistant or to Bucks, but what did happen is well worth knowing.

The book is one to class with Cy Warman's story of the Great Strike, showing the splendid qualities of the American railroad man as only one who has lived among them and been one of them could show it; and only one, too, who has the faculties of seeing the salient and dramatic, and of vivid, picturesque description that make the gift of the born story-teller.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

## The Works of Two Great Artists.

Two recent issues in the Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture Series are "Velasquez," by R. A. M. Stevenson, and "Raphael," by Henry Strachey. Each volume is handsomely illustrated with engravings from photographs of the most noted works of the artists, and this feature alone is sufficient to warrant the making of the books and their welcome by art-lovers. In addition there are catalogues of the pictures painted by the two artists, with notes concerning their present location, and lists of the books published on the painters and their art.

The critical part of the matter in Mr. Stevenson's volume on the great Spanish artist has appeared before in a more expensive form, but the biographical information is new and as extended as the scope of the work would permit. Though the main incidents in his life are recorded, not a great deal is known of Velasquez, yet when he was born, in 1599, his native city, Seville, was at the height of its fortunes, as the "capital of all the merchants in the world." The boy showed his inclination toward art at an early age, and was the pupil of an architect and painter in his thirteenth year. Through the good offices of Pacheco, who became his father-in-law when the artist was only nineteen, Velasquez at twenty-four was made the court painter to Philip the Fourth, a king of eighteen. He made several voyages to Italy, studied the work of the great artists there, and meanwhile was required to obey the call of his royal master. He died as marshal of the palace in Madrid, in 1660. As the author remarks, "the energy and eloquence of a Ruskin and the sympathetic comprehension of a Whistler or a Carolus-Duran are needed for Madrid."

Of Raphael there is a corresponding lack of exact knowledge. Mr. Strachey admits his indebtedness to Vasari's work, but points out the fact that Vasari was not a personal friend of Raphael, as he was of

Michelangelo, and that he got his information only at second hand. It has been said that Raphael, in his short life, swept away the Middle Ages, as far as art was concerned. Up to the date of Leonardo's "Last Supper," which was painted in 1497, while Raphael was a boy of fifteen, the general style of painting was formal and mediæval, but within twenty years the prevailing manner was free and unconstrained—a complete change. In his volume Mr. Strachey gives not only the facts as accepted concerning Raphael's life, but discusses many problems of form, composition, and sentiment with which the master was interested at the time of each work.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, per volume, \$1.75.

## Short Stories by Maxwell Gray.

Five short stories, the first giving its name to the book, make up Maxwell Gray's latest volume, "The World's Mercy," and they are gracefully told, with some pathetic pictures and some hits of homely humor. To the reader who bears in mind the impression made by "The Silence of Dean Maitland," the insight and power that raised that work above the flood of ordinary novels, there will be something of disappointment in this volume—a vain awaiting of some scene that will grip the interest and hold it for many days in spite of all knowledge of illusions. There is none such in these stories, but they are good reading, nevertheless. If the author's art never seems to be at its best in them, it can not be said that his efforts have failed.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

## New Publications.

"Dorsey, the Young Inventor," is Edward S. Ellis's latest book for boys, and it is in a more practical field, though no less inspiring, than most of his earlier stories. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; price, \$1.25.

A newly revised edition of Charles Nordhoff's "Politics for Young Americans" has been brought out. It was first published twenty-five years ago, and found favor with many teachers, though in its pages there are many opinions presented as facts. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

J. N. McIlwraith's "Canada" is the latest issue in the History for Young Readers Series, and the volume is noteworthy. The important events of nearly four centuries are tersely described, and there are many commendable touches of art and patriotism in the work. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 60 cents.

In the Temple Classics Series the latest issue is "The Paradise of Dante," with the poet's text upon the left-hand pages and the literal translation on the right. The arguments at the head of the thirty-three cantos, and the notes following, are evidence of care and scholarly research. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 65 cents.

Rest, pure air, and good food are the curative agencies most to be depended on, according to Dr. Emmet Densmore in "Consumption and Chronic Diseases." Milk is this physician's choice among foods most nearly perfect, and its use is fully explained in his book, with other necessary details for home treatment. Published by the Stillman Publishing Company, Brooklyn, N. Y.; price, \$1.25.

"Scoundrels & Co.," by Coulson Kernahan, is not meant to be taken seriously, as the author's brief foreword states distinctly, but the reader with a taste for detective stories full of mysterious circumstances and marvelous events will find in this story a fascination that continues from the unfortunate error committed by the narrator, that opens the account, to the exciting close at the door of the prison. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

There are many problems in "The Wife of His Youth," a volume of short stories by Charles W. Chesnut, not alone those presented by the relations of the black and white races, but many that arise in the progress of the people liberated from bondage only thirty-six years ago. Mr. Chesnut writes with no little power, and though there is sentiment and pathos in all his sketches, they ring true in nearly every instance. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

In the American Men of Energy Series the second volume is "Henry Knox: A Soldier of the Revolution," by Noah Brooks. The life of this gallant general and close friend of Washington is here told for the first time with a satisfactory completeness, many of the details being drawn from original documents and manuscripts. Many new pictures of life in the early days of the nation are presented in the biography. The portraits and historic buildings illustrated are notable features. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Professor J. Deniker, chief librarian of the Paris Museum of Natural History, has performed a service of value in gathering and presenting in an attractive way the principles and important results of the study of anthropology and ethnography. His volume, "The Races of Man," is modestly offered as an outline of the twin sciences, but it is much more than this. His style is simple and

direct, and his use of technical scientific terms as sparing as circumstances will permit. The book is well illustrated. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

No one in the world to-day knows the resting-place of Thomas Paine; the enmity he aroused during his life followed him after his death, but it was fear of his memory and of his vigorous utterances for liberty that spurred his calumniators to desperate effort. When Franklin said to him, "Where liberty is, there is my country," Paine replied, "Where liberty is not, there is mine." He fought tyranny all through his stormy career, and suffered not only ingratitude but intolerance at the hands of his countrymen whom he had aided most signally in gaining their freedom. Ellery Sedgwick's brief chronicle of the great patriot and controversialist's life—the latest issue in the Beacon Biographies—is clear, authoritative, and fair. The volume contains a fine portrait of Paine. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents.

Eight biographical studies are presented in "English Kings According to Shakespeare," by Professor J. J. Burns, and both the purpose of the author and its execution are to be commended. With the history of the Richards, Second and Third, the Henrys, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, and Eighth, and Edward the Fourth, is given the chronicle of Sir John Falstaff, that sovereign in the realm of humor. All passages illuminating the character of the royal personages are quoted from the plays, and the hits of narrative connecting the selections are brief, yet thoroughly informed and well considered. Readers, old and young, can find no more attractive way to knowledge of the good and bad qualities of the English kings than Shakespeare's historical dramas, and this little volume makes the study more simple yet no less agreeable. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 65 cents.

## German Searchlight on Hamlet.

The latest Shakespeare story comes from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. The question has often been asked why Shakespeare removed Hamlet, who was born in Jutland, to the Castle of Kronborg, near Helsingör, or Elsinore, in Seeland; and how he came to have such a curiously exact knowledge of the local conditions of the little seaport. These questions are answered by an old document found a short time ago in the archives of Helsingör. The document says that the hurgomaster of the town had a wooden fence erected in the year 1585, and that this fence was destroyed by a troupe of English actors. The names of the latter are mentioned, and among them are found some who, it is certain, were members of Shakespeare's company. From this it is concluded that this troupe, or several members thereof, had given representations in the year named in Helsingör, and that Shakespeare had obtained from them a description of the Castle of Kronborg and its neighborhood.

The war has produced a large number of social poets in England. The Duchess of Somerset is the latest with a stirring ballad, which is entitled "Rally 'Round Our Flag."

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Fatally irresistible is the spell which draws old players to the scene of their former triumphs, only too often to sadly demonstrate to their audience, if not to themselves, the fact that their day is over. It is a spell of which we in front know little. By turns, according to age or temperament, the life to outsiders looks alluring, splendid, sad, or sordid. But once he who entertains us has tasted the fatal intoxicant of success, then the delicate, impalpable threads of sympathy between actor and audience weave themselves into cable-cords of unyielding strength which drag him back against his better judgment, even when youth, strength, and inspiration fail. Old age fights many a doughty battle to hold its place on the stage before it learns the mournful lesson of defeat, and even death has had to claim its own before the footlights.

Which brings us down to the chilling fact that youth is fleeting, and that Maggie Moore has come back to us a fat little barrel of a woman, with just a few echoes left from the youthful freshness of what must have been once a pretty voice, and with that perennial twinkle in her eyes which some people carry with them through life, at all times and on all occasions, even at funerals—except their own. The piece in which she appears, "Mrs. Quinn's Twins," is an unusually primitive and childish specimen of stage-writing. Indeed, if the love episode, which no one would miss, were cut out, the piece would appeal very successfully to an audience of rather unintelligent children. But for adults there is a good deal too much uninteresting juvenility in it—too much of the dirty-faced twins and of their howling, too much of the school-children, too much of the village school. There was in the cast a large number of astonishingly had actors with astonishingly good brogues, in the merit of which last Maggie Moore shared very thoroughly. She made a very realistic and humorous old Irish woman, but her lines and situations were so flat and absolutely bald of humor that she was obliged to enliven things by calling everybody a "devil" by turns when the laughter of the audience died and they waited expectantly for further morsels of wit.

A very thin and papery-looking audience tried to put heart into the returned wanderer by the warmth of their greeting, but if such a round, cheery-looking, little roly-poly of a woman were capable of feeling sad, she must have felt so; for this was to her a house of strange faces; only an occasional old-timer had turned out from his comfortable fireside to give a welcoming clap to the popular little soubrette of the old days, but most of the audience were young enough to have outgrown the pinafore stage since she left San Francisco. Poor little ghost of the past—if one may be excused for applying so inapt a term as ghost to such a substantial and jovial presentment as Maggie Moore's. Yes, I think a little arrow of sadness and bitterness must have penetrated that comfortable bosom, and rankled there.

But it is not to be wondered at that people have not rallied around her. Many mistakenly went on Monday night expecting to see her appear in "The Silence of Dean Maitland," and I think it extremely probable that there are many more in San Francisco who were formerly enthusiastic theatre-goers, and retain pleasant recollections of the Maggie Moore of the old days, yet who now never read the theatrical news and were quite unaware that she was in town. They have been discouraged by the long, weary waste of trash which has become our daily share, and the theatre is to them a non-existent quantity. As for those of us who still grumble and go, we have become meekly abased and provincial in our attitude, and when people who cut such big figures in the theatrical world as Nat Goodwin and John Drew come to us before the dull season in New York is on, we gape and wonder if they have taken to gambling, or are short of money, or what is wrong that they throw the handkerchief over their way. In the meantime, while New York and Boston of course have everything that is good, they send their choicest on to Chicago and Philadelphia, and we may, if we will, read enviously in the Eastern papers that the Metropolitan Opera House of New York has sent on its company to Philadelphia, headed by Emma Eames; that Ernest Seton-Thompson is giving lectures in the Quaker City on the subject of wild animals; and that there are other good things there well worth seeing and hearing. We learn that Chicago has Irving and Ellen Terry; that Minnie Maddern Fiske is there playing Becky Sharp, and beside these are several fine musical organizations running—Sousa's band, for instance, and the Theodore Thomas orchestra. Even New Orleans makes

a good showing with Paderewski, Willie Collier, Viola Allen, and other well-known names.

"Darkest Russia" tells all by its title. That sinister superlative means sheet-lighting melodrama, and a sort of mild, philosophical entertainment may be extracted in watching the perfectly open methods by which the playwright works upon the feelings of his more artless and un-sophisticated auditors. No actors are needed to pre-empt this delightfully ingenuous work. All that is required is a set of athletic young men and women who can shriek or whisper with equally startling effect, fall agonizingly an unlimited number of times on their knees without breaking their knee-caps, or on their backs without smashing their backbones, and who bring to their work an utter and profound lack of humor and an enormous faith in themselves. All this was conscientiously provided by the management, and a large and breathlessly attentive audience laughed, hissed, yelled, whistled, and verbally shouted their enjoyment, their obprobriations to the villainous element, and their general excitement. Nihilism, of course, and the tyranny of the Russian officials, is the potent force which starts the melodramatic machinery to work, and the profusely ramifying plot to unfold its sinuous length.

The first act transpires in the magnificent past-board palace of the Karsicheffs, a noble Russian family, of which the head is the minister of police. This gentleman is of a very weak and watery fibre to fill so exalted and responsible a position, and is thoroughly hen-pecked by his countess, who gave no hint, in her first appearance, of her lofty histrionic powers. She did show much genteel hauteur in the withering manner with which she blighted the comedian with her lognette, and asked in aristocratically icy tones of his spoor, "Why do you bring that person here?"—a sentiment, by the way, which I cordially shared.

Then there was a Nihilistic cellar, where an infant of about eighteen summers, dressed in a uniform for no particular reason, was deeply, darkly, direfully intense about nothing in particular. This interesting young thing excited our sympathies deeply (we did not exactly know why), but he was so pallid, and clung so pertinaciously to his book, and pitched his voice so far down somewhere about the bottom rock of his stomach, that we felt a vague compassion for him. However, it finally transpired that he was secretly married to the daughter of the noble house of Karsicheff, a young lady of the name of Olga, whom her father casually addressed as "Ah, Olga," reminding me of Thackeray's inimitable lines in the "Yellow Plush Papers":

"R Hangeline! R lady mine!  
Dost thou remember James?"

The infant, who had some trouble at times in wrestling with polysyllables and frequently got his words mis-accented, uttered, in speaking of his wife, this highly creditable and original sentiment: "I love her madly, passionately, dec-votedly!" The wife reciprocated, and, as her husband, although no nihilist, much affected nihilistic cellars, she came there mysteriously veiled, and while they with two other blameless non-nihilists were having an enjoyably gloomy time together, a hoarse voice commanded: "Open in the name of the Czar!" The door burst open with a terrific crash, and a detachment of the base hirelings of the Czar, consisting of three "supes," and a large and intrepid force of scene-painted warriors, was revealed, aiming deadly rifles at the innocent four. Then, after suffering agonies of suspense during the *entr'acte*, we found ourselves gazing upon the wicked three of the play—the minister of police, his cruel son, and his heartless consort—and all three were planning all kinds of wickedness in order to get rid of the gloomy youth and his sister, a young woman with midnight hair, starlight eyes, and a dynamite manner, who attacked every emotion in the whole gamut with the utmost intrepidity.

It was not until this act, when the wicked countess began to get in her deadly work, that I realized that she was the real heroine of the piece, and that her regal repose in the first act was the quiet of conscious strength. She discovered herself to be a person of very decided character, and when people got in her way she commanded her husband to minister-of-police them to Siberia, which he unflinchingly did. She always referred to her family as "our house," uniformly snubbed everybody, including servants, guests, and relatives, and seemed to approve cordially of no one but herself, of whom she remarked that she was born to command, and had the spirit of the great Catherine herself. I began to conceive quite an attachment for this doughty dame, who gave us such a valuable object-lesson on the manners of the Russian upper classes. She was far more amusing than the comedian, who relied entirely upon his teeth for all his points. And having the curiosity to look up her name on the programme, I found it to be Kate Jepson. They really could not have gotten along without her, for she played as to the melodrama born. But the gorge of the now excited and sympathetic audience rose against her, and when, in ignorance of her daughter's presence among the presumable nihilists, she had the group sentenced *en bloc* to exile, the whole house yelled their exultation so loudly that the actors on the stage were obliged to strain their lung-power to the utmost to out-scream them and make their lines heard. The

company, in the manner with which we are all familiar in exciting pieces, now came out at the end of the act and gave the auditors a chance to work off a little steam. The wicked three were greeted with a storm of hisses, to which the countess replied by a haughty toss of her head—she recognized it purely as a tribute. But the son, who was but a young thing, smiled sheepishly, looked embarrassed, and got himself quickly away.

In the last act, the skillful playwright has the whole crowd transferred bodily to frozen Siberia, with the disgraced minister of police as a tyrannical commandant. Here we presently discover that the batch of good but unfortunate people are among the exiles; that nearly everybody else is disguised—either with a false bang or a new suit of clothes—beyond all possibility of recognition; that the wicked Karsicheff family are aware that the persecuted good people are pardoned all round, through an unusual burst of imperial clemency, and are trying to steal the pardons; and that the plot generally is tied up in a very hard knot. At this point I left, and discovered in the corridor a pleasing tableau, of which the participants were the darkey attendant, three policemen, the doorkeeper, and a group of men; all had their oases glued to the port-holes at the rear of the auditorium, and their backs down to their very heels were expressive of an excited absorption in the play.

I shall never, never know what punishment was meted out to the wicked countess, but I feel firmly convinced that such a mean, hateful, stuck-up thing deserved nothing less than a life-sentence to hard labor in the remotest and most frozen wilds of Siberia.

JOSEFITA.

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Listened to his friends' advice—  
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Douched his nose with brine,  
Mustard plaster on his chest,  
Camphor balls,  
Quinine,  
Bottle Dr. Killen's Cure,  
Onion stew,  
Some squills,  
Hoarhound tablets,  
Licorice,  
Anti-febrine pills,  
Porous plaster on his back,  
Spirits frumanti,  
Menthol inhalation tube,  
Ginger,  
Rock and rye,  
Bottle of cough syrup,  
Whisky—just a sip,  
Mutton tallow on his neck,  
Box of anti-grip,  
Vapor bath,  
Electric shocks,  
Brandy,  
Cure for croup,  
Emulsion of cod liver oil,  
Ugh!  
Some strong beef soup.

Every remedy they urged  
Mr. Blifkins tried;  
Now they say they cured the cold,  
But Mr. Blifkins died.  
—Josh Wink in Baltimore American.

##### The Automobile's Successors.

The Automobile is a dandy!  
A cab that's a very high roller;  
But truly I hope that in Venice  
They won't have an Autogondola.

And when I'm in Paris, egad, sir—  
You know that I'm naught of a Quaker—I  
I trust that the Bois de Bologne  
Will not see an Autofiacre.

But when I'm at home with the baby,  
The Autokid-carriage is strapping;  
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While daddy indulges in napping.  
—Bazar.

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—PROGRAMME—

Beethoven—String Quartet in F-Major, Op. 18, No. 1.  
Bach—Concert for two violins: Messrs. Minetti and Stark.  
Smetana—String Quartet in E-Minor (aus meinem Leben).  
Accompanist, Miss Meta Asher.

Reserved Seat, 75 cts. Admission, 50 cts.  
Tickets on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music Store, on Friday, March 16th, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

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San José and way stations. Arrive at San Bruno at 12:45 P. M. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 P. M. Rates: San Francisco to Tanford and return, including admission to track, \$1.25.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"Because She Loved Him So."

The most interesting event at the theatres next week will be the first performance in this city of the successful comedy, "Because She Loved Him So," which begins a two-weeks' engagement at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night. It is an adaptation from the French of Bisson and Leclercq, by William Gillette, and, like its predecessors, "Secret Service," "Too Much Johnson," and others, it has enjoyed a long run in New York, and been enthusiastically received on tour. The plot revolves about a female Othello, an unreasoning, headstrong, wayward, and tempestuous woman, so completely possessed of the demon of jealousy that her life becomes merely a record of those "damned moments" which serve to make up the sum of existence of one "who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves." Instead of following Shakespeare's example and writing a tragedy, however, Mr. Gillette has preferred to treat his theme from a comic aspect, and it is said that he has handled it with genuine skill and humor.

The acting will doubtless be excellent, for not since Henry Miller's departure have we been visited by a company containing so many established favorites. J. E. Dodson, one of the best character actors in this country, and his clever wife, Annie Irish, who was last seen here as William H. Crane's leading lady in Eugene Preshey's "A Virginia Courtship," head the company. Among those associated with them are Francis Carlisle, a former member of the Frawley Company, Ralph Dean, Tully Marshall, W. J. Constantine, Roy Fairchild, Charles Eldridge, Kate Meek, Eleanor Braham, Margaret Fielding, Margaret Mayo, Marion Fairfax, and Frances Comstock.

Three More Wagner Concerts.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday next week the last three Damosch-Gadski-Bispham concerts are to be given at the California Theatre, the programmes being devoted to "Das Rheingold," "Die Walkure," "Siegfried," and "Die Gotterdammerung."

During the latter part of the week, beginning Thursday, Palmer Cox's delightful spectacular conceit, "The Brownies in Fairyland," in three acts, is to be revived on an elaborate scale with nearly two hundred precocious children, ranging in age from four to fourteen, in the cast. There will be several pretty ballets, numerous specialties, a cake-walk, and many other attractive features, and, as it is some time since San Francisco has enjoyed a performance designed principally to please the little ones, there should be crowded houses during the four performances.

Continued Success of "The Idol's Eye."

Having amused nearly one hundred and fifty thousand people in the past eight weeks, "The Idol's Eye," at the Tivoli Opera House, commences its third month next Monday evening, with a reported advance sale of seats as large as ever. While the management anticipated a long run for "The Idol's Eye," it never expected that it would draw crowded houses for two months, and still find that the public demanded the retention of the comic opera for an indefinite period. It was believed that the limited number of theatre-goers in this city and vicinity would not allow of a run similar to those enjoyed in New York, but this assumption has proved erroneous. Some very interesting statistics could be framed as to the number of times many people have seen "The Idol's Eye" over and over again, for otherwise the comic opera would have lost its popularity long ago. It looks as if the Tivoli Opera House will make a new record of "one hundred nights" with "The Idol's Eye," and that "Manila-Bound" and "The Wizard of the Nile" will not be required for some time to come.

At the Orpheum.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew will head the new bill at the Orpheum, presenting a dainty little one-act comedy, "Love Will Find the Way," by Kenneth Lee, which is said to fit them even better than his "When Two Hearts Are Won" and "Diana on the Chase," in which they scored such a hit here some two years ago. The other newcomers will be Flatoe and Dunn, colored comedians, in an amusing skit entitled "Pastimes on the Levee," and Howard Thurston, a magician and clever card manipulator. Those retained from this week's bill are the Smedley Sketch Club, Anna Whitney, Newhouse and Ward, the Franks Trio, Marinetti and Grossi, and the Imperial Moorish Acrobats, whose acrobatic feats are marvelous.

Chicago's Poor Musical Taste.

Mr. Henry T. Finck, the musical critic of the New York Evening Post, makes an interesting comparison of the conditions of the opera in the chief cities of the United States and of Europe in the International Review. The contrast between the reception accorded to grand opera in New York and in Chicago is very marked, he writes, and he is rather severe in his judgment of musical taste in the latter city:

"Chicago claims a population of two millions, and it is estimated that among these there are perhaps four hundred thousand who were born in Germany, or born in America of German parents. The

Germans are certainly more devoted to good music than any other nation in the world, yet when Mr. Maurice Grau invaded Illinois with an opera company which New York had patronized to the extent of nearly a million dollars, leaving him a clear profit of one hundred thousand dollars, Chicago, with its hundreds of thousands of Germans, treated it with such neglect that Mr. Grau solemnly resolved that he would never go there again. Last November, nevertheless, he made another attempt, changing his tactics by taking his company to Chicago before the New York season; thus silencing the objection that he did not give Western audiences a chance to hear his singers until their voices had been worn out by four months' work in New York. Again, however, his expenses exceeded his receipts, and this time he was charged with the crime of taking his company to Chicago first, in order that the performances there might serve as rehearsals for New York!

"The indifference shown toward Mr. Grau's company in Chicago seems almost incredible when we look at its make-up. No opera-house in Europe has half as many singers of the first rank as he took West in November. The names of the prima donnas alone would take away the breath of opera-goers in any European city. There were not only the two most eminent American singers, Mmes. Eames and Nordica, but five of the foremost German and Austrian artists of the century. . . . The plain truth is, that the populace of Chicago, like that of most of our cities, does not care to support good music, for the simple reason that such music gives it no pleasure, being, in fact, more apt to bore it."

COMMUNICATIONS.

Opinion and Facts Concerning the Boer War.

HANFORD, CAL., February 27, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have a great respect for your judgment on passing events, when the facts are before you, so I am glad, as an Englishman, to see by your editorial in last week's Argonaut entitled "Stifling Opinion on the Boer War," that your inability to sympathize with Great Britain in what you believe to be an unjust war is founded on a certain unfamiliarity with the facts, which leaves the hope that your judgment may be modified by further investigation.

I should like to take your facts, express or implied, one by one.

You say ever since the war began the New York Tribune—among other papers—has glorified "the British invasion." Will you forgive me if I say there has been no British invasion of Transvaal territory, and, until within the last few days, there has been no invasion of her ally's territory. My authority for this contradiction is the Transvaal ultimatum ordering British troops out of South Africa (set out in the daily papers of October 11th last), and all published maps of South Africa, which show that Ladysmith, Colenso, Stormberg, Kimberley, and Magersfontein are well within British territory.

Then you say "the government of the Transvaal is the choice of the people of the Transvaal." This is true only if "the people of a country" is defined to mean the descendants of the white people who first settle in a country theretofore inhabited by colored people. This definition would exclude from "the people of the United States" all of its inhabitants except descendants of the original Virginians and New Englanders who first settled in this country. If "the people of the Transvaal" means the white inhabitants, then your statement is incorrect. My authority for this contradiction is the notorious fact that the large Outlander population of the Transvaal has been unarmed and without votes, so that the government of the Transvaal can not be said to be the choice of the people of the Transvaal.

You say further, a greedy oligarchy would never allow foreigners to obtain nine-tenths of the property. The answer is that if the greedy oligarchy retains the power of appropriating to itself as much of the annual income from that property as it chooses, the fact of the oligarchy allowing nine-tenths of the property to be owned by others only proves that the oligarchy is as astute as well as greedy. Property is an object of human desire only because of the income it produces. What would be the use to any one of owning a United States bond if it bore no interest?

You say further that you are told that the Transvaal (like the United States) exacts five years' residence from a foreigner before giving him the ballot. Up to the beginning of the acute stage of the present trouble—that is, up to the end of last summer—the period of residence required by the Transvaal was fourteen years, not five years. For authority I can only refer you to the statute book of the South African Republic. It is true that once during September last the Transvaal government did make a conditional offer (which they withdrew after a few days) of a five years' franchise coupled with many nullifying restrictions, among which was the right of "peremptory challenge" by the executive at the last moment. The condition, however, attached to the offer was that England should bind herself beforehand not to see that the offer, if accepted, was carried out.

You say you are told that the Transvaal refuses citizenship to Englishmen who refuse to renounce allegiance to the queen. If this means, as your next sentence implies, that England has asked the Transvaal to admit citizens on these terms, I can only say I believe you are mistaken and that no authority can be produced for such assertion.

Whatever may have been the moral right of Great Britain to invade the two republics in connection with the Outlanders' grievances, the right (moral and legal) of invasion has now arisen by reason of the invasion of British territory by the Boers.

It seems to me the attitude of the Boers toward the Outlanders has been like the attitude of the

original Virginians and New Englanders and their descendants would have been in this country if they had said to the hosts of Germans and other foreigners who had immigrated into the United States, "You may come and live and work here, but this country is ours because we came here before you, and we, therefore, intend to retain the government in our own hands forever and ever."

As to people who never look deeper into a quarrel than to ascertain the relative size of the combatants, and then sympathize with the smaller, that is creditable to their instincts, but not very creditable to their intelligence.

The more deeply one looks into the bottom causes of the South African war, the more clear it becomes that the Boers are a privileged caste fighting (naturally enough) for the maintenance of their privileges, and that England, on the other hand, is fighting for liberty and equality in South Africa; and it is not very easy to understand why Americans who do not approve of caste and privilege should be attracted to the cause of the Boers. I am, sir, Your obedient servant,

S. C. S. HAMMOND.

[That England has been unable "until within the last few days" to invade the territory of the Boers does not affect the intent with which the largest armed force ever placed in the field by England was sent to South Africa. The intention was to invade the Transvaal. That a hurglar is killed in attempting to break into a house does not relieve his attempt of moral turpitude.

The "people of the Transvaal" are the citizens of that country, not the aliens. England has no more moral right to declare upon what terms the Transvaal republic shall admit to citizenship than it has to dictate to the American republic on the same subject.

The astuteness of permitting foreigners to exploit the mines of the Transvaal, and to retain the major part of the profits, is not very apparent. It would be more astute for the government to confiscate nearly all the profits, as the Canadian Government has done on the Klondike, and then to seek to grab some convenient seaport to which it has no legal title.

The government of Great Britain has not officially demanded that the Transvaal republic should grant citizenship to Englishmen who refuse to renounce their British allegiance; the Outlanders have demanded that concession, however.

In conclusion, our correspondent, as an Englishman, has a perfect right to exercise his own judgment as to the rights and wrongs of the war in South Africa; the people of this country, as unprejudiced observers, claim the same right.—EDS.]

The United States Court of Claims has rendered an opinion on the claim of Admiral Dewey, his officers and men, for naval bounty for the destruction of the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, May 1, 1898, the court holding that the claimant has a right to recover one hundred dollars for each person on board the enemy's ships. This decision is upon the basis that the admiral's was superior to the Spanish fleet, excluding the shore batteries, the torpedoes, and the mines in Manila Bay. Admiral Dewey's claim was for two hundred dollars for each man belonging to the enemy's fleet, including the supporting shore batteries, mines, and torpedoes. It was contended by counsel for Admiral Dewey that the enemy's force was superior to the vessels of the United States. The government insisted that the statute failed to provide for the contingency of cooperation of the land batteries with the fleet destroyed, and the court is powerless to supply the omission. It is understood that the counsel for Admiral Dewey will take an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. Under the decision, Admiral Dewey is personally entitled to \$9,570.

The fifth meeting of the Western Turf Association will begin at Tanforan Park on Monday, and will continue until March 24th. A number of interesting races will be run, and some lively sport is expected.

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## VANITY FAIR.

People who have decided on taking a tour through Egypt and the Holy Land this year complain of unusual difficulty in getting berths in transatlantic liners, and agents in charge of trips to these countries say that it is almost impossible to get them started on schedule time. This is ascribed to two causes. One is that the number of intending tourists in the lands of Bible story has increased beyond all expectations, and the second is that the British Government has taken no less than fifteen large steamships off the hands of the different steamship companies. The tourist season in Egypt and the Holy Land begins in December and ends from March to May, according to locality. After March the hot desert winds begin to blow in Egypt, and by the end of April it becomes too warm for comfort even in Palestine, although the nights are cool. According to the New York *Sun*, a man who has personally conducted a great number of tours through the Bible lands said last week, in talking of the present status of travel in these countries: "I do not suppose there ever was a time when it was so hard to make dates for tourists. The number of people who want to go to the Holy Land is far in excess of the accommodations. The taking of so many ships by the British Government for war purposes makes it difficult to arrange tours, especially as the season lasts only a few months. How do I account for the large number of people who are going this year? Well, there are a number of contributing causes. During and for some time before the war with Spain, the tourist business dropped lower than it had been for several years, and tourists are now making up for lost time. Then, again, times have been good since the war, and people are spending more money. The chief reason I believe is that a trip through these countries is not considered so formidable an undertaking as it used to be. Modern inventions have worked wonders, and even the road from Cairo to the Pyramids, which used to be traversed on mules, has a trolley line, with an Arab conductor, clad in a garment that to an American looks like a night-shirt, jumping on and off the cars, collecting fares and pulling the bell-strap just like an American conductor."

Prior to July, 1894, the kitchens of Paris eating-houses were under government surveillance. A ministerial circular then declared restaurants to be entitled to the same privileges as private houses, and the surveillance was abolished. In December, 1897, rumors of the filth of most of these kitchens became so prevalent that the Société Française d'Hygiène appointed a commission to inquire into the matter. The result of the investigation was recently published in *Le Journal d'Hygiène*, and it is considered particularly important (comments the New York *Times*) owing to the fact that within a few months Paris will be crowded with visitors. These kitchens are invariably in the basement; they have nothing that could be called ventilation, and the ceilings are usually less than eight feet from the floors. The kitchens are very small in area, and into them are crowded the larder, the hot stoves, and the cooks, with their assistants. The temperature was often found to register as high as 140 to 160 degrees Fahrenheit. In this torrid, stifling atmosphere men and women work from five or six o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night, with only short intervals for eating, but none for repose. An abnormal mortality among cooks is thus promoted, most of the deaths being caused from tuberculosis and gastro-hepatitis. It is estimated by *Le Journal d'Hygiène* that the number of cooks employed in Paris restaurants is about 20,000, of whom 8,000 are males and 12,000 females. The death rate per annum is estimated at 25.98 per 1,000, or about double the mortality of the adult population of Paris. The report deals in detail and at great length with the conditions found in these practically underground kitchens. It declares that for the sake of the poor people chiefly concerned, and also in the interests of the immense number of visitors to Paris, who naturally are obliged for the most part to frequent hotels and restaurants, it is imperatively necessary that remedial measures for a radical reform of the crying evil should be forthwith devised. For, it is pointed out, the same factors which are responsible for the terrible conditions maintained in these kitchens must also react disadvantageously on the food prepared.

In Colorado the attitude of the women on political subjects is a matter of moment, owing to the strength of their ballot (remarks the Chicago *Record*). As to national affairs the Colorado Equal-Suffrage Association has taken no active steps, being chiefly interested in reforms which it is endeavoring to secure through the State legislature. The legislative committee has reported in favor of changing certain statutes which are said to be unfavorable to the women of the State. It is proposed to correct the statute under which the husband may sell or mortgage joint property without the consent of the other party. It is determined, also, to secure better appropriations for the State Industrial School for Girls. At the last session of the legislature the women waged a bitter war against the Cannon anti-bill, legalizing pugilistic contests in Colorado. The measure became a law, however, but the women felt that they had achieved a moral

victory, as through their efforts the law was brought into court and was proved unconstitutional. The war on this measure was headed by Colorado's three women legislators, the Hon. Mary F. Barry, the Hon. Harriet G. R. Wright, and the Hon. Frances S. Lee, all members of the house of representatives. These three legislators are leaders among the women of Colorado in all things political, and they have manifested such a knowledge of legislative affairs that, during the absence of Speaker Smith, at the last session, Mrs. Lee was chosen to preside over the house of representatives temporarily. Her rule was most firm and efficient, and affairs of the house never went more smoothly than under her gavel. Mrs. Frances Lee won the distinction of successfully running two houses last winter. One was the house over which she presides as wife and mother, and the other was the Colorado house of representatives, as she was Speaker of that august body and brought order out of chaos when several important measures were up for consideration.

"Biltmore, the far-famed, castle-like residence of George W. Vanderbilt, in North Carolina, seems in its situation to preclude the idea of illness, care, or the remembrance of the outer world of weary things," says the *Home Journal*. "It is on a high eminence, the very centre of all the breezes that can blow clean and clear from mountain ranges on every side, sheltered from heavy winds, yet 'set tip-toe upon a little hill,' like Keats's 'a thing of beauty and a joy forever.' On the north-east, blue Mount Mitchell looms in solitary grandeur many hundred feet higher than Mount Washington, surrounded by a body-guard of sentinel mountains, and southward Pisgah lifts its glory above the grand estate of Biltmore, whose palatial walls rise in stately assurance that America has begun to place evidences of her wealth, artistic discrimination, and substantial enterprise in homes that shall descend to generations. Northerners are rapidly finding out why such men as Mr. Vanderbilt lavish millions within a fifty-mile range, far from the centres of civilization, in a supposedly wild and unattractive country. Asheville is an ideal spot, so beautiful and healthful that strenuous efforts are being made to induce Congress to take 500,000 acres for an 'Appalachian National Park.' Asheville, a city of 12,000 inhabitants, nestles in a sort of cup, and presents some astonishing features to the traveler. In the hollow of huge hills, out of sight and hearing of the world, you find exquisite costumes, fine equipages, tigers and footmen, dainty and elegant women, finely tailored men, shops that would not look out of place on Broadway, and show-windows full of gems. The great attraction to the majority will always be the drive to Biltmore and the inspection of its 125,000 acres, containing not only the remarkable residence so often described, but 40 miles of the most perfect driveways; a dairy with cattle whose pedigrees are longer than those of many a lord; and the stables, where speed and breeding, beauty and intelligence, have won expert approval. The piggeries are by no means neglected, since they prove that pigs do not love dirt and are as self-respecting an animal as any, and as fond of a bath as a duck. The guests of Mr. Vanderbilt are supplied with fresh tomatoes, cucumbers, radishes, peas, and early strawberries from the truck-farm and hot-houses of his estate, while the rich cream, poultry, and many other supplies have proved a really lucrative investment for this 'fancy farmer.' Magnificent stretches of scenery meet the eye from every point in this princely domain, and around it is growing up the village of Biltmore, arranged in cottages that may be had at a very reasonable price, or in villas, chalets, or more expensive residences. These are the natural extension of the great enterprises emanating from a wise young head and a free hand."

"Society events" have become a feature of college life in recent years, the importance of which is seldom appreciated by the older generation—except as they have sons and daughters who are interested in them. Every institution of any consequence, whether for young men or for young women, has such occasions every year, which not only engage the attention of many students, but bring a large number of people from out of town, often from distant places. For some time there has been a growing tendency to make "the junior prom," as one of these occasions is commonly called in several colleges, more and more expensive, until students from families in moderate circumstances have been increasingly embarrassed. Of late, however, the authorities have generally been taking this matter in hand, and putting on the brakes. The president of Smith College, for example, recently gave the young women a plain talk on the expensiveness of their class entertainments. While he approved of the spirit which prompted these affairs, he disapproved of their ever-growing costliness, which had made them a burden on many of the students—a burden, Dr. Seelye said, which could not be allowed, as the college existed for the poor as well as the rich.

In connection with the semi-official admonitions sent out in Washington for the guidance of those who purposed attending White House receptions, and which stated plainly the custom requiring ladies to appear without bonnets, it was said that violations of rules made the offender subject to unne-

cessary observation and criticism, even if the careless guest chanced to be a man instead of a woman. This applies to men who do not follow the accepted fashions of dress and appear in other than evening clothes. Every offender in this regard helps to detract from the fitness and harmony, to say nothing of the brilliancy, of the most important of all the social functions. Notables, or those who are apt to reach that class, never run any risk by violations of accepted customs in dress or anything else. There was only one really great man in the memory of the present generation who did not favor the claw-hammer coat and did not own one. But he never appeared at evening festivities.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, March 7th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.
	Shares.		Bid. Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	1,500	@ 111½	
Cal. St. Ry. 5%.....	4,000	@ 117½	117
Los An. & Pac. Ry.			
5%.....	6,000	@ 102½	
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	45,000	@ 105½-105½	105½
Market St. Ry. 6%.....	2,000	@ 127½	128½
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	4,000	@ 116-116½	
N. R. of Cal. 6%.....	25,000	@ 113½	
Oakland Water 5%.....	8,000	@ 105	
Oakland Transit 6%.....	24,000	@ 112	
Omnibus C. R. 6%.....	4,000	@ 127½	128
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	5,000	@ 105½	105½
S. P. Ry. of Cal. 6%.....	8,000	@ 107½-109	110
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%.....	23,000	@ 111	111
S. P. Branch 6%.....	3,000	@ 127	127
S. V. Water 6%.....	1,000	@ 114	114

	STOCKS.		Closed.
	Shares.		Bid. Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	3,520	@ 64½-73	64½ 65
Spring Valley Water.....	870	@ 97½-99½	98½ 99½
Gas and Electric.			
Equitable Gaslight.....	400	@ 3½-3½	3½
Oakland G. L. & H.....	205	@ 50-50½	49 50½
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	235	@ 51½-57	54½
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	1,600	@ 51½-56½	53½ 53½
S. F. Gas.....	208	@ 4½	4½ 5
Banks.			
Anglo-Californian.....	50	@ 68½	69
Bank of Cal.....	55	@ 405	402½
Street R. R.			
Market St.....	800	@ 62½-63½	62½ 62½
Powders.			
Giant Con.....	1,350	@ 88½-92	90½ 91
Vigort.....	100	@ 2½-2½	2½
Sugars.			
Hana P. Co.....	415	@ 85½-10	9½ 10
Hawaiian.....	240	@ 84-88	88
Honokaa S. Co.....	1,435	@ 29-31½	31 31½
Hutchinson.....	1,465	@ 25½-27	26½ 27
Kilauea S. Co.....	950	@ 18-20	19½ 20
Makaweli S. Co.....	3,335	@ 45½-47½	47½
Onomea S. Co.....	540	@ 27-28	27½
Pauahua S. P. Co.....	1,635	@ 25½-29½	29½ 30
Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers.....	50	@ 120½-121	120 121
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....	50	@ 100	99½
Oceanic S. Co.....	250	@ 92½-93½	93
Pac. C. Borax.....	5	@ 147½	147½

The heavy hand of the supervisor, aided and abetted by the plunger, has kept the guesser busy this week trying to call the turn on Spring Valley Water, San Francisco Gas and Electric, and Contra Costa Water stocks. The two former, with elastic rebound, went upward when crowded down by a cut of rates, but Contra Costa Water lies dazed and shows no sign of recovering as yet. At the time of the settlement of the differences of the Oakland water companies, no dividends being paid, this stock sold around \$5, and now, with dividends at some rate assured, it seems as though the stock should go no lower.

Giant Powder has been forced down to some extent by rumors circulated by manipulators to the effect that one of the head chemists of the California Company's works, together with some of his assistants, had resigned and were about to start an opposition factory and cut prices. As a fact, the resignation was caused solely by a desire to engage in a chemical works which, when once under way, will furnish to the existing powder works the best of materials at lower rates than they are now paying, and therefore will prove a benefit rather than an injury to Giant and the other companies.

Sugar stocks have shown a daily strengthening by purchases for good parties. The bubonic plague stamped out, fine rains, and prospects for another good year have made careful investors pick up sugars. Everything indicates activity and good prices all along the line this summer.

The lethargy of several weeks past has been broken, and the week just finished showed activity, good sales, good buyers, and an interest that bodes work for the brokers in the future.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

GEO. R. SANDERSON, A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO. Tel. Bush 24. 238 Montgomery Street, S. F.

ARTHUR W. MOORE, Member Stock and Bond Exchange. Stock and Bond Broker.

412 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO

## Hawaiian Trust &amp; Investment Co., Ltd

Stocks and Bonds—We buy and sell strictly on commission all first-class Hawaiian Stocks and Bonds. Members of Honolulu Stock Exchange.

In General—We are prepared to look after property both real and personal, collect and remit incomes, and execute any business commission for persons residing abroad.

References—Messrs. Welch & Co., 220 California Street, San Francisco, Cal. Bank of Hawaii, Limited, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.  
GEORGE R. CARTER, Treasurer, 409 Fort Street, Honolulu, H. I.



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We supply the material for the asking, or box, post-paid, 15 cts. in stamps.

Grocers and druggists sell it.

The Electro Silicon Company, 30 Cliff Street, New York.



## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,213,146.59

Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00

Deposits December 30, 1899.....28,636,655.41

OFFICERS—President, E. A. Becker; First Vice-President, DANIEL ALVORD; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohte, D. N. Walter, H. R. Kuss, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1900.....\$26,110,681

Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000

Reserve Fund.....210,067

Contingent Fund.....407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. de FREMERY, Vice-Pres. LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.

Directors—George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Nagee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, Geo. Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000

SURPLUS.....1,000,000

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT. 2,321,212

January 1, 1900.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
S. PRESTISS SHURT.....Assistant Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier  
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

## CORRESPONDENTS:

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.  
Baltimore.....The Bank of New York, N. B. A.  
Boston.....The National Exchange Bank  
Chicago.....The National City Bank  
Philadelphia.....The Philadelphia National Bank  
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank  
Virginia City, Nev.....Agency of the Bank of California  
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Frères  
Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft  
China, Japan, and East Indies. Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China  
Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager

H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst-Cashier;

H. L. MILLER, Second Asst-Cashier.

Directors—John J. Valentine, Andrew Christensen, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Birmingham, Dudley Evans.

Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869-

451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco,

411 California Street



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Professor John Snelling Popkin was professor of Greek at Harvard, some years ago, and he was not without a nickname, which he accepted as a matter of course from the students; but hearing it on one occasion from a man of dapper, jaunty, unacademic aspect, Professor Popkin exclaimed: "What right has that chap to call me 'Old Pop'? He isn't a student of Harvard College."

A story of the Duke of Devonshire is going the rounds in London. Some inquisitive and indiscreet friend asked him what had been done at the cabinet council. The duke kept both his countenance and his temper, and replied: "Well, the truth is Lord Salisbury is getting old, and so am I, and as he speaks in rather a low tone of voice, and as I am rather hard of hearing, I can't tell you, my dear fellow, anything about it!"

One of the officials at the British Colonial Office had occasion to consult Marwood, the executioner, as to the most rapid way of putting a man out of existence. Marwood expressed himself in favor of what he professionally called "the long drop," and drove home his argument by remarking: "There was a Mr. Peace, now, a small man; I gave him a six-foot drop, and I assure you, sir, he passed off like a summer heve."

A London clergyman tells a moving tale of innocence in the East End. A frail little girl came into a public-house with a jug to fetch her parents half a pint. When the jug was filled, she nervously put down two half-pennies on the counter and made for the door. The barman, though he hardly liked to frighten the poor little thing, called after her, in a gentle voice: "You're a half-penny short." "No, you're a half-penny short," she answered, and disappeared.

Prince Hohenlohe is a strong advocate of Emperor William's scheme for a great ship canal which will connect the interior of Germany with the ocean. In discussing the subject with one of the agrarian nobles, who opposes the project, the latter said: "Your excellency, you will find the opposition to be a rock in the path of your canal." The prince's eyes twinkled as he retorted, "We'll imitate the Prophet Moses, smite the rock, and then the water will flow."

Several stories of the quick wit and brilliant repartee of Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") are told in *Town Topics*. Everybody knows the old story of how Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger said she would prefer to be kissed to death, and how, when she was pointed out to Mrs. Craigie at the opera, that lady said: "She will never find an executioner." The sequel, however, is not so generally known. A reception was given for Mrs. Craigie, and Mrs. Cruger wrote to decline, adding that she would not express regret that she already had an engagement, as it so frequently proved disillusioning to meet authors after having read their works. On being shown the note Mrs. Craigie remarked that, "having read the works of Mrs. Cruger, one could not possibly be disillusioned in meeting her." Mrs. Craigie's verdict on "The Quick or the Dead?" was that the reader was distinctly *de trop*. She was asked what she thought of the passage where the heroine returns to her home after an interval of two years, finds a half-smoked cigar where her husband had left it, picks it up and kisses it passionately. Mrs. Craigie was asked if she thought it true to life. "Well, hardly," she replied, "the woman who would have done that would have eaten it."

The following amusing story is told of Colonel B. W. Wrenn, manager of the traffic department of the big Plant system, by a well-known newspaper man of New Orleans: "Some years ago I was broke in New York," he says, "and hearing that B. W. Wrenn, passenger-traffic manager of the Plant system, was in town, I called on him and asked for a pass to Jacksonville. Wrenn didn't know me from Adam, and he very properly turned me down. However, I had to have that pass, so I kept on tackling him, each time presenting some new reason why the road should carry me to Jacksonville. The last time I called, the clerk wouldn't let me in, and handed me one of my cards, on which Colonel Wrenn had written: 'Keep this fellow out. If he bothers me any more I'll go crazy.' That gave me an idea, and I made a bee-line for Mr. Plant's private office. 'Mr. Plant, I said, 'I want a pass to Jacksonville, Fla.' The old gentleman looked at me in amazement. 'On what grounds?' he asked. 'In exchange for treating Colonel Wrenn for threatened mental trouble,' I replied. Mr. Plant's face clouded. 'What kind of a game is this, sir?' he demanded, sternly. 'Colonel Wrenn is perfectly sane, sir, and I won't permit—' 'Pardon me,' I interrupted, 'but Colonel Wrenn is at this moment apprehensive of lunacy, and believes firmly that it rests entirely with me to avert the attack. I have his written statement to that effect in my pocket.' 'Let me see it!' Mr. Plant fairly shrieked. I handed him the card, and got ready to run. As he read the inscription his face relaxed. His piercing gray eyes began to twinkle. Finally, he lay back in

his chair and roared with laughter. 'Here, Mr. Smith,' he called to a clerk, 'give this young man transportation to Jacksonville, and charge it to medical treatment for Colonel Wrenn.'

LENTEN LYRICS.

Love in Lent.

Love hides behind the door,  
'Tis Lent;  
His quiver's on the floor,  
'Tis Lent;  
The maiden bows her head,  
The maiden's prayer is said,  
The Holy Book is read,  
'Tis Lent.  
Love hears a step outside—  
'Tis Lent—  
Love starts up eager-eyed—  
'Tis Lent!  
A man comes in and lo!  
Love blithely draws his bow—  
A twang! And oh—and oh,  
'Tis Lent!—S. E. Kiser.

The Annual Sentence.

Society in wig and gown  
Sat in the judge's place;  
The sternest kind of legal frown  
Upon her charming face.  
She sadly shook her pretty head:  
"On account of their wicked ways,  
The World, the Flesh, and the Devil," she  
said,  
"Are sentenced for forty days!"  
—Carolyn Wells in Puck.

At Lenten-Tide.

At Lenten-tide in modest gown  
And dainty bonnet bright and new,  
With fringed lids turned coyly down  
O'er eyes that rival heaven's hue;  
With furs and frills in sweet array,  
In yonder pew sits merry May  
At Lenten-tide.  
A single rose gleams from her lace  
Pure as a flake of driven snow;  
It casts athwart her queenly face  
In conscious pride a tender glow,  
Sweet type of innocence and love,  
An angel message from above  
At Lenten-tide.

With clasped hands and bended head  
Upon the hard and chilly floor  
She kneels while litany is said,  
Nor rises when the chant is o'er;  
But with a penitential air  
The virgin kneels in silent prayer  
At Lenten-tide.

A flood of peaceful mellow light  
Streams through the oriel; unforbid  
It clasps her angel fingers tight,  
With sunbeam kisses soon they're hid.  
Be still, my heart! fain would I dream  
That thou art just a bright sunbeam  
At Lenten-tide.—Judge.

At an Afternoon Tea.

'Tis Lent at last, and with it, balls  
And parties have been banished;  
How speedily have "teas" and calls  
Supplanted what has vanished!  
Promptly to-day at five o'clock  
I left my latest verses,  
And sauntered forth "around the hock"  
To "tea" at Madame Purse's.  
The glare of golden lights within  
A glamour to the eye lent;  
I entered. What a merry din!  
For not a soul was silent.  
I greeted Madame, spoke her fair,  
Then, left to my devices,  
Went flitting here and flitting there  
In search of mental spices.

In vain my search. Where'er I went  
The talk was void and vapid;  
Some spoke slow-honeyed compliment,  
Some gushed in phrases rapid.  
From one I heard of coming style,  
From one of coming scandal;  
One said she hated old Carlyle,  
Another hated Handel.

Miss Pry laughed slyly at Miss Prim,  
Miss Prim at pert Miss Pry laughed;  
Miss Pride scorned both, *ad interim*—  
Why marvel then that I laughed?  
I heard a politician try  
His colleague to disparage;  
I heard a married lady cry  
In sneer at love in marriage.

Around me thus flowed glibly out  
Small *mot*s and commonplaces;  
Pique, pride, dissembled joy, and doubt  
On fair and ugly faces.  
And as the tall tea-urn I sought,  
'Twixt gowns of bright and black cloth,  
'Why is this called the time," I thought,  
'Of ashes and of sackcloth?"

—Town Topics.

Our Increase of Insanity.

Much discussion has been aroused lately by the alarming increase of insanity. Our high rate of living is the cause assigned. In the rush for money both men and women neglect their bodies until the breakdown comes. The best way to preserve health is by a faithful use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. By curing all stomach ills, this remedy prevents nervous breakdown. It is also an excellent medicine for constipation, dyspepsia, and biliousness.

PERFECTLY COOL.

The guests of the hotel were aroused by the ringing of the fire-alarm.

Mr. Smart sprang out of bed and lit the gas. "Don't be alarmed, Penelope," he said, to the frightened Mrs. Smart; "keep perfectly cool, perfectly cool. That's the only thing to do in a case of this kind. Dress yourself, my dear, and I will pack the valises."

Mrs. Smart rose and tremblingly proceeded to do as she was bid. Her husband hurried to the window and looked out. A crowd was gathering in the street below, and the engines were arriving.

"There is no immediate danger," he said; "the one thing to do is, as I said before, to keep perfectly cool. You attend to your dressing, and I will look out for everything else."

Mr. Smart hustled about, jamming garments into the valises, and carefully looking through each drawer in the dresser to see that nothing had been forgotten. There was a great hubbub and screaming in the halls outside.

"Idiot!" ejaculated Mr. Smart. "I would be willing to bet that two-thirds of the guests in this hotel will rush out without saving one single item of their personal property, besides making spectacles of themselves. I have always said that, should occasion arise, I would endeavor to preserve both property and dignity by keeping perfectly cool, perfectly cool. All ready, Penelope?" he inquired.

"Yes, Mortimer."

Here Mr. Smart threw open the hall door.

"But, Mortimer—" said Mrs. Smart.

"Well, what is it, my dear? Anything you've left behind?"

"No-o; but Mortimer, don't you think we would appear more dignified if you had remembered to dress yourself?"—Bazar.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS

(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.

Scotch Whisky

Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

Paris Exposition

—AND—

PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU

Tons and tickets, hotel accommodations, etc. Superior arrangements for all classes of travel.

THOS. COOK & SON,

621 Market Street, San Francisco.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.  
Kensington.....March 21 | St. Paul.....April 4  
New York.....March 28 | St. Louis.....April 11

RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.  
Kensington.....March 21 | Friesland.....April 4  
Noordland.....March 28 | Southwark.....April 11

EMPIRE LINE.

To Alaska and Gold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.

Alaska Commercial Company

-FOR-

NOME, ST. MICHAEL, DAWSON

And All Points on Yukon River.

CARRYING UNITED STATES MAIL

FOR NOME DIRECT:

From San Francisco.....S. S. PORTLAND.....April 30, 1900  
From Seattle.....S. S. DORA.....April 30, 1900  
From San Francisco.....S. S. RAINIER.....May 10, 1900

FOR NOME, ST. MICHAEL, AND ALL OTHER POINTS:

From San Francisco.....S. S. ST. PAUL, May 26th  
A STEAMER WILL BE DISPATCHED EVERY FORTNIGHT THEREAFTER.

FOR JUNEAU, SITKA, PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND, COOK'S INLET, KODIAK, AND ALL INTERMEDIATE POINTS:

From Seattle.....S. S. BERTHA, commencing April 8th  
AND MONTHLY THEREAFTER.

For new folders, maps, and further particulars as to freight and passage, apply to ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY, 310 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

For Seattle sailings apply to CAPT. JAS. CARROLL, Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wash.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at P. M., for  
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1900.  
Gaelic (Via Honolulu).....Friday, Mar. 23  
Doric (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Apr. 17  
Doric (Via Honolulu).....Friday, May 11  
Gaelic (Via Honolulu).....Wednesday, June 6  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.



Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1900.  
Hoogkong Maru.....Saturday, March 31  
Nippoo Maru.....Wednesday, April 25  
America Maru.....Saturday, May 19  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.



J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., March 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Apr. 1, change to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For E. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10 A. M., March 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Apr. 1, and every fifth day thereafter.  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., March 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Apr. 4, and every fifth day thereafter.  
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., Mar. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Apr. 1, and every fourth day thereafter.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., March 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, Apr. 3, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.  
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., March 8.  
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.  
Ticket Office: 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel)  
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St. S. F.

WHITE STAR LINE.

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The New Twin Screw Steamship  
OCEANIC  
The Largest Vessel in the World.  
17,040 tons, length 704 feet, width 68 feet.  
28,000 horse-power.

TEUTONIC and MAJESTIC  
Twin Screw,  
10,000 tons, 582 feet long.

CYMRIC  
Twin Screw, 12,532 tons, 600 feet long,  
one of the largest steamships afloat.

GERMANIC  
Well known to ocean travelers, and now completely refitted.

Wednesday sailings from New York.

S. TENNEY FRENCH, G. W. A.,  
94-96 Dearborn Street, Chicago.  
For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER, 613 Market Street, or to official railway and steamship offices on Pacific Coast.



## SOCIETY.

## The Brown-Hillyer Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Helen A. Hillyer to Dr. Philip King Brown took place on Wednesday, March 7th. The ceremony was performed by Supreme Justice Ralph C. Harrison at four o'clock in the afternoon in Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst's apartment on the fifth floor of the Hearst Building, at Third and Market Streets, and the Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D. D., pronounced a benediction. Only Mrs. Hearst and her cousin, Miss Lane, were present in addition to the immediate relatives of the contracting parties.

The bride is the sister of Mrs. Fannie Hillyer Deuprey, with whom she resided at 3220 Clay Street when not with Mrs. Hearst, whose *protégée* she was. Dr. Brown is a son of Dr. Charlotte Blake Brown and brother of Dr. Adelaide Brown, and is a member of the University Club.

At the conclusion of the ceremony Dr. and Mrs. Brown departed on the overland train for the East, where they purpose spending six months in travel.

## The San Mateo County Hunt.

The meet of the San Mateo County Hunt for Saturday, March 10th, is to be held in the infield of the Ingleside race-track at three o'clock in the afternoon. Previous to this the members and their guests will be entertained at a hunt breakfast at half-past twelve by Mr. Francis Carolan, Master of the Fox Hounds, who has secured the Ingleside club-house for the accommodation of his friends. The hounds will be laid on shortly after three o'clock, and the run will be twenty miles across country to a finish at the Burlingame Country Club.

## Polo at Burlingame.

The polo season at the Burlingame Country Club will, weather permitting, be opened by a match between the "Reds" and "Blues" for silver cups on Sunday afternoon, March 11th. Play will begin at three o'clock, and the match will consist of four 12½-minute periods. Mr. F. Buckley-Johnson will act as umpire, and the teams will be as follows:

Reds—Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, Mr. Francis Carolan, and Mr. Charles N. Dunphy.

Blues—Mr. Richard M. Tobin, Mr. John Lawson, Mr. Peter D. Martin, and Mr. Thomas Driscoll.

## The De Young Dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young gave a dinner in honor of Mr. Hermann Oelrichs at their home at 1919 California Street on Wednesday evening. Covers were laid for eighteen at a round table elaborately decorated with cherry, peach, and almond-blossoms. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Deane, Mr. and Mrs. Boyle, Miss Deane, Mrs. Smith, Miss Belle Smith, Mrs. Hale, Miss Minnie Hennessy, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Dibble, Mr. Orrio Peck, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. Addison Mizner, and Mr. Harry P. Veuve.

## The Turnbull Dinner.

General and Mrs. Walter Turnbull gave a dinner in honor of Colonel Jacob B. Rawles, Third Artillery, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rawles, on Tuesday evening, March 6th, at their residence, 2106 Van Ness Avenue. Covers were laid for nine, at a round table decorated with white apple-blossoms and smilax, in the centre of which was a star of artillery red fairy-lamps. General and Mrs. Turnbull's guests were:

Colonel Jacob B. Rawles, Third Artillery, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rawles, Mrs. Jessie Bowie-Detrick, Miss Turnbull, Baron Wilhelm von Berg, Lieutenant Eugene N. Wilson, A. D. C., Third Artillery, U. S. A., and Mr. Allao St. John Bowie.

## Golf and Tennis Notes.

Rains prevented the second contest in the home-and-home match between teams of ladies from the San Francisco and Oakland Golf Clubs, which should have taken place on the Oakland links on Saturday morning, March 3d. The event was postponed until Saturday morning, March 10th, at 10 A. M.

The same cause has prevented many aspirants from playing the qualifying round on the Oakland links preliminary to the second open tournament for the amateur championship of the Pacific States. This round should have been played by Thursday, March 8th, and the sixteen making the lowest scores would be entitled to play in the first round, 18 holes, match play, on Saturday, March 10th. It seems probable, however, that the tournament will be postponed for one week and the time for qualifying correspondingly extended.

Another doubles tournament for the Davis Cups will be held by the California Lawn Tennis Club on Saturday afternoon, March 10th, and a ladies' singles tournament is scheduled for March 24th.

## Notes and Gossip.

Cards have been received in town from Mrs. Joseph W. Fiske for a reception which she will hold at her home at 1672 Broadway, New York City, from five o'clock until seven, on Tuesday afternoon, March 27th, in honor of the marriage of her daughter.

ter, Maud Brooks, to Dr. Clinton Hastings Cathedral.

The wedding of Miss Wilhelmina Havemeyer and Mr. Andrew L. Stone will take place at the home of her parents in Riverside, Chicago, and on May 19th they will sail for Europe. Miss Havemeyer went East last Tuesday, after a visit of several weeks to her aunt, Mrs. J. C. Tucker, in Oakland. She came west to be a bridesmaid at the marriage of her cousin, Miss Maie Tucker, to Mr. A. S. Macdonald, and has been extensively entertained during her stay.

Mr. and Mrs. William Greer Harrison announce the engagement of their daughter, Mary Louise, to Mr. George B. Walkington, of Thornhill, Belfast, Ireland. The marriage will take place in July.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Julia Marsh to Mr. Lewis H. Lawton. Miss Marsh is the daughter of Mr. Henry F. Marsh, of this city. Mr. Lawton, son of Dr. L. T. Lawton, of St. Paul, Minn., was of the late Thirteenth Minnesota Regiment. The wedding will take place in Easter week at the home of the bride.

## The Spring Exhibition.

The spring exhibition of the Sao Francisco Art Association will open on Thursday, March 22, 1900, and last one month. The exhibition will be representative of the work of living California artists and those who have been identified with art in California, and the previous exhibition of a picture or other work of art shall not exclude it. Each exhibitor may submit ten pictures. An illustrated catalogue of the exhibition will be published, in which each artist will have the privilege of having a full-page halftone reproduction of one picture on the payment of a fee of two dollars. Artist exhibitors will be admitted to the gallery on Thursday, March 22d, for the purpose of varnishing their pictures. The reception for members of the association will take place on the evening of March 22d. The public exhibition will begin on Friday, March 23d, and will end on Thursday evening, April 19th.

## Death of Miss Elida Wilbur.

The death of Miss Elida Wilbur, daughter of Mrs. E. C. Logan and the late A. Wesley Wilbur, took place at her mother's home, 2228 California Street, on Tuesday, March 6th. She was a very beautiful young woman and was the fiancée of Mr. James C. Dunphy. On the morning of February 16, 1898, she was found unconscious in her room, lying fully dressed on a lounge. A window was half open, but a burner was turned on and the room was full of gas. Artificial breathing was produced by oxygen being forced into the lungs, but Miss Wilbur did not regain consciousness. Except for a few mumbled phrases at long intervals she was never roused from her stupor, and after two years and eighteen days of unconsciousness she passed away.

The will of the late Calvin F. Fargo was filed for probate on Monday, March 5th. It disposes of an estate valued at \$700,000 as follows:

One hundred thousand dollars to his niece, Mary Fargo Stewart, who is living on Blackwell's Island, N. Y.; \$30,000 to his adopted son, Edward Fargo, aged twenty-five years, whose mother was Mme. Jennie Dutrit, and who is residing in Paris, France; \$15,000 to his niece, Eliza Jane Fish, of this city; \$10,000 to his niece, Fannie Fargo Rose, of El Rio, Ventura County; \$1,000 to his niece, Lulu Fargo Bonestell, of San Mateo; \$10,000 each to Harry, Dudley, and George N. Fish, three of his niece's sons, and \$5,000 to Jerome F. Fish, her other son; \$1,000 to Mrs. J. T. Carr, of this city; \$50 per month to Mrs. Nancy Mix, an aunt, aged ninety-one years, of Batavia, N. Y.; \$3,000 to Fargo Fenton Rose, a grand-nephew; \$3,000 to decedent's brother, Duane Fargo, of Sao Gabriel; and the residue to Eliza Jane Fish, Fannie Fargo Rose, Lulu Fargo Bonestell, Harry Fish, Dudley Fish, and George N. Fish, in equal shares.

The executors are Mr. Joseph M. Quay, Mr. George Davidson, and Mr. Duane Fargo.

The death of Mrs. Joliffe, widow of the late Captain William Howard Joliffe, took place at her late residence, 2015 Pacific Avenue, on Thursday morning, March 8th. Her daughters, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt, and the Misses Harriet and Minnie Joliffe, were with her when she died. Miss Frances Joliffe is now in the East following her career as an actress.

Conductor Sousa is preparing for Paris, where at the exposition his organization is to be the official American band, and the music he is playing now is soon to be heard in Paris in concert with the best bands of other nations.

Holland has a national woman's suffrage association with fourteen branches. At present the franchise is limited to male citizens who own property and have their taxes paid.

On the express trains running between Vienna and Constantinople the use of a sleeping-berth costs sixty cents first-class and forty cents second-class for every twelve hours.

Women's rights have made such progress in Chile that already two-thirds of the public-school teachers are women.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## Music Teachers' Concert.

The Music Teachers' Association of California gave its thirty-seventh concert at Bryon Mauzy Hall on Wednesday evening, when the following programme was presented:

Concerto, allegro vivace, Mendelssohn, pianos—Miss Juliette Grass and Charles Rogers, violins—Misses A. Benson and M. Abeille and J. A. Hunt, cello, R. McLean; "Cupid and I" (from "The Serenade"), Herbert, Miss Alice Newton; "Rondo Capriccioso," Mendelssohn, Miss Edna F. Allen; "My Soul Doth Magnify the Lord" ("The Nativity"), Dr. H. J. Stewart, Mrs. Eva Tenney; (a) romanza, recitativo e cavatina ("Otello," 1816), Rossini, (b) aria from "Otello," Verdi, Mlle. Elena Roedel (contralto); duo, "La Gioconda," Ponchielli, Mme. Bert Godair-Adams and Mme. Ellen Coursen-Roedel; "Tarantelle," Heller, Miss Jessie Bernstein; laughing scene from "Musical Types," Roedel, Mme. Adams, Mrs. H. Lewis, Miss Belle Samuels, Miss May Mabie, Mlle. Ellen Roedel, Edward Lotz, W. H. Thompson, and E. A. Lassale.

## The Final Symphony Concert.

The fifth and last of the series of symphony concerts given under the direction of Henry Holmes at the Grand Opera House will take place next Thursday afternoon at a quarter past three o'clock. The programme will comprise Schumann's "Mao-fred" overture, Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony in A-minor, the *scheryzo* from the third movement of Tschaiowsky's "Symphony Pathétique," and Rossini's "William Tell" overture.

The first semi-annual concert of the Simpson Memorial Church Choir for the benefit of the choir fund will be given at the church on Thursday evening, March 15th. The choir, which will be augmented, will have the assistance of Mrs. Wallace Wheaton Briggs, soprano; Mr. Frank W. Thompson, basso cantante; Miss Gertrude Hihberd, violinist; Miss Ida Lang, contralto; and Mr. George R. King, organist. The programme will include Aht's "Ave Maria," arranged for female voices, and Reinicke's "Evening Hymn."

The Minetti Quartet will give the sixth and last concert of the present season at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall next Friday evening, March 16th, at a quarter past eight o'clock. The quartet will have the assistance of Miss Meta Asher, accompanist, in presenting a programme which will include Beethoven's string quartet in F-major, a Bach concerto for two violins, and Smetana's "Aus Meinem Leben" string quartet in E-minor.

John M. Neall, late a captain in the Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., and dismissed from the service while at the Presidio, is a colonel in the Boer army.

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## SOCIETY.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Colonel and Mrs. Southard Hoffman and Miss Alice Hoffman will return to their home at 2709 Pacific Avenue next week, after spending the winter at the Occidental Hotel, and in a few weeks will go to San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker and the Misses Rutherford intend returning to San Francisco in September, for a six weeks' visit. Next month they go abroad to travel in Norway, Sweden, and Russia.

Mr. Horace G. Platt returned on Tuesday from a month's visit to New York and the South.

Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Waterhouse, Mr. Albert Waterhouse, and Mrs. Grace Waterhouse sailed on Wednesday last for Honolulu, on the Oceanic steamship *Australia*.

Mrs. Willard V. Huntington and Miss Edith Huntington are visiting in Southern California.

The Rev. Mr. W. L. Clark came down from Benicia in the latter part of the week, and is a guest at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan expect to go East about April 1st, and to Europe, taking with them Miss Carolan, who has been spending the winter with her mother in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Foster, of San Rafael, came to town on Thursday, and were guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Orendorff, of Canton, Ia., are guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Miss Cora Jane Flood returned on Tuesday last from a visit to the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Pease and Miss Maylita Pease left on Thursday for New York, where they expect to remain about two months.

Miss Mamie Kohl, of San Mateo, is in Washington, D. C.

Mr. A. W. Barrett is in town from Los Angeles and is at the California Hotel.

Mrs. A. R. Baldwin and Miss Baldwin recently visited the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew G. Griffin, who have but recently returned from Hong Kong, have taken a house at the corner of Pacific and Central Avenues.

Mr. and Mrs. William Harrison Mills and the Misses Ardella and Elizabeth Mills sailed from New York for England on February 28th on the White Star liner *Teutonic*.

Mrs. Jane Lathrop Stanford, who was quite ill during her recent stay in New York, is now resting at Mobile, Ala.

Mr. J. B. Treadwell came up from Bakersfield on Thursday, and is at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Mauzy have returned, by way of Los Angeles, from a visit to New York and other Eastern cities.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Tharpe enjoyed a visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais in the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear sailed for Southampton on the White Star liner *Teutonic* on February 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant will leave for Paris about the middle of April.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Wilson, of St. Michaels, are in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Cooper, of Boston, are guests at the California Hotel.

Mr. A. P. Bull was among the White Star liner *Teutonic's* passengers when she left New York for Liverpool on February 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Gottschalk, of New York, are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. James Reid Pringle leaves on Monday, March 12th, for London on business. He expects also to visit Paris, being away about four months.

Mrs. Keith and Mr. W. H. Keith have taken an apartment for the season in the Rue de Figue, Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Macondray were among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Miss Maud Howard has returned to her home in Oakland after a long absence abroad.

Dr. Douglas Brown, of New York, is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Among the week's visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Hansen, Mr. James Sproule, Mrs. M. Beardsley, Mr. W. F. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Magrum, Mr. R. S. Miller, of Washington, D. C., Mrs. G. S. Terry, Mr. T. M. Arnold, Mr. Clarence E. Young, and Mr. Theodore Guother, of New York, Mr. John H. Hollister, of Chicago, Mr. B. F. Nichols, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Miller, of Salt Lake City, Mr. George W. Underhill, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Guy, of Middleton, Conn., and Mr. R. Holliday, of London.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Hartman, of Cleveland, O., Mr. Benjamin Howard, of New York, Mr. G. E. Howard, of Stanford, Mrs. H. S. Kirke, of Sacramento, Mr. C. A. McAllister, of Washington, D. C., Mr. R. E. Hyde, of Visalia, Mr. S. B. Cushing, of San Rafael, Mr. F. H. Kennedy, of Stockton, Mr. J. W. Davis, of San Mateo, Mr. H. F. Seymour, of Manila, Mr. M. R. Plaisted, of Fresno, Mr. E. C. Merritt, of Santa Rosa, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Allen, of Seattle, Mr. A. E. Irish, of Santa Clara, Mr. L. B. Stoddard, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Morrison, of San José, and Mr. R. H. Weatherby, of St. Louis.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General William R. Shafter, U. S. V., returned on Friday from a visit to Bakersfield.

Rear-Admiral George C. Remey, U. S. N., has been appointed to command the Asiatic squadron,

relieving Rear-Admiral John C. Watson, U. S. N., who has been ordered home on account of his health.

Major-General Joseph Wheeler, U. S. V., Miss Wheeler, and Miss Davis, Lieutenant-Commander J. B. Briggs, U. S. N., late of the *Baltimore*, Captain Benjamin Johnson, assistant-quartermaster, U. S. A., and Lieutenant R. E. Enslower, Eleventh Cavalry, U. S. A., arrived from Manila on Monday, March 5th, on the transport *Warren*.

Captain Silas W. Terry, U. S. N., late in command of the *Iowa*, has been assigned to succeed Admiral McCormick, U. S. N., as commandant of the Washington Navy Yard.

Colonel B. J. D. Irwin, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Irwin arrived from Chicago on Wednesday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

The following officers returned from Manila on the transport *Grant*, which reached this port on Monday, March 5th: Colonel Thomas H. Barry, A. G.; Captain B. B. Buck, Sixteenth Infantry; Captain William B. Thomas, Forty-Fifth Infantry; Lieutenant Hollis C. Clark, Twenty-Fifth Infantry; Captain Charles E. B. Flagg, assistant-surgeon medical department; Captain J. H. Culver, Thirty-Second Infantry; Lieutenant M. A. Batson, Fourth Cavalry; and Dr. Henry E. Menage, A. A. S.

Lieutenant A. C. Carr, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Monadnock* and Lieutenant Yates Stirling, U. S. N., to the *Brooklyn*.

Lieutenant John B. Collins, U. S. N., was a guest at the California Hotel in the early part of the week.

Lieutenant Hanson E. Ely, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ely, are at the Occidental Hotel.

Ensign David F. Sellers, U. S. N., arrived in town on Monday, March 5th, and registered at the Palace Hotel.

The *Marblehead* has been ordered from San Diego to Central America.

## Historic Théâtre Français Destroyed.

The Théâtre Français in Paris was completely destroyed by fire Thursday, March 8th. Members of the Comédie-Française were attending a rehearsal of the play "Bajazet," which was to be given at the matinee. All the players had difficulty in escaping, and Mlle. Henriette Henriot, a beautiful young actress of nineteen and a new recruit to the company, who did not know the passages in the building, was burned to death.

The opinion grows among the public that the fire was due to the explosion of a bomb, for neither the gas nor electric light were in use at the time the fire broke out. Furthermore, an iron screen could not be worked and the fire extinguishing apparatus was in disorder. Thursday's performances are chiefly attended by demonstrative persons, and this leads to the supposition that anarchists were at the bottom of the affair. Had the fire occurred when the audience was present the loss of life would have been enormous. It is believed that the bomb had a time attachment to go off shortly after the curtain was raised, but that it went off prematurely.

The society which gave its name to the splendid building in the Rue de Richelieu, often called the Théâtre Français, is a national and historical monument most intimately connected with the history of French literature for more than two and a quarter centuries. It dates back to the time of Henry the Fourth, and beginning with Molière and Rotrou, the greatest of French writers and actors, down to the present time, have been identified with it.

The building itself the society has occupied since 1799, when it was installed therein by the First Consul, who reconstituted the Comédie-Française, after a lapse of seven years—in the troublous times of the Revolution. It was commenced by the order of the Duke of Orleans, in 1787. The grand staircase, which was added by the architect, Chabrol, when the theatre was enlarged in 1864, was one of the most splendid pieces of work in all Paris. Busts and paintings, by artists eminent in their profession, priceless and irreplaceable, were among the treasures and ornaments of the Comédie-Française. Its museum, one of the most interesting and unique in all Europe, contained autographic manuscripts of the greatest variety and value.

The Comédie-Française enjoys a subvention of 240,000 francs per year from the state, which also appoints an administrator-general, at a salary of 30,000 francs, as its head. This functionary is usually chosen from among the most distinguished literary men of the day. The active personnel of the theatre numbers 208 persons, receiving a total of \$159,740 as salaries, exclusive of the division of profits falling to each. Since 1872 the receipts per year have been over the million-francs mark, and since 1885 over 2,500,000 francs, or \$500,000.

In ascending Mt. Tamalpais on the Scenic Railway one passes through an infinite variety of beautiful scenery. From the summit one can get an excellent bird's-eye view of the Cliff House and beach, San Francisco, Alameda, Oakland, Berkeley, Belvedere, San Rafael, Mill Valley, and the Farallone Islands.

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## VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

## Afterward.

The lights flash out—the last wild flight  
Of music at the ceiling soars;  
Dies, falling back—the throat of night  
They seem to ope who draw the doors,  
From sheltered nook of curtained box,  
From confabs deep a-corridor  
We press, a rapid rout that mocks  
The rout the Red Sea parted for.  
Fan screams, Dick swears, each dainty waltz  
Bears button prints—of fashion late—  
The Spartan urchin's joys we taste  
By girlish elbows lacerate.  
The dancers cower in cape and cloud,  
The drinkers steal one final spark  
Of life—we pour, a struggling crowd,  
Into the winter midnight's dark.  
Ho, friends, to me who with you wait  
To advent glad of cab and car,  
A thought insistent comes as Fate,  
And startling as a wheeling star.  
I think that most of us who end  
Here now our rouse hebdomadal,  
Shall find the last way man may wend,  
Much like the exit from a ball.  
Our lights shall die—shall drop our glass,  
Our kisses falter—shall they not?  
From warmth, and wine, and waltz we'll pass  
To shivering darkness, and then—what?  
—A. E. Watrous.

## Engaged.

I've sat at her feet by the hour  
In the properly worshipful way;  
I've carried her many a flower,  
I've read to her many a lay;  
Social battles with friend and with lover  
For her sake I often have waged;  
And now from her lips I discover  
That she—oh, that she is engaged!  
One season we led in the German,  
And one we were partners at whist;  
On Sundays we heard the same sermon,  
The opera never once missed;  
We were generally winners at tennis;  
Our skill at the target we gauged:  
But a difference between now and then is—  
For now she—for now she's engaged.  
I have carried a parasol o'er her  
When we strolled in the deep-shaded grove;  
Whole minutes I've dallied before her,  
Assisting to button her glove;  
As she sprang to the saddle, my fingers  
Her wee feet a moment have caged,  
And the thrill in my pulses still lingers,  
Though now she—though now she's engaged.  
Does she ever live over, I wonder,  
The night that we sat in the cove,  
One shawl wrapped around us, while thunder  
And wind-storms and hail raged above?  
How, trembling, she hid her white face on  
My shoulder, and how I assuaged  
Her fears by the story of Jasoo—  
Does she think of all that when engaged?  
On my walls hang her many mementoes;  
That cathedral she sketched me in Rome;  
It was after my camp-life she sent those  
Silk slippers to welcome me home.  
I've the letters she wrote me at college,  
In a book all sorted and paged;  
How delightful to read with the knowledge  
That now she—yes I—now she's engaged!  
I am going to call there to-morrow;  
In her joy she will greet her old friend  
Without even a shadow of sorrow  
That our friendship has come to an end;  
And close in my arms I will fold her,  
No matter for papa enraged;  
Shall his wrath from me longer withhold her  
When to me—'tis to me she's engaged?  
—Boston Gazette.

The Gretna Green of Germany is soon to be a thing of the past. The new German imperial civil code, which is about to go into effect throughout the length and breadth of the empire, threatens the ancient and peculiar marriage privileges of the stout little island of Heligoland, hitherto happy and prosperous. This island, which is one mile long and has a population of about 2,000, is out in the North Sea some 40 miles from the mainland. The islanders are genial. For years they have been welcoming and making happy bridal pairs, who, as a foreign writer says, "in steadily increasing numbers have risked the perils of the sea to reach the matrimonial harbor of Heligoland." All this was by virtue of certain old regulations permitting the marriage of strangers, the so-called "Fremden-trauung," and dating back from the time when the island belonged to Great Britain. So numerous have become the marriages that the island has profited to the extent of \$5,000 yearly in fees, quite apart from the money flowing into the coffers in consequence of the two days' residence that are necessary before the ceremony can be legally performed. Last year the local council took in in fees alone \$2,750. The new code abolishes the marriage regulations and threatens the revenue. Consequently, some time ago, the island and the community sent to the Reichstag a plaintive petition praying for the retention, at least until 1910, of its matrimonial privileges. The petition has been denied.

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Their popularity has been acquired by reason of their unique location (being accessible to wholesale and shopping districts and amusement centres), the peculiar excellence of cuisine and service, and moderate prices.

The Grill rooms for ladies and gentlemen have an international reputation, and the recently added Supper Room is now recognized as the place to obtain after-theatre refreshments.

## CLEARANCE SALE

## POSITIVELY LAST WEEK.

Sale Closes Saturday, March 17th.  
Ladies' Colored Satin Slippers, pointed toes, all shades, all sizes, formerly \$1.00.....\$1.50  
Ladies' Kid Oxfords, sizes 2-4 1/2 AAA to B, formerly \$2.50.....\$1.00  
Ladies' Suede Kid Oxfords in Black, Tan, Nile Green, Lavender, nearly all sizes, formerly \$6.00.....\$1.50  
Gents' Patent Leather, Lace or Congress, best makes, formerly \$6.00, sizes 5 to 6 1/2 A, B, C.....\$1.50  
Gents' Bicycle Shoes, Lace, Black, or Tan, broken sizes, formerly \$3.00.....\$2.00  
Gents' Tan Russia Calf Lace Shoes, pointed toes, \$5.00 quality, broken lot—to close out.....\$1.50  
Misses' Patent Leather Button Shoes, French toes, kid, black cloth or tan cloth tops, sizes 12-2, formerly \$4.00.....95c  
Misses' All Kid or Goat Skin Button Shoes, French toes, sizes 12-2, formerly \$2.50.....95c  
Boys' and Youths' Patent Leather Pumps, slightly damaged, broken sizes, formerly \$2.50.....\$1.00

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LEAVE	From February 26, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A.	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Ramsey, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P.
*7.00 A.	Shasta Express—Davis, Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P.
*7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P.
*8.30 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*5.15 P.
*8.30 A.	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Jones, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P.
*9.00 A.	*Milton, Oakdale, Sonoma, Carters, Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*11.45 A.
*9.00 A.	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*9.45 A.
*9.00 A.	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*9.45 A.
*9.00 A.	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*12.15 P.
*9.00 A.	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles.....	*6.45 P.
*10.00 A.	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P.
*12.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*2.45 P.
*12.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*8.00 P.
*3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P.
*4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A.
*4.00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10.45 A.
*4.30 P.	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	*7.15 P.
*5.00 P.	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Sanguis for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	*10.45 A.
45.00 P.	Sunset Limited—El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	*10.45 A.
*5.30 P.	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*12.15 P.
*5.30 P.	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*8.45 A.
*5.30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	*6.45 P.
*6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*12.15 P.
*6.30 P.	Vallejo.....	*9.45 A.
*6.30 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*4.15 P.
*6.30 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*19.55 P.
*8.05 P.	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	*8.15 A.
	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	

## COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)

*8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*5.50 P.
*12.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A.
*4.15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	*9.20 A.
*11.45 P.	Hunters' Excursion, San José and Way Stations.....	*17.20 P.

## CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—	
*7.15 A.	9.00 11.00 A. M., 1.00 2.00 3.00 4.00 6.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—	*6.00 8.00 10.00 A. M., 12.00 1.00 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 P. M.

## COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)

*16.10 A.	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*16.30 P.
*17.00 A.	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*12.30 P.
*9.00 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P.
*10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A.
*12.30 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P.
*12.45 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Principal Grove.....	*12.36 A.
*13.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P.
*14.15 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A.
*15.00 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.00 A.
*15.30 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.35 A.
*16.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*18.00 A.
*17.45 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P.

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# THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The suburban's confession: *Hicks*—"Is it true, then, that you're living beyond your station?" *Wicks*—"Yes—two miles."—*Collier's Weekly*.

Realistic music: "Any new features at the musical?" "Oh, yes; Mr. Brisque sang 'Old Kentucky Home' with a pistol obligato."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"My mother found my little brother putting his stockings on wrong side out this morning." "Yes? What did she do?" "Turned the hose on him."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

*Lady*—"I think you are the worst-looking tramp I ever saw." *Tramp*—"Ma'am, it's only in the presence of uncommon beauty I look so bad." *Lady*—"Mary, give this poor man something to eat."—*Cassell's Magazine*.

*Mrs. Winterbloom*—"I feel better now that I've snubbed that Jones woman." *Mrs. Peterkin*—"Do you think it disturbed her?" *Mrs. Winterbloom*—"Oh, yes. Why, she told a friend of mine that she didn't notice it at all."—*Bazar*.

Counter-attraction: "Andrew Carnegie gave our town a public library." "That was fine." "You think so? Well, we've asked him now to give us a skating-rink, so the boys and girls will stop reading trashy novels."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

*Warwick*—"I don't think the speaker who spoke last night in favor of expansion did the cause very much good." *Wickwire*—"No? Why not?" *Warwick*—"Why, he alluded to the Filipino race as our 'Colored Supplement'!"—*Puck*.

*Butterly*—"Magnificent, sir! There are scenes in your comedy that Shakespeare could not have written." *Dapter*—"You are too kind, really." *Butterly*—"Not at all, sir. Take, for instance, that railroad smash-up in the third act."—*Brooklyn Life*.

*The photographer*—"Here, sir, are the cabinets that your son ordered of me." *The father* (regarding one)—"The picture is certainly very like him; and he has paid you?" *The photographer*—"No sir." *The father*—"That is still more like him."—*Tit-Bits*.

Hope deferred: *Husband*—"Yes, it would make a nice addition to our income; but the old fellow is good for a dozen years at least, I'm afraid." *Wife*—"That's so like you, Paul dear; you have no faith! I have been taught to believe in Providence."—*Brooklyn Life*.

*Mistah Johnsing*—"Yo' am de sweetest gal heah, Miss Darknite!" *Miss Darknite*—"Now, Mistah Johnsing, yo' dis stop dat talk—I's blushin', I knows I is!" *Mistah Johnsing*—"Deed yo' ain't, honey—yo' am de kind ob a fowah dat am bohn tuh blush unseem."—*Ohio State Journal*.

*Teacher*—"How many of my scholars can remember the longest sentence they ever read?" *Billy*—"Please, mum, I can." *Teacher*—"What! Is there only one? Well, William, you can tell the rest of the scholars the longest sentence you ever read." *Billy*—"Imprisonment for life."—*Tit-Bits*.

Heart to heart confidences: *Pertie Goodwin*—"Don't tell anybody, for the world! See this ring? Art Smasher slipped it on my finger last night." *Meena Zevver*—"Yes, it's nice looking, but it will make a black circle around your finger before you've worn it a week. It did on mine."—*Chicago Tribune*.

The burglar listened. There was no noise. The family, at the supper-table below, did not suspect his presence. Cautiously he threw back the bed-clothes and opened the corn-husk mattress. "Shucks!" he muttered, huskily, extracting a roll of bills and a box of jewelry; "I had got all ready to say 'Excelsior!'"—*Chicago Tribune*.

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# The Argonaut.

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It is one of the strongest characteristics of conservative natures to regard all change with foreboding if not with positive fear. What they have been accustomed to from time immemorial must be right; innovations, even when adopted to meet conditions that have not existed before, must be wrong. This country is entering upon a new era; its relations with their countries have already changed. This is partly the result of the recent war with Spain; it is more largely the result of forces that have been developing within, unseen though they may have been, until this war gave them the opportunity to assert themselves. The acquisition of our new insular possessions, with the consequences that have flowed

from that acquisition, have seemed to many nothing short of revolutionary. Taken by themselves they might justify this view; regarded in the broader light of what has gone before and what is to follow they become a part of a legitimate development. The achievement of the twentieth century is to be the spreading of civilization to the farthest parts of the earth; the United States must take the part in this work that its position among nations demands.

This is the broader view of the question; it is the rule by which policies and actions must be measured. But effective activity must be regulated by applying this rule to the details as they present themselves. The detail now before the people of this country is connected with the government of these new insular possessions. As to their acquisition there can now be no dispute; discussion is now idle, for it is an accomplished fact and removed beyond the hounds of debate. The islands belong to the United States to do with as it will, to be governed as to this country seems just and wise. The question now to be solved is how shall they be governed, and two alternatives present themselves: Shall they be treated as the successive acquisitions from France, Spain, and Mexico were—carved into Territories to be erected into States when the people have become capable of assuming the duties of statehood? Or, shall they be treated as colonies, granted such measures of local self-government as they are capable of assuming, but denied a voice in the conduct of national affairs? This is the question that must now be decided, and decided in accordance with the best interests of these insular possessions as well as of the people of this country.

The conditions of this problem differ from those that presented themselves in connection with the earlier acquisitions. The latter were all of contiguous territory with sparse population, and were built up by immigrants from the older parts of the country, familiar with American institutions and American modes of thought. The power vested in the federal government to do with them as it would was as unlimited then as it is to-day. It was inherent in that sovereignty without which national existence is impossible. Under the conditions that existed, the policy that was adopted and the form of government chosen were the best that could have been devised. The material and conditions existed for developing them into States that should form a homogeneous part of the Union. To-day the situation is changed. The islands are separated from us by many miles of ocean; the people are wholly ignorant of American institutions and thought, many of them are ignorant of the rudiments of education familiar to the children in the grammar schools of this country; climatic conditions are such that Americans will not make their homes upon these islands in sufficient numbers to overcome the vast majority of natives, alien in race and in thought. It is possible that some time in the far-distant future these peoples may be developed to a point where they may be capable of taking a part in the affairs of this government, but it is highly improbable.

Under these conditions, the adoption of a colonial form of government becomes a necessity. It is a radical departure from the policy heretofore obtaining in this country, but that fact, of itself, does not condemn it. Mr. George S. Boutwell, who, in an earlier day, held many positions of trust under the Republican party, and was high in its councils, thinks differently. Under the title, "The Crisis of the Republic," he has collected a number of addresses delivered during the past four years. His attitude may be gathered from the fact that the profits of the publication are to be devoted to furthering the work of the Anti-Imperialist League. Mr. Boutwell's services to his party and to his country have been great, but he is an old man now, and like most old men he is inclined to look backward instead of forward. He regards the events of to-day in the light of events forty years ago, and seeks to apply to new conditions the rules that applied to the old conditions. His policy is stated in the following propositions: "1. Give to Hawaii a territorial government, and upon a liberal basis. 2. Insist upon an independent government for Cuba, and give no encour-

agement to the project for annexation. 3. Abandon Puerto Rico and the Spanish islands of the Pacific Ocean without controversy, debate, or negotiations with any one."

It would seem to be a sufficient answer to this that such a policy would never be accepted by the American people; it is popular only among a limited class who have their homes in and around Boston. As has been said, the acquisition of these islands is now an accomplished fact; they can not be abandoned. The question now is as to the form of their government, and the American people will have an opportunity to express their views upon this at the election next November. They will then be called upon to decide whether the machinery shall be constructed by the Republican party, the party of progress, or by the Democrats, whose policy has ever been one of tearing down instead of building up. For the patriotic citizen there is no room for choice; his vote should be cast on the side that makes for the growth and prosperity of his country.

Conformably to a prediction made by the Argonaut at the beginning of the present session of Congress, no measure introduced this winter has surpassed in general interest those which have dealt with the future of our newly acquired possessions in general and the Puerto Rican bill in particular. The latter bill has assumed the importance of a test case. It will decide whether, in the opinion of Congress, the constitution is extended to all possessions of the United States by the mere fact of possession. A majority in the House of Representatives have already decided that it does not, and the bill is now in the Senate for approval, disapproval, or amendment by that body. The Presidential message to Congress last fall favored free trade for Puerto Rico, not as a constitutional right but as generous assistance to the prostrate business of the islands. Since then it had become apparent that Puerto Rico was in need of substantial financial help. Revenues were in immediate demand to carry on the government, organize the schools, and start commercial enterprise.

Three methods were open to choice. The United States might furnish funds from its own treasury; a direct tax might be levied in the island; or a tariff might be placed upon imports and exports. The first plan would not be good business, as it would place the new possession in the humiliating position of a mendicant. The second would prove a hardship to a land lately ravaged by war, swept by cyclones, and shut off from its ancient avenues of trade and commerce. The idea of a modified tariff seemed to be the only practical solution.

The bill is now in the Senate, where its fate is still extremely problematical. Senator Davis has submitted an amendment providing for free trade with Puerto Rico. It is stated that the amendment would not receive ten votes if pressed to a decision, and its author himself has little hope that it will prevail. The better opinion seems to be that the bill will pass, although probably it will be in some amended form. There are in all more than a score of amendments pending, but it is unlikely that any of them will be accepted by Senator Foraker, who has charge of the bill, except it be one proposed by Senator McCumber, of North Dakota, the substance of which is that no duty shall be charged upon any barley, corn, oats, rye, or wheat with their products, or upon any meat products, grown in the United States and imported into the island of Puerto Rico. This proviso is expected to strengthen the bill with North-Western senators and also with those who would like to see Puerto Rico benefit by getting food products free.

There would, of course, be less difficulty about arriving at a conclusion in the Puerto Rico matter if it were not that the Philippine question looms portentous in the background. The Republican party is morally bound to protect the workmen of the country and the capital which employs them from any injury which might result from free trade with the populous islands and cheap labor of the Philippines. They can not afford to establish any precedent in Puerto Rico which would prevent them from affording such protection



Neither can they afford to allow themselves to be wheedled into giving free trade to Puerto Rico as a constitutional right, and by so doing putting a campaign weapon into Democratic hands, which would be at once used to point out that the Republicans had opened the flood-gates of cheap labor upon the workmen of this country, and could not consistently ask their support. As a senator said in debate: "If we can not levy a duty on the products of Puerto Rico, we can not on the products of the Philippines," and, "if the Philippines are now a part of the United States and we can not levy a duty on their products, we might as well dismantle our custom-houses, and go out of the protection business."

One of the most interesting of recent developments is the increasing intimacy between the colleges and the public life of the country. It is not so many years since the college professor was regarded as a doctrinaire, a man whose ideas had been formulated in the closet and would not stand the test of application to practical affairs. There was perhaps some justification for this feeling in that earlier day, but if there was it has now passed away. The college professor now has his theoretical side, for he is primarily a student, but his theories are corrected and justified by close study of practical affairs. As the lawyer applies his knowledge of the rules of law to the facts of the particular case upon which he is working, so the professor applies the recognized rules of social and political science to the problems of the day, and his training gives to his conclusions a value and a conclusiveness that they would not otherwise have. And these conclusions are not now for the class-room alone; through college extension courses, in lecture-rooms, and by social intercourse the college professor is now having a vast influence upon the thought of the day, and is assisting in molding public opinion.

Another phase of this activity is seen in the selection of specialists from colleges upon important commissions to assist in the deliberations and to give the benefit of their knowledge—President Jordan in the study of the seal question, President Schurman and Professor Worcester on the Philippine commission, and, later, Professor Moses, of the university of this State, on the new commission to the Philippines. As the selection of Professor Worcester was particularly appropriate, because of his knowledge of affairs upon the islands, so that of Professor Moses is peculiarly appropriate because of his special knowledge of governmental science. Upon the general principles of government he is recognized among students as one of the leading authorities in the country; in addition to this he has studied the peculiar Spanish institutions in Spain and the Spanish-American institutions in the republics to the south of the United States. There is probably no man in the country better fitted for the work he will be called upon to do.

In still another way the colleges are influencing the public life of this country. The increasing intimacy of international relations has forced attention to the condition of the diplomatic and consular service, and it is only necessary to turn attention to it to realize how much it is in need of improvement. The system that has been followed was the worst that could have been devised. Appointments were made not on account of fitness—without any regard to the question of fitness. A man who had performed political service upon the stump during a political campaign was rewarded by an appointment to represent the United States in some country of which perhaps he knew nothing beyond the fact that it was a red, blue, or green spot upon the map. That some good men have been chosen by this haphazard method is undoubtedly true. But it is only an illustration of the fact that Providence looks after certain classes of people who are apparently unable to look after themselves. A demand is now growing up in favor of the adoption of a more intelligent system. Senator Lodge has introduced a bill intended to secure for the foreign service trained men with the special knowledge required for such positions, and it is being pushed by commercial bodies throughout the country. In adopting this plan the United States will simply be doing what the other leading commercial countries found it necessary to do long ago.

This system will create a demand for young men trained in the special studies necessary for the foreign service, and it is here that the colleges are stepping in to meet the demand. It is understood that one of the subjects that occupied President Wheeler's attention while he was in Washington recently was the establishment of a school of diplomacy at the University of California. The development of commerce upon the Pacific Ocean, which is to be the conspicuous feature of the twentieth century, will render San Francisco the gateway for Oriental trade. Commercial relations will be most intimate with the Asiatic countries and the numerous islands of the Pacific. The student may learn the theory at Berkeley and the practice in this city. There

is nowhere in this country a more appropriate place for the establishment of a school to furnish the government with trained men for the foreign service. The school of commerce now being developed at Berkeley will offer a foundation upon which the new course may be built. Nearly all the necessary subjects from parts of courses of instruction are now offered there; but it will be necessary to increase the force of instructors, and in furtherance of a work of such undoubted public interest the federal government should furnish a part of the necessary funds.

Similar work is being done in certain of the Eastern universities, the most important being at Columbian University at Washington. The School of Comparative Jurisprudence and Diplomacy, as it is called, was opened a little more than a year ago, and, owing to its location at the seat of the national government, it has many advantages. Thus its staff includes Justices Harlan and Brewer, of the supreme court, members of the State Department, the Treasury, the interstate commerce commission, and the Attorney-General's office. Hon. John W. Foster, J. L. M. Curry, William Wirt Howe, president of the American Bar Association, and William P. Wilson, director of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, are among the lecturers. The government archives are available, and thus questions in the diplomatic history of the country may be studied at first hand. The courses of instruction are four in number—the law course, the diplomatic course, the economic and financial course, and the general course. The most novel feature is the course in diplomacy, covering two years of post-graduate work, and including the following subjects: History of diplomacy and treaties of the United States; organization of the State Department; duties of ambassadors, ministers, and consuls; history of European diplomats; history of international arbitration; organization of boards of arbitration; commercial and statistical geography; comparative commercial and maritime legislation; possessions of the United States. It is apparent that the courses of instruction that would be most useful to those who would study at Berkeley would differ from this in some particulars, but the establishment of such schools is most re-assuring for the future of the foreign service, and also of the commercial development of the country.

Fifty years ago the governments of the United States and Great Britain entered into an international compact which has since been known as the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The vital points in that much-discussed convention were that neither nation should occupy, fortify, or colonize any part of Central America; that neither nation should engage exclusive of the other in an enterprise the object of which should be the construction of an isthmian canal; and that to any canal constructed should be applied "the general principles" of neutralization. There has been since then no movement looking to the construction of a canal originating in Great Britain, but for the past twenty years the subject of a canal through Nicaraguan territory has been almost continually agitated in the United States, as an American enterprise, to be completed with American capital, and to be managed exclusively through American control. The only serious legal obstacle presented during all that time has been the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The question whether the treaty is still binding has been one of limitless contention. Was it ever properly ratified? Did it expire by limitation? Has it been tacitly abandoned? Is it contrary to the Monroe doctrine? Did England violate it by retaining Honduras? These queries have all been argued threadbare, and the conclusion reached in the better opinion of the country is that the agreement is still effective and presents an obstacle to the completion of a distinctively American canal across Central American territory. The treaty could at any time have been abrogated by giving proper notice to the other contracting party. That such action might be diplomatically considered an "unfriendly act" is probably the reason that it has not been formally set aside.

The present administration has favored the Nicaragua Canal and its construction by the United States under either the Hepburn or Morgan bills now pending in Congress, and in order to assist to that end conceived the idea of avoiding the moral constraint contained in the Clayton-Bulwer agreement by modification rather than by abrogation. In consequence a supplementary treaty was framed between the two nations and laid before the United States Senate early in February. It has become known as the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. In its preamble this document recites that the two nations are "desirous to facilitate the construction of a ship canal to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans," and to "remove any objections which may arise out of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty," which interdicts the building of such a canal under the exclusive auspices of the United States. They also agree that this should be done "without impairing the general principle of neutralization

established" by that early convention. Then follows a formal agreement that the canal may be constructed under the auspices of this country, either by the government itself or by individuals, with the exclusive right to the United States "of providing for its regulation and management."

So far all was well, but in order to preserve the principle of neutralization referred to, the new treaty proceeded to lay down a few rules which were substantially a copy of those embodied in the treaty between Great Britain and other powers, signed at Constantinople in 1888, and under which the Suez Canal has since been operated. Briefly stated these are: 1. That the canal shall be free and open in times of war and of peace to the vessels of war and commerce of all nations. 2. That the canal shall not be blockaded or become the theatre of hostilities. 3. That war-vessels shall use the canal only for transit, and that in limited time. 4. That no troops or munitions of war shall be disembarked in the canal. 5. That these provisions extend to three miles from either entrance. 6. That the establishments necessary to construct and operate the canal shall be immune from attacks or injury by belligerents. 7. That no fortifications shall be erected to command the canal or the adjacent waters, but that the United States may maintain such military police along the canal as may be necessary to protect it against lawlessness and disorder.

At first this new treaty was hailed as a decided diplomatic victory and a virtual abrogation of the obnoxious Clayton-Bulwer compact by the friends of the canal regardless of party. And so in effect it doubtless is, but the last item of the rules has stirred up a popular objection, which has decidedly endangered ratification. It is claimed, with reason, that the United States should have the right to negotiate at its pleasure with any American country for the right to build a canal; that a canal so built shall be the exclusive property of the United States, built with its own funds, and managed and protected as it sees fit for its own national interests. Whether the canal would be best protected by land forts or by a navy is a side issue, although it might easily be pointed out that recent wars have shown the superiority of forts against ships, and that to leave the canal to the navies would give an advantage to Great Britain, with her immense sea power and numerous bases of attack in the Atlantic.

Ten months after it had been organized, with a capitalization of \$25,000,000, the flour trust was a wreck, placed in the hands of receivers, its liabilities estimated at from fifteen to seventeen millions of dollars, cash on hand less than a thousand dollars, and available assets but little over half a million. Such has been the career of one of the gigantic combinations that was designed to control a branch of industry. In the declaration that the United States Flour Milling Company is insolvent may be discerned the truth that a trust is not invincible, that while it may defy statutory law, it is amenable to the unwritten laws of economics.

The fate of the flour trust will be shared by others. Its principles were exactly the same as those governing similar attempts at monopoly in some staple. Its policy was to lower expenses, raise the price of its output, absorb or ruin competition, and float stock having a fictitious value. It chose a time when faith in watered industrials was not strong. It borrowed money it has not been able to repay, being forced to this course by the reluctance of investors to supply a working capital. In May, 1899, it mortgaged all its property to secure a loan of \$15,000,000, of which about half has been repaid. Later it had to borrow \$3,000,000 more. This constituted a burden too great to be borne. To what use the money was put will probably be brought out in the investigation which will follow. What portion went to line the pockets of promoters and what to lull the suspicions of stockholders will be made clear in open court. It was through an action brought by a stockholder irritated by the paucity of dividends that led to the climax.

This trust embraced the largest flour mills in the United States, including three at Minneapolis, and others at Duluth, Superior, Wis., and West Superior, as well as three in New York. In accordance with the usual plan, part of these mills were shut down, and in course of time would have been dismantled. It was supposedly a strong trust, although its ambition to attain supremacy looks now like presumption. Whatever it had hoped to do, it has failed ingloriously. There seems no reason for expecting a different fate for other attempts planned along such lines.

The fall of the flour trust has been characterized as ominous, but the verdict much depends on the point of view. If experience shall show the trust scheme to be unwieldy, and likely to fall of its own weight, the collapse, instead of being ominous, must be regarded as cheering. Legislation has, with only partial success, sought to discourage the formation of trusts. In some States they have been effaced. The federal law, either in itself or its method of application, has been proved weak and unsatisfactory, while State enact-



ments can not be entirely effective while there remain other States not merely tolerating the trusts, but actually encouraging and abetting them. The craze for concentration must sooner or later reach a limit. If the limit be marked by ruined speculators and the *débris* of fortunes, it will be clearly defined and carefully avoided. Capital will see from afar the danger-mark, and its timidity subdue the impulse of avarice.

There is a growing distrust in trusts. The declarations of those who form them are no longer accepted by the popular judgment. The purpose of every trust is to create and foster monopoly, and to this end there is no hesitancy in adopting a course in restraint of trade. Most of the trusts have been marked by the most absurd and palpable inflation of stocks, and on this water, fraudulently introduced, the effort has been to pay regular dividends. That this must lead to disaster is evident. The example of the huffed flour magnates but accentuates a fact arrived at long ago by the process of logic.

That the trust is a hardship upon consumers, an injustice to producers, and designed to give to manufacturers an unearned and undeserved profit, will not be denied. If the flour trust, eager to gather to itself all the mills, had succeeded, every man buying a loaf of bread would have paid the combination tribute. For this reason there will be no sympathy for the embarrassed millers. They invited the fate that has overtaken them. The deep significance of the situation is that there are other trusts differing from this only in the nature of the commodity with which they deal. Certainly methods that lead to utter and early failure will not long be utilized. Perhaps the finish of the flour trust but fore-shadows the outcome for the whole brood.

While consideration of the Nicaraguan Canal is engrossing so much thought, statistics as to canals already in operation acquire an interest that otherwise might be lacking. Among the mass of figures put out by a bureau of the Treasury Department are some relating to the Sault Ste. Marie Canal. During the year that has just passed, the number of vessels utilizing this waterway was 20,055, bearing of freight 25,255,810 tons, an increase over the year before of 4,000,000, this increase representing more than half of the entire tonnage of 1889. The value placed upon the freight was \$281,400,000, against \$233,000,000 in 1898, and \$83,700 in 1889. While grain shipments have increased in volume, the bulk of freight is iron ore, copper, lumber, and timber.

Possibly the information that these figures represent a greater business than is done on the Suez will be a surprise. The Suez Canal connects the Occident and Orient, and does not have railway competition, yet 12,000,000 tons, as nearly as can be estimated, was the sum of its freightage, while the Sault Ste. Marie carried more than double this gross. It may be conceded that the loads through Suez were of greater value than the lumber and ore of the domestic canal.

There are no complete records of the Suez Canal for later than 1896 available. The receipts that year were £3,182,800; less than \$16,000,000. Of this amount \$700,000 were applied to improvements, and the net profit was \$7,800,000. Supposing that the Nicaragua Canal could be constructed for \$140,000,000—which, by the way, is less than the average computed by those who have made calculations—this would be a reasonable return on the investment, but it would be many years before the Nicaragua Canal could be on a commercial equality with a rival already in operation. Indeed, there is reason to believe that for a time there would be an actual loss, while large returns would be remote and possibly never realized.

It was because of a realization of these facts that Warner Miller's company lost its primary confidence and wanted the help of the government. The Cragin-Eyre syndicate professes to be ready to accept conditions that Miller rejected, but this syndicate is suspected of being the old one slightly disguised, with its appetite as apparent as ever. No private company could build and conduct the canal. The enterprise is far too large, the definite returns to the operators too shadowy. Nicaragua will have to compete not alone with Suez, but with the open sea, whose waters are free to the use of the world. The projected canal is attractive less for the dividends it might in the distant future pay than for its broader and immediate effect on commerce. That it could be made directly profitable in due season there is no reason for doubting, as the judgment is guided by what has been done with other enterprises of a similar character.

Much interest has been excited by the scheme of the Reverend Sheldon to run for one week a daily paper, the governing principle of which was said to be the ambition to edit the journal "as Jesus would." Despite the unpleasant shock caused by this declaration, the ready suspicion that it veiled a pretense, and the certainty that it is flippant and incongruous, the

editor has been accepted as sincere of purpose. Subscriptions have poured in from all parts of the world. The papers have been reproduced in their entirety in New York, Chicago, and Kansas City. Advance orders indicated that the press would have to run as never before and half a million copies be needed to supply the demand.

Perhaps Sheldon is a dreamer, but he seems to have practical ideas, for the most part not original. He has directed his efforts toward municipal reform, the purification of State politics, the closing of gambling-deos and other places of bad repute in Topeka. In taking charge of the paper he has reserved the right to blue pencil not only the news, but all advertising matter. Much of the latter had been submitted, and more of it has been rejected than accepted. Many of the current magazines have been refused space because in themselves they contain the announcements of whisky-dealers, patent medicines, and other features of commercial life deemed not in consonance with the high standard set by Sheldon. The paper itself will not mention a patent medicine. It has declined a card from a Keeley institute, and a corset advertisement is under the ban partly because the habit of lacing is not to be encouraged and partly that the picture of a female, adjusting the corset, is deemed suggestive. Electric belts and magnetic healing are also regarded as without the pale. Dealers in clothing will not be permitted to state that fifteen-dollar suits are going at four dollars and thirty-five cents, for among the Sheldon duties that of upholding the truth will be paramount. Railroads, not being socialistic, are also refused room. Advertisements of Kansas City retail houses have been declined for another reason, the ministerial editor believing it proper that he should stand by home industries. He will countenance a "woman's column," but it will not be marked by the cut of any social leader in *décolleté* costume, and there will be an absence of illustrations of the latest fashions in hosiery and garters. There could be no doubt that the paper would be clean, and morally on a lofty plane. It could with safety be introduced into any household. This was the only feature concerning which there could be assurance until the paper appeared.

There had been no paper published ostentatiously as Jesus would have published it. There are many that strive to uphold only that which is right and just. As a rule, the restrictions imposed by Sheldon would mean the ruin of a paper. The delicacy that shrinks from contemplation of a pictured corset is rare, and hardly to be relied upon for support. In all probability the Sheldon venture, however profitable it may be for the brief term of its trial, would, if continued, lead to disaster. The novelty is what saves it now, and the novelty would not last long. Under the circumstances, the financial returns are certain to be great, and the result of the experiment will be watched with a feeling stronger than curiosity.

The people are not ungrateful to the defenders of their country. There is no disposition to shirk the responsibility of caring for the incapacitated soldier or his needy widow and children. But the servants of the people, the superintendents of this work, are often strangely remiss. There is frequent cause for complaint against those in charge. Heartless neglect of plain duty, unwarranted delay in the formalities of procedure, callous indifference to the complaints of suffering petitioners, have stirred the indignation of many brought to knowledge of these facts. A case in point:

Brevet-Major Melville Cary Wilkinson, of the Third United States Infantry, was killed while leading a handful of troops against the Indians at Leech Lake, Minn., October 5th, 1898. Wounded early in the battle, he was for a few minutes in care of the surgeon, but would not rest inactive, and went on to be cut down again by a bullet that brought death while his voice was still raised to cheer on his men. Major Wilkieson had been in the army thirty-seven years, entering the service in May, 1861. During the Civil War he was in many battles, was severely wounded at Antietam, and was twice promoted for gallantry. In the following campaigns on the frontier he exhibited the best qualities of the fearless soldier, and was breveted major after engagements with the Indians at Clearwater and Kamiah, Idaho, on July 11th and 13th, 1877.

Like General Lawton, he died fighting for his country. Both gallant soldiers left a wife and children. A grateful country has contributed nearly one hundred thousand dollars to General Lawton's family, and Mrs. Lawton is enabled to pay off the mortgage on the home, and will also have a comfortable income. Which is as it should be. General Lawton owned a ranch near Redlands, Cal., which was mortgaged at the time of his death. Major Wilkinson also owned a ranch near Redlands, which is burdened with a mortgage. Mrs. Wilkinson, since the loss of her husband, has been unable to pay the interest on the one thousand dol-

lars due on the home, and is about to lose it. Major Wilkieson died on the field of battle nearly a year and a half ago. His widow can not get the pension of twenty dollars a month to which she is entitled from a "grateful country," and poverty stares her in the face. This neglect and delay call for something more severe than criticism.

There are other facts in connection with this record, a knowledge of which will not serve to encourage the patriotic sons of America. After nearly two score years in the army this gallant officer was still only a brevet-major, while men who had never seen one-twentieth as much active service, who had never displayed remarkable courage or military skill, were wearing the stars of a brigadier-general; the mistaken policy of the department in withholding orders for a sufficient force to proceed from headquarters at St. Paul to the scene of the Indian outbreak, overawe the savages and prevent an attack, is responsible for the sacrifice of this brave soldier and five of his comrades. The widow of Major Wilkinson has had much to complain of, but has suffered silently until imperative need is at her door. The government can not afford such neglect of its most sacred duty.

In even these days of great engineering feats the proposed New York's plan for solving New York's rapid-transit problem will impress the unscientific observer as a stupendous undertaking. The growth of that city has rendered the question of transporting the business population between their homes and their places of business one of increasing difficulty. Were they compelled to depend upon surface cars running at the highest rate of speed compatible with safety, those living in the more remote sections would be compelled to pass one-half of each working day in going to and from their business offices. The elevated railroads relieved the pressure for a time, but it was at the expense of the convenience of those living upon the streets where the cars ran, and now the elevated systems are unable to handle the congested traffic of mornings and evenings. The difficulty of the problem may be realized from a comparison with this city. Were this city to be entirely built up to the county line, the most distant residences would be about six miles from the business part of the city; in New York the distance to be covered is thirteen miles; the population to be transported in New York is slightly more than five times that in San Francisco.

It is now proposed to meet the difficulty by the construction of an underground system that shall extend from the City Hall to the upper part of the Borough of Bronx. The main line will extend as far as Ninety-Seventh Street, a distance of nearly seven miles. This tunnel will be fifty feet wide and thirteen feet high, and will have four tracks, the two outside tracks being for local trains stopping at nearly every cross street, the two inside tracks for express trains stopping about every six blocks. Beyond Ninety-Seventh Street the road separates into two branches with two tracks in each, upon which local trains only will be run. When the Harlem River is reached the tracks will divide and each will pass under the water in circular cast-iron cylinders fifteen feet in diameter. The motive power will be electricity, and all conveniences for the comfort of passengers will be introduced.

The engineering problems are interesting, particularly in the lower section of the road, where street traffic is extensive and can not be disturbed. The first mile is through sand, but as there are no high buildings in this section, no difficulty is anticipated from this source; the remainder of the road is through rock, and the tunneling will not disturb the foundations of the buildings. The contractors are to be allowed to open trenches not more than four hundred feet in length and extending only one-half across the street. These trenches must be filled up as soon as half sections of the tunnel are completed, and bridges must be maintained wherever cross streets exist. No two openings are to be less than five hundred feet apart, and no trench may be kept open more than thirty days without the consent of owners of adjoining property. Besides the construction of the tunnel itself, it will be necessary to reconstruct sewers with their connections, and to adjust water mains, gas pipes, subways for electrical conductors, railway tracks, and other surface and sub-surface structures along the route.

Some idea may be gained of the magnitude of the work from a few of the figures of construction. The total length of all sections will be slightly more than twenty and three-quarters miles; the length of track will be nearly fifty-eight miles. It is estimated that three years will be required for construction, and that an army of eight thousand to ten thousand laborers will be employed. The contract price is \$35,000,000, and the contractor is John B. McDonald, who was formerly engaged on the improvement of the harbor of this city, besides building a number of other important engineering works in this country and in Canada.



## OVER SUMMER SEAS.

The Egotistical Lover and His Rude Awakening.

It was manifest to Brooke almost from the very first that the gods had intended her for him. If he had told any one of his conviction he would have said that the gods had intended them for each other, but when he thought about it in his inmost soul, he put it the first way. And he thought about it a good deal. You have to think altogether more than is good for you when you are three weeks at sea, and the passengers are very largely impossible and unprofitable, and it is too hot to move, much less to play bean-ball. That is why men who are ordinarily active and sane do such idiotic things on ship-board, if they are given half a chance. Not that Brooke did anything foolish, though; he always congratulated himself on that. But he had his chance, and few men could have asked a better one. She was pretty, and agreeable, and well-bred, and all the rest of it; satisfactory in every way. They had not yet gotten off San José when he had decided that she would suit. But he did not tell her so then. It does not do to spoil a woman. If there was any objection to her at all it was that she was a trifle, just a mere trifle, spoiled already.

But she was very much interested in him. She made him talk about himself. Yes, plainly the gods had planned the whole thing aforetime. It was sufficiently romantic, too. He had seen her first in the steamship office at Panama. She had observed him with a side-long glance and had commented to the elderly gentleman who was with her. The elderly gentleman had turned and looked, and she had bent over the deck-plan of the steamer and had said she wanted her state-room on the shore side, and on deck. So Brooke, having inquired minutely as to what hour the tender would go over to the steamer, went out into the hot morning and took a cab to La Boca, just to see if it were still there.

She and the elderly gentleman were already on the tender when he stepped aboard that afternoon. She saw him coming down the wharf. He knew that she did, and furthermore he believed that she had been watching for him; which she had, but young men ought not to understand those things. However, she did not look at him again until they went aboard the steamer. Then she had to, because they both had letters to the captain, and the captain introduced them. Her name was Farrar, and the elderly gentleman, who was her father, called her Winifred. Brooke liked the elderly gentleman—as an accessory. The fathers of charming girls are not always ornamental, even in the middle distance, but Mr. Farrar was creditable. No fellow need be ashamed of him at the trying moment of "Who giveth this woman," nor thereafter. Then they all went in search of their respective state-rooms and did not meet again until dinner.

It was only the first dinner. The purser, who is undoubtedly heaven's vicar upon earth in the match-making business, had not had time to observe and distribute fittingly, so they sat wherever they listed, or wherever they had to, which for Brooke was across the table, and not even opposite to her. He bowed as he took his seat, and he bowed when he whirled around and got up, and for the rest they both conversed with each other, via the captain. The captain had seen that same thing before. He consented sweetly to be talked at, but he was not fooled. His eyes twinkled. He observed how Brooke ate enough nuts to make him very sick and how he looked unamiable when, even with that, Mr. Farrar outsat him, sipping his wine.

That evening Brooke went into the purser's cabin to look at some pearls tied up in the corner of a grimy handkerchief. He did not understand that pursers see everything, and do not need to be taught their business. Brooke was one of those pleasant people to have about who go on the supposition that you are a fool, until you prove yourself otherwise, which is a rule of conduct having the properties of a boomerang. So he brought the conversation round in this wise. He asked if they were likely to have a pleasant trip. The purser said that they usually did, at that time of year. Brooke hoped the passengers would be agreeable, too. The purser thought the Farrars looked promising. Brooke thought so, too, and added: "I say! You're going to put me beside Miss Farrar, aren't you?" He said that he was, and Brooke immediately lost all interest in the little nicked nubbins of pearls, and went back on deck, where it was cool; and the purser smiled as he locked his treasures in the safe again.

Brooke came in to breakfast a little late the next morning. Miss Farrar was already seated, looking particularly nice, too, in what is known to men as "some soft, white material," with a gaudy silk Panama shawl around her shoulders. The intelligent waiter showed Brooke to the next chair. Miss Farrar asked him to explain why it is that the sun rises on the wrong side of the world in Panama Bay; which gave him the requisite feeling of superiority at once. He did not happen to know that it did, because he had not been up to see, but he explained it, anyway. After breakfast he bought her aguacates from the bum-boats alongside, and told her he would show her at luncheon how to eat them. She knew, but she pretended she did not, and Brooke's opinion of her attractions waxed.

After that the course of things in general was as smooth as that of the vessel, as it cut its way States-ward through the pale summer seas. By day they sat under the awnings and talked, and by night they sat up in the bow, way up in the very peak, where, if you had the least possible good opinion of yourself—and a girl of excellent taste to help you along—you could fancy you rather suggested Tristan. Which—thrown in a good cigar, whose red point of fire gives just enough light in darkness to enable you to see a pair of admiring gray eyes turned up to you—is as pleasant a way of passing an evening as a fellow could wish. They sometimes watched the Southern Cross shining all alone on its field of blue-black, sweeping across the

heavens, and they were silent. Silence and the Southern Cross have accomplished many things.

They went ashore together at Manzanillo, also at Acapulco, and they two being alone in the boat—the elderly gentleman having gone ashore ahead, and the beautiful Mexican youth who rowed not counting—he sang softly that "the waves were the highways, so deep, so deep; the waters her by-ways, asleep, asleep," and ended with the sentiment that "thus true lovers tasted life, Stali, Stali." He had a very nice voice. Miss Farrar told him so, and wondered how much longer, at the average calculation, it would be before it would come down from generalities to personalities. Not that she was in any haste. On the contrary. She liked it as it was. What could be more charming than to drift on over the smooth water, faintest blue in the early morning, deep blue, dark as lapis lazuli at noon, steely-gray at sunset, afire with phosphorescents at night, and to have ever beside you a youth, handsome, agreeable, and devoted with that devotion most flattering to a woman's soul, the proprietary, everybody-else-keep-off sort? A youth always perfectly willing to let you talk about him, or to do it himself.

Miss Farrar knew all about Brooke, not only what he had told her, but what she had observed, which latter Brooke did not take into consideration; though it was important. She knew who he was, and that he had been down in Quito for the past two years, and that he was now going up to San Francisco to be best-man for his chum, who was about to be married. "It's an old promise," he explained, "dating from our college days. We agreed then that whichever should marry first the other should come from the ends of the earth, if necessary, to see him through. Tom sent for me, and here I am." Miss Farrar asked what Tom's other name might be. It was Bolton. Brooke forgot about himself just long enough to ask if she happened to know Bolton, but he did not listen when she answered. He interrupted to wonder if he would have a good time in San Francisco. What sort of a town was it for a fellow who didn't know many people? Miss Farrar explained amiably.

Now every one knows that the pleasantest and most fitting occupation a woman can have is to talk to a man about himself. Because that makes him like her, which is, of course, her one object in life. But even a charming girl who understands her place in the scheme of creation has an underlying human taste for just a pinch of variety. Miss Farrar would have liked to have him show some interest in herself, as disconnected from him for just five short minutes. Brooke did not think of that. He went on to tell her something that had happened between Tom and himself at college; something in which he figured rather more creditably than Tom did. And she listened as she watched the desolate yellow coast of Lower California, forsaken of God and man, of all but the sweeping winds, and the whipping waves of the sea. She listened, for she never failed of a seemingly interest in what a fellow was saying, but she was thinking of other things; of how he would have brought upon himself any consequences that might now ensue, and of how it would serve him good and right anyway. From which it may be seen that appearances are deceptive, and that the most lovely woman may have a streak of meanness in her you would never suspect.

Poor Brooke, who had given her his whole heart—he was sure of it now and meant to tell her so some time soon—never so much as guessed at it. She knew he did not. He did not guess anything at all about her, and did not try to. A woman is a vain creature at bottom. She likes to be made to think that some few of her thoughts and actions have a minor sort of importance. There are men who understand this—and they get good wives. The other sort ends life as *l'homme incompris*. But he begins it by being understood. Brooke felt that he was understood, better than ever before. The woman of so much perspicacity was the one for him. However, there was no hurry about telling her so. He was going to call on her in San Francisco. Besides her name and that she was returning from New York, he knew this much about her—that she lived on Pacific Avenue. He believed she had said something about the view of the bay, from there, but he had not paid much attention.

So they stood side by side up among the anchor cables all that last morning, speculating on the points along the coast, betting on the number of the pilot-boat, desecrating the Cliff House, watching the city spreading out and over its hills. Brooke said: "By Jove! it is a big place; a lot bigger than I had supposed." It was cold in the bay to those who had come up from the South. So, after the white tug with the gilt eagle on the pilot-house, which had brought out the doctors, or customs people, or something, shot off again, they went and sat on the crimson-plush seat in the social hall. Miss Farrar was a little absent-minded. Even Brooke saw it. He laid it down to a very natural agitation at having to leave him. However, he would fix that in a day or two.

They came alongside the dock at last. A fellow standing there foremost among the little crowd lifted his hat. "By Jove! it was Tom." How could he have guessed that he—Brooke—would be on this boat? They were up among the cables again, now.

"Have a good trip?" Tom called. Brooke started to answer, but Miss Farrar was in ahead of him. He was surprised, not to say a trifle annoyed. Then he recalled that she had said something about knowing Bolton.

While they waited for the gang-plank to be put down, Brooke decided that he might as well give Miss Farrar the solace of a hint of his intentions. "May I call to-night?" he asked. He did a little proprietary pantomime for Tom's benefit. Miss Farrar blushed and hesitated. He interpreted it as consent, and was so pleased that he went a little further. "I want to see you quite alone—dear."

"I'm awfully—" she started, but at that moment the gang-plank was lowered and the rush began.

Brooke followed the Farrars down, carrying his own suitcase and her bag.

"So you two came on the same boat?" Tom was saying,

and he was holding her hand all the time, too; "I thought, perhaps, you might. Of course you know," he beamed upon them both, "that Brooke is to be our best man, Winifred?"

"Yes," Winifred said, she knew.

"It's funny you struck the same boat," Tom insisted; "I wish I had thought to cable you, old fellow, that Miss Farrar would be aboard."

"Yes," said Brooke, "I wish you had."

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1900.

## THE SONG OF THE SLAUGHTERED.

Three were the terrible things that spoke and the three were sore  
in sin,  
One from the sea and two from the shore (and their skulls were  
caven in);  
Then the eldest of all his voice brake over the world's rough rim,—  
Over the world's rough rind and rim, my heart went  
forth to him:

"Once was I father of four—good man of a goodlier wife;  
A ball in the brain makes all in vain,—hope, happiness, and life!  
Now, on the hearth of Hell I hear, and the hearing is half Hell's  
pain:

"He died for his country, a hero—he sleeps with the nobly slain!  
O! vain is the lie as a solace commanders and conquerors tell—  
Hell is my country, ye patriots, and no heroes have honor in Hell.  
But on Earth the blood of the slaughtered the crimes of the  
State atones,—  
Lost, lost to me—as I to you—my Mary, my little ones!"

The red hands must be dead hands, the red face must be  
gray,

Yesterday all red with life, white with death to-day.

What is a soldier's life?

No more than a soldier's wife,

For his red hands soon are dead hands, his red face soon is  
gray.

"And I was the only son of two gray-heads left behind,  
I, whose naked ribs make a moaning in the wind.  
Deep sank the sword of the foeman and the cords of my heart  
laid bare,

But my parents' wound no steel can sound—misery, woe, and de-  
spair!

I gat me to the battle with many—and many did die,

Whilst they who scribble with pens see no wound and hear no  
cry.

Where the sword or the shot slays one, the pen slays ninety-and-  
nine,

In the sight of men I was slain by the pen—father and mother  
mine!"

The red hands shall be dead hands, the red face shall be gray,

Yesterday all red with life, white with death to-day.

And you with the only son,

Where is that only one?

Say his red hands now are dead hands, his red face now is  
gray.

"Much have ye lost, ye comrades, yet I have lost more than all—  
The beloved whereof I was beloved—wormwood and ashes and  
gall!

Ye have lost what ye once possessed and your memory slakes  
your pain,

But I have lost what I never possessed—O, surely 'twas mine to  
gain!

And let her wait and let her weep—she weeps not, she waits not  
alone;

On the enemy's side I made many a bride who shall no bride-  
groom own.

Ye makers of war and your masters, take the curse re-arisen in  
me!

Take the curse from the lips of my loved one, and the curse of  
the millions to be!"

The red hands must be dead hands, the red face must be  
gray.

Yesterday all red with life, white with death to-day.

You on whom sorrow doth fall

Judge three and be judges of all;

For the red hands must be dead hands; the red face must be  
gray.

—Herman Scheffauer in Lippincott's Magazine for March.

It is pointed out by Mr. R. E. C. Long, in the London *Westminster Gazette*, that M. Bloch, in his work on future wars, which is said to have influenced the Czar when he decided to call together The Hague congress, predicted what would happen if two white races opposed each other. Mr. Long reproduces that part of the prediction which relates particularly to tactics and strategy. M. Bloch's predictions were as follows, and it is a remarkable fact that they have been fulfilled to the letter in the South African war:

"That the war of the future would be a war of sieges and entrenched positions.

"That to carry out frontal attacks would be impossible without immense losses and great superiority in numbers, and that it would, therefore, seldom be resorted to.

"That with equality in numbers, modern wars would last longer than past wars.

"That decisive victories would be rare, the beaten side immediately taking up fresh positions to the rear which would be prepared in advance.

"That artillery would be put out of action by sharpshooting rifle-  
men, who would kill off horses and men.

"That adequate reconnaissance would be almost impossible, and that an enemy's position would only be revealed by the volleys from their trenches.

"That even then, owing to the use of smokeless powder, it would be impossible precisely to locate them.

"That attempts to surprise an enemy would often result in counter-surprises.

"That intrenchments constructed for protection against modern artillery and rifle fire would be invisible.

"That the loss in officers would be abnormally large.

"That ambulance work, owing to the great range of modern weapons, would have to be carried on under fire, with the result of mutual accusations of abusing the Red Cross flag."

—

A few years ago a chemist came along and told the proprietor of a large meat-packing establishment that he was wasting thousands of dollars by throwing away the stomachs of pigs, which contained pepsin. These stomachs were then shipped to New York, where pepsin was extracted, but the proprietor was finally induced to build a laboratory of his own for the manufacture of pepsin. As a result of this addition to the vast industrial establishment the pepsin industry was revolutionized, and a priceless boon was conferred upon dyspeptic humanity by placing a commodity that was formerly imported from England within the reach of the poorest sufferers.



## CONDITIONS IN CUBA.

Havana a Political Plague Spot—Sugar Industry Reviving—The American "Promoter"—Peaceful Pursuits of the Cuban Ex-Generals—Partisan Lines Not Yet Marked.

The following extracts from an excellent article by Charles M. Pepper, author of "To-Morrow in Cuba," in a recent issue of the New York *Herald*, on the salient points of the Cuban situation, after more than a full year of the occupation and direction of the island by United States authority, will be found especially interesting at this time. Mr. Pepper says that Havana responds to the efforts for Americanization more readily than the rest of the island, but even here there is in reality not much, except that the bicycle is supreme, and the streets are clean:

"There are also new buildings going up and some other evidences of enterprise. The Spanish theatre and the French opera have not been displaced by the American vaudeville. The base-ball clubs from the States have lately been beating the Cuban clubs—something they did not do when they first came. At the clubs the playing is still reckless, and Americans continue to learn that the Spaniard or the Cuban is not to be met on even ground with haccarat. While the playing is high at both the Spanish and the Cuban clubs there is no public gambling. Havana is really cleaner morally, as well as physically, and the credit of this moral sanitation is due to Military Governor Ludlow, although his laurels for abolishing yellow fever have withered because of the persistence of the disease in refusing to be abolished. The American colony in itself shows ennui, from which it is aroused only when some new question of etiquette and precedence arises. Then there is a keen interest. Many of these delicate questions which arise can not be settled by precedents from official and social life in Washington because the conditions are not the same. But when the army intellect and the civilian intellect address themselves to these subjects a way out is usually found which satisfies everybody. However, they are not of grave concern, and do not sensibly affect the American administration in the island, so I pass them over lightly."

In order to study the political and industrial prospects of Cuba, Mr. Pepper says it is best to keep away from Havana:

"Havana is the political plague spot of the island, and even its commercial activity or dullness does not afford a fair index of the general conditions. Whenever the politicians get wearisome, which is quite often, I have found it a good plan to take a run into the country. That affords an idea of what progress is making toward prosperity. One part of the general scheme of American administration is to give encouragement to public works, especially to building roads. General Brooke had great faith in these roads, and had mapped out a comprehensive plan, which General Wood will follow and will even broaden. The hack-bone railroad from Havana to Santiago may not be built until a stable government is established, but before the American occupation ends there will certainly be a passable highway for man and beast from one end of the island to the other. In the heart of the country, in Puerto Principe province, I saw the other day the rapidity with which gaps are being closed. The same work is going on in Santiago, and it may be that within a year it will be possible to drive a matter of six hundred miles between the two cities in a comfortable coach. That means everything for the agricultural development of the interior. General Lee is also building roads through the least accessible parts of Pinar del Rio province, so that most of the tobacco regions will have good means of communication. Pinar del Rio, or the 'Vuelta Abajo,' as it is better known, is to-day a feast to the eyes. The tobacco crop is good, better even than last year, and the whole province smiles with agricultural prosperity. The people are all working and are contented. This year's crop will pour several millions of dollars into their laps and will enable them to repair the few evidences which yet remain of the havoc that was wrought during the insurrection."

Sugar-cane is a slower growth than tobacco, and the ruined plantations of Matanzas and Santa Clara have not yet all been freshened by a new growth of cane:

"But the crop will be at least fifty thousand tons larger than last season's, and in the following year there will be a heavy increase. American visitors who see the walls of the ruined mills yet standing gain the idea that the sugar industry is not recuperating, and the American machinery firms are disappointed at the lack of greater demand for new machinery. But the planters say that the first thing is to get their cane planted, after which they have from fifteen to eighteen months to prepare for the grinding. They do not seem to be worrying about a lack of facilities in the way of sugar-mills, and I am inclined to think that they will find means of getting their cane to the mills which are already in operation. Planting cane and securing the extension of their mortgages is their chief concern now. A planter in Santa Clara told me that he had succeeded in planting three thousand more acres this year than last, though he didn't know just how he had managed to do this with everybody holding his mortgages and notes. A planter in Puerto Principe told me that since the end of the war between the United States and Spain he had spent four hundred thousand dollars in bringing his plantations back to their former productiveness, and he hoped to get it back within the next two years. Another planter, to his own surprise, succeeded in spreading out half a million of indebtedness over a period of years, and was straining every nerve for a big crop next year. I heard of a number of similar instances. They show that while the evidences of the revival of the sugar industry are not apparent to the eye it is, nevertheless, recuperating. All the planters are anxious that the American Congress shall grant them the reduction in the sugar duty which it is proposed to concede to the British West Indies. That, they say, with a good crop next year, will save them."

The American "promoter" is still the most numerous individual in Cuba. Time and repeated rebuffs do not stall him:

"During the last few weeks I have met him all over the island. He is here in Havana, with his air of proprietorship, his talk of millions, and his empty pocket-book. In the beginning the people had some faith in the grand projects which he was planning, and for which he was promising unlimited American capital. He was welcomed by the Spanish property-owners and business men, and was given the opportunity which he wanted to exploit their properties. But the American capital failed to come, and after a time they discovered that the American "promoter" was trying to get control of their properties without paying for them. They are a very polite people, and they continued to be courteous in their treatment of the enterprising stranger who talked so large and did so little. For that reason he was a long time in finding out that they had shut down on him. In some instances he has not yet found it out. I have run across him at the *cafes*, the hotels, and in the clubs, still maintaining an unwonted front, and still talking big of his projects, but the banks scan the checks and sight-drafts of the "promoters" very closely, and they are likely to become a common nuisance. A few of them have actually got into jail at various periods, and it is the keenest regret of their countrymen that the prison reforms and the administration of justice which General Wood is seeking to establish made it necessary to let them out."

Out in the country the American "promoter" is even more in evidence than in Havana:

"The sugar-planters are the most weary of the American 'promoter.' At first they grasped him as the drowning man catches at the straw. They extended to him the hospitality of their homes, and took their own valuable time showing him their plantations and appraising the cane-lands. It was months before they found that the 'promoter' was chiefly concerned in doing them out of their mortgaged lands without even a show of cash. Hopes which had been raised were dashed, and then they went back to their work and left the 'promoter' to his

ways. The most they do now is to give him a night's lodging whenever one turns up—something after the manner in which a tramp gets permission to stay overnight in one of the outbuildings. From these planters everywhere I have been met with the query why the adventurers should seek to make victims of them when they have so little out of which profit can be made. The only answer is that the adventurer looks upon everybody as his prey, and mortgaged sugar estates he regards as legitimate booty. In spite of his presence and the drawback he forms to all legitimate enterprises, American capital is finding investment in Cuba, much of it in plantations and in other lands. That is one of the encouraging signs."

With reference to Cuban politics, Mr. Pepper writes:

"Santiago and Havana are the hot-houses of agitation. To judge from either of these cities there is nothing but political ferment in the island, yet any one who takes the pains to travel around learns that this is not so. Each town has its coterie of politicians, and the *cafes* reek with their discussion. The calmer atmosphere is outside, and it is worth knowing that there are men in Cuba, as in the United States, who are too busy to bother much with politics. One day I was asking about a number of revolutionary leaders who had some right to be called chiefs of insurrection. There was General Jesus Rabi, the unlettered warrior, in whose veins runs the pure blood of the native race that was here when Columbus came. He won the respect of the American army officers who met him in the Santiago campaign. Rabi, I was told, was working on his farm in Santiago, to which he had gone as soon as the war was ended. He had only come to Havana at the request of General Wood for a conference, and as soon as that was ended had returned to his farm. Then there was Bartolome Maso, the leader in two revolutions, who had been too busy reconstructing his sugar estate near Manzanillo to accept office under the American authority, and who only stopped in his work of reconstruction long enough to tell a pair of restless insurgent generals in Santiago that the province would not be peaceful until the Cubans took time to hang them. I asked about General Eligio Ducaes, the Santiago mulatto whose Parisian education had made him a notable figure just after the insurrection. He was too busy to come to Havana at all. He was superintending two tobacco plantations—one in the Isle of Pines and the other in the Vuelta Abajo district—and would make twenty thousand dollars this season as his share. With this responsibility on him he could not leave his places at the critical season of the crop. Even Quintin Banderas, the picturesque black chieftain of Santiago, who shared the honors with Gomez when the Cubans had their celebration nearly a year ago, was fulfilling his duties as inspector of forestry, and could not leave them to talk politics in Havana. When the insurgents were disbanded and paid off by the American military authorities, Banderas checked off all the men who had been under his command, and saw to it honestly that each received his quota of seventy-five dollars. Then, when the disbanded insurgents had the cash in hand, General Banderas made a short speech. He said: 'Now, boys, how much for your general?' They contributed from five to ten dollars apiece for their general. With this contribution General Banderas bought a printing press and started a newspaper, though his own literary acquisitions did not extend much beyond writing his name. He had a political ambition, which was to be governor of the province of Santiago, and he had the notion that to own a newspaper was the first step. General Wood made him inspector of forestry, and between his official duties and looking after his farm he has not since had time to give much attention to politics."

There are as yet no distinct political parties in Cuba. The organizations are called "groups." The present effort is to unite all the groups into what is known as the Cuban National party:

"This is opposed in the provinces, where there are a Federal Democratic party and a Federal Republican party, so-called. It is quite possible that in the end they will all be cemented into the Cuban National party, because there is no line of distinction between them. They all want independence, and the only differences are with reference to the rivalries of ambitious leaders. The Cubans explain that the trouble in fusing all the elements into one political organization is that there are too many personalities. By this they mean too many would-be leaders. I went one Sunday afternoon to a Cuban political meeting in the Marti Theatre. It was not very different from a similar gathering in the United States, such as might be addressed by Chauncey Depew or David B. Hill. There were many women in the audience, which was an intelligent one. Several blacks and mulattoes occupied places on the platform, and it was made clear that there was no color line. The speakers were effervescent in their eloquence. They talked somewhat patronizingly of 'the intervening power,' but were careful in what they said. Their speeches related mostly to the future Cuban republic, which, they said, was to be a Latin republic. I was impressed with their appeals for unity, and their invitation to the old autonomists, and to the Spanish classes, to join with them."

This problem of the Spanish classes in Cuba is beginning to solve itself. The first step toward its solution was when the Cuban politicians discovered that they could not get along without the Spaniards:

"Then they paid more heed to what Maximo Gomez had been telling them about the need of concord between the Cuban and the Spanish elements. In some parts of the island the moral effect of the American troops is still the best protection for the Spaniards, and is yet needed. In other sections there has been something like a genuine rapprochement. Both sides are politic. The Spaniards, where they are unwilling to join with the Cubans, take pains not to antagonize them, and the Cuban politicians advise their followers to discourage the resentment growing out of the war. Señor Sagrario, the Spanish consul-general, has had a share in this *rapprochement*. His instructions from Madrid were to advise the Spaniards in Cuba to get along with the Cubans, and he has followed these instructions so rigidly that the bigoted element among them has bitterly opposed him and has sought his removal. Señor Sagrario was credited with a political purpose in the policy he followed. It was said that though Spain had lost political dominion over Cuba, she was hoping to keep her commercial advantages by encouraging the Spaniards to stay, and even to emigrate from the peninsula. The purpose was legitimate enough, and the American authorities had no fault to find with the policy. They were willing to let the matter of trade settle itself. Watching the Spanish immigrants disembarking from the Barcelona and the Coruna steamers, I have reached the conclusion that the question of the future labor supply of Cuba is in a fair way to settle itself. These incoming immigrants seem willing to take their chances in the future with the Cubans. Few of them are seeking to be registered as Spanish subjects. This is true of the Spanish laboring population throughout the island. It is the Spanish commercial classes which insist on registering as Spanish subjects, although the consul-general has discouraged them, and has been very plain in saying that the fewer subjects Spain has in Cuba the less danger there will be of friction."

Maximo Gomez, it might be supposed, would be in the forefront of the political agitation; but, according to Mr. Pepper, this is not so. "He signs an occasional manifesto or issues an address showing that he still cherishes the idea of Cuban independence, but his actions are quite conservative. The old general is often seen on the streets of Havana, sometimes walking with his wife or sons, sometimes jolting along in a cab. Nobody pays special heed to him, and the stranger is apt to be told that Gomez has lost his influence with the elements which he led in the insurrection against Spain, and that he is experiencing the pangs of Cuban ingratitude. That a good many of the would-be leaders are hostile to Gomez, and that they want his power destroyed, there is no question, but that he has lost his influence is not apparent. It is noticed that whenever he takes a trip into the country the country people show their devotion to him, and in political manoeuvring he is more than a match for his rivals and opponents."

## A MASQUE OF FAIR WOMEN.

Mrs Arthur Paget's Great Charity Entertainment in London—interested Patronage of Royalty—Living Pictures that Were Dreams of Beauty and Magnificence.

A sharp wind, sweeping the sleet and snow before it, did its best to make the Haymarket unpleasant Tuesday evening, yet the street was blocked with carriages before Her Majesty's Theatre, and a concourse of guests for the great charity masque in aid of the Guards' war fund moved steadily up under the red and white awning and into the play-house. The entrance was a bower of beauty, with stately palms and groups of choice foliage and flowering plants arranged with artistic effect, and a blaze of light and a wave of warm air freighted with delicate odors met the inflowing tide. Mrs. Arthur Paget, to whose charitable impulses and rare ability the inception of the entertainment and its successful accomplishment are due, received the guests as they arrived, and, when the curtain rose at last, occupied a seat in the front row of stalls with the royal party, consisting of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Louise Marchioness of Lorne, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg. A list of the nobility present would require more space than my letter could give, and it can only be said that the affair was almost in the nature of a state function.

A bank of moss and leaves completely hid the orchestra of the theatre, and over this and beyond the footlights a broad gilded frame for the pictures to be presented reached almost across the stage. The first tableau was "The Five Senses," a group of ladies with Titian hair and Florentine costumes, with a figure of Cupid in the centre. The second, one of the most artistic and successful of the evening, was "The Gleaners," after Millet, in which Lady Violet Brassey, Mrs. William James, and Miss Blanche Forbes, in Breton peasant dress, appeared before a background representing a corn-field in harvest. These pictures were planned and arranged by Mrs. Arthur Paget. Following came tableaux designed by such distinguished artists as Boughton, Onslow Ford, Waterhouse, Ernest Crofts, Arthur Hacker, Frederick Goodall, and Solomon J. Solomon, each a triumph in its way.

The second part of the programme was the "Masque of War and Peace," written in the Elizabethan style, by Mr. Louis N. Parker, with music composed and conducted by Mr. Hamish MacCunn. The scene was a forest glade on the bank of the Thames, with Windsor Castle in the distance. Miss Muriel Wilson appeared as War, in flame-colored robes, with golden helmet and breast-plate. Rumor was Mr. G. C. Elwes, in white and black, with crimson tongues and curved interrogation points marking his garments, a telegraph-pole for a staff, and a miniature telephone outfit slung from one shoulder. Lady Maude Warrender represented Pity, and sang a pathetic song with rare expression; Mrs. Charles Crutchley personified Glory; Mrs. Cyril Martineau was Prosperity; Miss Toupie Lowther not only represented Victory in costume, but proved her title by defeating Rebellion (Mr. Hugh Dodds) in a fencing bout. At the end Pity disarmed War, and the red robes gave way to clinging ones of white, with a wreath and girdle of roses.

A patriotic picture of Great Britain, her Colonies and Dependencies, concluded the stage presentations, and for this Sir Arthur Sullivan had composed a new march, which was played by the orchestra and five full bands from the Life Guards and the Blues, the composer conducting. In this picture the central figure was the Countess of Westmorland as Great Britain, in scarlet robes, wearing a wreath of shamrocks and roses, a tall thistle beside her, a harp in her hand, and at her feet a recumbent lion. Lady Raincliffe represented Canada, in white, with fur and crystal ornaments; Lady Claud Hamilton, as British Columbia, wore pale-green draperies; Lady Maude Warrender, as Newfoundland, was in white and silver and carried a fishing-net; the Countess of Huntingdon represented Australia, in cloth-of-gold and splendid jewels; Miss Barbara Lister, as New Zealand, wore an artistic costume of rose and blue, with no touch of gold or silver; Lady Feo Sturt was a regal India, in shimmering white and gold, with a crimson, gold-bordered train; Miss Muriel Wilson, in white satin, with a steel cuirass, represented Cape Colony, and recited some patriotic verses with striking effect.

In all the magnificence and art of these tableaux and marches, the enthusiasm that greeted every new appearance and became a tumult at the close of each musical selection, one found time for many reflections. The first was one of unfeigned regret that these visions of beauty were called up only to disappear, never to be seen again. Then to note with admiring wonderment bow tall and fair these daughters of England are, stately, almost majestic in the repose of the artists' designs. And it was almost a dream of fair women throughout. Not more than a half-dozen men appeared in the evening's entertainment, barring the bandmen in their regimental uniforms.

Mr. Beerbom Tree, who graciously gave his theatre for the masque, was second only to Mrs. Paget in enthusiastic and restless preparation for the stage pictures. He was the manager behind the scenes, and was omnipresent and indefatigable, even at rehearsals. A pleasant feature of the evening was the first appearance of Mr. Tree's daughter, Miss Violet Tree, a graceful, pretty girl, who represented the Medway in the procession of the tributaries of the Thames.

After the masque, many of the audience and all the actors repaired to Prince's Restaurant, where a supper, perfect in all appointments, as was to be expected, was served. The entire receipts here also were given to aid the fund, and the grand total for the evening is nearly \$35,000. The masque will not soon be forgotten, as it was undoubtedly the most brilliant society gathering since the Duchess of Devonshire's famous ball in Jubilee Year.

LONDON, February 15, 1900.



## THE "SAPHO" CASE.

Olga Nethersole to Be Tried for Presenting an Immoral Play in New York—What Dramatist Clyde Fitch Has Done with Daudet's Story.

The yellow journals have achieved their ambition in the "Sapho" case. Like self-conscious little brats, who would resort to any unseemly action rather than remain unnoticed, they have shrieked the nastiness of Clyde Fitch's play until a time-serving magistrate has given the willing police excuse for prohibiting the further presentation of the play. Magistrate Mott himself shirked the responsibility of determining whether or not "Sapho" is an immoral performance, but he has held the defendants—Miss Olga Nethersole and others associated with her in the piece—in five hundred dollars bonds each, for trial by the court of general sessions, on a charge of conducting an immoral performance.

Whether the *World* or the *Journal* began stirring up the malodorous mess I have not had the curiosity to ascertain. Before the play had been produced, they began to howl of its immorality. After the first performance, their critics, as well as those of the other papers, condemned it as a poor example of the playwright's art that would die of its own unworth. But the yellow journals saw that it offered an opportunity for a sensation, and they seized upon it as hyenas seize their unsavory food. They printed columns of protests from short-haired women and long-haired men, and then the *World* made one of its reporters swear to a warrant against Miss Nethersole and her associates. But, before going further, I must tell you briefly what the play is.

It is a dramatization by Clyde Fitch of Alphonse Daudet's novel "Sapho," adapted in part from the French dramatization by Daudet and Belot and freely arranged to suit Miss Nethersole's bistrionic preferences. Daudet's novel is the story of "Camille" told from the man's standpoint, and it is one of the most powerful sermons ever preached against the *liaison* of a young man and a woman of the anonymous class. It shows that his cause is the cause of humanity, while her interests, not necessarily through her fault, are against the common good. Clyde Fitch has changed it about to the woman's standpoint again, making her an object of pity and, according to Miss Nethersole's analysis, showing the elevating influence of love on a woman as unmoral as a stray cat. This is what Dumas did in "Camille," but Clyde Fitch has fallen far short of the mark. Sapho is throughout a selfish animal whose jaded appetite is whetted by the freshness of a robust young man and who seeks to drag him down to her own level; when he shakes her off, she returns to one—perhaps more—of her old flames. As a play it is third-rate melodrama, unrelieved by novel situations or witty speeches, and only in the third act, where the deserted woman falls exhausted with the cry "I am lost! lost! lost!" does Miss Nethersole's acting rise to the high standard she had set for herself.

The hearing before Magistrate Mott in the Central Street Police Court began on the day after Washington's Birthday. The first witness called by the prosecution was Robert Mackay—who comes from your city, by the way—who had worked on the "story" for the *World*, getting up the protests and signatures to protests with which the paper had been filled. He told the story of the play, but acknowledged that his impression of the most daring scene—when, after a Bohemian revel, Jean carries Sapho upstairs in his arms—had been eked out by his knowledge from Daudet's book that Jean carries her to her room, a consummation before which the curtain falls in the play. He also confessed that in swearing to the complaint he had done what the *World* told him, and that as a disinterested individual he would not have done so. The prosecution's other witness that day was "the Rev." Mrs. Phoebe A. Hanford, president of the local branch of the W. C. T. U. She said she had never gone to a theatre until she was forty years of age, and that she could not see or hear distinctly what was happening on the stage, but "it didn't seem right." She, too, had been hired by the *World* to see the play and express her condemnation of it. More women, sent to the theatre by the *World*, testified on the following Tuesday—the president of the Society for the Study of Life that "the situation" [when Sapho was carried upstairs] "could not be mistaken by any mature person," and the president of the Mothers' Club that the play was so immoral that she had "thought of it every day and night since." These ladies provoked smiles, but there were guffaws at the next hearing, last Saturday, when Deputy Assistant-District Attorney Kerin O'Connor, hearing that Sapho had read the letters of her former lovers to Jean on the stage, demanded that the original letters be produced in court. When Marcus Mayer, one of the defendants, got through laughing, he made a note to get Mr. O'Connor a pass to some play where he should see an actress write a three-page letter in thirty seconds.

The last day of the hearing was Monday, when Magistrate Mott held the prisoners to answer, as I have already said. At seven o'clock that evening the chief of police sent word to Manager Burnham at Wallack's Theatre that the performance of "Sapho" would not be permitted thereafter in this city until the case had been tried. Accordingly the management hung out signs bearing the legend: "No performance this evening—for particulars see tomorrow's papers," which were hailed with delight by the mob that had gathered. By half-past seven the street was filled with idlers and persons who, not having been warned, had come to see the show, and presently the police had all they could do to keep a passage open. So dense was the crowd that the street-cars in front were delayed ten minutes. But all were good-natured. The suburbanites got their money back, either from the box-office or from speculators at a discount, and others accepted the alternative of coming next day to get their money or tickets for a performance of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which was

immediately announced for last night. By nine o'clock the street was restored to its normal condition.

I believe Miss Nethersole will suffer through the notoriety her choice of a play, and the attack of the yellow journals, have brought upon her. The theatre has been crowded since "Sapho" was first put on, last Saturday night—the sign, "No more money taken," was put up fifteen minutes after the doors were opened for the matinee, and Manager Burnham said he was compelled to turn away enough people in the evening to fill the theatre four times over. The statement has even been made that the advance sale for "Sapho" had mounted up to sixty thousand dollars. But that money, or most of it, has to be returned, and Miss Nethersole will not get another cent for the play in which she has invested a large sum from her own savings, if the decision of the general sessions is against her. She prates a deal of the great lesson "Sapho" teaches, but she acknowledges that the box-office is the touchstone of a play's success. The people who have been filling Wallack's of late are not of the kind on whose approval a lasting popularity can be built. An observer at the first matinee found ten women to one man present, and these women, ranging in age from twenty to thirty-five years, laughed the louder the broader and more suggestive the lines were. The better class of theatre-goers have been unpleasantly affected by Miss Nethersole's strange preference for the unclean. Having reached the acme of sensationalism now, she must surely soon feel the effects of the inevitable reaction.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, March 8, 1900.

## MAGAZINE VERSE.

## The Weaver.

I weave life upwards through the grass,  
I weave death downwards through the mold.  
Before the ordered stars I was:  
Before my eyes the flowers pass;  
The seed, the cup of living gold,  
The bulb, the blossom white and cold.  
All life within my hands I hold,  
All death and change my fingers fold.  
My looms are full, my shuttles fly,  
The weaver and the weft am I.

I keep all secrets; I disclose  
Wonder of sweetness to the rose.  
I fill the dandelion's stem  
With milk; I give the maidenhair  
A gift not sweet, and ill to bear—  
The gift of weakness. Here I bid  
The lily in the dark be hid  
From all her kin; and yonder I  
Quicken harsh rue and rosemary.  
Blossom and bud and seed are mine,  
All bear my sigil and my sign.  
They are of me, and I of them.

I weave death downwards through the mold  
And weave life upwards through the grass.  
And which is best I know not—I—  
Which gift were best to sell or buy  
If life and death were bought or sold.  
Sad hours are lavished, glad hours doled;  
Buyers and sellers come and pass;  
Some, warm with love; and some a-cold;  
Some, with sealed eyes; and some behold  
Through their own tears, as in a glass,  
Me and my weaving. Black and gold,  
Ash-gray, rose-red—all colors flow  
One with another, to and fro,  
As endlessly my shuttles go.  
I was before the stars began,  
Or God had ever thought of man,  
And with the stars I grow not old.  
I weave life upwards through the grass,  
And weave death downwards through the mold.

—Nora Hopper in *North American Review*.

## Life and Time.

Time sits in silence, patient, at his loom,  
And throws untired his shuttles of moon and sun,  
And weaves with flying strands of dark and light,  
And weaves again forever, as it wanes,  
His pageant of the living hours that die—  
Night treading lonely through a land of sleep;  
Dawn that has dreams of Night within her eyes;  
Day with the bloom of Morning on her cheeks;  
Day flushed from labors in the stress of Noon;  
And Eve whose eyes are sad with dreams of Day.

And circling in the dazzle and the dark,  
In all the ever-fading, growing gloom  
And glory, swings the clamorous world of men:  
Clamor of Peace, who sows her happy fields  
Or feasts with all her sons at harvest-borne;  
Of War, that wields his lightnings like a god  
And thunders god-like from his clouds, and swirls  
His red rain on the fields that Peace has sown;  
Of Joy, who brims his cup and shouts his songs  
Exultant in a bubble-beaten that bursts;  
Of Death, who snows his Winter where he will,  
And walks amid a wailing as of winds;  
Of Hope, who, blinded by his first sunrise,  
Waits for the slow to-morrow and dies to-day;  
Of Love, whose earth and hell and heaven are one;  
Of Loss, that whimpers at the heels of Love;  
Of Pity and Hate, of Anguish and Despair—

Clamor of all the voices of the world  
Moan to him like a murmur of his loom;  
But heedless whether men may laugh or weep,  
And careless ever though they live or die,  
Time sits in silence at his spanless web  
And throws untired his shuttles of moon and sun,  
And weaves anew his pageant as it wanes—  
Dawn that has dreams of Night within her eyes;  
Day with the bloom of Morning on her cheeks;  
Day flushed from labors in the stress of Noon;  
And Eve whose eyes are dim with dreams of Day;  
And Night who loiters saddening still for Dawn.

—A. St. John Adcock in *Chambers's Journal*.

A notable feature of Massachusetts statistics of crime is the comparatively recent marked decrease in the number of prisoners. Speculating on the causes for the decrease, the *Boston Herald* assigns the war as a prominent one. It turned attention to new and exciting subjects, and many young men addicted to drink enlisted in the army. The improvement of business has also been a factor in the reduction. The more general employment of men has taken them out of temptation and reduced the amount of over-indulgence.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

President Diaz's great popularity in Mexico is shown by the result of the recently held plebiscite in Mexico, as to whether he should continue at the head of the republic, when, out of 1,548,654 votes he received 1,456,482.

Dr. Donatus Sbaretta, the new Roman Catholic Bishop of Havana, is one of the most famous linguists among the clergy of his church. He reads Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Greek, and Latin, and speaks English, Spanish, Italian, French, German, Russian, and Japanese.

Dr. Gatling, the inventor of the Gatling gun, is still alive, and at the age of eighty-one is still hard at work. But he has appropriately turned his mind from the gun to the plow, and is now said to be arranging for the manufacture of his latest invention, an automobile plow, which he thinks will do the work of a dozen horses.

It has been announced that the anonymous donor of fifty thousand dollars to the British war fund, which gift came from Australia several months ago, is Miss Edith Walker, of Concord, Sydney. She is well known in Australia as a most generous woman, and it was her gift that enabled the Royal Society of England to equip and send out a coral-boring expedition a few years ago.

When Theodore Thomas has fulfilled his promise and given to the Newberry Library his collection of musical scores, Chicago will have the second, if not the first, musical library in this country. Its only rival will be the Boston Public Library. Mr. Thomas has valued his collection at one hundred thousand dollars, but it is doubtful that it could be replaced for that sum of money. Very many of the full orchestral scores he owns can not now be bought in the open market, the publishers refusing to sell them outright.

Every man who applies at Coxey's quarry, near Massillon, O., can get work. All tramps have heard of Coxey, and it is a favorite game of theirs to apply to him for work on Saturday afternoon. They are given good meals and comfortable beds, not having to work on Sunday. When Monday comes they make their escape. Two men tried this recently, but Jesse Coxey, son of the "general," brought the runaways back at the point of a revolver, and made them work out the price of the comforts they had received.

Fear is expressed that Yvette Guilbert, the famous concert-hall singer, may not survive the operation she underwent, some months ago, for the extirpation of a diseased kidney. The fire in her apartments a fortnight ago in Paris, which necessitated her being carried out of her house in an invalid's chair, excited her very much and exhausted the little strength she had recovered after the operation. All Paris is deeply interested in her condition, and physicians issue bulletins hourly which the newspapers print under large bead-lines.

Charles T. Caldwell, one of the best known and most distinguished members of the West Virginia bar, created a sensation in the circuit court of Parkersburg, a few weeks ago, by appearing in skirts. His reason for assuming female attire was that he desired to impress upon a jury, trying the damage suit of a female client against the electric railway company, how easy it was for a woman's skirt to catch upon the car brake, and how the brake-god would twist the skirt in such a manner as to pull her violently forward instead of tripping her feet from under her. Mr. Caldwell, who is a very large man and weighs in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds, wore a dress much too small for him, and his appearance totally disrupted the dignity of the court. The trick won, however, and his client was awarded substantial damages.

The will of the late Lord Queensberry has been lodged in Edinburgh. The codicil runs as follows: "At my death I wish to be cremated and my ashes put into the earth inclosed in nothing, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, in any spot most convenient I have loved. Will mention places to my son, Harleyford for choice. I particularly request no Christian mummeries or tomfooleries to be performed over my grave, but that I be buried as a secularist and an agnostic. If it will comfort any one, there are plenty of those of my own faith who would come and say a few words of common sense over the spot where my ashes may lie. QUEENSBERRY, January 23, 1895.—Places to lay ashes: The summit of Criffel or Queensberry in Dumfriesshire; the end of the terrace overlooking the New Loch, Harleyford, Bucks. No monument or stone necessary or required, or procession, as ashes can be carried in one person's hand. Failing these places, any place where the stars shall ever shed their light and the sun shall gild each rising morn."

Turin is a most interesting town in many ways, and more especially in that it is the residence of so many rival royalities (says London *Vanity Fair*). It is here that the Duke and Duchess of Aosta have their home, and in the duchess is now fixed the hope of Italy, as the Crown Prince and Princess of Italy have no children. The duchess makes a point of having no intimate friends; she never relaxes, and, in consequence, is not greatly beloved by the impulsive Italian. Her eldest child, Prince Amadeus, is a little more than a year old, and her royal highness is once more expecting to add another member to the royal house of Savoy. The exact opposite of the Duchess of Aosta is her step-mother-in-law, the dowager duchess, who is the most fascinating and popular person in Turin. The Duchess Laetitia, who is a Bonaparte princess, is a niece of the King of Italy, and was married to her uncle, the late Duke of Aosta, in 1888. She delights in every kind of amusement, and has no idea of maintaining any kind of dignity. All the gentlemen of her court are, or have been, in love with her, and she receives frequent reprimands from her uncle and brother-in-law, King Humbert. The third royal family in Turin is that of the Duke of Genoa, who is married to the Princess Isabella of Bavaria, to whom he is devoted.



## A CHARMING RACONTEUR.

Sir Algernon West's Anecdotic Recollections—English Society Fifty Years Ago—Gladstone at the Zenith of His Career—Lord Randolph Churchill's Wonderful Intuition.

One of the most delightful autobiographical works of recent years is Sir Algernon West's "Recollections." They are an informal record of a life spent in the public service—the life of a man who, by family connections and by the various positions which he has held, has always been in touch with public affairs and numbered among his friends almost all of England's great men in the world of politics, art, and letters during the period between 1832 and 1886. Perhaps the chapters of greatest value are those which deal more especially with the four years—from 1868 to 1872—when he was private secretary to Gladstone, who had then become prime minister for the first time.

We pass over Sir Algernon's account of his genealogy, showing his double relationship to Sir Robert Walpole, and his youth and school days, and quote the following extract in which he contrasts the old social customs with the new:

When I was young, people at large country-house parties used to go in to breakfast arm in arm, and no lady ever walked with her husband except that way. Friends always walked arm in arm, and the country neighbor always made his entry into a party arm in arm with his wife and daughter. Now the fashion has disappeared except at dinner, and there has sprung up an odious habit of indiscriminate handshaking, morning, evening, in season and out of season; as well as another fashion, worthy of a *table d'hôte*, of assigning to each guest the place where he is to sit at dinner. I wonder why the bolder spirits of the younger, impetuous generation have not risen to revolt against the interference with individual liberty of choice which used to be theirs.

Lady Graoiville once remarked that in her younger days oohody in polite society ever mentioned their poverty or their digestion; whereas they have become the principal topics of conversation, and if society was then vigilant to ignoring all allusion to money and commerce, we have now gone far to the contrary direction. Everybody quotes the prices of stocks and shares, and I have lived to see the day when a youthful scion of a noble and distinguished house produced from his pocket at dinner a sample huddle of silks to show how cheaply they could be bought to his establishment! Woe circulars with peers' coronets pursue me weekly, and I can buy my coat at twenty shillings a too from wagons ornamented with the coronet of a marquis.

Now the good old habit of the master of the house asking his guests to drink wine with him has passed away; yet in my youth it was so much the fashion that when the change began, on a host asking a lady if she drank oo wine, she replied: "Do you expect me to drink it with the butler?" It was at Lady Sydney's hospitable table in Cleveland Square that I gained my first experience of what was then called *dioer* "à la Russe," when the joints were carved off the table and the fruits and flowers were oo the cloth, which was oot removed after *dioer*—tea always following coffee. In country houses, luchoons always consisted of cold meat or the children's dinner; the meo who were going to shoot made themselves sandwiches from the cold meats, which, with perhaps an egg, constituted the ordinary breakfast. Battues and hot luchoons are an iooovatioo introduced by the Prince Consort.

## Of smoking and drinking he writes:

Smoking had existed from the time of Sir Walter Raleigh down to my youth, but only on sufferance, and many was the evening in winter when the smoking brigade was sent across a sloppy yard to smoke in the harness-room; where there were less bigoted hosts we were allowed to remain in the servants' hall. No gentleman ever smoked in the streets until after the Crimean peace; and ladies oover sullied their lips with tobacco, or evoe allowed meo to smoke in their presence. It was oot until the year 1845 that a smoking-room was first established in that holy of holies of doodydom—White's Club; and it was 1881 before smoking was allowed below the attics at Brooks'. Thanks to the introduction by the Prince of Wales of smoking after dinner, wioe-driokioo is oow over. What it was in the old days appears almost incredible. The late Lord Clanwilliam told me of one occasion when he had dined at a friend's villa, near Putney. The *dioer* was extraordinarily late for those days—at eight o'clock. When at last they rose from the table and went up to their rooms, Lord Clanwilliam fluog open his window and saw the haymakers coming into the field. "I wonder," he thought, "what hour they begio work," and oo coosulting his watch, found it was half-past eight—the haymakers were returning to work from their breakfasts! Mr. Gladstone recollected that oo one occasion, when a host put to a bishop, who was dining with him, the ordinary formula, "Will your lordship have any more wioe?" the bishop replied, in an unctuous voice, "Thank you, oot wioe!" we have consumed what we have before us."

At the time Gladstone made him his private secretary, in 1868, Sir Algernon was deputy-director of the Indian military fund, and before he held that office he had been private secretary to Sir Charles Wood, who in the early 'sixties was secretary of state for India. He thus describes the circumstances under which the appointment was offered to him:

He was sitting, as I see him oow, at his writing-table, wearing a dark frock-coat, with a flower in his button-hole; a pair of brown trousers, with a dark stripe down them, after the fashion of twenty years earlier; a somewhat disordered oockcloth and large collar, the never-ending subject of so much merriemnt in cootemporary oaricature; and I noticed the black finger-stall which he invariably adjusted over the amputated finger on his left hand before he began to write. An upward and almost annoyed look at the interruption caused by my entrance melted into a kindly smile as Mrs. Gladstone told him who I was.

He was surrounded with a mass of accumulated correspondence, which added to my involuntary awe to approaching him; but he at ooce, in a flattering way, asked me to be his private secretary. I can oot describe the delight with which I accepted his offer. My admiration of him as a public man was very great, and I had oover so keenly cared for any political question as for the disestablishment of the Irish church.

In a few minutes Mr. Gladstone had put into my hands a huge dispatch-box full of correspondence in connection with the formation of his government. It was then that I understood why Sir Robert Peel described it as the hardest task that could fall upon a minister.

The modesty of a few and the pretensions of many—who reminded me of the Persian proverb, "They came to shoe the pasha's horses, and the beetle stretched out its leg"—the overweening selfishness of some, and the qualifications and aspirations of those eager for office, and a particular office; the vested-interest claim, which held that a man once included in a government should ever after have a right to a higher office in each succeeding administration—all this lay open before me.

During his first term as premier Gladstone lived in Carlton House Terrace, not in the official residence in Downing Street, and West, as his private secretary, was allowed to live there instead:

Downing Street is curiously cooected with our family history. On May 26, 1833, during her grandfather's administration, my wife was born there. After Lord Grey's resignation I can oot find that anybody occupied the house officially until her brother, Charles Barrington, who was private secretary to Lord Palmerston when he was prime minister in 1855, took up his residence there, and later on, in 1869, during Mr. Gladstone's administration, we lived in it. But the coincidence does not end here, for the house had been originally given to my great-great-grandfather, Sir Robert Walpole, who refused to accept

it as a private gift, but made it an official residence for successive first lords of the treasury.

For three and a half years, West lived in Downing Street, worked with Gladstone in the prime minister's room in the day-time, and frequently acted as his host in the evening:

We oteo had our dinner in the garden of Dowding Street. Mr. Gladstone enjoyed the cool air in the evening, which refreshed him for his return to the House of Commons. He and I used frequently to walk home together from the House, in the early morning—he bright and talking oo every subject but the one on which he had been debating all day. He once said after a heated discussion, in which he had, of course, borne the brunt: "Do you know I could not get the debate out of my head all night!" "I am not surprised," said I, to my innocence. "Not surprised!" he exclaimed; "why, if I were to allow myself to think over the debates after I had left the House I should go mad in a very short time." Mr. Gladstone was an appreciative rather than a considerate master. At a concert one evening, Harry Grey tried to persuade me to go down to fish at Christchurch the following day. I told him it was impossible; I was far too busy, though I should have liked it above all things; and on turning round I saw Mr. Gladstone, who had heard the conversation, smiling. Most men would have said: "Oh, pray go!" He did not, which showed me that he appreciated my work. . . . It is curious that Mr. Gladstone, who from force of circumstances began his fourth administration when he was over eighty years old, should, as far back as 1870, have expressed, in language almost violent, his aversion to old men lingering on the stage when the activity of their youthful energies had begun to decline. In that year it was my duty to bring under his notice the name of a very distinguished soldier in connection with some honor. "I suppose," he said, turning to me with that look, which we learned so well to know, of indignant surprise, "seniority is his claim: simply because he is old. In ancient days old men were put aside to make room for the young." I haltingly ventured to suggest as a reminiscence of an imperfect and wasted Eton education the oame of Nestor. "Nestor," he answered, "took oo part in the active warfare of life; he merely came on the scene as an adviser when he was wanted."

Sir Algernon congratulates himself on having had the good fortune to be associated with Gladstone just when the great statesman was reaching the zenith of his intellectual power, and when he was the most powerful prime minister of the century. He remarks:

From that hour there remained and will ever remain with me ao intense love and admiration of his enormous powers, of his marvelous memory, of his splendid oratory, of his personal kindness, and of his touching modesty. Soon after my first acquaintance with Mr. Gladstone he told me how impossible it was for a minister and his secretary adequately to perform their respective duties unless there was established between them such an absolute confidence as io a happy domestic life should exist between a man and his wife. I hope I have oever betrayed that confidence which he so fully bestowed oo me, and which extended to the last days of his existence. After all the long years of close intimacy, private and official, I have never felt capable of adequately depicting a hundredth part of his complex character, so great and so vast that to understand it it is necessary to divide it. Through every phase, io every action and every thought, was abundantly apparent a deep sense of religion; indeed, it was io his life what the Nile is to Egypt, what sunshine is to the world. He was possessed of ao imperious vitality, and what Burke called a "quadrumanous activity," which penetrated into every office of the state; and through it all stood out his old conservatism in the truest sense of the word, his devotion to old traditions and constitutional forms, his loyalty to the crown, while with this devotion was joined a courtesy most reverential to the queen, and an affection for the royal family which was most touching.

In August, 1872, Gladstone appointed West to a commissionership of inland revenue—that is, to a seat on the board at Somerset House, which was the oversight of the collection of income tax and the numerous other direct taxes by which the largest part of the revenue of the British Government is raised:

After nearly four years of delightful and confidential intercourse with the greatest man of this or probably any other age, the end was, indeed, ioexpressibly sad. During that time he had always let me talk to him freely oo every subject. He had argued matters with me oteo as an equal, with great earnestness, yet with all his knowledge and experience, modestly and ever ready to make allowances for the many shortcomings with which I must oteo have tried him. And yet, throughout that period, I never knew him to lose his temper, and can oot recollect a hard thing he evo spoke of his bitterest opponents, or evoe of friends who deserted and vilified the man upon whom they had fawced, though he had covered them with honors and titles.

As chairman of the board of inland revenue, Sir Algernon was brought in contact with Lord Randolph Churchill, for whom he had a genuine regard:

Our early official meetings at the treasury were sooo superseded by more intimate conversations at Coonaught Place. Oo my first visit there I found him io a room bright with electric light, and the eternal cigarette io his mouth. He was seated in a large arm-chair, having a roomy sofa on one side, which I afterward learned was known in the family as the "fourth party sofa," and on the other, much to my surprise, a large photograph of Mr. Gladstone. Whether the photograph and the sofa were thus placed opposite each other for the cooveioeoce of the party io rehearsing their attacks, I do not take it upon me to say. Although Lord Randolph certainly had oever made a study of finance, he was not, when he became chancellor of the exchequer, so ioogoroot of it as Charles Fox, if the story be true, which reports him to have said that he never could understand what consols were—he knew they were things that went up and down in the city; and he was always pleased when they went down because it so annoyed Pitt. But it soon became clear that besides a wonderful intuition, Lord Randolph possessed many of the qualities which had always woo for Mr. Gladstone so high a reputation as a debater, and which ioefatigable assiduity, that coeery which Dr. Arnold said is of more value than even cleverness, a vehement determination to learn his subject "ab ovo usque ad mala," a strong intellectual force, which, while it io no way interfered with his attention to the opinions of his subordinates, absolutely preserved his own independence of judgment and decision. He possessed the very rare gift of keeping his mind exclusively devoted to the subject in hand, and impressed on all those with whom he worked the idea that the business on which they were employed was the only ooce of interest to him. For a man of his rapid thought and excitable temperament he was scrupulously patient and quiet in discussion; and from frequent conversations with him on financial subjects I can safely affirm that no one evoe eoded an official interview with him without at any rate having arrived at a clear knowledge of his views and intentions. No time spent with him was evo wasted, nor would he suffer any interruption, from whatever source it came.

Sir Algernon's volume fairly bristles with excellent anecdotes, only a few of which we can quote in our limited space. In 1882 Sir Algernon was of that distinguished party—the Gladstones, Tennysons, and others—who made a trip in one of Sir Donald Currie's ships around Scotland and over to Denmark:

In the party was the beautiful Miss Tennant, who became the heart and soul and glory of the whole party, and charmed everybody, from the sailors to the prime minister, with her charm and cleverness, her good-humor, and her overflowing spirits, which placed everybody at her feet. One of the sailors, whom she asked whether he was married, looked at her and said, "Yes, ma'am, I am sorry to say I am"; and this, she said, was the highest and most subtle compliment she had evo received.

Browning told Sir Algernon a curious story of Ruskin:

When a young man he was staying in an obscure valley among the hills of Switzerland. On asking why a certain field was left waste amid the surrounding cultivation, Ruskin was told because it was

haunted; "for," they said, "all the children (but we can not) can see an old woman sitting there under the tree." He ridiculed the idea, but some time later he moved to a village some fifteen miles away, and lived with a family who had never left their native home. He asked if he might take their young daughter for a visit to the place he had left, and took a carriage for the purpose. As he approached the field he said to the girl: "Your eyes are younger than mine; tell me if you can see any one." "Nobody," she said, "except an old woman sitting under the tree." "Well," he said, "what is she like?" "I can only see her back," she said, and then suddenly, with a voice of fear, "Oh, she has turned round, and I can see her face with two holes where her eyes should be."

## Two clever retorts of Lord Broughton:

He bore a strong resemblance to one of the doorkeepers at the opera. A *nouveuu riche* told him to call his carriage; he did, and then turned, saying: "I have called your carriage, perhaps you will now call mine; I am Lord Broughton." He had a peppery temper, and one day Thackeray had at his dinner a special bottle of Madeira. There was one glass left, and Thackeray, patting Lord Broughton on the back, said: "There, my dear old boy, you drink that." "I am not your dear boy, I am not old, and d— your wine," said Lord Broughton.

Sir Algernon tells this story of Macaulay's election as member of Parliament from Edinburgh:

He was a popular candidate, and while standing on the hustings side by side with his opponent, he was violently struck by a dead cat; the man who threw it immediately apologized, saying he had meant it for his opponent. "Well," said Macaulay, good-humoredly, "I wish you had meant it for me and struck him."

## Here is an anecdote of Robert Lowe:

One pouring, wet night Robert Lowe missed his umbrella from the cloak-room in the House of Commons, where he had carefully put it away under the letter "L." He interrogated the custodian, Mr. Coe, who told him Sir E. Lytton had taken it. "I told him it was yours," he said, "and Sir E. Lytton said that if he found it was, when he got home, he would send it back io the morning."

We close our extracts with three more stories concerning Lord Granville, Sir George Campbell, and Lord Herschell:

Lord Granville had a famous cook, whom he asked during the siege of Paris whether he would not like to return to his country. "No," he wittily answered, "I would soooer make *eotrees* here than *sorties* io Paris."

There was ao old doorkeeper io Downing Street who had served under many prime ministers, and who was very careful of those people whose doors he attended. His name was Appleton. "One day," says West, "Sir George Campbell, who, as many members of the House of Commons recollect, had a very strident, loud, raspiog voice, called upon me to talk over the land question, oo which he was a great authority. After he had been io conversation about three minutes, Appleton appeared, producing the card of ao M. P., who, he said, was very anxious to see me. I said I was sorry to be engaged. Io another minute he appeared with the card of a well-known peer, who was anxious to have a word with me. Agao I said I was too busy to see him just then. Io another minute he came io with a huge card, saying the lord mayor and sheriffs of London wanted to speak to me very urgently io the next room. I apologized to Sir George and went out to see such dignitaries. When I got out of the room, Appleton said to me, 'There ain't nobody here, sir, but I was afraid a madman had been shown io io you by mistake, and I waited to warn you.'"

Lord Herschell, dining one day with West, told him that "the Bishop of Carlisle (Percy) was very famous for his bad dinners, food, and drink. One day he entertained the bar, and the junior members, disgusted with their scanty food and wine, became rather noisy at the end of the table. The bishop remarked oo it to Mr. Justice Maule, who said: 'Yes, my lord; it is apt to hapoo when men take a little wine on ao empty stomach.'"

The volume is neatly bound in red, is printed in large type and wide margins, and in addition to a few well-chosen illustrations contains an elaborate table of contents and index.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$3.00.

The *North American Review* for February presents an article on "Eastern Commerce: What Is It Worth?" by the irrepressible Edward Atkinson, which gives carefully compiled statistics as to our export trade. From this it would appear that the total valuation of exports in the last fiscal year was \$1,227,203,088. Our largest customers abroad are found among the English-speaking people:

"Great Britain and her dependencies, where English blood predominates, purchased \$63,945,843, or 53.88 per cent. of our total exports. The population of these countries is about 55,000,000. Germany, with 55,000,000 of population, purchased \$155,772,279; France, with 40,000,000, \$60,596,899; the Netherlands countries, with 11,500,000, \$123,605,237; and the remaining European countries, with 240,000,000, \$8,427,238. Ninety-six per cent. of our commerce, in short, to come at once to the gist of this argument, lies outside of the distinctively Oriental countries. Only \$49,822,378 worth is purchased by the 800,000,000 of Asiatics proper and Russian Asiatics, representing two-thirds of the population of the entire world." This Mr. Atkinson uses as an argument against expansion io this way: "We are conducting a war in the Philippine Islands at a cost to our people of at least 53 per head. The normal cost of this government prior to the Spanish war was 55 per head. It is now 58. The difference of 33 per head amounts to \$200,000,000 a year, all of which must be diverted to the taxes, increasing the cost of production and diminishing our power to compete with other countries. The advocates of expansion hold up a brilliant expectation of the development of commerce with the Philippines and with China. That commerce was worth only \$15,000,000 last year. It would have to be doubled fifteen times over to recoup the expenditure, and even then the gain would be more than counter-balanced by losses elsewhere."

The French treasury has made the most disagreeable and perplexing discovery that the trifle of fourteen million francs has unaccountably gone astray. When M. Peytral was making up the budget for 1899 he found the state was in possession of some fourteen million francs paid to it in the course of a great many years for postal orders, the refunding of which had never been demanded, by some strange indifference on the part of their innuenerable beneficiaries. Having discovered the windfall, M. Peytral, and after him his successor, M. Caillaux, was anxious to lay hands on it, but here another surprise was in store. Beyond all possibility of doubt the money must be somewhere, but where, proved, and has to this far remained, a mystery. For months the treasury clerks have been making diligent search, without being able to discover what has become of the fourteen millions. They have vanished, and their disappearance is at least as great a miracle as their accumulation.

William Watson has reduced the South African situation to a parable in the *London Daily Mail*:

"A certain man, quitting his own house, went to lodge in the house of another, and then demanded to have voice and authority in the ordering of the whole household. And the other said: 'No; you are free to remain or to depart; but this is my house, and I will suffer in it no second master outmastering me.' So the lodger called upon his brave and gallant kinsmen to bludgeon that householder into submission."



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Love in the Antipodes.

Quite a new note in Australian novels is struck in "Hearts Importunate," by Evelyn Dickinson, for, though the scene is laid in the island-continent, it is subordinate to the surroundings, and the local color is laid on with a pleasingly sparing hand. The "hearts importunate" that brought together the hero and heroine would have spoken as loudly in any other environment and the story of their *rap-prochement* would have been as interesting.

For "Hearts Importunate" is primarily a love-story. That it was the broad distances of up-country life that led Avis Fletcher to accept a cup of tea at Ralph Hazell's station one hot afternoon; that it was a "sundowner"—the Australian tramp—who spread scandalous tales about her, and so brought Hazell to her defense; that they were Australian gossips who spread the tales with a spite that is peculiar to the women of no age or country; that it was a ride over his run that threw him from his horse and sent her "cooeeing" through the brush in search of him—these are all external to the story, which is one of the passion of a strong man and a strong woman.

Avis Fletcher, hectored by a domineering father in rural England, and inheriting much of his inflexible temper, had had a girl's love for a man beneath her in station, and when her father learned of it he drove her from his home. Her world thought the affair more than a mere childish indiscretion, and in shame she sought refuge with a friend of her mother in the antipodes. For eight years she had lived a peaceful life until the day she rode up to Ralph Hazell's gate. He, too, was suffering unjustly: his wife had deceived him, and, rather than disgrace the woman who bore his name, he had let her get a divorce. Work was the panacea he sought for his sorrow, and he found it in building up a neglected station in the Australian back country. But love for Avis seized him at first sight of her queenly figure and glory of bronze hair. Then came the scandalous tales, and when he defended her from the malicious gossips of the polo club, they read each other's hearts without a word. But the course of true love runs no smoother in the eucalyptus forests than in ancient Athens, and the pair have misunderstandings which it takes much clever manipulation on the part of the author to undo.

So far as we are aware, this is Evelyn Dickinson's first book, but it bears the imprint of a practiced writer, and one from whom the reading world may expect much pleasure.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

## Old Favorites in New Dress.

There are some sunshiny places along the paths of the plodding book reviewer, and the brightest of them lie about the new editions of old favorites that occasionally appear without warning. Of late there have been many pleasant surprises of this nature, and one of the best was in the appearance of two volumes in cheerful red covers, the first, "Bacon's Essays," and the second, "The Plays of Sheridan." These are early issues in Macmillan's Library of English Classics, and they are to be followed by twenty-three volumes in uniform style during the year, all chosen from the richest treasures of literature.

This edition offers no fresh editorial matter, beyond brief bibliographical notes, but is designed to present a typographically perfect copy of the work chosen. In "Bacon's Essays" there are fifty-nine of his brief studies, together with "Colours of Good and Evil," and "Advancement of Learning," and there is an index to the Latin quotations, and a glossary. The Sheridan volume contains "The Rivals," "St. Patrick's Day," "The Duenna," "The School for Scandal," "The Critic," "A Trip to Scarborough," "Pizarro," and "Verses to the Memory of Garrick." The pages have broad margins, the type is large and clearly cut, the paper soft and heavy, and the volume none too large or weighty for comfortable use.

In the same line and prepared to the same end is the Larger Temple Shakespeare, of which four new volumes are at hand. The third volume in the edition presents "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "Taming of the Shrew," and "All's Well that Ends Well." The fourth volume contains "Twelfth Night," "A Winter's Tale," and "Cymbeline." In the fifth volume are "King John," "Richard III.," and the First Part of "Henry IV.," while the sixth continues the last-mentioned historical play, and gives "Henry V.," and the First Part of "Henry VI." The introductions, notes, glossary, and illustrations are full, yet do not overburden the text, and the typographical excellence of the work is noteworthy.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, per volume, \$1.50.

## The Early History of Love.

In preparing the material for his volume on "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty," which was the outgrowth of the author's theory that love is subject to the laws of development, Mr. Henry T. Finck made such an accumulation of facts and traditions bearing upon the first part of his title that it justified the making of another book, though on divergent lines. His later work is entitled "Prim-

itive Love and Love-Stories," and though it is more a collection of descriptive bits than a connected narrative, it is of value as a text-book of the early history of what he calls "the last, not the first, product of civilization."

There are many attractive legends in the book, but there is also much that is valuable only to the student of ethnography. The work displays evidence of labor and research, and is made readable throughout, though the method of its arrangement is hardly clear. The bibliography and index of authors quoted occupies some fifteen pages, and the index of subjects is no less complete.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$3.00.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Bret Harte is said to be at work on a new series of "condensed novels." The first series appeared in 1867, and were very successful. In this new one it is supposed that he will parody modern novels that have had a greater or less vogue.

Olive Schreiner's book on the South African situation is nearly ready for publication. Her house at Johannesburg, by the way, has been looted and many of her possessions dispersed.

"A Friend of Cæsar" is the title of an historical novel, by William Stearns Davis, which the Macmillan Company have on press for immediate publication.

Augustus Thomas's American drama, "Alabama," will be issued at once in a profusely illustrated edition, uniform with his "Arizona," the successful drama of Western army post life.

One of the most amusing things in the compilation put forth over James Russell Lowell's name and entitled "Impressions of Spain" is the story of how, when Lowell arrived at Madrid as minister from the United States, the official mouthpiece of the government saluted "the poet Russell equally with the diplomatist Lowell," and how another Spanish newspaper playfully spoke of him as "José Bigh-low."

Max Pemberton's new novel, "Féo," will shortly be issued in book-form. It has already been widely read as a serial.

Anthony Hope has been elected chairman of the English Authors' Society for the year now begun. He is at present busy with his new novel, "Tristram of Blent," which is to be published first in one of the illustrated magazines.

J. N. Odell, of 206 Kearny Street (rooms 608-609), has secured exclusive control in San Francisco of the special subscription edition of the "Biographical Thackeray," containing the famous novelist's complete writings, edited by his surviving daughter, Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie, which was recently published by Harper & Brothers.

"The American Stage," by William Archer, will not be published this spring, as has been stated. Coincidental with this announcement is the fact that Mr. Archer has gone to the front as a volunteer in the British cause.

It is said that F. T. Bullen is writing a novel. If it is as good as many of his sea-sketches are, it should attract attention.

The reminiscences of Edwin L. Godkin, for many years editor of the New York *Evening Post* and the *Nation*, are to be published in the autumn.

Jesse Lynch Williams, the author of "The Stolen Story, and Other Newspaper Stories," besides two volumes of college tales, who has been associated with *Scribner's Magazine* for several years, has decided hereafter to devote himself to original work, and in furtherance of this purpose will make his home in Princeton. In addition to his literary work Mr. Williams will take editorial control of an academic journal addressed to the alumni of Princeton University.

"Malay Magic," being an introduction to the folk-lore and popular religion of the Malay Peninsula, by Walter W. Skeat, is being published by the Macmillan Company.

"The Imperial Reference Library," described elsewhere in this issue of the *Argonaut*, is offered on special terms for a short time. Its six large, handsomely illustrated volumes represent the best work of some of the leading literary and scientific men of the country, and it is not surprising to learn that it is meeting with general approval. The work is a combination of many valuable features, and is worthy of its title.

For the last two months the readers of "Janice Meredith" have been discussing the pronunciation of the heroine's Christian name. Some want to pronounce the word as though it were written "Janis," with the accent on the first syllable, while others hold out for "Janes," with the accent on the second syllable. The current number of the *Bookman* settles the question by the announcement that the author of the book pronounces it "Jan-ees" with the accent on the first syllable.

"John Oliver Hobbs" (Mrs. Craigie) criticises "David Haruni," in the *North American Review* for March, with a good deal of acumen. She holds that the book owes its worth less to its humor, "which is excellent," than to its humanity. It re-

flects, she says, "a brave, independent, manly spirit, without fear, without affectation; honorable, just, grave, but not melancholy; seeing the laughter of things, yet never descending to that coarse levity which passes all too easily for courage. And the American nation, quick to appreciate good mettle, has not missed the vision. Thus it happens that a story with little plot, with no purple patches, with no sensational appeal to the senses, to opinions, or to political feelings, has won from the most highly cultivated minds down to the homeliest of village bodies an affection which is as much stronger than mere popularity as a wheat-field is better than the paper-rose garland of a street festival."

## The Bold Buccaneer.

'Twas a bold buccaneer, and he strode the street  
In a smooth silk hat and a long frock-coat;  
And close to his club he chanced to meet  
A brimming hard, with a tremulous throat,  
Clad round his limbs, as a bard should be,  
In the garb of the aristocracy.

The singer, he seized the warrior's hand;  
His pulse beat high, that grasp to feel.  
"And you come," he cried, "from a distant land,  
That rings with the clang of your clashing steel!  
Nay, tell me your doughty deeds," said he,  
"To enshrine in immortal poesy!"

To-day, as of old, will our champions take  
Their lives in their hands, where the battle is  
keen:

"You fought and bled, like Raleigh or Drake,  
For old England's fame, to serve your Queen."  
"Well, not exactly that," said he;  
"We fought for a Limited Company."

The bard be winced, but his soul was high;  
For to break the letter is not to sin.  
He thought to himself of Nelson's eye;  
And of Hawkins who disobeyed, to win.  
"There were maidens and babes to save," said he,  
"When you dashed on your raid, beyond the sea!"

The bold buccaneer, he eyed him hard,  
With a delicate quiver about the lid.  
He saw in his soul that the well-dressed hard  
Mistook the note of your modern Cid.  
"Twas our stocks and shares, you know," said he,  
"That stood in particular jeopardy."

The poet, he heaved a quiet sigh.  
"Yet, still, 'twas a glorious cause," he cried,  
"For your country's sake you strove to die."  
The bold buccaneer, he stepped aside.  
"You don't understand finance," said he;  
"Twas the glorious cause of £ s. d."

—Grant Allen.

## The Star System in the Magazine.

A glance at the literary programmes of the leading American magazines for 1900 will reveal the fact that all of them have one leading feature, which they make prominent in their advertisements, and upon which they mainly rely as a means of attracting subscriptions. The *Bookman* terms this the "mischievous star system," and thinks it does not redound to the benefit of good literature. Following is the list of star magazine articles for this year as given by the *Bookman*:

"The Life of Oliver Cromwell," by John Morley, in the *Century*.  
"Eleanor," a novel, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, in *Harper's*.  
"Tommy and Grizel," a novel, by J. M. Barrie, in *Scribner's*.  
"The Life of the Master," by the Rev. John Watson, in *McClure's*.  
"The Great Battles of the World," by Stephen Crane, in *Lippincott's*.  
"The Autobiography of W. J. Stillman," in the *Atlantic*.  
"William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man," by Hamilton W. Mabie, in the *Outlook*.  
"The Theatre and Its People," by Franklin Fyles, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*.  
"America's Literary Diplomats, from Franklin to Hay," in the *Book Buyer*.  
"Essays on the Literature of the Nineteenth Century," in the *Critic*.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Green Mountain Boy.

An odd little bit of historical fiction that finds its setting in a comparatively new field is "A Danvis Pioneer," by Rowland E. Robinson. The author wrote "Vermont" for the American Commonwealth Series, and, doubtless, it was in his preparation for that work that he came across the material for this story—for the tale is re-created, with as few liberties as may be, from actual happenings.

In the opening pages we are introduced to the company in the tavern of a frontier town in Connecticut, a century and a quarter ago, among whom is a sturdy young farmer who buys a "pitch" of ground in His Majesty's Province of New Hampshire, then a wilderness, whereon to make a home for himself. Next day he and an old trapper set out for the place and eventually establish themselves there. Then come the "Yorkers" to claim the place under an adverse grant, and eventually it is shown that the young farmer has bought from a forger, whereupon he abandons his work and follows the old trapper into the woods.

When the Revolution breaks out, he is one of the first to enroll himself under Ethan Allen's banner. He is at the taking of Ticonderoga, and from then on he fights with the "Green Mountain Boys," in the ranks and as a scout. Finally he is mustered out a captain, and retires to a farm at Danvis, where he lives to see a thriving community grow up about him.

The narrative is a strange one, departing from historical accuracy only in so far as it attempts to repeat the speech and emotions of those of whom it is written. It is realistic, too, in the homely and often coarse talk of the backwoodsmen, and in its careful presentation of their daily life. The last pages, however, are not in proportion or harmony with the rest of the book. They describe the sturdy old captain's last days, how he "was a-dyin' in the fo'noon, an' went an' pitched bay in the art'noon," an impressive incident, but one that could have been much better described in four pages than in forty.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

## A Explorer's Faithful Record.

Among the many explorers of the frozen North there are few who have passed three consecutive years in those desolate regions, remote from civilization and human life even, when escape was possible. In fact, it is doubtful if any have had this experience save Mr. Frederick G. Jackson and his companions, who sailed from England in July, 1894, to explore Franz-Josef Land, established head-quarters on Northbrook Island, and spent three years there. The record of that stay and connected events is given in Mr. Jackson's weighty volume, "A Thousand Days in the Arctic." The author modestly presents it as "an unvarnished tale, written while the facts and impressions were fresh in memory—in hut or tent, on sledging and boating journeys."

The exploring party, which was fitted out by Mr. Alfred C. Harnsworth, the well-known English newspaper proprietor, consisted of Mr. Jackson; Dr. R. Koettlitz, surgeon and geologist; Harry Fisher, naturalist; J. F. Child, mineralogist; and four men. Except the commander, none of them had bad any Arctic experience, and his had been but moderate. A novelty was the employment in their sledging of three small Russian ponies, which proved to be superior to dogs, and are regarded by Jackson as eminently adapted for Arctic work. Two sledge journeys were made in the spring of 1895, and on the third of July the *Windward* was released from the ice, and started on her homeward voyage. A little later, explorations were attempted in a whale-boat, and the party, after some successful work, were very near disaster in stormy weather, but finally reached the winter quarters in an exhausted state. Nansen met the party in June, 1896, and this was one of the great events of the expedition.

The observations of Mr. Jackson's party have ended all plans for using the Franz-Josef archipelago as a base for polar research. Taken in connection with the work of the *Fram*, they go far toward proving that these islands are simply a cluster on the border of a deep polar sea, and that there is no reason for supposing that any other land of consequences lies to the northward of them. At present practically only the Smith Sound route remains advisable. This has been for some time the belief of many Arctic experts, and Jackson's discoveries go far toward making the consensus of opinion unanimous in this respect.

The volume is handsomely illustrated and contains a number of folded maps. The thousand pages are packed with the details of observation and strange experiences, entertaining as well as scientific. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$6.00.

## What Came of a Secret Wedding.

A self-sufficient young type-writer and secretary to a lord, and an aspiring young newspaperman with more character than appears at first sight agree to a "rational marriage," the conditions of which are drawn up by the young woman. The real ceremony, however, is performed by an authorized official, but it is kept secret for family reasons, and

no end of trouble grows out of this arrangement. So much for the plot and motive of Florence Marryatt's latest novel, "A Rational Marriage," and of the work as a whole one may say that it is not as strong as some that have preceded it from the same pen, yet is better than most novels for its good character-drawing, skillful management of difficult situations, and bright bits of conversation.

Published by F. M. Buckles & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

## New Publications.

"Rose Island" is W. Clark Russell's latest story of adventure on the sea. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

Eight essays on individualism make up "Voices of Freedom," by Horatio W. Dresser. Published by P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

"My Lady Frivol," by Rosa Nouchette Cary, is a pleasing story, if not a strong one, of a motherless girl in an English home. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

The "Alaska" souvenir playing-cards present fifty-three engravings of views in the far North-West, in addition to the customary markings, and are all that the name implies. Published by E. H. Mitchell, San Francisco; price, \$1.00.

"Interpretations of Poetry and Religion," by George Santayana, is a volume of essays attractive in thought and style. The studies of Emerson, Browning, and Whitman are particularly impressive. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Michelangelo," by Estelle M. Hurlb, with a portrait, fifteen illustrations, an outline of the artist's life, and nearly a hundred pages of critical essays, is the third number in the Riverside Art Series. Published in paper covers by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, 30 cents.

More than a hundred fine illustrations, with as many pages of information of real value conveniently arranged, make up "The Standard Guide to the City of Mexico and Vicinity," by Robert S. Barrett. It will serve tourists well, and interest all readers. Published by the Modern Mexico Publishing Company, St. Louis, Mo.; price, 50 cents.

Eight good stories of athletic sports, even if a little long-drawn-out, with an introduction describing an international event in England, make up William Lindsey's volume, "At Start and Finish." It will appeal to all college men who have pleasant memories of the cinder-path and level field. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Cora Linn Daniels's romance, "The Bronze Buddha," has some attractions, but its air of oriental mysticism does not impress the reader seriously. The plot of the story involves a family burdened with the most remarkable intellectual powers, graces, and defects, and the ingenuity of the author is sorely taxed to make the balance even at the end. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Realism of a breezy sort is found on every page of "Cattle-Ranch to College," by Russell Doubleday. It is the story of a boy's adventures in the Dakotas and Montana, and is good reading even if it is true. The pictures of prairie life, in the saddle and by the camp-fire, are well drawn, and the book will please mature readers as well as youth. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

In the volume of essays on conduct and character which the philosopher and historian, Hon. William Edward Hartpole Lecky, has just given to the world under the title "The Map of Life," there is no page without the charm of sound thought and careful writing. The chapters on "The Statesman" and "Moral Compromise in the Church" give biographical and historical incidents that illuminate the study under consideration, and these have a timely interest. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

The fifteenth edition of "The Standard Opera-glass," by Charles Annesley, has a charming introduction by James Huneker, which summarizes the valuable features of the book and explains the favor which it has long enjoyed. The volume gives the detailed plots of one hundred and twenty-three well-known operas and music dramas, critical notes of each, biographical sketches of the composers, and many entertaining details. The indexes are complete and the work throughout is a model of arrangement. Published by Brentano's, New York; price, \$1.50.

How Rome has been torn down and rebuilt from the earliest times in history, temples, palaces, monuments, and works of art being removed or destroyed to make room for others and furnish material for their construction, is well told in "The Destruction of Ancient Rome: A Sketch of the History of the Monuments," by Professor Rodolfo Lanciani. The fruits of the labor and research of years appear in this volume. There are numerous illustrations of special interest to students of archaeology. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

## BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

## A Pen-Picture of the Famous Norwegian.

There could be no more picturesque and striking antithesis of personality than that offered in a comparison of Henrik Ibsen and Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson—the one all pessimism, fussiness, and conceit, the other an embodiment of optimism, frank cordiality, and that zest in the things of the moment which keeps the heart young while the hair grows white (says Perriton Maxwell in the *March Book Buyer*). Ibsen is a storm-cloud; Bjørnson a burst of sunshine. Both are strenuous thinkers and both stand for what is truly representative in Norse literature. In sketching Bjørnson it is difficult to suppress one's enthusiasm. There is so much of buoyancy, so much that is vigorously cheerful in his personality as well as in his writings, that the temptation to praise is as keen in his case as the temptation to condemn is pressing in the case of Ibsen. One must be content therefore merely to draw an outline sketch of this modern Viking gone into the trade of letters.

An interesting fact that has escaped his biographers is Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson's possession of a third name—Martinius. He has laid away the cognomen along with his political ambitions and his quarrel with King Oscar. The idol of his people, their ideal type of man no less than their ideal author, Bjørnson of late has been a world wanderer, going up and down the countries of Europe like a restless soul seeking repose in Purgatory. There has been no estrangement from his countrymen, no discontent on Bjørnson's part. He does not attempt to explain his nomadism, for he can not. It is merely giving way to that hatred of restraint which an imprisoned lion feels. Bjørnson is a lion in appearance and in temperament, and Norway is his cage; Norway, with its vast mountain ranges, its snow peaks and glaciers, its out-of-door life, its deep-breathing, unconfined, and free-spirited race. Bjørnson, the owner of a large estate in Norway, spends most of his time in Paris, in Rome, in Nice, anywhere but in his fatherland. He is a long-distance patriot. He is genuinely fond of his country and its brave and sturdy folk, but his love is aroused to its highest pitch when he is farthest from home.

In an early part of 1874, Bjørnson bought a century-old structure at Aulestad, a large two-storied dwelling-house in the common style of early Norwegian farm-houses. The author transformed this building into a modern country home, adding a balcony here, a veranda there. The place is an ideal one for a writer, ten miles from the town of Lillehammer, in the Gausdal Valley and near the River Gausa. Bjørnson was charmed with the house, remained in it long enough to write five books, and departed for Rome. He returns to this fine old house once in a year of work-days—a house with an outward and interior aspect of cheerfulness, the Bjørnson, contagious cheerfulness—and, surrounded by his beaped-up books, periodicals, newspapers, pictures, plunges into a manuscript that has long before been shaping itself in his mind. His task finished he is away again, a big, bubbling, good-natured bee that has come back to his hive to deposit his honey and flit off among the flower-gardens of the world.

Bjørnson is long of limb, broad-shouldered (bending now under the weight of years), large in every bone and muscle, with an almost burly frame topped by a head over which a great, white mane falls and tangles as it may, half hiding a face deep-cut and remarkable for its expression of power; the mobile mask of the torrential intellect back of it. Behind a pair of flashing spectacles dance and sparkle and glow eyes that read your thoughts, that mock you, that for a moment hold you helplessly in a blue haze, and then warm up the atmosphere with a signal of the laugh that is to follow. In conversation Bjørnson springs from a sitting posture to the attitude of Thor about to hurl his magic hammer. For a moment he is astride a chair, or lolling clumsily on a sofa, and in a twinkling he is pacing the floor, loud voiced, vehement, but always affable; a verbal Niagara heard through a telephone; a Dr. Johnson speaking in the golden tones of Chesterfield.

View him from any angle, watch him in any clime, test him by any circumstance, you can not fail to see in Bjørnson the jovial philosopher and optimist. He is a boy of sixty-seven, without a care, but interested in everything; a merry lad near the biblical age limit with the brain of a statesman, the imagination of an artist, and the passion of a poet. Then he has his calm, domestic side, also. He is a father who loves his children—one a prosperous gentleman-farmer at Aulestad, one in the Chinese customs service, and one an actor-manager of growing fame. Fru Sigurd Ibsen, the only daughter, has a reputation for beauty which is not confined to the Norwegian capital. But whether as the national poet of his land, its chief advocate in letters, its foremost orator, he is first and last commanding as a wholesome character, who, born in a land of literary dyspepsias, has risen above the prevailing gloom, roasting the glum creations of his contemporaries with characters of normal health, banishing their mechanical miseries with a ringing laugh, and proving to the world's satisfaction that there exist other things than ghosts and marital infidelities in Norseland.

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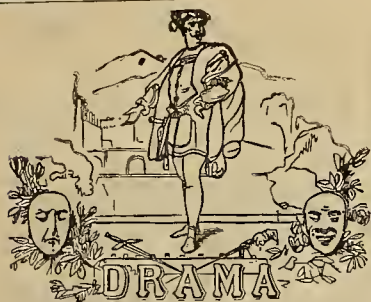
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For the last two weeks we have been having a musical treat in the shape of the Damrosch concerts. This form of entertainment, a long-recognized one in the East, is new in San Francisco—new and full of interest.

In New York, society—which has no leisure for deliberate study and yet has got to achieve a certain amount of educational veneer—long ago found out the value of the specially instructed speaker on the special topic. He skimmed the cream off the subject and served it to society in its most attractive form. Society sat for two hours twice a week and listened to a discourse on the particular matter under discussion by the most competent authority on that matter to be obtained. Thus society soon came to know a great deal of a great many things, and if it listened intelligently and remembered correctly, could, by the end of the season, pass a fair examination on whatever may have been the chosen topic.

As the exponent of the Wagner music dramas Mr. Walter Damrosch has for some years enjoyed renown. Practice has made him proficient in elucidating the Wagnerian method of operatic structure. From his father, one of the greatest conductors that ever made this country his home, he inherited the reverential passion of the Wagner enthusiast. Speaking much to audiences whose mentality is not their strongest point, has taught him to use peculiarly simple and direct English. Sometimes, indeed, he sounds as if he thought himself talking to children. And this curiously naive phraseology, coupled with his idealistic Teutonic temperament, makes him one of the most satisfying exponents of the Wagner idea that we have ever heard here.

With "Tannhäuser," which even here everybody knows, his notes—for that is really what they are—were full of interest and novelty. His fervid, sympathetic appreciation of Wagner's most popular and most compact opera made his interpretations singularly vivid. Every beauty in the noble allegory of the man's soul, torn between the temptations of the flesh and the aspirations of the spirit, was brought out by the rich touch of fingers on the keys and the running, explanatory comment.

On Monday the programme was rather crowded, having to do with both "The Rheingold" and "The Valkyrie." Mr. Damrosch is still a German, no matter in what country his nativity happened to be, and as he opened out the wild and fantastic tale of the scapegrace old gods, and the hunted creatures of their capricious loves and hates, his language took on curious German turns of phrase, and at the piano, the varying themes—heroic, sad, questioning, rebellious, brave, and fearful—came and went under the summoning of his touch on the keys.

We heard the motives that Wagner wove together into this great monument of sound which he raised to the memory of the old dead gods—the sword motive, keen and flashing; the fire motive, with its mischievous, unstable capriciousness; the love motive, tremulous with agitated joy; the Siegfried motive, with its cry of hope and conquest; the Valhalla motive, wherein the stately measure moves grandly and yet with sadness; and welling up through all the fate motive, the dark, brooding, ever-present question of Man to the Gods.

Interwoven with these came verbal pictures of the old, wild legends, of the days when Wotan walked the earth. We heard of the Rhine daughters in the golden-moted gloom of the river depths dreamily singing as they circled round their treasure. We heard of Fricka, covered with gold and all hidden with it, save a single crevice through which one of her eyes shot an alluring gleam. We heard of the night of storm in Hunding's hut, of the sudden blossoming of the forest as love blossoms in the hearts of the man and woman. We heard of the moment when, before the despairing Volsung, the warrior maiden suddenly appears, tall, solemn, beautiful yet terrible, as hefts her who hears a message from Valhalla to a hero soon to die. We heard of Brünnhilde sinking to sleep within the circle of leaping flames, covered with her great shield, and with her helmet and spear by her side.

The vocal portion of the programme, though admirable, did not possess the vivid, personal interest of the spoken narrative. Mme. Gadsch and Mr. Bispham are each possessed of unusually fine voices, trained to the highest point of finish and managed with consummate skill. But neither of these brilliant artists has that strongly colored note of individuality which distinguishes Mr. Damrosch in a high degree, and which is necessary to those who would sing the music of that master, to whom the dramatic sense was of as high importance as the melodic.

Wagner required of his singers more than any other master. He was himself a great dramatic

poet, and to render his music they, too, must possess the dramatic and poetic sense. They must not alone have voices, but the thrill of mystery, the passion of romance, the exaltation of the imagination, that makes the great artist. Into those with whom he came in personal contact he infused some of his own fine frenzy, and under his inspiring guidance rose such luminous stars as Materna, Lilli Lehmann, and Albert Neimann—artists in whom the dramatic passion was as strong as the lyric; poets by instinct and cultivation; believers in the splendors of "the glory and the dream."

It is this large, imaginative quality which is absent from the present singers, and which is necessary for the Wagnerian whose voice otherwise is merely a louder and higher instrument than those in the orchestra. In Mr. Bispham, who has one of the richest haritones heard here for many years, there is more of this temperamental distinction than there is in Mme. Gadsch. Mr. Bispham's singing of Alberich's curse was colored deep with appreciation of the spirit of the moment, and his farewell as Wotan was full of a sombre sorrow.

Mme. Gadsch, who has so many points in her favor, is a singer without magnetism, and unable to fulfill the requirements of the master's artistic demands. I heard her in New York as Sieglinde, and here again felt the renewal of chill that her technical excellence and poverty of imagination left upon me. She has a cold, large, splendid voice, and a cold, fine, limited temperament. The music of Elizabeth seemed to suit her best in its pure, transparent spirituality, and she sang the appeal to the Minnesingers, not with the grand, selfless passion that Materna made thrill through it, but with a sweet, maidenly plaintiveness. Throughout all her work in this opera there was a chill, austere beauty.

Of the trio of singers Herr Schott was really the one in whom the Wagner tradition survived. His voice is no longer a voice, but is a hazy instrument that blares like a worn-out trumpet. Yet in this old singer, with his crest of gray hair and patriarchal beard, the idea of the master lives—that idea which infused into the performer the sense of the true harmony between the drama under action and its musical illustration. The underlying imaginative realization of the situation is so keen that the vocalization—defective and ruined as it is—has still power to excite. Tannhäuser singing his song to Venus, with its wearied plaint, "Oh, Venus, let me go!" and Tannhäuser, in the same refrain, flinging defiance at the horror-stricken Minnesingers, is a figure full of a superb challenge. It was a fine thing to see this old war-horse lifting his head and quivering to the sounds that had once been his daily call to a nobly rendered work. He was moved with the old enthusiasm, and sang out of the ruins of his triumphant past with a self-forgetfulness and fiery élan that had still power to thrill.

They are giving a French farce at the Columbia Theatre this week which bears the hideous name "Because She Loved Him So." If they had dropped the "So" it would not have been so bad, but that name as it now stands is enough to give any self-respecting play an incurable black eye.

The last few French farces I have seen were of the acrobatic kind, where everybody falls off everything—off tables, chairs, mantel-pieces, cornices, bannisters, and window-seats, down stairs and out of windows, over one another and into fires. They were the sort of farces where no one ever enters without colliding in the doorway with somebody, generally carrying a tray full of dishes, and never sits down on a piece of furniture without either finding some one already there, or so disposing themselves that the piece of furniture turns over or breaks, and they are sent sprawling down a staircase or into a fire-place. Personally, I find these kind of farces a great trial; but as I try to cultivate a Christian spirit and see good in everything, I hear with them and strive mightily to understand the purposes of Providence in allowing them to exist.

It was with resignation, therefore, that I went to see "Because She Loved Him So." And it is with gratitude and thankfulness that I record the fact that I was subjected to a happy surprise in finding it a bright, light, amusing, and not too farcical comedy. It is somewhat like the German comedies Daly used to adapt for Ada Rehan. In fact, I have a sort of lurking recollection of having seen something, somewhere, that turned on the same idea. When or where, I can not say, and probably, when all is said and done, it may be just a dim recollection of that old German play which has for its text the sentence, "Thank goodness, the table's laid." What was the name of it? That, too, I can not remember.

The company are also excellent and have at their head that handsome and attractive actress, Annie Irish. For some reason or other we always see her cast for ill-tempered, jealous women, but she is so good-looking when she puts on her sulky expression, and frowns are so becoming to her that we can forgive a management who never lets us see her in a sunny mood. For the rest she wears some stunning costumes—four of them—and a long, tan cloak lined with pale pink silk and a little toque of pink roses, a not particularly serviceable but certainly a striking traveling get-up.

The idea of the play is so light that it is hardly worth giving. The second act, which is the best of

the piece, contains a thoroughly delightful scene between a thoroughly delightful pair of old people. This glimpse of a charming home—peaceful, contented, and comfortable—of the two simple and wholesome old souls, domineered over by the irrepresible servant-woman who has been their companion for thirty years, is one of the freshest and most attractive we have seen for many moons. The last act is not so good. The comedy idea has become exhausted and the players, to carry it through, have recourse to over-acting, with occasional lapses into horse-play. Mr. Ralph Dean, with his maniacal wildness of behavior, brings in the element of burlesque, and even Mr. Dodson, so excellently restrained and simple in act second, resorts to farcical hy-play and nearly destroys the impression of integrity of his earlier work.

GERALDINE BONNER.

#### AT THE PLAY.

##### Night and Morning.

If you saw her on the street,

You would say

Fairer damsels you may meet

Ev'ry day.

She is all of thirty-eight,

And her figure's nothing great,

While her raiment's out of date

And too gay.

She is somewhat commonplace

In her talk,

And there's very little grace

In her walk;

Then her intellect is weak,

And her language is unique!

There is powder on her cheek

Made of chalk.

But upon the stage at night,

I opine,

She's a being heauteous, bright,

And divine;

For she wears a tinsel crown,

An abbreviated gown;

And the swellest swells in town

Buy her wine.—Anon.

##### A Box-Party.

The curtain up, and Faust is singing

His vain desire for love and youth;

His tender tones are sweetly ringing

Two master-minds' eternal truth.

Half tranced, the people sit and listen—

So sweet the tenor never sang;

With notes so bright they seemed to glisten,

When—hark! what means that awful hang?

'Tis but the door of Box A closing,

Released by white-gloved, careless hand;

Four men, five ladies enter, posing

The "rabble's" wonder to command.

Now cloaks and wraps with downy lining

Slip from their wearers' many charms,

Showing, with costly stuff's outlining,

Considerable neck and arms.

And then, with lazy languor sinking

Upon the box's foremost chairs,

Ces dames prepare to show, unthinking,

Their own (no, not the opera's) airs.

They forthwith add, with laugh and clatter,

Their quota to the whole effect:

What though they spoil a scene—what matter?

They do as their sweet wills direct.

And so they rattle on unceasing,

Until the curtain falls at last—

A worried audience releasing

From interruption fierce and fast.

And as they go where supper's waiting—

Game, oysters, terrapin, and wine—

The fairest of them all is stating,

She thinks the opera "just divine!"—Life.

##### After the Play.

My gemmed loggnette and my opera gloves,

And the flowers that drooped and died,

And the numberless things that a girl-heart

loves,

I carelessly toss aside.

For the play is done, and I sit and muse

In the hush of my darkened room,

While the wilted buds sweet scents diffuse

Like incense lamps in the gloom.

Oh, my mind still turns to each tragic scene

And the thrilling plot of the play,

And I wonder if ever a man has been

Who loved in so wondrous a way?

I recall each passionate word he'd speak

As he sued for her hand and heart,

And it grieved me to think that the glow on her

cheek

Was only the blush of art;

And the words that he spoke were but idle words

In spite of their seeming strength,

Like the songsters that lit to the nestling birds

Their love of a season's length!

For the glamour that came with the footlights'

glow

Has gone with their vanished gleams,

And I feel the regret a sleeper must know

When he wakes from alluring dreams.

And I wonder if when youth's curtain will fall,

And the future lies cold and gray,

My life will seem with its gloom and pall

But the aftermath of a play?

—Ella Bentley, Jr., in New Orleans Times-

Democrat.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"Because She Loved Him So."

After a long siege of second-class theatrical attractions, Sao Francisco has been favored with a real New York success, acted by one of the best companies which have been seen here since the last visits of Henry Miller and the Empire and Lyceum Theatre Companies. William Gillette's adaptation from the French of Bissoo and Leclercq is clever, amusing, and free from vulgarity, and instead of being a one-part play, has enough good rôles to allow J. E. Dodson, Aoolie Irish, Kate Meek, Francis Carlyle, Charles Eldridge, and Maggie Fielding each to score hits to their respective impersonations. No one who enjoys good acting, and appreciates delicate comedy, should miss seeing "Because She Loved Him So."

Willie Collier, who is a great favorite in this city and drew crowded houses during both of his former starring engagements here in "The Man from Mexico," will follow to his own farce-comedy, "Mr. Smooth."

"Pudd'head Wilson" at the California.

At the California Theatre, beginning Sunday evening, "Pudd'head Wilson" is to begin a two-weeks' engagement with Burr McIntosh in the rôle made famous by Frank Mayo, and by his son, Edwin, who, only a few weeks ago, expired on a train to New England to mock the same way as his illustrious father. Mr. McIntosh is supported by the Mayo company, and is the rôle of the shrewd, lovable, old Pudd'head, who had a penchant for collecting thumb-priests, he is said to have made a great success. Of Frank Mayo's charming dramatization of Mark Twain's story we need only say that it abounds in crisp humor, introduces some novel character sketches, and contains a wonderfully forceful plot of cumulative and striking interest.

On Monday night, March 26th, Padewski will play at the California Theatre, with matinees on the following Wednesday and Friday afternoons.

At the Tivoli.

The popular comic opera, "The Idol's Eye," will enter on the tenth week of its run at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday night, and on Tuesday the seventy-fifth performance will be made quite a gala occasion. New songs, jokes, and dances will be introduced in the opera, and to all present in the audience on that night the management will present pretty souvenirs. Owing to previous arrangements for the presentation of the musical extravaganza, "Manila Bound," and Frank Daniels's other great success, "The Wizard of the Nile," only a few weeks more will be devoted to "The Idol's Eye," which can now boast of the longest run which has been scored by any similar production in this city.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

It is doubtful if there are many vaudeville houses in the United States which can boast of a better programme than the one announced for the Orpheum next week. Walter Jones, who for several years has been one of the most popular comedians of the New York Casino, and Norma Whalley, a comic-opera favorite, head the list of new specialties. They are both extremely versatile, and in their amusing skit should prove a strong attraction. The Sisters McCoy and Sam Maricao, the acrobatic dancers; Weston and Yost, clever comedians; W. C. Fields, an eccentric juggler; and the Nielsen Sisters, vocal duettists, are among the other newcomers. Those retained from this week's bill are Howard Thurston, Flatow and Dunn, the Moorish Troupe of Acrobats, and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew. The latter have scored a big hit in their dainty little skit, "Love Will Find the Way," showing how a hopelessly husbanded finally restores himself as master of his own household and turns misery into happiness for his jealous spouse.

Fischer's New Concert House.

The main feature of the opening of Fischer's New Concert House, on Monday night, will be Signor Giovanni Badarocco, Signor Antonio Vargas, Signorita Barducci, and Signorita Polletini, formerly of the Lamhardi Italian Grand Opera Company, in the fourth act of "Il Trovatore." The policy of this new concert-house is to be entirely musical, and to encourage and foster home talent. Mr. E. A. Fischer will present from time to time some of San Francisco's debutantes. In addition to the act from "Il Trovatore," August Hinrichs, the leader of the orchestra, has arranged three splendid musical programmes for alternate nights, including selections from the classics as well as popular melodies of the day. Fully half the house has been reserved for the opening night, and the indications are that Fischer's Concert House will become one of the most popular of the city's many places of amusement.

Mrs. Burnett Marries Her Collaborator.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett was married to Mr. Stephen Townsend, of London, at Genoa, Italy, March 14th.

Mr. Townsend is the son of the late Rev. George Tyler Townsend, late Bishop of Tasmania. By profession he is a physician, but while attaining skill and efficiency in his calling he has ever cared for

it, and several years ago gave it up for the stage. Mrs. Burnett first met Mr. Townsend through the introductions of friends, and shortly thereafter engaged him as her secretary. A few weeks later she was thrown from her carriage and nearly killed, and was still far from recovery when she received intelligence of the serious illness of her son, Lionel. Mr. Townsend remained by the boy's bedside with the mother nursing him day and night until the end. Later followed the collaboration in the dramatization of "The Lady of Quality," on the American rights of which each of the playwrights realized a fortune. Vivian Burnett, the only surviving son of Mrs. Burnett, has been for a number of years past on the staff of one of the Denver, Colo., papers.

For the next two months Mr. and Mrs. Townsend will travel on the Riviera and to the island of Corsica before going to the latter's English home, Maytham Hall, one of the oldest and finest properties in Kent. It was at Maytham Hall that the greater portion of Mrs. Burnett's latest book, "Concerning the De Willoughby Claim," was written. Her next important work of dramatization will be on this book.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Edgar Stillman Kelley's Latest Success.

SAN MATEO, March 5, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Not reading to any paper or learning from any authoritative source about the musical features of the "Beo Hur" production to New York, I wrote directly to Edgar Stillman Kelley, the composer, and received a most interesting answer, from which I have his permission to make the following quotations for the benefit of his California friends. Mr. Kelley writes:

"As matters now stand, I have the satisfaction of being connected with a production, which, as far as scenery, costuming, and such externals are concerned, is, certainly, one of the most remarkable of the age. As for the drama, Mr. Young has condensed the story with great skill and maintained a tone of antiquity and poetry deftly combined with modernity and idealized realism, in which he is kind enough to tell his friends that my music has been to him of the greatest assistance.

"Now, a word concerning this phase of 'Ben Hur,' if you will. The subject does, indeed, lend itself admirably to musical treatment, especially of the local-color order, and it was for this very reason that General Wallace stipulated that a competent composer be engaged to write the music for the Daphne Grove choruses, and for the singing of the multitude on the Mount of Olives. The managers consulted Professor E. A. MacDowell, and he suggested me; his reasons being that I had written for the stage, and had made special studies in Oriental and ancient Greek music. The original idea was to have me write merely the choral numbers referred to, and an overture; the entire music was to be selected by myself, in order that a certain degree of appropriateness might be insured. But, to be absolutely certain of homogeneity, I decided to write the entire music. . . . I accordingly carefully studied those portions of the Prophecies and the Gospels which touch upon Christ's mission, especially as a light to the Gentiles as well as to the Jews. . . . For practical as well as artistic reasons, I determined to write—instead of an ordinary overture, embodying the main themes of the drama—a prelude, in which an invisible chorus should sing passages from the Prophecy of Isaiah. I explained to the managers that the audience would listen to vocal music, whereas they would surely talk through the best instrumental compositions while entering a theatre. The idea impressed them favorably, so I was given carte blanche—which I eagerly accepted.

"The result is, roughly put, something like this: First, of course, the prelude, divided into three parts: 1, The prophecy; 2, the approach of the Magi; 3, the Star in the East. The first section opens with a passage for brass—the theme of the prophecy—Oriental in character, taken up later by male chorus in unison (invisible). At the words, 'Arise, shine! For thy light is come,' suggestions of the Star theme are heard in the orchestra, and later more carefully developed when the chorus sing 'The Lord shall arise upon thee and His glory shall be seen upon thee.' The necessary lapse of time from the prophecy is faintly suggested by the approach of the Magi, who naturally rush into the tableau of the Three Wise Men awaiting the risings of the Star of the East. Here the ever-increasing splendor of the Star is accompanied by the ever-growing intensity of the Star theme, which, from this time on, is symbolic of Christ, the Light of the World.

"A few words about the last act. Here I planned not only a series of religious choruses for the multitude, but also a contrasting movement, in this manner: While Ben Hur's mother, sister, and servants, Amrah, are watching over him, in the Valley of Hinnon, while he sleeps, they hear the sound of the approaching throngs, as yet invisible. The sound comes nearer and the drop scene is raised revealing the Mount of Olives, down the side of which the people are seen approaching. The multitude, who sing 'Hosanna in the Highest!' are met by people from Jerusalem, who in a fugal number, built on the Oriental scale, inquire, 'Who is this? Why this tumult?' The answer comes first from a group of little children, who sing, 'This is Jesus of Nazareth.' This is Jesus the Prophet of Nazareth of Galilee! This theme, simple and childish in its character, is now taken up by the rest of the multitude (as it descends the mountain), with ever-changing harmonies, culminating with a full chorus, who sing 'Behold thy King cometh traveling in the greatness of his strength!' Theo, with a fragment of the Star theme, fortissimo, a brilliant light is thrown on the lepers—symbolical of the healing. The throng sing 'Hosanna!' and the scene opens

more changes to the sleeping Beo Hur, who tells his friends of his vision. Amrah comes and proclaims the truth of his vision, and Beo Hur rushes off to find his mother and sister. Again the drop scene is raised, a semi-chorus chant the 'Nuco Dimittis,' surrounded by the harmonies of the Star theme. The choir continues, sung by the altos and tenors, while the sopranos and basses give out the final elaboration of the children's theme, 'This is Jesus of Nazareth!' in canon in the twelfth. In addition to this double chorus, the orchestra gives the harmonies of the Star theme, and the finale is thus ended.

"In your last you speak about racial temperament in conducting, and I can sympathize with your views, and from experience can add that, more than this, a conductor must identify himself with the composer's ideas and aims. Up to this time I had always been the conductor of the best productions of my works, but now I am most happy to say that a brilliant young Hungarian, a Mr. Feleky, was recommended to me by Oscar Bruno Klein, and his work is most artistic. Candidly, I had no hope whatever that the unusual music in the Daphne Grove scenes, where I have employed the old Greek modes with modern clothing, as well as the equally strange and trying melodic and harmonic devices to the last act, could ever be well rendered by a theatrical chorus; but, thanks to the devotion of Mr. Feleky to my theories and my music, all has been carried out in a manner surpassing my most sanguine expectations. But the conductor had to fight for it." . . .

These interesting facts from the composer himself, of the music to "Beo Hur," which has contributed so largely to the phenomenal success of that play, should not fail to impress the residents of Sao Francisco, a town in which Mr. Kelley lived for several years, and in which two of his important works were composed and first produced, namely, his music to "Macbeth" and his "Chinese Suite."

Hoping that this communication will find a place in your columns, I remain,

Very truly yours, JOHN PARROTT.

When Governor Smith, of Vermont, orders out his special train no time is lost in switch or coupling together cars. He is one of the few men in the country who own a private locomotive, which is fitted up at the same time as an observation car. On the same wheels are carried both the motive power and most luxurious accommodations for eight passengers. Besides serving as governor of the Green Mountain State, Mr. Smith is at the same time president of the Vermont Central Railroad Company, and it was in the latter capacity that the combination locomotive and observation car was presented to him by Dr. W. Seward Webb, of New York. Governor Smith finds his private engine of the greatest use in making flying political trips about the State, and he has entertained on it many distinguished visitors. It was on this locomotive that Admiral Dewey rode when he visited his old home in Montpelier last fall.

According to the Hartford Courant, that paper in 1777 was owned and edited and managed by a woman, whose name comes down to modern days as "the widow Watson." She had "exclusive charge" of the journal. After a couple of years Mrs. Watson married a leading citizen of Hartford, and after that date she no doubt let him advise and assist in the conduct of the paper. But she holds the record for the first woman editor in the country.

The delightful weather of the past week, combined with the excellent programme of races offered by the Western Turf Association, succeeded in drawing large crowds to Taft Park. Next week, the second and last of the present meeting, a number of interesting events will be run, including handicaps on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons.

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## VANITY FAIR.

Twenty-nine countries are represented in the diplomatic corps—twelve of the European nations, including Great Britain; twelve of the Central and South American republics; and five of the Oriental countries. This corps holds an unquestioned position in Washington society. Its "fair first ladies," the wives and daughters of the ambassadors and ministers, are a charming group of women, all of them possessing the art of making their husbands' posts a representative bit of their own home-land, though separated from it by thousands of miles. So much has been written recently about the British embassy in connection with the marriage of the ambassador's daughter (says Abby G. Baker in the *Basar*) that little can be added. Lady Pauncefote and her four daughters have always been leaders in Washington society, an invitation to their dinners being regarded as an open sesame to the most exclusive social circles of the capital. The Italian embassy has been left in the hands of a *chargé d'affaires* much of the time for the past three years. Nearly that long ago the Ambassador and Baroness de Fava lost their only son, an unusually gifted young man, under peculiarly sad circumstances. The blow almost broke the baroness's heart; they both went back to Italy with the body, and for many months she felt as though she could never live in America again. They have returned this winter, however, and have taken apartments at the Shoreham, where they are again dispensing the hospitalities of the embassy. The German embassy property is a fine three-story brick structure on Highland Terrace. As the under officials of the embassy, like their chief, are unmarried, there are no ladies whatever connected with it. This lack of femininity does not, however, affect the entertainments that are given there. Dr. von Holleben is famous for his dinners and other social functions, on which occasions he usually invites the wife of a brother diplomat to assist him in doing the honors. Since the close of the Spanish war the French ambassador, M. Jules Cambon, who negotiated the terms of peace on the part of Spain, has remained much of the time in Europe, and, owing to the fragile health of their only daughter, Mme. Cambon has not been here at all. In consequence of this the duties of hostess of embassy have fallen upon the shoulders of the young wife of the military attaché, Mme. Vignal, who chances to be the only lady in the official family. She is typically French, bright and attractive, and has assumed her new duties with tact and skill. The Russian embassy has a very young and charming mistress. Count Cassini, the ambassador, is a widower, and his grandniece, Mlle. Marguerite, does the honors of the house with the ease and tact acquired as her granduncle's constant companion in his diplomatic posts in all parts of the world.

The Mexican embassy is a large brick building on the fashionable section of I Street, and its beautiful interior is very suggestive of foreign lands. Señora de Azpiroz, the new ambassador's wife, continues the lamented Mme. Romero's custom of holding public receptions, and every other Friday during the season her lovely rooms are thronged. The señora is assisted by her young widowed daughter, Señora de Perez, who makes her home with her parents. The Austrian-Hungarian legation on Connecticut Avenue is one of the show houses of the city. It was built by Senator Yule, of Florida, who spent a fortune on it. Just as it was completed he failed of reelection, and was obliged to sell it. Baroness Hengelmüller, wife of the minister, frequently called the most beautiful woman of the corps, entertains sumptuously. Her reception days are Saturdays, and although they are in no way public, yet all Washington, in the society sense of the term, comes to pay deference to her. Another popular hostess this winter is the Spanish minister's amiable American wife, the Duchess of Arcos. She seems to have managed so deftly that society has forgotten that there was an unpleasantness between her adopted country and the one of her birth. The Portuguese minister's wife, the Viscountess de Thyro, shares with Baroness Hengelmüller the honor of the beauty of the corps, and the mistress of the Belgian legation, the Countess de Lichtervelde, is a sweet-faced lady who, despite the silver-white hair which crowns her shapely head, would scarcely be taken for the mother of the six great boys who are so often seen with her in her drives and walks. The Swiss legation is out in the West End, on Hillyer Place, where Mme. Pioda, the minister's wife, presides in a cordial but unassuming manner.

Of the South American legations it chanced that just now five of them—the Venezuelan, Ecuadorian, Bolivian, Columbian, and Argentinian—are in the care of *chargés d'affaires* during the temporary absence of the ministers. Mme. de Assis-Brasil, of the Brazilian legation, was a bride last year. She is much younger than her distinguished husband, who has made a well-deserved reputation as a man of letters in his own country. Señor Vicuna is the clean plenipotentiary at Tokio as well as at Washington, and for the past nine months has been with his family in Japan, but is now returning to

this country. Señora Vicuna is a very accomplished, versatile woman, who has traveled almost all over the world, and who entertains delightfully. Minister and Mme. Calvo, of the Costa Rican legation, have a very engaging family of seven little people, who demand the greater part of Mme. Calvo's time, but she manages, notwithstanding, to carry gracefully her many social duties. The Haytian legation is on K Street, and Minister and Mme. Leger are also the proud parents of three handsome boys. But it is the ladies from the Oriental countries, after all, who awaken the greatest interest, and those who wear their native costumes are the cynosure for many eyes whenever they appear in public. Mme. Wu, of the Chinese legation, and Mme. Pak Ye, of the Korean, adhere to their native dress. The present Japanese minister is not accompanied by his wife; but Mme. Hoshi, the former one, adopted European dress entirely, and although she sometimes looked rather uncomfortable in her trailing skirts and high, French-heeled boots, yet she never wore anything else when receiving at home or when she went out. The Turkish minister is a Mohammedan, and, therefore, the wife of the secretary, Sidky Bey, is hostess of legation. She is an Armenian, and was not raised in the seclusion which prevails with the Mohammedan women. She was educated in the Scutario College in Constantinople, and is a well-informed, cultured woman, who contributes her full share of interest to this most interesting group of women.

Some of the ways of thanking the British soldiers in South Africa are decidedly original (points out the *New York Commercial Advertiser*). A railroad company recently contributed two hundred unclaimed walking-sticks from their lost-property office to the invalid soldiers at the Netley Hospital. A firm of baby-food manufacturers offers to supply, gratuitously, prepared food "to babies who have been rendered fatherless by death of soldiers in the war." One woman is making a specialty of bed-jackets made of flannelette. She sends a paper pattern of the jacket to any one who will make one of the garments, and when she sends off her box of jackets she puts a sharpened lead-pencil in the pocket of each one. These coats are said to be most welcome gifts, as the khaki uniform of the wounded is usually cut off in strips by the surgeons, and pajamas and lounging-ropes are luxuries very rare in South Africa at the present time. One noble lady has presented each man in her husband's regiment with a pocket telescope. Filled tobacco-pouches and pipes were given to another regiment by a woman who believes that soldiers deserve a smoke after a day's fighting. Cases of games for men at the front and for the hospitals are being sent to the Transvaal by some sympathizers. Each case contains chess, draughts, backgammon, solitaire, dominoes, bezique, cribbage, packs of cards, and games, such as parcheesi, which will be about as much mental excitement as a wounded Tommy will be able to stand. One of these games, called "How to Reach Pretoria," will, doubtless, be a great favorite.

The Boer women are described as not one whit less patriotic in the present war than their husbands, and the story of how Mrs. Joubert actually won the battle of Majuba Hill is an illustration of the active patriotism they have more than once displayed (remarks *Collier's Weekly*). When the English were stealing upon the Boers at Majuba Hill, it was Mrs. Joubert who first discovered them and hastened to arouse her sleeping husband. General Joubert was fast asleep, and he refused to believe that the English had got by the pickets without the alarm being given. It was not until Mrs. Joubert actually pulled him out of his bed, and made him see the enemy with his own eyes, that he would admit the truth of her words. Mrs. Krüger, the wife of the President of the South African Republic, is a motherly hombody, but her patriotism sometimes overcomes her love for home duties. She is not one to shirk the duties of her high position. When a young woman she had the reputation of brewing the best coffee and being the best shot of any of her sex in the Transvaal. When the Jameson raid proved such a disastrous failure, because the Boers possessed their secret beforehand, it was generally supposed that one of the Englishmen in the plot had turned traitor, and had given the secrets away. This, however, has proved to be untrue. Krüger, having good reasons for suspecting some kind of treachery, consulted his wife, and her advice was to enlist as spies the barmaids of Johannesburg. This was done, and the secrets which the English gave out, or conversed about over their cups, were promptly transmitted to Krüger by the pretty barmaids. So well did this spy system work that President Krüger not only knew beforehand all about the preparations for the Jameson raid, but he had inside information of the plans of the English Government which placed him in a position to meet every move with a counter-move. Military secrets leaked out in this way, and when the English increased their fighting force in South Africa by secret enlistments, Krüger added a larger number to his regular army. Likewise when more guns were shipped from England to South Africa, Krüger had even a greater number shipped almost simultaneously from Germany and France.

These important steps were taken upon the information supplied by the women spies—the pretty barmaids of Johannesburg.

In his volume on "Present Day Egypt," Frederick Penfield thus describes one of the interesting sights in the neighborhood of the Pyramids—the incubators in the native villages. "It will be found," he says, "that the incubator is constructed of sundried bricks, and so arranged internally that the eggs, placed in mud-constructed ovens on trays cushioned with cut straw, are constantly under the attendant's view. No scientific apparatus is employed by this man, not even a thermometer. He knows from experience and his own feeling how much heat is needed, and he systematically turns the eggs several times each day until they are developed into peeping chicks. These hatching establishments exist throughout Middle and Upper Egypt, and in a season bring fully twenty million chickens into the world, that grow up to be scrawny, unattractive fowls. The industry is thousands of years old, and seems conclusively to settle the question of a chicken's maternity by allocating that parentage to the hen laying the egg. The incubator is a foster-mother only, and is responsible for stifling the 'setting' instinct with Egyptian hens. The keepers of the incubators have a system of traffic with peasant farmers by which eggs are purchased outright, or six live chicks given in exchange for a dozen fresh eggs."

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, March 14th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Cal. St. Ry. 5%.....	2,000	@ 118	117		
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	16,000	@ 105 1/2	105	105 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	10,000	@ 116	115	116 1/2	
Oakland Gas and 5%.....	2,000	@ 111	111		
Park & C. H. Ry. 6%.....	4,000	@ 105	105	105 1/2	
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	10,000	@ 117 1/2	117		
Sac'to Elect. & Gas					
and Ry. 5%.....	3,000	@ 92 1/2	90		
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%.....	2,000	@ 111 1/2	113 1/2	114	
1905.....	2,000	@ 113 1/2	113 1/2	114	
S. V. Water 6%.....	13,000	@ 113 1/2-114	113 1/2	114	
	STOCKS.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Water.					
Contra Costa Water.....	1,715	@ 63-68 1/2	64	64 1/2	
Spring Valley Water.....	565	@ 98 1/2-99 1/2	98 1/2		
Gas and Electric.					
Equitable Gaslight.....	220	@ 3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2	
Mutual Electric.....	135	@ 10 1/2-12	10	11	
Oakland G. L. & H.....	45	@ 50	50		
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	65	@ 54 1/2-54 1/2	54		
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	475	@ 53 1/2-54 1/2	54 1/2		
S. F. Gas.....	455	@ 4 1/2	4 1/2	4 1/2	
	BANKS.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Bank of Cal.....	5	@ 405	402 1/2		
Street R. R.					
Market St.....	75	@ 62 1/2-62 1/2	62 1/2	63	
	POWERS.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Giant Con.....	1,090	@ 83 1/2-90 1/2	85		
Vigort.....	400	@ 2 1/2	2 1/2	2 1/2	
	SUGARS.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Hana P. Co.....	935	@ 8 1/2-10	8 1/2	8 1/2	
Hawaiian.....	5	@ 89	88 1/2		
Honokaa S. Co.....	1,335	@ 31 1/2-32 1/2	31 1/2		
Hutchinson.....	1,215	@ 26 1/2-27 1/2	26 1/2	27	
Kihuna S. Co.....	1,025	@ 19 1/2-22	21 1/2		
Makawell S. Co.....	2,000	@ 47 1/2-48 1/2	48 1/2	48 1/2	
Onomea S. Co.....	250	@ 28-28 1/2	29		
Pauhan S. P. Co.....	2,420	@ 29 1/2-29 1/2	29 1/2	29 1/2	
	MISCELLANEOUS.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Alaska Packers.....	25	@ 120 1/2	119		
Oceanic S. Co.....	600	@ 93 1/2-95	95		

The past week has been one of gradual decline in prices and the volume of business has lessened. No bad news to warrant drop, simply lack of buying orders to offset those for selling. Giant shaded off six points on sales aggregating 1,090 shares; Contra Costa Water dropped five points on 1,350 shares sold; Hana Plantation Company, on sales of 935 shares, receded one and one-half points.

It is rumored on the street that certain parties are breaking the market by offering small lots of Giant, and circulation rumors of an approaching opposition, the tracing of which to a reliable source has been unsuccessfully tried. In last week's issue we explained the opposition story, and have no reason to change the explanation.

The sugar market, while it sold off a little, at the close it really closed strong.

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Deposits, January 1, 1900.....\$26,110,681 Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000 Reserve Fund..... 210,067 Contingent Fund..... 407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres. LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier, Asst. Cashier. Directors—George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, Geo. Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000 SURPLUS..... 1,000,000 PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT. 2,321,212 January 1, 1900.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Asst. Cashier IRVING F. MOULTON.....Asst. Cashier ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At a time of crisis in foreign affairs, the Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, was seated at dinner next Mr. Disraeli. She was anxious to understand the apparent inaction of the government, and asked him suddenly, "What are we waiting for?" He took up the menu, glanced at it, and gravely replied: "Mutton and potatoes, ma'am."

Sir Augustus Harris once settled the pitch question to his own off-hand fashion. A famous prima donna of his opera company came to him complaining that the piano used for vocal rehearsals was too high, and asking that it might be lowered. "Certainly," replied Druriolanus, with a bow; "here, Forsyth, have a couple of inches sawed off the legs of this piano."

In the Plymouth congregation, during Henry Ward Beecher's pastorate, there was at one time a woman who had a harsh voice and a stiff manner of speaking, and her long-drawn-out, dull discourses wearied the congregation. At last Mr. Beecher, too, reached the limit of endurance, and one evening, when she sat down, after talking nearly half an hour, he arose, and in his deep tones said, slowly: "Nevertheless, I still believe in woman speaking in meeting." She spoke no more.

The late Archbishop of York (Dr. Magee) made an eloquent speech in the House of Lords in opposition to Gladstone's bill for the disestablishment of the Irish church. Incidentally he said that he "could not regard it as consistent with the salvation of his immortal soul to vote for the bill." A moment later, one peer who was coming into the House inquired of another who was going out: "Who is it who has just now?" The outgoing peer, who stammered, replied: "Archbishop M.-M.-Magee is talking against the disestablishment of the Irish church." "What does he say?" "He says he'll be disestablished if he votes for the bill."

Richard Croker, the New York politician, relates two amusing tales of Sheriff Duoo in *Life*. There is a Thomas Duoo Association, named after the sheriff. It is a social organization and gives a ball every year. Last year the ball was given soon after Mr. Duoo was elected, and there was a big attendance. One man, an old friend of the sheriff, got himself up in great shape for the occasion, appearing for the first time in his life in evening dress. He went up to Duoo at the ball. "Hello, Tom," he said; "how do I look in a dress-suit?" "First-rate," said the sheriff; "why don't you get one?" On another occasion a certain Tammany man came to Duoo's office and told him he was going to be married. "That's good news," said the sheriff; "have you seen Croker about it?"

Frederick D. Kilburn, State superintendent of banking in New York, made a campaign speech for Governor Roosevelt last fall that was a record-breaker. Kilburn and other spellbinders were touring the extreme northern part of the State. Early one morning the egotist stopped for water near a lumber camp. Kilburn got out on the end of the car and delivered a rip-roaring speech on the evils of Tammany Hall and kindred campaign topics. The lumbermen listened with no show of enthusiasm. A trifling oozed, Kilburn returned to the car. A brakeman, noticing his gloom, said cheerfully: "Don't mind those French-Canadians; they're a wood-headed lot." "French-Canadians!" said Kilburn, with surprise. "Where are we?" "We're just over the line into Canada," replied the brakeman.

When Senator-elect "Joe" Blackburn was practicing law in Kentucky, a young fellow came into his office and expressed a longing to get work. Mr. Blackburn handed him a writ and told him to go to a certain house and serve the paper on the tenant. "Now, don't come back and say you couldn't find him," he cautioned. "Mail it to the door if you have to, but serve it." The eager young man started out and returned an hour later with his face covered with bruises, and his clothes torn into shreds. "Well," said Mr. Blackburn, "did you serve it?" "No, sir," replied the battered employee; "the tenant licked me and told me to bring the paper back to you." Blackburn arose from his chair, and towering up with indignation, said: "Here, suh, take that writ back and serve it to that tenant, suh, and tell him, for me, suh, that hy heavens, suh, he can't intimidate me through you, suh."

Since Lord Beauchamp, the present British governor of New South Wales, has occupied the government house at Sydney, he has ordained that at official receptions only guests of a certain rank shall be permitted to approach the presence through designated doors. To these blue tickets are awarded; to others of inferior mold, white. At a recent function, through some mismanagement, an important public man received a blue card, while a white one was sent to his wife. When the pair reached the audience chamber, the lady declined to be separated from her husband, or to abandon the aristocratic blue ranks. An aid-de-

camp endeavored to reason with her, and explain the commotion that would ensue if blue and white were suffered to mingle together. But the fair one was equal to the occasion. "Nonsense," said she, as she pressed forward; "what do you take us for—a seidlitz powder?" The aid collapsed.

AN ACE-HIGH ROYAL BLUFF.

"Was any one killed this morning?" asked the new arrival at Sunset, timidly, as he walked in to a breakfast of corn bread and side meat at the Bullet House.

"Well, no, not exactly," replied Lordlord Duffy. "I reckon the boys on the other side of the mountain be a shootin' at each other, but they've heeo at it these six months, and oever hit nothin', so we don't count much on no fueral in that direction."

"The boys," as the landlord called them, were, and are still, notwithstanding the shooting, old man Zieman and young Bill Cassidy, who had prospect-holes within a hundred yards of each other. They located at about the same time, and each dreamed that the inside of the mountain was filled with the gold left over after the construction of the golden streets above. Most Rocky Mountain miners are built slightly on the plan of Armour's product, and these two in particular would have staked a claim on the golden streets and kicked every angel off the place—if they ever got a chance, which from their records, is out at all probable.

Both Cassidy and Zieman wanted all the gold in the mountain, and would have wanted it if there had been a billion's worth—which there wasn't; but that is not the story. The old man was possibly a day or so ahead of his rival in the locality, and thought he owned the mountain. Cassidy had an idea that as Zieman apparently had only a few years longer to live, he might as well out-fod any gold.

So each brought out his rifle, and as both appeared at about the same time, they got behind convenient trees, and hazed away enough powder to have blasted their prospect holes into genuine mines.

After a few moments of this pleasant amusement both prospectors quietly stood their guns in corners of their shacks, and proceeded to work all day within shooting distance of each other, but with apparently no desire to kill.

During the day the man who somehow or another got to be styled town marshal, investigated the cause of the shooting over the hill, but finding no bloodstains, decided it a false scent, and pushed back to camp. The next morning the same rattle of musketry was heard, and still no explanation was had. This continued for a week, when finally all the miners in Sunset were out looking for the blood-thirsty villain who was wasting so much powder.

The one woman in the camp declared it her opinion that it was the "old Harry" guarding some mountain especially rich in the yellow ore. But it is hard to make a miner believe in anything supernatural—unless some very ignorant prospector strikes a very rich lode—and a watch was set on the particular hill from which the shooting came.

Promptly at 6 A. M., as though by preconcerted arrangement, the two belligerents appeared, and the first shot pealed over the camp. The other hazy came from the opposite direction, and so on from both sides the shots came thick and fast, while the oo-lookers stood in amazement, out that the men should shoot at each other—that is common—but over before it their lives had they seen such beastly poor shooting. It was a disgrace to the community, and when it was reported at headquarters there was talk of drumming both out of camp; and one man even suggested lynching, as "it'd be a shame to send such duffers to any other camp, and have it reported they came from Sunset."

But a better spirit prevailed, and it was finally decided to wait awhile, in hopes that one of them might accidentally be killed, when there would be an excuse for hanging the other for not killing his man with greater dispatch.

Thus it ran along for nearly six months, to the time when the story opens. After the usual peppery salute to each other on this occasion, old man Zieman said to his rival, from behind his particular tree: "I say, over there! I'm out o' shootin'."

"What'll you gi' me for my claim?"

"What's he worth?" asked Cassidy, without sticking his head from behind his fortifications.

"Oh, 'bout fifty dollars."

"I'll give you my gun."

"Don't want yer darn gun. Can't shoot straight enough to hit a man at fifty yards."

"Didn't expect to. Haio't had no bullets for five months."

"Was you a bluffin'?" Say, so was I. I'll take the gun, and you take the hole. Is it a bargain?"

And so the war at Sunset ended.—Frank A. Parker in Harper's Magazine for March.

Our Nation's Wealth.

Gold and silver are poured abundantly into the lap of the nation, but our material wealth and strength is rather in iron, the most useful of all metals, just as the wealth of a human being lies in a useful stomach. If you have overworked yours until it is disabled, try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It will relieve the clogged digestive organs, improve the appetite, and cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, liver and kidney trouble.

A Ballad of Vegetables.  
A potato went out on a mash  
And sought an onion bed;  
"That's pie for me!" observed the squash,  
And all the beets turned red.  
"Go 'way!" the onion, weeping, cried;  
"Your love I can oot be;  
The pumpkin be your lawful hride—  
You caeteloupe with me."

But onward still the tuber came,  
And lay down at her feet;  
"You cauliflower hy aoy name  
And it will smell as wheat;  
Aod I, too, am an early rose,  
And you I've come to see;  
So don't turnip your lovely oose,  
But spinachat with me."

"I do not carrot all to wed,  
So go, sir, if you please I!"  
The modest ootio meekly said,  
"Aod lettuce, pray, have peas!  
Go, thioik that you have oever seeo  
Myself, or smelled my sigh;  
Too long a maiden I have been  
For favors in your rye!"

"Ah, spare a cuss!" the tuber prayed;  
"My cherrished hride you'll be;  
You are the only weeping maid  
That's curraot oow with me!"  
And as the wily tuber spoke  
He caught her hy surprise,  
And, giving her an artichoke,  
Devoured her with his eyes.

—Captain Joseph Mechan.

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Gaelic (Via Honolulu).....Friday, Mar. 23  
Doric (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Apr. 17  
Coptic (Via Honolulu).....Friday, May 11  
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Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
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For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., March 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Apr. 4, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., Mar. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Apr. 1, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., March 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, Apr. 5, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.

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## SOCIETY.

## The Raoul-Duval-Tobin Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Beatrice Tobin to Mr. Charles Raoul-Duval will take place at the residence of the bride's mother at the south-east corner of Taylor and California Streets, on Saturday noon, March 17th. It will be a very quiet affair, only relatives of the contracting parties being present.

The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Father Prendergast, V. G. Miss Celia Tobin and Miss Agnes Tobin will be bridesmaids for their sister, Mr. Richard M. Tobin will act as Mr. Raoul-Duval's best man, and the bride will be given into the groom's keeping by her uncle, Judge Robert J. Tobin. After a brief tour of the coast, the couple will go to New York City, where they will make their permanent home.

The bride is the third daughter of Mrs. M. A. Tobin and the late Richard Tobin, for many years a director of the Hibernia Bank. She made her debut five years ago at the marriage of her brother, Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, and Miss May Dimond, and has since been prominent in society here and at Burlingame. Mr. Raoul-Duval comes of a noted French family, his father having been a director of the Bank of France and his uncle now being a member of the Chamber of Deputies. For some years past he has spent about half the year in New York, where he is a member of the Racquet and Tennis Club and of the Meadow Brook Hunt and Country Club of Westchester. He has a handsome country-place at Hempstead, L. I.

## San Mateo County Hunt.

The meet of the San Mateo County Hunt at the Ingleside track on Saturday, March 10th, was the most brilliant in the history of the organization. Mr. Francis Carolan, master of the foxhounds, had secured the use of the Pacific Coast Jockey Club's house at the track for the occasion and had imported a corps of cooks and waiters for an elaborate hunt luncheon, to which he had invited one hundred and sixty guests in addition to the members of the hunt. A band had also been provided, and it played during luncheon, which was served at half-past twelve, and until the meet at three o'clock. Among those who enjoyed Mr. Carolan's hospitality were:

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, Colonel Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., and Mrs. Maus, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. George Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Elwyn Lester, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Moody, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Small, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Hayne, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Brander, Mr. and Mrs. Postley, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Tucker, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Genevieve Goad Martin, Mrs. Charles Moore, Mrs. George H. Howard, Miss Eleanor McClay, of Portland, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Maenie McNutt, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Kate Clement, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Marie Wells, Miss Adelaide Murphy, Miss Schneely, Miss Emily Hager, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Carrie Taylor, Mr. George Almer Newhall, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Vanderlyn Stow, Major J. L. Rathbone, Mr. Henry Worthington, Mr. Horace L. Hill, Mr. Peter D. Martin, Mr. Walter Martin, Dr. Herbert Carolan, Lieutenant J. P. Hains, U. S. A., Captain W. H. McKittrick, U. S. V., Mr. T. Buckley Johnson, Mr. Willis Polk, Mr. Bruce Porter, Mr. Joseph M. Quay, Mr. Edward Haldan, Mr. Lansing Mizner, Mr. Robert M. Eyre, Mr. J. J. Moore, Mr. Charles N. Dunphy, Mr. E. D. Beylard, the Rev. W. H. L. O'Rourke, Dr. H. B. de Marville, Baron Alex von Schröder, Mr. Leon Bocqueraz, Mr. Richard M. Tobin, Mr. John Lawson, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, and Mr. H. C. Whitney.

After luncheon the guests chatted and listened to the music until three o'clock, when the huntsman brought out the pack and nearly a score of riders, most of them in "pink," prepared for the run. Among them were:

Mr. Carolan, Mr. Hobart, Mr. Peter Martin, Mr. Harvey, Mr. Hayne, Mr. Moore, Mr. Dunphy, Mr. Lawson, Baron Alex von Schröder, Mr. Bocqueraz, Mr. R. M. Tobin, Lieutenant Hains, Captain McKittrick, Mr. Beylard, Mr. Parsons, Mr. Whitney, and Miss Wells and Miss Murphy.

The run was a long and hard one, but there were no accidents, and all were in at the finish at the Burlingame Club.

On Monday, March 12th, the first real fox-hunt was given. The fox had been brought from the San Joaquin Valley, and it was loosed from the Burlingame Club at seven o'clock in the morning. About an hour later the bounds were started, after them coming the master, Mr. Carolan, and Mr. E. D. Beylard, Mr. Charles N. Dunphy, Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. Peter D. Martin, and Mr. George Parsons.

Reynard took off across the golf links and through the 'haron fields, and after a three hours' run, he was treed in Spring Valley. The master of the hunt was awarded the brush and also a foot, and the other were secured by Messrs. Beylard, Hayne, and Martin as souvenirs.

The hunt will be the guests of Mr. J. Downey Harvey at Wellesley Park, Redwood, on Saturday,

March 17th, for luncheon, and the meet will follow at three o'clock. There will be the usual early morning meet on Monday, and on Wednesday the meet will be at the Burlingame Club's polo-field at 4:15 P. M.

## A Dinner to Presidio Brides.

Major Lewis Smith, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Smith, gave a dinner in honor of the two brides at the Presidio, Mrs. James Parker and Mrs. Rodger Gardner, at their home on Spruce Street, recently. Those at table were:

Major Lewis Smith, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Smith, Lieutenant James Parker, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Parker, Lieutenant Rodger Gardner, Third Artillery, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gardner, Captain Wilcox, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wilcox, Judge and Mrs. Henry S. Foote, Miss Lilla Sherrard, Miss Grace Giselman, Lieutenant Ralph Brower, Third Artillery, U. S. A., and Mr. William A. Lange.

## The Boyd Luncheon.

Mrs. Alexander Boyd gave a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Boarden and her niece, Miss Wood, of St. Paul, Minn., who are now on a visit to this city, at her home, 2020 Washington Street, recently. Those at table were:

Mrs. Alexander Boyd, Mrs. Boarden, Miss Wood, Mrs. George Davis Boyd, Miss McGregor, Miss Annie Buckbee, Miss Lida Cadwalader, Miss Edna Hamilton, Miss Laura Hamilton, Miss Hooper, Miss Florence Ives, Miss Ida Moody, and Miss Marie Voorhies.

## A Bohemian Club Dinner.

The annual dinner of the Old Guard of the Bohemian Club—those who were members when the club occupied its early quarters on Sacramento Street—was given in the Red Room of the clubhouse on Saturday evening, March 10th. Mr. Joseph N. H. Irwin, one of the two surviving charter members, presided, and twenty-three members sat down at a round table to discuss a menu that had been prepared under the supervision of Mr. Raphael Weill. Each of those present made a few remarks, and letters were read from Senator George C. Perkins, of Washington, D. C., Mr. F. N. Raoul Martinez and Mr. Jennings S. Cox, of New York, Mr. George W. Phelps, of Tucson, and Mr. A. McFarland Davis, of Boston. A poetical greeting from Charles Warren Stoddard was also read. Those at the table were:

Mr. J. N. H. Irwin, Mr. John L. Beard, Dr. Behr, Mr. H. R. Bloomer, Mr. H. M. Bosworth, Mr. David Brush, Mr. George T. Bromley, Mr. Hugh M. Burke, Mr. I. Gutte, Colonel Alexander G. Hawes, General John Hewston, Mr. Arpad Haraszthy, Mr. John Landers, Mr. Reuben H. Lloyd, Mr. Henry Marshall, Mr. Jasper McDonald, Mr. Samuel D. Mayer, Mr. Stewart Menzies, Dr. Benjamin Swan, Mr. Sidney M. Smith, General Walter Turnbull, Mr. Raphael Weill, and Mr. George Wright.

## Polo at Burlingame.

The first set polo match of the season took place on the Burlingame Country Club's polo field on Sunday afternoon, March 11th. In a preliminary game the "Reds"—Mr. Richard M. Tobin, captain, Mr. Charles N. Dunphy, and Mr. John Lawson, playing back—were defeated by one point by the "Blues"—Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, captain, Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, and Mr. Francis Carolan, back. The goal was made by Mr. Hobart.

In the match proper, Mr. Richard M. Tobin was captain of the "Blues," playing 3, with Mr. Charles N. Dunphy 1, Mr. Thomas Driscoll 2, and Mr. John Lawson back. Mr. Walter Scott Hobart captained the "Reds," playing back, with Mr. Edward M. Tobin 1, Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin 2, and Mr. Francis Carolan 3. Mr. Peter D. Martin was the umpire.

The match was one of the most spirited ever played on the field, but there were no accidents except a rather nasty blow in the mouth sustained by Mr. Richard M. Tobin, which cut his lip and loosened one of his front teeth. Mr. Driscoll made the first goal for the "Blues" and the second again in the first period. In the second Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin made the only goal credited to the "Reds." No point was added to the score in the third period, but in the fourth Mr. Dunphy made another goal, running the "Blues" score up to 3 as against 1 for the "Reds."

There will be practice games or matches every Sunday afternoon hereafter for some weeks to come.

The Shah of Persia, who is to attend the Paris Exhibition, is expected to pass through Holland and Belgium and visit Queen Wilhelmina and King Leopold. The charming young Queen of the Netherlands looks forward to this event with considerable apprehension, having been told of various embarrassing experiences of other sovereigns when they entertained the late Shah. When at Antwerp, on his last European tour, his Persian majesty was so smitten by many of the wives and daughters of the city that he was much astonished at their polite refusal of the offers he made to take some of them back to adorn his court at Teheran. There are hopes, however, that the present Shah is better versed in European etiquette.

In Russia women are employed as apothecaries. In the state and municipal dispensaries women prescription clerks stand on the same footing as men.

## ART NOTES.

## The Spring Exhibition.

The San Francisco Art Association will open its new gallery with a spring exhibition of works by California artists on next Friday, March 23d. A private view and promenade concert, the latter under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman, will be held on Thursday evening from eight o'clock until eleven.

The building of the gallery, with its fine proportions and modern equipment, has proved such a stimulus to the artists that more pictures and statuary have been submitted than ever before. The work of the sculptors has become so important that the old gallery in the main building, known now as the "House Gallery," will be devoted entirely to this class of exhibit. The quality of the whole display promises to be above the standard, since so much in the way of oil paintings, water-colors, pastels, miniatures, black and white, porcelain, etc., has been sent in that, in spite of the large increase in room, the jury has had to be very conservative in its selections. An illustrated catalogue is being compiled, in which an example of the work of each artist will be reproduced.

The example of other large cities of making the opening night of the picture-show a fashionable event is likely to be followed here, particularly since it comes in Lent.

## The Last Symphony Concert.

The fifth and last of the series of symphony concerts given under the direction of Henry Holmes at the Grand Opera House, took place on Thursday afternoon, March 15th, when the following programme was presented:

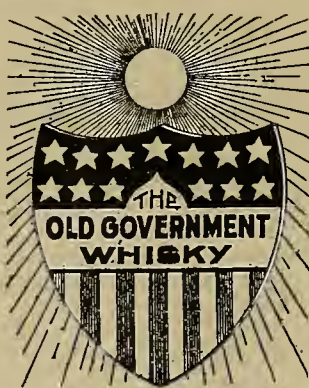
Overture, "Manfred," op. 115, Schumann; sinfonia (Schoth) in A-minor, introduction and allegro agitato, scherzo assai vivace, adagio cantabile, allegro guerriero and finale maestoso, Mendelssohn; scherzo, allegro molto vivace (the third movement from the "Symphonie Pathétique"), Tchaikowsky; overture, "Guillaume Tell," Rossini.

That terrible weapon, the bayonet, has traditions that almost make one think it was original with the English. History, however, does not bear this theory out. The French, that gentle nation, who even yet are wont to prick each other with a sharpened point, were the inventors of England's weapon of "benevolent assimilation," indeed, the very name is derived from the city of its invention, Bayonne. At the Battle of Marsaglia, in 1693, it was used by the French "with great success against the enemy, unprepared for the encounter with so formidable a novelty," and was an important element in the victory which they won against the imperialists under Prince Eugene and the Duke of Savoy.

## Approved Vintages.

Claret and Burgundy wines, above all others, should be pure, and J. Calvet & Co.'s fine wines have long been the models for connoisseurs.

The highest Prussian court has decided that the American title of "doctor" can not be used in Prussia without a special permit from the government.



And now the sun never sets on Columbia's domain—nor on the consumers of

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What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

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WHILE words tell, statistics prove. The importation of G. H. MUMM & Co.'s EXTRA DRY in 1899 aggregating 109,303 cases, or 72,495 cases more than of any other brand, is certainly the most striking evidence of the great popularity of this famous brand of champagne, and particular attention is called to the fine quality, purity, and natural dryness of the wine now coming to this market.

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"I hear the tenor is laid up with a sprained ankle," said the church-choir baritone. "Yes," giggled the soprano, "he slipped up on an organ pedal."—Philadelphia Record.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin will leave early in April for Paris, where Mr. Irwin has been appointed Hawaiian commissioner to the exposition.

Miss Mary Crocker has returned to her home at San Mateo, after spending the winter with her aunts, Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and Mr. Douglas Grant will leave next month for a short trip to Europe. They purpose spending a fortnight in Paris, viewing the exposition.

Mr. Lansing Kellogg has returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, at Bakersfield. While away, he and Mr. Tevis and Mr. Clinton E. Worden made a trip to Salton.

Mr. Joseph B. Crockett arrived in New York City last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Mary Scott have moved down to their country place at Burlingame.

Miss Eleanor McClay, who has been spending some weeks with her sister, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, returned on Friday, March 16th, to her home in Portland, Or., whence she will soon leave to visit another sister in Scotland.

Mrs. Duke Baxter, who has been spending the winter at the Hotel Bella Vista, left on Saturday, March 10th, for Santa Barbara, where she will spend the summer.

Mr. Prentiss Maslin came down from Sacramento on Thursday for a brief visit.

Colonel B. J. D. Irwin, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Irwin and their daughter, Mrs. Ida Barnes, have taken an apartment at the Occidental Hotel. Mrs. Barnes has recently been the guest of Mrs. Joseph Sadow Tobin at her home at Burlingame.

General and Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes returned on Sunday, March 11th, from their wedding trip to New York.

Miss Nannie Rodgers, who is visiting her sisters, Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Eberle, at Annapolis, will spend next month in Washington, D. C., and return home in the early summer.

Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Kerr left last week for Scotland, where Dr. Kerr's mother is dangerously ill.

Mr. Roderick McClay is expected here from the East in a few days, on his way back to his home in Portland, Or.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Wilson have returned from a six weeks' trip to Canada and New York.

Mrs. Jane Lathrop Stanford, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, returned from the East last Tuesday. Mrs. Stanford intends spending some two months at her home at Palo Alto, and will then go to Europe to remain abroad a year.

Miss Mamie Kohl, of San Mateo, is in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond were in Washington, D. C., last week.

Mrs. George Davis Boyd left last week to visit her sister, Mrs. Allen Lewis, at her home in Portland, Or.

The Rev. Webster L. Clark came down from Benicia early in the week and was a guest at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson arrived in Washington, D. C., on Monday, March 12th, intending to spend several days there.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Pierce returned from their Eastern trip last week and are again at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wolff, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bundschu, Miss Bundschu, and Mr. Ralph Bundschu enjoyed a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Woods, of Pittsburg, Pa., are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. William B. Bourn and Miss Maud Bourn made a visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., returned last week from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Sol Gump left on Saturday, March 10th, for a visit to their daughters, Mrs. William H. Bronner in New York City and Mrs. Louis Schwabacker in Wheeling, W. Va. They expect to be away about two months.

Mr. John B. Alexander arrived last week from the Hawaiian Islands, and is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. Joseph F. Sartori came up from Los Angeles on Wednesday, and was a guest at the Palace Hotel. He returned on Friday.

Mr. M. Brasch sailed on the American liner *New York* for Southampton on Wednesday, March 7th.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Yost were in town from Palo Alto early in the week, and were guests at the California Hotel.

Mrs. S. M. Runyon and Miss Runyon took their guests, Mrs. J. A. Minott and Mrs. Minott, to the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mrs. Doyle and Miss Doyle, of San Mateo, are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Among the week's guests at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. H. J. McCoy, Miss Mabel McCoy, Mrs. I. Lowenberg, Mr. and Mrs. George Davidson, Major R. W. Johnson, of Fort Grant, Arizona, Mr. James Williamson and Mr. William Williamson, of Santa Cruz, Mr. and Mrs. Asa E. Russell, of Lowell, Mass., Mr. F. A. Reed, of Boston, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moulton, of Salt Lake City, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Hart, of Brooklyn, Mrs. George P. Low and Mr. and Mrs. H. Stuart Fonda, of Oswego, N. Y., Mrs. Lansing B. Mizner, of Benicia, and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bissell, of Alameda.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. F. Hazen, of Healdsburg, Mr. W. H. McGilvary, of Belmont, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Watson, of Denver, Mr. and Mrs. William P.

Veuve, of Los Gatos, Mr. Benjamin Howard and Mr. Ernest Howell, of Boston, Mr. R. T. Winston, of Chicago, Mr. George E. Stayton, of Jamestown, Mr. P. R. Mahury, of San José, Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Nippert, of San Leandro, Mr. D. B. Denton, of Seattle, Mrs. W. H. Moore and Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Gorrell, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. V. T. Whitmore, of Rochester, and Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Lilley, of Oakland.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral Louis Kempff, U. S. N., is to go to the Philippines on March 31st, as second in command under Rear-Admiral George C. Remy, U. S. N.

Captain Merrill Miller, U. S. N., late commander of the receiving-ship *Vermont*, has been ordered to leave New York on Saturday, March 17th, for Mare Island. It is understood that he will take the place of Rear-Admiral Kempff, U. S. N.

Captain Charles S. Cotton, U. S. N., commanding the receiving-ship *Independence*, at Mare Island, has been ordered home pending his promotion to the rank of rear-admiral. Captain William H. Whiting, U. S. N., succeeds him in command of the *Independence*.

The *Solace* will be put out of commission at Mare Island Navy Yard. Lieutenant Commander, W. R. A. Rooney, U. S. N., Lieutenant-Commander R. H. Galt, U. S. N., and Lieutenant-Commander J. Shearman, U. S. N., Lieutenant W. A. Gill, U. S. N., Lieutenant M. C. Gorgas, U. S. N., and Paymaster Z. W. Reynolds, U. S. N., have been ordered to Mare Island Hospital for treatment; Lieutenant R. Spear, U. S. N., is to take a draft of men East; and Lieutenant-Commander S. J. C. Gilmore, U. S. N., Lieutenant-Commander C. E. Vreeland, U. S. N., Lieutenant A. W. Dodd, U. S. N., Lieutenant W. V. Bronaugh, U. S. N., Lieutenant J. G. Quimby, U. S. N., Lieutenant W. W. Buchanan, U. S. N., Lieutenant H. G. Gates, U. S. N., Lieutenant L. E. Desteigner, U. S. N., Lieutenant L. A. Kaiser, U. S. N., Lieutenant L. A. Bostwick, U. S. N., Lieutenant W. K. Harrison, U. S. N., and Lieutenant M. H. Signor, U. S. N., have been ordered home on waiting orders.

Golf and Tennis Notes.

A scratch and handicap tournament for ladies, 18 holes, medal play, for three handsome cups offered by Miss Alice Hager and Miss Alice Colden Hoffman, was held at the Presidio links of the San Francisco Golf Club on Friday, March 9th. Miss Mary Scott and Miss Caro Crockett tied for first place and tossed for choice. Miss Crockett won and chose the prize for the best gross score. Miss Scott thus got the prize for first handicap, and Miss Ella Morgan, who came next to the leaders, won the prize for second handicap score.

After the match the contestants enjoyed a luncheon that had been provided by Miss Hager and Miss Hoffman, neither of whom had competed, as they were the donors of the prizes. Those at table were:

Miss Alice Hager, Miss Alice Colden Hoffman, Mrs. Edward A. Belcher, Mrs. R. Gilman Brown, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Edith Chesebrough, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Minnie B. Houghton, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Rowe, and Miss Mary Scott.

The ladies' team of the San Francisco Golf Club played the return match with the Oakland team on the Oakland links on Saturday morning, March 10th, defeating their opponents by 3 up. This makes the San Francisco team 28 up in the two matches, and earns them the challenge-cup. The scores follow:

Miss Alice Colden Hoffman, S. F., defeated Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, O., 4 up; Miss Mary Scott, S. F., defeated Miss Alice Moffitt, O., 9 up; Miss Bee Hooper, O., defeated Miss Caro Crockett, S. F., 3 up; Mrs. R. Gilman Brown, S. F., defeated Mrs. Le Grand C. Tibbitts, O., 1 up; Miss Lucy Moffitt, O., and Miss Maud O'Connor, S. F., tied; Mrs. W. P. Johnson, O., defeated Miss Ella Morgan, S. F., 2 up; Mrs. Frederick English Magee, O., defeated Miss Rowe, S. F., 13 up; and Miss Minnie B. Houghton, S. F., defeated Mrs. Peter E. Bowles, O., 7 up.

In the afternoon the preliminary rounds in the second open amateur tournament, under the auspices of the Oakland and San Francisco Golf Clubs, were played on the same links. The conditions were that those should compete who had made the sixteen lowest scores in qualifying rounds played on the Oakland links within two weeks before March 10th and not later than March 8th, but the weather had been so inclement that only ten men made qualifying rounds, and they were all members of the Oakland Club. In the draw, six drew byes, reducing the first round to two matches. The results of Saturday's play were as follows:

In the first round Peter E. Bowles defeated T. R. Hutchinson and F. S. Stratton defeated R. M. Fitzgerald. In the second round E. R. Folger defeated J. C. McKee, P. E. Bowles, Jr., defeated C. Goodall by default, and C. P. Hubbard defeated W. P. Johnson. Mr. Bowles and Mr. Stratton also began their match of the second round, but stopped on account of darkness when they had played 9 holes, Mr. Stratton being 1 up. One match in the semi-finals was played, Mr. Hubbard defeating Mr. P. E. Bowles, Jr.

This left still to be played the second 9 holes of the Bowles-Stratton match in the second round, the match between the winners of that contest and Mr. Folger in the semi-finals, and the finals in which Mr. Hubbard will be one of the contestants and Mr. Folger, Mr. Stratton, or Mr. Bowles the other.

These matches must be completed by Saturday, March 17th.

The second tournament for the Council's Trophy for ladies of the San Francisco Golf Club is to be played next week. The qualifying round, 18 holes, medal play, was played on Friday morning, March 16th, and the preliminary rounds will be played on Monday, March 19th, and Wednesday, and the finals on Friday, all play to be in the morning.

A handicap doubles tournament for the Directors' Cup was played on the courts of the California Lawn Tennis Club on Saturday afternoon, March 10th, resulting in victory for Mr. Walter Magee and Mr. Harry Weihe. The record is as follows:

Magee and Weihe defeated Richard Erskine and Alan Owen (handicap one-half 40), 7-5, 6-0; R. N. Whitney and Werner Stauff defeated Percy Kahn and Arthur Watson (handicap 30), 6-1, 7-5; Magee and Weihe defeated Whitney and Stauff (handicap 15), 8-6, 6-3; Walter H. Crowell and Harry Haight defeated J. A. Code and Walter McGavin, 6-4, 6-3; Crowell and Haight defeated Paul Jones and Hilliard Deuprey (handicap one-half 30), 8-10, 6-4, 7-5; and Magee and Weihe defeated Haight and Crowell (handicap one-half 15), 6-0, default.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Song of the Vane.

There's a gilded vane on the tall church spire,  
Which glows by day like a hand of fire.  
When slowly fades the lingering light,  
And the setting sun has said good-night  
To roof, and turret, and window-pane,  
He lingers a moment and kisses the vane;  
And at morn, when the town in shadow lies,  
It catches the flush of the eastern skies,  
And it glistens and gleams in the first bright ray  
That heralds the dawn of hastening day.  
All day over river and field it looks down  
Like a silent sentinel guarding the town,  
To watch, and to warn, if danger there be,  
Threatening the folk by land or sea.  
Over land and sea all day it peers,  
And its gilded finger points and veers:  
This is the way, it seems to say,  
From over the hills, and far away,  
The wind is coming to town to-day.

Orient, odorous, spice-laden air,  
Sweet as the breath of a maiden fair,  
And warm as love's first ardent vow;  
From orange grove and blossoming bough,  
From palms where chattering apes have swung,  
And parrots, unlearned in the human tongue,  
Their loves in a softer speech have told,  
Where humming-birds, flaming in scarlet and gold,  
And broad-billed toucan, and cockatoo,  
Are brooding - and building the whole year  
through -  
From over the hills, and far away,  
The south wind is coming to town to-day.

Fresh from fields of golden grain  
That have surged and tossed, like a rolling main  
Whose peaceful billows come and go,  
Till the hand of the reaper lays them low,  
Breathing the smoke that he caught as he went,  
Over Indian's camp, and miner's tent,  
From quiet pools, where the speckled trout lies,  
And foaming streams where the salmon rise,  
From rocky cañon, and prairie wide,  
From trackless forests, and mountain-side, -  
From over the hills, and far away,  
The west wind is coming to town to-day.

Wrapped in fog and mist is he,  
And his breath is damp with the salt, salt sea,  
Dull, leaden clouds are in his train,  
And the rain-drops plash on the window-pane;  
From sandy beach, and wreck-strewn shore,  
From the troubled ocean where tempests roar,  
And laboring ships beat on their way,  
With bending masts that creak and sway,  
Where the stormy petrel flies skimming past,  
And the sea-gull screams as he breasts the blast, -  
From over the hills, and far away,  
The east wind is coming to town to-day.

Cold and chill as the hand of death,  
The bright flowers drooped as they felt his breath;  
He told his tale to the rain-cloud's ear,  
And it paled, and whitened to snow with fear;  
The clambering vine he roughly wooed,  
And it blushes and faints at a touch so rude;  
From frozen fields, and a land of snow,  
From the ice-built hut of the Esquimaux,  
Where the threatening bergs the secret keep  
Of an unexplored ocean, an unknown deep, -  
From over the hills, and far away,  
The north wind is coming to town to-day.

So all day long the vane looks down  
On the roofs of the quaint, old-fashioned town;  
So all day long it shifts and veers,  
And north, south, east, and west it peers:  
This is the way, it seems to say,  
From over the hills, and far away,  
The wind is coming to town to-day.

-Walter Learned.

Now is the time to take a trip on the Scenic Railway up Mt. Tamalpais. The weather is delightful and Mill Valley has already taken on its spring garb. The accommodations at the Tavern are excellent.

THE UTMOST CARE IS TAKEN IN THE FINE engraving of wedding invitations, and correct form can be fully relied upon at Messrs. Cooper & Co.'s, the Art Stationers, on Market Street.

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The Grill rooms for ladies and gentlemen have an international reputation, and the recently added Supper Room is now recognized as the place to obtain after-theatre refreshments.

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POSITIVELY LAST WEEK.

Sale Closes Saturday, March 17th.

Ladies' Colored Satin Slippers, pointed toes, all shades, all sizes, formerly \$2.00, ..... \$1.50  
Ladies' Kid Oxfords, sizes 2-4½ AAA to 8, formerly \$2.50, ..... \$1.00  
Ladies' Suede Kid Oxfords in Black, Tan, Nile, Green, Lavender, nearly all sizes, formerly \$6.00, \$1.50  
Gents' Patent Leather, Lace or Congress, best makes, formerly \$6.00, sizes 5 to 6½ A, B, C, ..... \$1.50  
Gents' Bicycle Shoes, Lace, Black, or Tan, broken sizes, formerly \$3.00, ..... \$2.00  
Gents' Tan Russia Calf Lace Shoes, pointed toes, \$5.00 quality, broken lot - to close out, ..... \$1.50  
Misses' Patent Leather Button Shoes, French toes, kid, black cloth or tan cloth tops, sizes 11-2, formerly \$4.00, ..... 95c  
Misses' All Kid or Goat Skin Button Shoes, French toes, sizes 11-2, formerly \$2.50, ..... 95c  
Boys' and Youths' Patent Leather Pumps, slightly damaged, broken sizes, formerly \$2.50, ..... \$1.00

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Miss Bunk says she feels as free as a bird in her rainy-day skirt." "Well, she looks like a jay."—*Chicago Record.*

King Arthur was moved to tears. "Sir Galahad," he sobbed, "is dead." "Say not so," exclaimed the court-jester; "say, rather, he is enjoying a good knight's rest."—*Philadelphia Press.*

*Hibernian* (newly landed)—"Phwot in the wuruld do the bell be put on the cow for?" *Jersey farmer*—"To keep her from gettin' lost." *Hibernian*—"But suppose she do be deaf, phwot thin?"—*Judge.*

Loves his fellow-men: *Switcher*—"The new superintendent of the trolley road is a very humane man." *Ringer*—"Is he?" *Switcher*—"Yes; he says he will run an ambulance behind every car."—*Bazar.*

*Mrs. Jones* (reading)—"One Filipino got shot through the head, heart, lungs, and stomach, and still recovered." *Mr. Jones*—"B-r-r-r! It's a thankless job trying to civilize such a people as that."—*Judge.*

*Citizen*—"See here, I'll give you a dime, but I believe you asked me for money only yesterday. Why don't you learn some good business?" *Able-bodied beggar*—"I have learned one, sir; I'm a retoucher."—*Life.*

We have all met him: "What sort of a fellow is Bohbers in a social way?" "Oh, he is one of those idiots who would say 'sweets to the sweet' when he was passing the pickles to a lady of uncertain age."—*Indianapolis Press.*

*Guzzler*—"Have a drink?" *Bjones* (who is going slow)—"No, thanks; I've just had a swallow." *Guzzler*—"But one swallow doesn't make a summer." *Bjones*—"But it sometimes means an early fall."—*Philadelphia Record.*

*Judge*—"Do you accuse this man of taking your property?" *Band-leader*—"Yah! He dake mine moosie-roll ven I look away." *Judge*—"Took you by surprise, eh?" *Band-leader*—"Yah! He steal a march on me."—*Chicago News.*

*Gladys* (sighing)—"Papa is so eccentric!" *Madeline*—"How so?" *Gladys*—"He heard me telling mamma that Professor Keeze, my music-teacher, had an exquisite touch, and he discharged the professor immediately."—*Town Topics.*

*Little Lou*—"Mah mammy wants ter know ef yo' got any stylish color-dyes." *Drug clerk*—"What does she want it for?" *Little Lou*—"She done got de misery in her stummick, an' de doctor say she must diet; an' she say if he had ter dye it she want it some han'some color."—*Judge.*

The process of profit: "And are you going to pay your money to see that play which is being denounced as immoral?" "Certainly. I think immoral plays ought to be denounced. And as a fair-minded person, I feel that I have no right to denounce it until after I have seen it."—*Washington Star.*

"The little dear is lost again," she said, as soon as she got home. "Oh, that pug!" "Yes, that pug, if you must talk like a brute, and I want you to advertise for him." And this is the advertisement as it appeared: "LOST—A sausage-shaped yellow dog, answering, when hungry, to the name of 'Baby.' A reward will be paid for his return to 37 Blank Street, dead or alive."—*Household Words.*

The real thing: *Johnny* (who is jealous of mamma)—"Mamma likes me better than she does you!" *Evelyn* (who enjoys teasing)—"Why, no, Johnny; of course she loves Betty and me best! Just think, she was our mother long before she was yours!" *Johnny* (scornfully)—"Hoh, what of that? You are nothing but a sample copy, anyhow! And Betty's only a trial subscription! But I am the real thing!"—*Life.*

When Fatima discovered all the headless women she was much disturbed. "Who were these persons?" she asked, severely, "and why did you kill them?" "They were all wives of mine!" answered Bluebeard; "I killed them in order that there might be no objection to my sitting in Congress or to your moving in the best society of Washington, my darling!" At this Fatima was overcome, and implored her husband's forgiveness.—*Detroit Journal.*

By removing causes of irritation, and by preserving a healthy state of the system during infancy, Steedman's Soothing Powders made their reputation.

"Parker never can be induced to study up his genealogy because of the scandal in his family." "Was there one?" "Oh, yes, indeed; Adam and Eve never really married, you know."—*Harlem Life.*

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*9.00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....		*12.15 P
*9.00 A	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles.....		*6.45 P
*10.00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....		*6.45 P
*10.00 A	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....		*4.15 P
*12.00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....		*2.45 P
*11.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.....		*8.00 P
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*5.00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Sacramento, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....		*10.45 A
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*5.30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....		*12.15 P
*5.30 P	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....		*8.45 A
*5.30 P	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....		*6.45 P
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....		*7.45 A
*6.30 P	Vallejo.....		*12.15 P
*6.30 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....		*9.45 A
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12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....		*10.50 A
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411.45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San José and Way Stations.....		17.20 P

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# The Argonaut.

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ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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If any evidence of recent date goes far to confirm the Argonaut's frequent iteration that free silver as a political issue is dead and only waiting interment, it may be claimed for the letter of Congressman Joseph C. Sibley to the Colorado Springs Gazette, in response to a request for a statement of his present position on the subject. Briefly, that position is that that there is no place for the free-silver issue in "the magnificent prosperity of the present," and that "the marvelous increase in the world's production of gold makes it no longer an overshadowing issue." Mr. Sibley recognizes that the conditions in the monetary world have changed, and that the

wonderful increase in the production of gold which left, after supplying the requirements of the arts, more gold for coinage than has ever been coined of both gold and silver in any one year since the world began, "has relieved the financial strain," and as a consequence "the price level of products has risen" in the United States and throughout the world. He expects the increase of gold production to continue. The world's stock of gold could be doubled in the next ten years from the mines of South Africa alone, and notwithstanding the lessened production due to the Boer war, the increase from other sources will bring the output equal to or above that of last year. "That the gold production within the next five years will reach \$500,000,000 or \$600,000,000 annually seems an assured certainty." Colorado is counted for from \$40,000,000 to \$60,000,000 this year, and the Klondike and Cape Nome for an approximate amount.

Since 1896, remarks Mr. Sibley, every nation except China and Mexico has adopted the gold standard, and now it may well be a matter of doubt to any thinker whether the United States alone could maintain the parity between gold and silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. He hints at other opinions which will sound ominous in Democratic ears. He believes that the expansion policy of the Republican administration means much to the entire nation, and becomes almost prophetic in saying that "the Democratic party can be wrong on one issue, and then can hardly win in the face of the prevailing prosperity, but when it gets wrong on every proposition, and sits down in front of the car of progress, it will afterward be distinguished by the large grease-spot it leaves on the highway of life."

These opinions will carry weight because they could not be strengthened by being uttered by any other public man in the ranks of the Democratic party. Mr. Sibley is a Pennsylvania congressman of long experience. That he was until recently sincere and energetic in his advocacy of the silver cause is matter of common knowledge. He was the leader of the Chicago convention in 1896, and would have been its candidate for President if it had not been stampeded by Bryan's famous speech. He made a complete tour of the country during the campaign, making speeches for silver, and his personal contributions to that cause amounted to \$150,000. That his present stand is one of honest conviction, untainted by selfishness, appears in the fact that while, in 1896, he had not a dollar at stake, as a matter of business, "in the cause, he has in the last three years invested over \$300,000 in silver mines. With no motives but his convictions, he has heretofore made the best arguments for silver that have been heard in the House of Representatives, and now, against the promptings of self-interest, he has dealt the white metal the deadliest blow it has received since the Sherman law of 1873 made it a subject of attack and defense. As a party issue it may now be laid upon the shelf. Deserted by a Sibley, it can never be rejuvenated by a Bryan.

Where next will the Bryanites turn for an issue? After his defeat, Bryan began his four years' campaign, keeping the silver issue to the front. When it began to pine for lack of even Democratic support there followed the anti-trust scare, which resists all efforts to drag it into a partisan conflict. The warfare against harmful aggregations of capital can not help out the Democratic party, because the cause has too many friends among the ranks of the opposite party. It is not distinctively Democratic, since the only national legislation against trusts has been placed on the statute books by Republicans. When this fact became certain, anti-expansion was seized upon as a Democratic battle-cry, and then it was discovered that the expansionists were not all Republicans, and that, like Mr. Sibley, many prominent Democrats were inclined to believe that the policy "meant much for the whole nation"—a sentiment too prevalent in both the South and the West to be entirely soothing to Democratic nerves. Then anti-imperialism became the Democratic watchword; but as no school-boy in the country is liable to believe that any public man in either party is bent upon altering our plan of government and re-

casting it in an imperial mold, that issue is rapidly drifting away among the things that briefly were. Now they are posing as the righteous defenders of oppressed Puerto Rico, but that affair is still pending, and the Democrats are skating on ice so thin that it may break in with them at any moment.

Promising as was the episode of the Spanish war, and, in Democratic minds, prolific of issues on which to base a campaign, it is becoming evident that with all their drag-nets the party will never be able to fish out of the mire of war politics a reason why it should be returned to the power which it so shamefully abused in its latest administration. We are not the adviser of our opponents, but out of pure humanity would suggest that as a last effort they should rally round the Idaho "bull-pen" as a national issue, and add only a second plank announcing their "continued and unalterable adherence to the eternal principles of the Democratic party."

Considerable interest has been aroused recently in the subject of the liquor question in our new possessions, and particularly in the resultant conditions in the Philippines. The facts which form the basis of discussion have been furnished from time to time by newspaper correspondents, army chaplains, returning soldiers, and others who have been at Manila in public and private capacities. Such tales have been told of the alarming increase of the drinking habit among Americans in Manila that a resolution has been introduced in the Senate at Washington asking information of the President as to the number of saloons established in Manila since the American occupation, by whom they are conducted, the nationality of their patrons, and the kind of liquors dispensed.

It appears incidentally from the official figures of the Bureau of Statistics that during the last year there were shipped from the United States to Manila 112,440 dozen bottles of malt liquors, more than 15,000 gallons of wine, 14,000 gallons of brandy, and about 44,000 gallons of whisky and other spirits. That this is an enormous increase is shown by the fact that our total exports of liquor to Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines in 1897 was only \$31,070 in value, while for eleven months of 1899 the export value reached the startling total of \$750,000. From what has been said above, it is evident that Manila has received its full share of the increase. The Manila correspondent of *Leslie's Weekly* says that the city presents a "saturnalia of alcoholism." "The air reeks with the odors of the worst English liquors"—which indicates that the exports from this country are not the sum total of supply. Whole blocks in every important thoroughfare are given up to long lines of saloons. The street-cars carry numerous announcements of the virtues of this whisky and the delights of that gin, while the main newspaper advertisements consist of the displayed cards of the liquor dealers. President Schurman, of the recent commission, has said that nothing has contributed so much to disgust the natives and damage the reputation of this country as the immense amount of drunkenness among the Americans in the islands. According to the statement of a chaplain of the Tennessee regiment, there were only three saloons in Manila before its surrender—retailing mainly only unintoxicating beverages—but that now there are over four hundred saloons selling whisky, most of which is consumed by Americans. Another describes the conditions on the transports to be as bad as those prevailing in the city. So great has the evil become that the island missionaries have practically given up their work among the natives and turned their attention to the deplorable moral needs among the American soldiery.

If these things are true—and there is plenty of credible testimony to warrant the assumption that the truth is only partially revealed—it does not require a prohibitionist to point out the crying moral and political need for a radical change which will be effective to stamp out what must eventually prove to be the very roots of disorder and disaster. It will be utterly impossible for the United States to retain the respect and



confidence of the temperate natives if the specimens of American manhood submitted to their inspection consist largely of the members of a debauched and drink-sodden army. They know nothing of Americans except what they learn by observing those who have been sent there under military necessity. They can not discriminate between American soldiers and the population from which they are drawn. A more civilized people would scarcely be able to do so. Our national characteristics will be judged by the misconduct of those who have gone to the islands to uphold our honor, and who have succeeded in besmirching it in the gutters of Manila. This is not all. The liquor habit is one that "grows by what it feeds on." The rapid growth of the evil during the last year can not be farther extended without producing the complete demoralization of our forces there, if not the utter destruction of the army of occupation. Alcoholism in a tropical country, with its attendant excesses, means madness and death, and they come swiftly. The evil effects are already apparent. There have been comparatively few casualties in the islands resulting from the expected mortality by bullets on the field of battle, but incoming transports are increasingly freighted with the remains of soldiers who have succumbed to the attributed cause of "disease," and hundreds of others whose experiences have condemned them to the living death of insanity. Who can doubt that the real cause in numberless cases rests in an over-indulgence in alcoholic debauchery, superinduced by the temptations placed within their reach? And who can doubt that the pension-rolls will be burdened for generations with deaths and disabilities from the same cause? Let the saturnalia be stopped now before we are more deeply disgraced and injured.

The educators of this State, led by Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the California University, have inaugurated a campaign against the system of publishing school text-books by the State.

The constitutional amendment providing for this system of text-books was adopted as a means of escape from the text-book lobby that formerly debauched school boards and forced the parents of pupils in the public schools to pay excessive prices for the books used by their children. Not only were the prices excessive, but the changes were frequent and the best books were infrequently selected. After fifteen years of experience with the system, those who are familiar with the subject have become convinced that it is an utter failure. The books are worse than those formerly in use; the expense has not been reduced, but has actually been increased. The State printing office, almost constantly the source of scandal and extravagance, has found this field a prolific one for securing money from the taxpayers. The "revolving fund" provided for in the law establishing the system has proved to be misnamed, since it has failed to revolve, and at each session of the legislature there has been a demand for more money to replenish it. In all, \$225,000 has been appropriated for this fund, and of this sum \$100,000 has disappeared. As President Wheeler points out, one cause of the continued deficit is the extravagance of the State printing office. As a result of his investigation he finds that one of the highest-priced printing offices in this city will do the work for a little more than one-half of what it costs in the State institution.

An illustration of the character of the text-books issued is presented by the history of the United States prepared for the series. A gentleman without any special training for the work was engaged to compile it, and the contract called for the payment to him of \$4,000, of which sum he has already received \$3,500. The result of the work is absolutely worthless; the money might as well have been thrown away. Dr. K. C. Bahcock, of the State University, who holds the chair of United States history there and has had special training in this line, examined the manuscript. He condemns the book as unfit for use as regards method, matter, and accuracy. Mrs. Winterburn, of Stockton, who examined the manuscript from a pedagogical standpoint, was equally sweeping in her condemnation. In view of the admirable text-books on this subject that are on the market, it is unfortunate, to express it very mildly, that the youth of this State are unable to receive proper instruction in the history of their own country. And this history is but a sample of what has been done in other lines. None of the books in the system is as good as others that can be purchased in the open market; many of them are worse than useless.

This result, bad as it is, is the inevitable consequence of the system that was adopted. Throughout the whole country specialists have been studying the production of the best possible text-books. They have kept abreast of the best thought, both as to subject matter and as to method of presentation. Competition and comparison have resulted in constantly improving the character of the text-books issued. Yet California has voluntarily deprived its schools of the benefits of this upward movement. It has limited to its own boundaries the field from which it can draw, and it is suf-

fering the consequences. Of what value is it to expend millions of dollars annually upon the schools and then to deny them efficient tools with which to work? President Wheeler declares that he does not propose to lead a fight against the system of publication by the State, because the constitutional provision stands in the way. He has pointed out the abuse; the remedy must be applied by others. It will be three years before any effective relief can be secured, but the length of time involved should not prevent effort to repair the mistake. An amendment repealing the constitutional provision should be introduced in the legislature during its session in January of next year. The adoption of this resolution should be made an issue in the campaign for members of that legislature. A campaign of education should be prosecuted, in order that the people may be prepared to vote in favor of the repeal. There is much work to be done, and the educators of the State are the ones to take the lead in this work. It is the part of wisdom freely to acknowledge a mistake and promptly to repair it. This State has made a mistake; it should limit the evil consequences as far as possible.

Not a voice has been raised in favor of preserving the unsightly bill-boards towering to the height of many feet, excepting by the perpetrators and owners of the fences. Even these are unable to formulate an effective plea. They make statements as to the vastness of capital invested, but there is nothing in the assessment-roll to bear out these statements. In fact, the cost of old lumber is not great, and no fortune is involved in the purchase and splashing of a few buckets of paste. The abolition of the fences would be the abating of a nuisance, for maintenance of which there has never been excuse.

The same spirit that dictates the beautifying of city parks opposes the poster horror. Advertising displayed on a tottering fence is never artistic, especially after exposure to wind and weather. It is torn by every breeze, drips a nasty compound of flour with each rain, and is utterly ineffective as to the accomplishment of any purpose. Nobody is ever impressed with the virtues of a commodity thus proclaimed. The fences have been permitted for the sole benefit of two or three firms, and the rule of the greatest good to the greatest number may be cited in behalf of the public. The discomfiture of the firms is not the object sought, but is merely incidental, and of too meagre an importance to be considered.

The fences themselves, as has often been pointed out, constitute not only a blot, but an actual danger. There is always the peril of their tumble, for they are shoddily contrived. There is nothing but a few inadequate braces to support them. They cut off views that might be pleasing to the eye, and behind them there accumulates rubbish that is a threat to health. The desire to have them removed is that the city may be made more attractive. They give to a stranger a most unfortunate impression of shiftlessness. Publishers have taken an active interest in the matter, just as they have in other matters pertaining to the municipal welfare. They offer to remove their own bulletin-boards, which certainly are far less obnoxious than the fences, and to give space to organizations for the making of announcements such as at present are placarded.

There are other methods of advertising that should be tabooed. Street-cars decorated with signs and carrying no passengers are clearly without the pale of ordinance or franchise, and the chief of police is to be congratulated upon having acted upon this sensible view of the case. The perambulating wagon with its noisy gong or chime of discordant bells has already been banished. The old habit of handing circulars and dodgers to pedestrians, by them to be thrown away, was long ago forced into disuse. It littered the streets, but this was the extent of its mischief. The bill-board fence not only litters the streets but mars them, injures property values, and is a menace to personal safety.

Decision rests with the judiciary committee of the supervisors. They have heard arguments in favor of the proposed reforms, and listened to the opposition, which had no arguments to advance. The course of the committee will be shaped in accordance with the views of the city attorney, to whom the entire subject has been referred. There are three ordinances in view, all of them worthy of indorsement. One is to prohibit advertising in public places, a second to forbid the erection of fences to a greater height than ten feet, and a third is directed against absurd and unsightly signs which infest the streets. No hardship is involved, and the common good is sought by all of these. A fence ten feet high is certainly had enough, and a far greater improvement would be wholly to banish it. Advertising that is noisy or noisome should not be tolerated. The methods of its advocates are similar to those who resort to clanging bells and blowing whistles, not because there is occasion for employing them, but simply that they possess these implements of torture and a disregard for human

rights. No more wholesome change has been proposed than that of the elimination, or at least the amelioration, of the robust advertiser's device.

Regulation of marriage presupposes regulation of divorce, the two hearing such relation to each other as virtually to constitute one problem. The confidence with which certain legislators of New York have undertaken the task of solution, and their pious preface to the conclusion reached, is enough to cause a smile. They propose that in that State there shall be required a license before a marriage can be solemnized, this being, as they express it, in the hope that divorce will thereby be decreased, through the checking of hasty and unlawful alliances. Wise men these, surely.

This view ignores the circumstance that in only two States of the Union is marriage permitted without a license. These two States are New York and South Carolina. In the former, divorce is granted only on the one statutory ground ordinarily recognized as scriptural, and in the latter the procuring of a divorce is impossible. The wise men deplore the granting of divorce for "trivial reasons," declaring that it has given rise to "a tide of immorality and vice which threatens the whole social fabric." That they are stupidly wrong appears in the lesson of statistics, particularly if they think, as they seem to do, that the measure they propose, as though having made a social discovery, is any remedy.

The marriage license, doubtless a seemingly provision, has accomplished nothing toward the diminution of divorce. From 1870 to 1880—these figures being the latest immediately available—the increase in population was thirty per cent. and the increase in divorce seventy-nine per cent. In New York, however, the increase in divorces was only fourteen per cent., and in South Carolina there were no divorces whatever. This certainly demonstrates the inefficiency of the marriage license as a preventive, and leaves the threat "to the whole social fabric" unimpaired in its malign potency. Of all divorces granted, but about one-fourth were for the only cause acknowledged in the laws of New York. Desertion, habitual drunkenness, cruelty, and failure to provide were among the grounds specified, and twice as many were granted to wives as to husbands. Thus the custom in which the New York committee on the morals of the world descry a fateful portent, seems to work largely for the protection of women. Members of the committee may stigmatize as "trivial" causes which in all other States except South Carolina are believed to be worth consideration, but this does not make the causes trivial, although it causes the committee to appear trifling. In regard to the ease with which divorce is accomplished, it may be noted that during the period under consideration one-third of the applications made were refused, showing that the courts are not lax.

The committee praises New York for recognizing the one ground for divorce, which "our Lord himself recognized." Here it steps into the domain of religion, conflicting with the belief of the Protestant, the Catholic, and the Jew, all of whom clearly have the right to cherish and be guided by their several dogmas in a matter so personal as that of marriage. The only course open to the State is to regard marriage purely as a civil contract, to exercise such control as over any other civil contracts, and leave to individual conscience or to the church the punishment for any dereliction.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton unquestionably is a thinker and a friend of her sex. In a recent interview she deprecated the attempt to make divorce more difficult. To her mind the States wherein divorce may be had with comparative ease are "free," and are to the unhappily married what Canada was to the slave in the old days. She does not believe the regulation of marriage a national duty, nor that restrictions placed upon divorce would be a blessing. "Shall a girl who has made one mistake be prohibited from entering upon a second marriage?" asks Mrs. Stanton, and the wisdom of the New York legislature has as yet made no reply.

New York and South Carolina probably mean well, but they are not in a position to sway the sentiment for the rest of the Union.

From its inception, the scheme of the Rev. Sheldon to edit a paper as Christ would have edited it was looked upon as an advertising scheme—not for the gentleman himself, as he has been given credit for sincerity. The result has been all the originators of the project could have wished, their view being from a business standpoint. A paper that otherwise would never have been heard of outside its home county has been talked of and written about everywhere, and the demand for it has been great enough to tax the capacity of the presses. This represents the accomplishment of the object. As to the preacher-editor, he had perceived the morale of the daily press to be lower than the standard

THE STATE  
TEXT-BOOKS  
ATTACKED.

KEEPING THE  
STREETS  
CLEAN.

EDITOR SHEL-  
DON'S FAILURE  
AND SUCCESS.



advocated by the pulpiteer, and sought to uplift it. In this respect the success was less marked, the result being, indeed, virtually a failure. Sheldon's paper became the vehicle for his own ideas, but it was in no sense a newspaper. It was the advocate of reform, the expression of a hope, but it turned the news, to print which is the mission of the sort of paper people will buy and read. Freak journalism, even though its fads be benign, can excite but passing interest.

The incongruity of the plan was the first and most notable feature of it. The idea that Christ would edit a paper or follow any vocation having the purpose of making money was out of consonance with all teachings to be drawn from the sayings or the history of the Nazarene. There was nothing new in the conceit, for the hypothesis has been paraphrased times without number, chiefly by flippant persons desirous of something upon which to base a sensational sermon.

That the experiment has led to dissension in the office of the paper is not surprising. So pleasing has been the influx of coin, that some of the stockholders imagine that with the Sheldon habit perpetuated the golden stream would not diminish. Therefore they desire to continue being very good, while others, realizing the furor to be spasmodic, counsel a return to the normal régime. The issue will be settled in the courts, where, to be consistent, one set of litigants must endeavor to deport themselves as Christ would have done in an action at law.

Some of the rules laid down by Sheldon were excellent. His refusal to accept advertisements in themselves untrue, or proclaiming articles of an injurious character, would commend itself to anybody not bent above all else on swelling profits. But a paper published under the peculiar conditions of the Sheldon venture could afford to reject that which another paper could accept with clear conscience and would be forced to accept or trifle with the chance of bankruptcy. The world may be growing better, but it has not progressed so far as to have lost interest in current events, tinged though these may be with wickedness. It is not ready to believe that by cultivating ignorance of crime it lessens the revalence of crime. Mr. Sheldon made a paper that was interesting only from its novelty, and the sense of novelty, surviving a week, lasted about as long as could have been expected.

The secular press treated the Sheldonized press with great consideration, reproducing liberal excerpts and commenting generally in a spirit of kindness. In the stability of the eddies none had faith, but this opinion was stated in terms of moderation. One number of the paper was like the rest. Each contained a prayer, of which the following is an example:

Thro' to day, dear Lord, pray guide ev'ry moment at my side,  
Lend thine help whate'er betide, for Jesus' sake.  
If my way is all beset by the snares of Satan, yet,  
Grant that I the vict'ry get, for Jesus' sake.  
May the whole day's pathways be brighter for some glimpse of Thee;  
From the world's ways keep me free, for Jesus' sake.  
And when falls the evening shade, may I look back not afraid,  
To review the path I've made, for Jesus' sake."

Certainly nothing could be more deeply religious, but that people would want to subscribe for three hundred and sixty-five issues yearly of a paper alike to this in every line, is another question. In the same issue is a longer poem, "If Christ Should Come To-Day"—a poem of undoubted depressing sanctity. Then there are four open letters from the editor: "To those who make and sell intoxicating liquors"; "To those who are connected with the liquor business commercially or politically"; "To those who are authorized to enforce the law"; "To those who drink intoxicating liquors." The tenor of these letters need not be set forth, so obvious is it. There is an article on "Newspaper Advertising," one on "Sunday Observance," and another on "Funeral Customs," a plea for simplicity, written by the father of the editor, and having the son's indorsement.

Little attention was paid in any issue to matters ordinarily earned news. The columns were kept free from scandal, and material that by ordinary rule would have been deemed interesting, entirely omitted. But to discern the lesson of the experiment is difficult.

Some discussion has been aroused lately regarding the payment of the salaries of teachers in the school department of this city. Superintendent Webster claims that under the charter provision limiting the tax levy to \$28 a year for each pupil, it will be impossible to pay the teachers the salaries they are now receiving. As to the general question of the payment of salaries, it is sufficient to say that they must be paid whether the other expenses of the department are met or not. The charter provides that a sufficient sum for his purpose must be set apart at the beginning of each fiscal year, and that it can not be used for any other purpose. There yet remains the question whether the limit of \$28 per pupil will permit a sufficient sum to be set apart to pay sal-

aries on the existing schedule. According to a table compiled by Superintendent Webster, the annual average cost for each pupil under the old system was \$37.50, and the cost of instruction alone was \$28.12. This would indicate that the limit of \$28 is too low. It must be remembered, however, that a number of unnecessary expenses have either been cut off or curtailed, and that under the charter further economies are expected to be effected. Another point to be considered is the fact that the expenses of the department have been unusually high when compared with those in other cities. In a list of thirteen leading cities presented by Superintendent Webster, there is only one in which the cost per pupil exceeds that in San Francisco. In Buffalo the annual cost is \$40.38, but the average for all thirteen cities is only \$29.82. When a comparison is made of the cost of instruction for each pupil, it is found that San Francisco stands at the head of the list. The cost here is \$28.12, while the average is only \$20.80. In San Francisco there is one teacher to each thirty-two pupils, while the average for the thirteen cities is one to every thirty-eight. The figures are not available for any complete analysis of the cause of the higher cost in this city, but the board of education should devote itself to a study to determine the cause and whether it can not be removed before it condemns the \$28 limit.

Another question of dispute is as to whether the salaries of janitors, carpenters, and other workmen in the schools are properly a charge upon the school fund, or should come out of the appropriation for the board of public works. These employees are appointed by the latter body, and logically their salaries should be paid out of its appropriation. The question is one simply of municipal book-keeping; the money must be collected from the tax-payers without regard to the account against which the payment is entered. In view of the fact that the school fund is limited in amount, while the expenditures of the board of public works are limited only by the appropriation allowed by the supervisors, it would seem to be better to follow the logical course, and charge it to the latter. This course would tend to encourage economy in the general expenditures of the latter body, while if it is charged to the school fund it would result only in increasing the amount to be set apart for salaries by \$65,000, while the supplies might suffer.

For many years the demands of traffic and the conditions of commerce have tended to crowd the sailing-vessel from the sea. The "old salt" of song and story has in a large measure become a memory. The smoke of the tramp steamer has been shown wherever the helling canvas of the clipper had been wont to dot the expanse of ocean. The change was deemed an improvement, and nobody questioned its permanency, and yet once more the sails appear, and now it is the time of the steamer to be forced from the highways of international harter. According to the signs, its day is done. Sails are to carry abroad the products of the United States, and to bring the returns.

The reason is simple. It is merely that coal is so high that the expense of getting it is too great to be borne. It is the lack of this fuel that will cause the tramp steamer to vanish from the Oriental carrying trade. The towering masts of the square-rigger will be seen instead. Once more a sailor will have to be a sailor, and neither a machinist nor a handler of freight. The movement is already under way, and, as an inkling of it, the Standard Oil Company has procured a considerable fleet of the reviving type. An American clipper that two years ago sold for twenty thousand dollars would now readily command three times the price. There may be, in instances, a change to oil-burners, but the rule seems to be a complete change, and the abolition of steam.

Formerly, a steamer leaving an Eastern port for the Orient could coal at Algiers, Port Said, Colombo, and other stations, but this opportunity no longer exists, thanks largely to the necessity for keeping a stock on hand for warships, and an increase in cost. Now, a steamer starting from New York or Philadelphia for China must sacrifice often as much as fifteen hundred tons carrying capacity in order to have on board a sufficient store of fuel. Against such a handicap, even the advantage of speed is not an off-set. Thus the sailing-vessel, long virtually discarded, is not only a possibility but a necessity. Arthur Sewall, of Maine, has built some clippers such as will be representative of the new school. They have enormous capacity, and being of steel, are stanch and trim, a vast improvement over the class that failed to withstand the competition of steam. According to maritime authorities, hundreds of these will be built within the next dozen years and will constitute the only method by which trade with the Orient can be conducted. This is of especial interest to California, through which for a long period of years the bulk of such traffic must find its way. In the near future, in and out of the Golden Gate will pass great white-winged fleets, for what is true of the coal

supply at the East is also true, or soon must be, of the coal supply here.

In this connection it is interesting to consider that the United States is now the world's greatest producer of coal, having last year, for the first time, passed Great Britain; but stupendous as the beds are, the time must come when they will be exhausted. Then the old problem of a substitute will present itself in a more acute form than ever. Perhaps the use of oil may in part solve it, but to the amount of this commodity, also, there may be an attainable limit, and circumstances might arise not to be adjusted so easily as is being done in the present instance. Ships can go without coal, and find this course in some respects an advantage, but if the use of coal were to be interdicted in other lines of industry, the effect would be most calamitous. As to the steamer and its deprivation, nobody will repine. The sailing-ship, full-rigged, is an impressive and beautiful spectacle, fit to carry commerce to the ends of the world.

Throughout the length and breadth of the land the voice of the newspaper press has been raised against the action of the paper trust in arbitrarily advancing the price of printing paper. It has been pointed out that such an advance in price is in reality a tax upon the dissemination of information to the people, in many cases an absolute prohibition of such dissemination; that the increased cost of production of cheap books, cheap magazines, and newspapers will necessitate either an advance in price, thereby reducing the number of readers they will reach, or an absolute suspension of publication. It is evident that in the long run the chief sufferers will be the general public, yet many people have undoubtedly felt that the question was one that did not come home to themselves; that the newspaper or the magazine that they have found themselves able to indulge in because of its cheapness is really a luxury that might be given up without extreme sacrifice.

If there are any such, they are destined to realize before long that they have little cause for their complacency. Paper is a commodity that all people must use in one form or another, and all kinds of paper are subject to the control of the paper trust and have shared in the advance in price. A circular issued by a printing firm in this city is calculated to bring those into whose hands it falls to a realization of the situation. It presents the advance in price on all papers, ranging from fifteen to sixty per cent. The most extreme advance is in printing paper, but other lines show increases in price that all purchasers are certain to feel before much time has elapsed. Thus Manila paper, which every shop-keeper uses daily, has advanced more than one-third in price, cards will cost twenty per cent. more than they did formerly, book-paper will cost one-half more than it has heretofore, the advance in writing-paper ranges from fifteen to forty per cent., bond-paper shows an average advance of thirty per cent., ledgers and blank-books will cost one-quarter more, linen-papers average thirty per cent. increase, and envelopes from twenty to forty per cent. The circular closes with the announcement that the market is still on the upward grade. As these increased prices become generally established there is hardly a person in the community that will not feel their influence.

Were there any legitimate cause for these advances in the decreased supply or increased cost of the raw material from which paper is manufactured, they would be more easy to bear. But they are the result purely of the greed of a powerful and aggressive trust. Both the raw material and the finished product are now protected by the tariff. For this protection there is at present no excuse. The industry is perfectly able to maintain itself in competition with the foreign product; the protective duty merely enables the trust to demand and to secure exorbitant profits. It is the duty of Congress to immediately deprive the trust of this advantage. The Republican members owe it to themselves and to their party to repeal these duties. If such action is not taken before the Presidential election, the Democrats will be furnished with a powerful weapon for attacking the entire protective system, which, despite such minor defects, operates so beneficially for the great majority of industrial interests. Supplementing this, relief lies in the establishment of independent plants, operating outside of the trusts. The leading newspapers of the country consume annually thousands of tons of news paper. Were they to combine, or even should a few of the larger ones combine and manufacture the paper for their own use, an effective blow would be struck against this oppressive monopoly. The force of the opposition would be increased should a number of other consumers agree to make their purchases of paper from the outside plant. Any such effective opposition as this would bring the trust to time, and force it to be satisfied with reasonable profits. The success of any opposition, however, depends upon the support it receives from public opinion, and every person should realize that it is his duty, as well as his interest, to foster such public opinion.



## STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A POET.

How He had the Romance Taken Out of Him.

Narcissus Brown was a most estimable young man, of studious habits. His father, a tradesman, had taken pride in giving him a liberal education. At the age of nineteen years, therefore, Narcissus had finished his education and had become a philosopher.

But youth is fickle. An ardent imagination and restless instincts worked their way, and at the age of nineteen years and three months Narcissus became a poet.

"Father," said he, one day, "I feel within me the poetic instinct. I am a poet!"

"Very well, my son," said the paternal Brown, "be a poet if you will. So much the better, too," he added, with proud fondness, "because it will vex Green, the grocer. His son is a writer, but he only writes prose."

So Narcissus became a poet. Every day he wandered off to the little villages near his native city, and there communed with nature. The dusty trees which lined the roadside moved him to poetry, and even the windmills stirred his soul.

"Ah," he would sentimentally say, "how romantic they look! See the white sails glinting in the sun like those of a fair galleon gliding over the waves to some far-off shore."

The sea! He had never thought of the sea before. The idea suddenly flashed across his brain.

"Ah," he mused, "the sea! The bright, blue, boundless ocean! That is the place for a poet. What is there poetic in this humdrum life ashore? On the ocean man struggles with nature; he combats the elements; he defies the storm. I shall go to sea."

He returned to the paternal shop and declared his intention. But his father only yielded after much persuasion. At last he consented and made up a package of fancy dry goods which he thought would sell well at the colonies. To this he added a purse, some tears, and his blessing, and Narcissus started for the nearest sea-port.

There he repaired to the house of a cousin, a resident of the place; he stated his intention and asked for advice. The cousin was well acquainted with the captain of a brig which was about to sail for Martinique, and secured him a passage aboard of her.

Narcissus experienced a slight shock when he heard the name of the vessel.

"If it were only a little more poetical!" he thought. "The *Undine*, or the *Mermaid*, or something like that. But the *Sarah Ann*!" And he asked the captain's name. When told it was Smith, he almost fainted. He was to sail aboard of the brig *Sarah Ann*, Smith, master. He would have willingly given a larger sum if the captain had had a nautical name.

However, there was no help for it—his passage-money was paid. So the next day, accompanied by his cousin, he took a boat and went on board the *Sarah Ann*, to see what she looked like. On the way out the water was very rough, the boat was small, and Narcissus at once hoped and feared some accident—something romantic. But he only got seasick.

When he reached the deck he cast an eager glance around upon the hardy sons of the sea. Most of them were swabbing the deck after getting in cargo, and there were several engaged in washing and banging out shirts upon the rigging to dry. With an exclamation of disgust, Narcissus turned away.

"They only need flat-irons to be washerwomen," said he.

However, he descended to the captain's cabin. That individual was talking to a stout, thick-set man, and signed to Narcissus and his cousin to seat themselves. They did so, and Narcissus immediately began to inspect the cabin. To his disgust he found it was a prosaic little room, with a carpet, chairs, table, and pictures on the walls—exactly like a room on shore. Narcissus sighed and turned his eyes upon the captain. His ideal of the man who was to brave the elements and command a turbulent crew was as follows: A mariner of giant frame—at least six feet; a massive head; fierce eyes; a voice of awe-inspiring qualities. He looked at Captain Smith and saw that he was a short, thin man, about forty years of age; he was extremely polite in his manners; he wore a wig, and he took snuff. It is impossible to describe the revulsion of feeling that swept over Narcissus when he beheld this insignificant personage.

The individual who was talking to the captain was, as we have said, stoutly built; he was a jolly-looking fellow, and was deeply interested in trying to heat down the rate of passage.

"Come now, captain," said he, "can't you put it a little lower?"

"I have only one price," replied the captain.

Narcissus thought of the paternal shop and shuddered.

"Well," said the stout man, after much debate, "what must he must be. One condition, however: my boxes must have air, and dampness will injure them. You know what they contain. So I want you to promise me that they shall not be put in the hold."

"All right," said the captain; "they shall be placed on the orlop deck."

"And I can examine them whenever I like?"

"Whenever you like."

"Well, here's your money," said the stout man, and he placed the sum upon the table, saluted, and left.

"Who's that fellow?" asked the cousin.

"Oh, it's a poor devil of a showman. He's going to the colonies with a lot of wax figures, to exhibit them."

"Wax figures! Why, they'll all melt if you leave them on the orlop deck, won't they?"

"Well, that's his business," replied the worthy captain, good-naturedly. Then, turning to Narcissus, he said:

"Well, sir, I am pleased to meet you. I shall make your voyage as agreeable as possible. You will be very comfortable—just exactly the same as if you were on land."

"Captain," said Narcissus suddenly, taking the bull by the horns, "can I get back my passage-money. I want to go on some other ship."

"Some other ship!" said the astonished captain. "Why, you couldn't be better satisfied. The brig is a splendid one. The sailors are all religious; you never hear an oath or a vulgar word from their lips."

At the thought of these nun-like mariners, Narcissus made an involuntary grimace.

"Let me assure you, sir, that you couldn't be better off. Besides, according to maritime law, after you've paid your passage the money can not be returned to you."

So the unhappy Narcissus left the *Sarah Ann* and did not re-appear until the hour of sailing, such was his disgust at the unromantic character of vessel, master, and crew.

When he went to the pier to engage a boat to take him out to the brig, he met the stout man whom he had seen in the captain's cabin. This individual proposed that they should hire a boat jointly to transport themselves and baggage to the brig, and Narcissus consented. He had fare-well to his cousin and tumbled into the boat. The stout man followed him.

"Have you ever been to sea, sir?" he asked.

"No," replied Narcissus; "and you?"

"Never, sir; this is the first time. I am going to the colonies to exhibit my wax figures."

"What do they represent?" asked Narcissus, mechanically.

"That," said he, pointing to one—they were long, narrow boxes, about six by three—"that contains a magnificent figure of the Emperor Napoleon; that, a figure of his holiness the Pope; that, an Albino," and he went through the list.

"Well, what do you bother me with it for?" demanded Narcissus, glad to find some one to vent his ill-humor upon.

"I only told you because you asked me, sir," replied the man, submissively.

"Well, shut up, will you!" replied the gentle Narcissus; "you talk too much!"

The stout man's eyes snapped angrily, but he said nothing.

They reached the vessel's side, and with unheard-of precautions the showman had his boxes put aboard. He made the sailors almost expire with laughter at the gingerly way in which he climbed the ladder, and his calling the masts "the poles" furnished them fresh food for merriment.

At five o'clock in the evening the *Sarah Ann* weighed anchor, and set out on her voyage. Narcissus remained on deck watching the sun set, and thus, as he expressed it, "relighting the torch of poetry in his soul." But he hadn't been there long before he became extremely seasick, and two grinning tars took him below.

Narcissus did not sleep. As he tossed restlessly upon his pillow he invoked the muses.

"O muses nine!" quoth he, "pity me, and send us something romantic—a tempest, a shipwreck—anything. I have quitted the realms of pins, needles, and tape, and abandoned myself to the caprice of the waves, only that my life may become exciting. Pity me, then, ye gods! Blow, old Boreas, blow! Lash thy waves, O Neptune!"

It is doubtful whether either the muses or the gods heard him, but it is certain that something very singular took place almost upon the heels of his prayer.

The brig was not provided with state-rooms for passengers, so the apartment occupied by Narcissus consisted only of an old sail draped around the place 'tween decks where his hammock was swung. This canvas he could see over, and this is what took place. The feeble glimmer of a ship's lantern served to illumine the place without, and its rays fell upon the showman's boxes, which were lashed up against the vessel's side. Emerging from the darkness Narcissus saw the figure of the burly showman.

"The hase hind!" thought he, "always anxious for his business. Here he is examining his figures when he might be watching the stars in yon azure vault!"

Narcissus paused in his poetical flight. His eyes opened widely; he almost ceased to breathe. For the showman, after carefully glancing around him, had opened one of the boxes, and a man stepped out. The new-comer exchanged a whispered word with the showman, and began to shake his numb and rigid limbs.

"This is indeed romantic," muttered Narcissus. But he felt a cold sensation creeping up his back.

The showman continued his task of opening the boxes. One by one the wax figures stepped forth, shook themselves, and felt their joints. When the last box was opened, there were six of them, besides the showman. Each man drew out pistols and knives, looked to the locks, and replaced the weapons in convenient positions.

"Well," thought Narcissus, "that is the most wicked-looking gang of cut-throats I ever set eyes on. This is altogether too romantic. I wish I was home."

But his thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the showman's voice:

"All ready," said he, in a hoarse whisper.

"All ready," was the whispered reply.

"Then, here we go!"

With cat-like tread they stole away in the darkness.

Narcissus would have called out; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He would have risen; his head seemed glued to his pillow. A cold perspiration broke out upon him. He had realized the fact that the showman and his comrades were pirates.

The minutes passed on. They seemed hours to him. Then he heard an outcry; the trampling of feet on the deck over his head; the short hark of pistols; muttered curses; groans; then there was a wild yell of triumph; the sound of conversation; then he heard at intervals the sound of heavy bodies dropping into the water—"Splash! Splash! Splash!"

It was altogether too romantic. Narcissus fainted away.

When he came to his senses he had experienced a complete revulsion of feeling. The ocean to him was distasteful. He was enamored of green fields and babbling brooks. He would have exchanged the Atlantic Ocean for the smallest brook that ever ran. His fevered fancy carried him to the meadows around his native city; he thought of the flowers there; of the smiling grain and—

"Boom!"

What was that? It sounded like a cannon-shot.

There was a crackling sound. The side of the vessel seemed to be hursting in. The planks and splinters flew and from the midst there emerged a round-shot—a jolly pudgy round-shot, which came wildly skipping along the deck toward him. As it neared him it made a final bound and imbedded itself in the wood right over his head.

Again Narcissus lost his senses. He liked romance, but he was getting too much of it at one time.

When Narcissus recovered consciousness he found himself lying upon the deck of the brig. There were iron upon his hands, iron upon his feet. On either side of him squatted a swartby sailor, each with a cutlass, and each watching him with the most flattering attention.

Narcissus turned his head. Behind him lay his friend the showman, in the same predicament as himself. Ranged in symmetrical rows lay the comrades of the showman, all ironed and guarded. Lying near the brig was a large man-of-war with the Spanish flag flying.

"Sir," said Narcissus, addressing the showman, "can you tell me what all this means?"

"Hullo!" was the reply, "why there's the little land-lubber. I'd forgot you completely. Certainly; I'll take great pleasure in telling you all about it. Do you see the yards of that ship?"

"What are the yards?" said Narcissus, gravely.

"Ha! ha! Well, you see those poles that run across the masts?"

"Yes."

"Do you see a man astride of one of them at the end?"

"Yes."

"Do you know what he is doing?"

"No."

"He's fixing a rope."

"A rope! What for?"

"To hang us."

"To hang—to hang us! To hang you, you mean."

"No—us."

"Why—why—what do you mean? You are a pirate; I am a poet. My name is Brown—Narcissus Brown; and I live—"

"Oh, well, tell them so, then. There's an officer."

Assuming an air of dignity tempered with submission, Narcissus addressed the officer, detailing the story of how he came to be aboard the brig. The officer interrupted him curtly in Spanish, by giving an order to one of the sailors.

"Well," said the showman, "do you know what he said?"

"No."

"He said, 'Gag that cur.'"

"Then he didn't understand what I said?"

"Not a word. Neither he nor any of the others speaks anything but Spanish."

"But you can speak their language?"

"Fluently."

"Well, then, tell him, you, that—"

"My dear boy, do you remember when we came out in the boat together? You told me I talked too much. Now I will be silent. Really, you should have been more civil. But then you are going to be hanged in ten minutes, and it will teach you manners."

Narcissus was about to reply, but at that moment the sailor had prepared the gag, and his mouth was stopped.

"It's no more than right," continued the showman, "that you should know why you're going to be hanged, so I'll tell you. I've been a pirate for twenty years, and never been unlucky. This is my first misbap—I'm afraid, though, it'll be my last. Well, about six months ago, I boarded a Spanish merchantman from Peru, and, of course, I had to make all the crew walk the plank. Unfortunately, a ring that the captain had took my fancy, and I've worn it ever since. Well, this meddlesome fellow boarded me yesterday, and I would have got off unsuspected had it not been for the cursed ring. The captain of the merchantman had been a friend of this officer, who had given it to him. His suspicions being excited, he examined the ship's papers, and thus found out my last little game. That, though, you know all about. So he's going to hang us all. I would have been sorrier for you, my boy, if you had been a little more civil."

It was morally and physically impossible for Narcissus to reply; he was therefore silent.

His eyes wandered over the scene. The sea was smooth as glass; the sky blue and cloudless. The white clothing of the swartby Spaniards contrasted vividly with their brown skins. The stately ship-of-war, with the gorgeous folds of the Spanish standard floating over her, was a pleasing sight to gaze upon. But Narcissus heeded not all this. Poetry had fled from him. He could see but one thing—the seaman on the yard; he could think of but one thing—the rope which was soon to encircle his neck.

The doomed men were taken aboard of the man-of-war. One by one the pirates were slowly strangled at the yard's end. There remained only Narcissus and the showman.

"After you," said the latter, with a fiendish grin. "You are younger than I am."

The noose was placed around Narcissus's neck. Stalwart arms swung him up to the yard. As he drew up his writhing limbs in his death agony, the showman turned away his face.

"Well, it was his own fault," he muttered; "but I'm half sorry for him."

A few moments passed, and the two men were again together—but not in this world.—Adapted from the *Argonaut* from the French of Eugene Sue.



## LONDON'S UNCONFINED JOY.

How the Relief of Ladysmith Was Celebrated by Britons Old and Young—Dignified Cluhmen Cheer and Sing—Danger to the Chandelier of a Countess.

"A drop goes to my head after a long fast, thanks. I should only play the fool." Such was the answer a friend once gave me. He and I had been fishing all day after an early breakfast and no luncheon, and I had stopped at the village inn to get a mug of beer to quench my thirst as we trudged wearily homeward, and I asked him to join me. Oddly enough, his answer came back to me yesterday when I saw all London gone mad over the relief of Ladysmith. I had thought the surrender of Cronje the day before had exhausted all the pent-up enthusiasm which had been bottled down for the last few months by the cork of chagrin. People did not seem to reflect that the capture of four thousand by forty-five thousand was not, after all, such a thing to scream over by men who have been taught from their cradles to believe that one Englishman is equal to ten of any other nation. They seemed oblivious of the fact that the proportions on the present occasion were exactly reversed. However, it was as much as your life was worth to merely hint at the idea. There is no blindness so black as national blindness.

I say I thought that Roberts's great victory had taken all the yell out of the populace. But no fear. There was plenty left. Any one who thinks that the British character is undemonstrative will have to alter that opinion at once. After yesterday no more can they be called cold, stony, and unsympathetic. I never saw anything like it. It was as if with one accord, and with mutual consent, everybody had determined to do the most outlandish thing that came into his head. Of course you have heard—the cable has told you—of the crowds of cheering people in the streets, of the processions of medical students to the West End, of the antics of the stock exchange members, of the lord mayor's speech from the steps of the Mansion House, of the sedate (on all other occasions) old city gentlemen who marched about the city with waving union-jacks at the ends of their umbrellas and walking-sticks, and of the many other signs of joy of which the London press reporters were witnesses. But a good many exhibitions of bliss there were that the papers did not get hold of—at all events, did not publish—and that I suppose many like myself were fortunate enough to see. If all were put together the record of them would make amusing reading. And this more especially as the actors and actresses of and in the various scenes were the commonly accepted unimpressible, stiff, formal, stuck-up, humorless, and unflinching English men and women of common experience.

Now, here are a few of the sights I myself saw with my own eyes, a few of the scenes of which I was a mere chance witness. After reading of them, tell me if you do not think that London must indeed have gone mad; that on calm consideration the means hardly justified the end; and that you see the point of my text. During the morning I went into one of the most awfully formally stiff and silent clubs in St. James's Street. Ordinarily, to sneeze, when within its sacred precincts, above a stifled gasp and a whispered hiss would mean certain death. I hoped to get away from the row in the streets. But what did I find? Old gentlemen cutting pigeon wings, and shouting "Bohs!" and calling for champagne; members generally marching from room to room arm in arm and singing—as only Englishmen can sing—"For he's a jolly good fellow." Dozens of fellows whom I knew were not members, but merely friends or acquaintances, were taking part with the others. And this, mind you, is a club that will not admit "strangers" at any price—it has not a "strangers" room even. Of course I had to join in. Like the sneeze the day before, the faintest reluctance was—have led to immediate decapitation. Not that I did not feel pleased enough, for I did.

I got away at last, and walked along Pall Mall. From the windows of every club the sounds of shouting, cheering, singing, and dancing greeted—aye, stunned—the ear. From the door of the Guards, as I passed, was wafted "Soldiers of the Queen"—the chorus it was, in unison, the basso from the tenor being but a matter of space in octaves. Your guardsman can not descend to the drudgery of part-singing, no matter what he will undergo in a campaign. The windows of the Carlton and its Junior were full of white-whiskered and bearded old gentlemen, typical country squires, waving their hands and their hats to the passers-by, and stopping now and then to shout "Hip-hip-hip!" Sir William Harcourt was standing on the steps of the Reform, alone. He was stroking his chin with his left hand as he held out his eye-glasses at arm's length with his right—a favorite attitude. He did not look supremely happy. There was a good deal of yelling inside, and doubtless some of it was at his expense. The windows of the United Service were packed with the smiling faces of every retired general in the land who can afford to be a member—and who has been lucky enough to have got in when there was a vacancy—men that the world knows by name if not by fame. The Duke of Cambridge, for example. He hobbled gracefully up the steps as I passed, and shook hands with another old chap whom I did not know—a field-marshal, you may be sure, from the familiar greeting. I turned up Waterloo Place, and on up to Piccadilly Circus, where I got on the top of a Fulham 'bus.

But everywhere you went it was the same. Flags waved from every window in Piccadilly. I heard a lot of cheers come from the Rothschild mansion, and as my 'bus whirled along St. George's Place I was glad of the happy inspiration which had prompted my taking this 'bus-ride—not a common occurrence in the past. But it shall be in the future. I was just passing one of the large new mansions which overlook Hyde Park, with a glimpse of Rotten Row near by. The drawing-room windows were large and wide, and a block for a moment stopped my 'bus. In the

drawing-room were several awfully pretty girls, and two of them were indulging in an impromptu skirt-dance, only the skirt was not the accordion-plaited monstrosity which usually spoils the most interesting figures. Apparently unconscious of any other lookers-on but those of their own sex in the room with them, Lottie Collins, in the palmy days of "Ta-raa Boom-de-aye," was not a patch on them when it came to high kicks. There could not possibly have been a chandelier in the room, for I heard no crash. A powdered-headed footman leaned pompously against the pillar of the portico with his eyes half-closed waiting to open them on the next nursery-maid that passed with a "pram." I felt interested, and got down and went up to him.

"Kindly tell me who lives here?" I asked.

He opened his eyes from his half-doze, and I could see as he shifted his white calves that his lips were forming "Garn!" But he caught himself in time, as he came to his full senses, and said: "The Countess o' ———, sir."

I wish I dare tell the name. Perhaps one of those girls might see it, and then—— But I wish, also, I could go on and tell you of some more of my experiences. But these will suffice.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, March 2, 1900.

## THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

The wolf's out there, at the door, and his fangs are keen to slay: Christ pity the starved and shivering soul that falls in the black wolf's way!

As for me—do I fear him—this wolf of hunger and sin? Let the storm beat down the barriers and let mine enemy in!

Stealthily on my track through the ghostly world he steals; Only a shadow grim and black hounding a beggar's heels. A shadow in the light of day—a horror in the night; And what does the howl of the black wolf say to the soul that God made white?

"The storm and the darkness are on thee—O lost to the beauty and beam! Brooding for ever and ever o'er the ashes of a dream! Hunger wraps rags around thee: the rich are in purple state; But the dogs snarl at the beggars that kneel at the rich man's gate.

"The storm and the darkness are on thee: Be one with the storm and the night! There is never a morn that shall greet thee or crown thy seared forehead with light.

Tossed on a fathomless ocean where never a shore-lamp saves, The cry of the drowning is in thine ears—with the wailing of the waves!"

So does the howl of the black wolf say to the soul that God made white:

But I wrap my rags around me and dream of the dawn of Light. Shall the black storm beat forever? Is there never a port to win? 'Twere a coward deed to break the bolts and let mine enemy in!

For his cruel fangs would rend and slay. . . . Whatever my soul may be

It is deeper than the darkness—it is stronger than the sea. Is it bowed by the strength of the hills, does it shrink 'neath the scourging rod—

This spark of dead, forgotten worlds—this Memory of God?

O, out of the storm comes peace, and out of the darkness, light; The ships sail sure to the haven—as sure as the gulls in flight. The captains sight the shore-line, and over the ocean-knells They hear in the hopeless night of fear the melody of the bells.

There is love, there is light, there is joy where the tempest-flags are furled: God hears in the night of ages the hreathing of the world. In the hollow of His hand the strength of the stars shall be, And His spirit shall stifle and still the rage of the overwhelming sea.

There is love, there is light in the world; and the wolf—with his eyes of flame

Is beaten back in the storm and night, and the silence whispers a Name;

And the beautiful name is Love: and he leads me to the light Where the hills are glad of the morning, and there shall be no more night.—Frank L. Stanton in *Collier's Weekly*.

By the addition of the six vessels of the Leyland Line to the New York-Liverpool trade, the loss of the five large steamers taken by the British Government for transport service in South Africa will be in part compensated. At present the American lines have a capacity of 3,600 per month, the French Line 2,500, the Atlantic Transport 1,200, the Hamburg-American 3,000, the White Star 2,000, the Cunard 2,500, the Holland-American 2,000, and the North German Lloyd 5,000—a total of nearly 22,000, which will be increased to 26,000 by the advent of the new ships. Even in the event of a long war in the Transvaal, involving the requisition of additional English liners, there will be no dearth of accommodations for the traffic expected from persons wishing to visit the Paris Exposition during 1900.

The population of the four greatest cities of the Russian Empire is given as follows in the figures of the recent census: St. Petersburg, 1,132,677; Moscow, with its two suburbs, 988,614; Odessa, 405,041 (a great increase since 1892); and Warsaw, 626,072. Contrary to what is observed almost universally throughout Europe, the male inhabitants outnumber the female in the three first-named communities, while in the last, Warsaw, the proportion of women is but slightly superior to that of men.

Thackeray once told Sir John Millais this amusing story of Carlyle:

He had spent a day in the reading-room of the British Museum and had given a great deal of trouble to one of the officials, sending him up and down ladders in search of books to satisfy his literary tastes, and on leaving the room he had gone up to the man and told him that it might be some satisfaction to him to know that he had obliged Thomas Carlyle. The official hesitatingly answered him, with a bland smile and the usual washing of hands in the air, that the gentleman had the advantage of him, but that probably they might have met at some mutual friend's house. He had never heard of Thomas Carlyle.

Tommaso Salvini, the famous Italian tragedian, now seventy-two years old, is acting in St. Petersburg, his first appearance there for twenty years. He is said to have created great enthusiasm.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Colonel Schwartzkoppen, the German military *attaché* at Paris, whose name figured in the Dreyfus trial, has been made a major-general and put in command of the brigade of Foot Guards at Berlin.

A Moscow dispatch says that Queen Natalie of Servia has canceled her will drawn in favor of her son, King Alexander, through disgust at his acquiescence in the virtual dictatorship of his father, Milan, and has drawn a new one, leaving her estate to the poor of Servia and France.

A black bishop of the Anglican Church was recently consecrated at Lambeth. The Right Rev. James Johnson, assistant-bishop of Western Equatorial Africa, is a Sierra Leone negro whose parents were rescued slaves from the Yoruba country. His station will be Benin. Durham University has made him an honorary A. M.

Dean C. Worcester, who has been appointed a member of the new Philippine commission, has tendered his resignation as professor of zoölogy in the University of Michigan to the board of regents. It is generally understood by his former faculty colleagues that he will not teach again. They state that he has his eye on some business enterprises that will keep him in the Philippines when his duties on the commission are over.

The German Crown Prince, who has passed his final examination at Ploen with great brilliancy, has now left school for good, and returned to Berlin, where he will for the present occupy his time with military studies. On attaining his eighteenth year, on May 6th, he will enter the First Prussian Foot Guards, in which regiment he holds a commission, to learn the practical duties of an officer. Later, he is to pass a few terms at the Bonn University.

The three most abstemious politicians in New York State are David B. Hill, Richard Croker, and Louis F. Payn, with the palm to Mr. Hill. Mr. Croker and Mr. Payn occasionally smoke. Mr. Hill never does. None of these three gentlemen touches liquors or wines. This is not a temperance lecture (says the *New York Sun*), but it may be said that all three are most of the time in excellent health and ready to stand the strain of all the demands upon their time and attention.

The Archbishop of Mexico has issued a circular letter to the clergy, calling attention to the burlesque of the solemn scenes attending the trial and death of the Saviour, as exhibited in the so-called "Passion Play" which takes place in the country churches during the holy week. He requests that the practice be done away with as harmful to religion. These rural passion-plays have been a feature of holy week for centuries, and the Indians especially have taken great delight in them, but they have recently degenerated into a mere caricature, and are said to do more injury than good.

Henry Lahouchère, M. P., responding to an invitation to attend a recent smoking concert and dance in aid of the Northampton Reservist Fund, forwarded ten guineas and a letter. In the communication, after remarking that his dancing days were over, he added the following moral reflection: "I have always thought that it is somewhat gressome for fine ladies to get up halls in London to help the wounded, and that they would do better to contribute what they can without dancing over graves. But care of the families of reservists is quite another matter, although the state should provide for the families of all who are ordered to the front."

It is a fact little known in this country (points out the *Chicago Tribune*) that the strong character of the President of the South African Republic was molded by the teaching of an American minister who went out to South Africa in 1835 from South Carolina. In that year the Rev. Dr. Daniel Lindley, then a young clergyman, was preaching at the Rocky River Presbyterian Church, near Charlotte, N. C. He was appointed a missionary, and went out to the then Dark Continent, being, it is claimed, the first Protestant missionary in South Africa. One of his first pupils was the young Paul Krüger, who was converted under his preaching, and for whom he contracted a great liking. Dr. Lindley returned home to North Carolina for a visit ten years later, and people still living in Charlotte remember that he talked much of the young Krüger, with whose abilities and piety he was greatly impressed. After a short stay in America Dr. Lindley returned to his far-off field of labor, and spent the remainder of his life there, dying only a few years ago.

Field-Marshal Lord Roberts will be the recipient of great honors if he survives the Transvaal war. A few weeks ago Queen Victoria decorated Lady Roberts, who is now on her way to South Africa, with the order of the Crown of India, and intimated that the necessary alterations to Lord Roberts's patent of peerage would be made to allow his daughter to succeed as a peeress in her own right, their only son and heir having been killed early in the present campaign under General Buller, on the Tugela River. In Lord Wolsley's case a recent precedent exists for a female's accession to the peerage. The present English commander-in-chief has no son, but he will be succeeded in his title by his daughter, Hon. Frances Wolsley. As for Lord Roberts himself, he is sure to be created an earl, and perhaps may receive the garter and a grant of money. He has already received the Grand Cross of the orders of the Bath, the Star of India, and the Indian Empire. He is a Knight of the Thistle, has the Victoria Cross, and possesses the honorary degrees of half a dozen of the leading universities of the United Kingdom. He was created a baronet before he was created a peer. He has been given the freedom of London and of several other cities, with the accompanying gold boxes, and on two occasions he has been thanked by Parliament and presented with a sword of honor.



## CHARLESTON'S JOCKEY CLUB.

The Famous South Carolina Society Passes into History—Features of the Great Race Week—Some Noted Southerners Who Followed the Manly Sport.

The South Carolina Jockey Club, the oldest institution of its kind in the United States, came to a quiet but illustrious end a few weeks ago. Its last act, after a century and a half of existence, insures for it immortality in American history (says a writer in the *New York Sun*). It gave to the Charleston Library, a still more venerable institution, its entire property, valued at one hundred thousand dollars, which placed upon a sure foundation that valuable collection of books.

The library was well worth the sacrifice, for its Americana is of great value, its most important treasure, perhaps, being the complete file of the *Charleston Gazette* and other newspapers from 1732 to the present day. As Charleston has always played an important part in the national drama, from the Battle of Fort Moultrie, the first great victory of the Revolution, to the war with Spain, when Cervera had orders to destroy it, there is a wonderful amount of interesting historical knowledge to be gleaned from these old papers. The library contains, also, many rare books and pamphlets of early American history, besides old prints and first editions whose value has greatly increased in the last few years, because of the great demand for them by modern collectors. The Charleston Library Society was founded in 1743, and has been kept up continuously ever since on the same site.

If there were public libraries in Charleston before there was horse-racing, horse-racing, at least, followed very soon after. As early as 1734 there was a race on the Bowling Green, for Charleston, like New York, had its Bowling Green and Bowling Green public-house. In the next year, 1735, a regular course was laid out called the "York Course," about six miles above Charleston. Here a racing season was held every February, or the early part of March. The prizes were usually handsome pieces of plate, imported from England. At one race, though, in 1744, the prize was a very finely embroidered jacket valued at ninety pounds. In fact, there was no money made by racing, except by individual betting, until nearly a hundred years after, when the races in South Carolina, which had hitherto been a gentleman's sport, began to degenerate into "professionalism."

As horse-racing became more fashionable and the rich planters began to import fine-blooded horses, there was a demand for a better track, nearer the city. This one was subscribed for in 1754, but it was not completed until 1760, when the first races were held on it. This track was called the "New Market Course," and was about a mile above the town, on the eastern part of the neck of the peninsula on which Charleston is situated. On this race-course was run memorable races, and many of the horses became so famous that their names to this day in South Carolina are, in some families, "freshly remembered," and as "familiar as household words."

It was not until 1793, when the South Carolina Jockey Club moved its headquarters to the new track on the western side of the "Neck," near Ashley River, that horse-racing was revived in all its former glory. This track was naturally called after the Father of His Country, and races were held here under the auspices of the South Carolina Jockey Club for nearly a hundred years after. All that is now left of the Washington Course is a crumbling pair of old gate-posts at the entrance of the grounds, through which must have passed many of the finest horses, and fairest women, and bravest men of the old South. For the races became more fashionable than ever, and were carried off every year with greater éclat. All of the first-families of South Carolina belonged to the club, and nearly all sent horses to the races.

The original owners and proprietors of the Washington Race Course, in 1793, were General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, General William Washington, O'Brien Smith, John Wilson, James Ladson, William Alston, M. M. Rutledge, Gabriel Manigault, General Read, Colonel Mitchell, General Wade Hampton, James Buro, Captain White, L. Campbell, General William Moultrie, General McPherson, Colonel McPherson, Colonel Morris, E. Fenwick, and William McCleod. It would be impossible to get so many celebrities together in these days. The names of General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and of General William Moultrie the nation will never let die for their victories against the British in the councils of the country and on the field, while General Wade Hampton, of the Revolution, General William Washington, General McPherson, and Gabriel Manigault, who helped to support Congress during the Revolution by his gift of two hundred and twenty thousand dollars, are as worthy of the nation's honor, and "On Fame's eternal beadroll worthy to be filed." Such men as these great statesmen and heroes of the Revolution found no shame in following the manly sport in times of peace, and, with such men at the head of it, it was not surprising that the racing was kept up during the next half-century to the very highest standard ever approached in this country.

Horse-show week in New York can give one only a faint idea of the immense excitement over and importance attached to the race week in Charleston by the old aristocrats of South Carolina. The "town" which was, a century ago, one of the very largest in the United States, did not number half a hundred thousand inhabitants, including the negro slaves, but its population was nearly doubled during race week. The hotels in the South have never, until recent years, been very good, because the Southern people, especially in South Carolina, were always so hospitable that no stranger who appeared to be a gentleman was ever allowed to stay at the hotels long enough to make it worth while to the proprietors. In race week, however, even the hotels were crowded, and all the large private houses were packed

to overflowing with visitors to the tenth degree of relationship or friendship.

The races were usually held at the height of the social season, which was also the off-season for the planters, about the end of January or the first of February. One of the famous "Saint Cecilia Balls" was always given during the week, to which, however, only guests of the very highest social standing were ever invited. Splendid private entertainments were given on the other nights, and there was always some special attraction at the very good theatre—for Charleston was also the first city to have a theatre—either a fine concert or one of Shakespeare's plays. But the horses were the main subject of conversation, at night as well as by day. Many were the wonderful tales told of fine racers as the men sat over their fine wines, for by this time the Jockey Club had become famous also for its Madeira wine, which was imported directly for its own use.

This Madeira of the South Carolina Jockey Club was, by the way, the most famous wine ever brought to this country, and the lovers and rare old-wine tasters in Charleston used to say, the finest in the world. It was brought over in the holds of ships especially prepared for it, the casks lying between boards, which allowed the wine to be gently rocked by the motion of the boat, and gave to it, according to the experts of Charleston, its peculiarly fine flavor, which was still further improved after it had laid for years in the damp cellars of Charleston. None of this wine was ever in President Arthur's possession, as it was claimed, nor can it be purchased anywhere now. One of the oldest members of the club said not long ago that the Madeira that was still in the possession of the Jockey Club until after the war, was distributed among the officers of the club when it was decided to abandon racing. These few devoted members, prizing it more than any gold, slowly drank it up on rare and great occasions. There may be a few bottles of it still in Charleston, but it never has been and never will be for sale.

Races were held every year with unvarying success on the Washington Race Course in Charleston until the Civil War. Mr. James Rose, who was considered to be the finest judge of wine as well as of thorough-bred horses in the State, was a most successful president of the South Carolina Jockey Club for a great number of years. He was succeeded by the last ante-bellum president, Mr. Charles P. Lowndes, in 1859. Mr. Lowndes was president until 1875, and used all his great social and financial influence to make the races a success after the war. But the State was too poor to take an interest in them any longer. In spite of everything that could be done to prevent it, the races began to drift into professionalism, and the attendance was confined almost entirely to "blacklegs" and "carpet-baggers" who then infested the State.

The last president of the club was Major Theodore S. Barker, a man thoroughly worthy of the honor, and a brave soldier on Hampton's staff during the Civil War. When he was elected president, in 1875, the Jockey Club had lost so much through the deterioration of its property by the war, and the poor attendance at its races, that it was a desperate struggle until 1883, when it was decided to give up racing. While the membership had fallen off greatly in point of numbers, the club kept to the end its social prestige. Rather than lose it, the club decided not to elect any more members, and annual dues were abolished. It was hoped that the debts would be gradually paid off by the interest from the property and from rents. The track itself was rooted out and used for truck-farming. Perhaps many Northerners have eaten new potatoes or early strawberries grown on this historic old race-course that had been trampled for nearly a hundred years by the feet of the finest racers.

The debts were paid off and there was soon a surplus, but the members, who were being rapidly thinned out by death, saw that it was hopeless ever to restore the club to its former greatness. In Charleston, especially, there was no longer any interest in horse-racing. Even the old Charleston Light Dragoons, who used to hold their annual tournaments on the old race-track, were struggling for existence, and found it necessary to hire most of their horses from the livery stables. There are a few fine horses of native breed still exhibited every year at the State Fair in Columbia, but there are no racers among them.

Fearing that the property of the South Carolina Jockey Club might eventually fall into unworthy hands, the few living members determined that it should die as nobly as it had lived. When the president of the club, Major Barker, suggested to the other members, then numbering only twenty-six, the plan of presenting the property to the Charleston Library Society, all took it up eagerly. With this transfer to the library, with the sole proviso that the gift should always be known as "The South Carolina Jockey Club Endowment Fund," the old club disbanded for all time, its life "perfected by death."

Timothy Healy, the well-known Irish leader, lately said in the House of Commons, in reference to the English: "You are as God made you. We suspect you." The next morning the *Daily News* came out with the following epigram:

"'Tis very true what Tim avers,  
And handsome of him, really—  
If God, then, made the Britishers,  
Pray, who made Mr. Healy?"

The preliminary figures of the newly completed census of Cuba and Puerto Rico show a total population for Cuba of 1,572,845, a loss from 1887 of 58,842. The population of Puerto Rico is 957,000, which is an increase of 150,300 over the census of 1887. The largest Cuban province is Havana, which has 428,811 inhabitants, a falling off of 27,000 in the twelve years.

D. B. Skinner, one of the captors of Jefferson Davis, died at Detroit several days ago. For his share in taking the Confederate leader he received three hundred and twenty dollars from the government. He died in poverty and was buried at public expense.

## A WHIRL WITH VICE.

Dr. Parkhurst and the New York Herald Flying at Big Game—Attacking the Syndicate of Crime that Lies Behind the City Government.

New York is now engaged in a "whirl with vice" which may or may not be productive of great results, and what those results shall be rests largely with the *New York Herald*. If the directors of that mighty organ continue their present crusade against vice as they have begun it, they may break the softly cushioned but heavy yoke that Tammany has put upon the neck of the city, as the *Times* and *Harper's Weekly* overthrew Boss Tweed, a generation ago. On the other hand, if they allow themselves to be borne along by the current of popular opinion, instead of stemming and guiding it, our citizens will sink again into indifference, and slave away until the yoke becomes heavy beyond their power to sustain or to resist.

Dr. Parkhurst and his Society for the Prevention of Crime have again become active and stirred the popular indignation by their revelations of vice in the city, but this time their efforts have been turned in the right direction. Their crusade, in its inception, was not puritanical. It was not directed against licentiousness and the temptations that assail the innocent. It was aimed at the root of the evils that disgrace the metropolis of this country—the organized hand of politicians who, having seized the municipal government, are fostering vice in many forms in order that they may levy tribute upon it for their own private gain.

The point of attack this time is the gambling industry—its extent, its thorough organization, and its enormous revenues entitle it to be so designated. Indictments have just been returned by the grand jury against some thirty gambling-houses and pool-rooms in the district known as the "Tenderloin." But the good work should not stop there. There are police officials who have permitted these places to thrive openly in defiance of the law, and their negligence, while undoubtedly profitable to them in some small degree, has as undoubtedly been in accordance with the command of others higher in the political hierarchy. In the trials of the gambling-house keepers facts will be developed that may expose police officials, and in the trials of these latter, higher officials still may be incriminated. With all the enormous powers of a great daily paper at its command, the *Herald* is in a position to furnish most efficient aid to the prosecution, and the other papers will continue, as they have done recently, to second the *Herald's* efforts by keeping public opinion in the right channel.

A week ago the stage was reached where the black-mailers of the city's vice deemed it necessary to create a diversion. The *Herald* was, as the children would put it, getting too "warm." The keeper of a disorderly saloon, when threatened with arrest, had scornfully declared that he had a "pull" that would wreck Chief of Police Devery and President of the Police Commission York if they attempted to interfere with him. The *Herald* went ahead on this line, and exposed an extraordinary syndicate of vice. At its head is a Tammany senator, and his lieutenants are the district leaders, who collect the tax each in his own district personally or through a deputy. The money thus obtained is divided between the district leader, who is required in return to carry his district, and the heads of the organization, who are accountable to no one. In return for this tribute, the gamblers and others have been allowed to run their places "wide open."

What this entire tax on all forms of vice amounts to can only be guessed, but some idea of its magnitude may be inferred from the fact that the gambling places alone pay \$3,095,000 a year. Another line on the magnitude of the interest taxed lies in the statement that the "King of the Pool-Room Syndicate" lost \$8,000 a day while his places were closed. A few years ago he noticed that the Western Union Telegraph Company was making a great deal of money out of the pool-room people, charging them \$5 for the news of each race and compelling them to employ a certain number of operators at a total cost of about \$140 a day. He thereupon organized several pool-rooms into a syndicate and now he controls a network of such places in Manhattan, Brooklyn, Long Island City, Jersey City, and other suburban places, the number in New York alone being sixty-four. He stated not long ago that each of these places netted him \$125 a day, so that his income from them is some \$3,000,000 a year.

This fight on the gamblers was getting so warm that some diversion was deemed advisable by the political powers that be. Accordingly, orders went forth that the "crusade against vice" be passed along to some less vulnerable point, and the dives were attacked. A conviction of one dive-keeper, a nephew of the notorious "Billy" McGlory, having been secured on the point that the "music" provided in his place constituted a "concert," for which he had no license, Chief of Police Devery attempted to follow the old maxim that the best way to have an objectionable law repealed was to render it obnoxious. His method was to proceed against the hotels and restaurants where music is played during the service of meals, but it proved a boomerang. Last week he raided the first-class hotels and restaurants at the dinner-hour and arrested the proprietors, or managers, and orchestra-leaders of dozens of such respectable places as the Imperial, Morello's, Shanley's, and Martin's, and had the music stopped at Sherry's, Delmonico's, and other favored places. But the district attorney's office repudiated his action, the magistrates dismissed the cases with sharp denunciation of the action of the police, and finally the police commissioners told him to desist. He has made himself so unpopular that it will be a miracle if he escapes dismissal.

Devery's little diversion has failed of its purpose, and, though he may be offered up as a sacrifice, it looks at present very much as if the lopping off of heads will not stop at such small game as he.

NEW YORK, March 16, 1900.

FLANEUR.



## RUSKIN REMINISCENCES.

Oxford Days—How He Disposed of His Large Fortune—Whistler's Famous Suit—His Final Illness.

"John Ruskin: A Sketch of His Life, His Work, and His Opinions, with Personal Reminiscences," is the title of a valuable and timely volume by M. H. Spielmann. It is intended to present a brief outline of the life and opinions of the "Sage of Coniston," together with some account of his personality, which Mr. Spielmann had the opportunity of gaining a knowledge of in his company and in that of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn, with whom Ruskin spent the last quarter-century of his life at Brantwood. The writer has treated his subject in an especially happy manner, breaking it up into chapters on Ruskin as the author, bookman, and stylist, the artist, teacher, poet, letter-writer, and educationist, while scraps of interesting correspondence are interwoven, a particularly notable series being that showing his endless charities and some of Cruikshank's work.

Mr. Spielmann says it is not a little surprising, seeing how delicate and troubled Ruskin was in general health, and how numerous and actively bitter were his adversaries, that the engaging sweetness of his character was so often apparent.

His natural gentleness was proof against the trying circumstances of his early education. At Oxford, as he himself told us, "I could take any quantity of jests, though I could not make one," even to the point of seeing with good-humor the fruit he had sent for from London thrown out of a window to the porter's children. No man ever smiled more agreeably in his greeting; no man's eyes ever looked more kindly into yours.

According to the *London Times*, there is an authentic story told of Ruskin's undergraduate days that illustrates his instinctive courtesy and its effect:

"He was a retiring youth, shy, and more given to talking over Turner with Mr. Wyatt, the print-seller, than to such subjects as would interest his brother 'gentlemen commoners' of Christ Church. So one night a dozen of those lively persons and their friends determined to 'draw' the genius. It was a habit of his to go to bed early, mindful of the precepts and the practice of Denmark Hill, so at eleven the invaders broke down his 'oak' and rushed into his room. He was there to receive them, in his dressing-gown. 'Gentlemen,' he said, with a sweet smile and with his exquisite voice, 'I am sorry I can not now entertain you as I should wish; but my father, who is engaged in the sherry trade, has put it into my power to invite you all to wine to-morrow evening. Will you come?' The rinters were overcome, and withdrew with 'three cheers for Ruskin.' So throughout his life he possessed this power of disarming all opponents with whom he was brought into personal contact; only, if it were a question not of speech, but of the pen, his urbanity seemed to leave him and his eloquence was speedily steeped in gall. But over-sensitive and enthusiastic natures, especially over ladies and very young men, his influence, when he chose to exert it, was extraordinary."

In 1870, says Mr. Spielmann, Ruskin was appointed professor of fine art at Oxford, to the chair founded in the previous year by Mr. Felix Slade:

He was at Vienna when he received the invitation, and, as he himself had written: "I foolishly accepted it. My simple duty at that time was to have stayed with my widowed mother at Denmark Hill" (his father had died in 1864). "doing whatever my hand found to do there. Mixed vanity, hope of wider usefulness, and partly her pleasure in my being at Oxford again took me away from her and from myself." Mrs. Ruskin dearly loved Oxford, where her son had spent three happy years at college. The professorship he continued to hold until 1879, delivering lectures on every phase of art—lectures which have since been published—and only resigned his post when he discovered that the enthusiasm and constant attendance of the students were due rather to personal attachment and appreciation of his original and forceful way of putting things, than to real interest in the subjects upon which he discoursed.

An Oxford man sets down this account of his first sight of Ruskin, when he returned to the university for his second tenure of the Slade professorship:

"His first lecture was announced for two-thirty in the lecture theatre of the Natural History Museum, and I and a friend went there at half-past nine. It was a miscalculation. All the girls' schools in Oxford had flocked in after breakfast, and when we arrived not only the room but the staircase leading to it was blocked impassably. We heard there was another door, and got up by the opposite stair into the gallery that runs round the great square hall; but here also was a crowd at the entrance. We looked over the balustrade and saw the heads of colleges arriving by twos and threes to demand entrance and not finding it. I remember the face of Dean Liddell, as a bland official pointed to the tightly packed scrummage on the staircase. I remember also the face of Mr. Liddell.

"After a time, the vice-chancellor and principal arrived and had to be got in. They took the gallery, as the line of least resistance, and so gave us our chance. My friend and I slipped in at the heels of Jowett, whose face was pink with the scuffle. Wedged up there in a mass, we heard a cheer beginning on the staircase. It swelled and grew nearer. There was a commotion in the doorway, and over the heads of the men, handed from one to another, there was lifted in a sort of loose bundle of clothes, which, being put down on the floor, stood up and shook itself together. We were all cheering like mad by this, and Ruskin did not seem to be the

least put out as he settled himself at his desk. I do not know what dignity radiated from this small, stooping man, with the bushy eyebrows and deep-set eyes; but I have never seen a mass of people so strongly moved by one man's personality except once—that was when Parnell, in the thick of his last and losing fight, met his supporters in the Leinster Hall. Nor do I know precisely why one continued to go and hear the lectures read aloud in that curious, high-pitched, musical, but monotonous voice, since one bought and read them for one's self. It was an act of hero-worship, I suppose, and I have seen no other man who inspired that feeling. Even to pass him in the street, as I often did, under the lime-trees between Keble and Wadham, gave one a thrill of veneration."

This account of the disposition during his lifetime of the fortune that came to him by inheritance, taken from an article in the *New York Tribune*, is well worth repeating:

"There was, it has been said, something childlike in his perfect frankness. All England knew, or might know, his pecuniary affairs, just as well as his peculiar æsthetic tastes and his notions about political economy. In a number of his 'Fors Clavigera' he told the story of his money fortune, and what he had done with it. He had no false notions about recapitulating his larger charities, and he scandalized the conventionally correct by publicly forgiving a large debt which some cousin of his owed to him—a debt, in fact, of \$75,000. He developed a theory, sufficiently novel in shop-keeping England, that it is wrong to take interest in any shape in excess of principal. Some particulars of his monetary dispositions are curious as illustrative of his character. He inherited from his father and mother \$785,000 in cash, besides other possessions. Of this he lost \$100,000 by bad mortgages. He gave to poor relations \$85,000, and 'lost' \$75,000 in the above-mentioned cousin. He gave \$70,000 to the art institutions of Sheffield and Oxford. For thirteen years he spent \$27,500 annually. He thus, in one way or another, sacrificed \$755,000. But in consequence of the enhancement in value of his father's property he had \$285,000 left. He gave away all this, retaining only his home, \$15,000 to be spent 'in amusing himself in Venice or elsewhere,' and \$60,000 to be invested in consols to supply \$1,800 a year, on which he said a bachelor gentleman ought to live, or, if he could not, 'deserved speedily to die.' In this contemptuous way did Mr. Ruskin enter his protest against mere accumulation. In England, at least, his example is not likely to be generally followed."

Referring to Whistler's suit against Ruskin on account of the author's criticism of himself and pictures in "Fors" on July 2, 1877, Mr. Spielmann says:

The trial has even now become a classic; and how Mr. Whistler delivered his smart evidence in the witness-box, and how Ruskin—who was at the time confined to Brantwood with his first attack of serious illness—was unable to defend himself with his own testimony, and was made to pay his prosecutor one farthing for the rare privilege of saying what he thought of him—are to this day subjects of merry conversation where artists and lawyers meet. As a matter of fact, the verdict, which left each litigant to pay his own costs, made no call whatever on the purse of Mr. Ruskin. The amount of his costs reached, I believe, to three hundred and fifty pounds, or thereabouts; but a group of devoted admirers at once subscribed the amount, even to the last farthing—Mr. Whistler's farthing—and the sum was paid forthwith. But Mr. Ruskin never knew to the last to what the amount of the cost attained, nor the names of any of his enthusiastic friends, save that of Mrs. Talbot, of Barmouth. To the end he was not satisfied with his nominal defeat. "I am blamed by my prudent acquaintances for being too personal," said he; "but truly I find vaguely ob-jurgatory language generally a mere form of what Plato calls 'shadow-fight.'" Similarly, when in conversation with him on one occasion I touched upon the subject, he quietly avoided it, saying: "I am afraid of a libel-action if I open my mouth, and if I can't say what I like about a person, I prefer to say nothing at all."

The darker side of Ruskin's nature almost balanced, in intensity, the brighter:

His love of life and beauty gave rise to a perfectly morbid horror of what was ugly or sad—illness and death were ideas utterly repugnant in the terror they bore in upon him. . . . The very idea of a funeral was abhorrent to him. He even declined to attend that of the Duke of Albany, of whom he was very fond; for the young prince often snatched his company at Oxford, and the old man and the young learned to appreciate the virtues of the other. "I had the deepest regard and respect," he said about the time of the duke's death, "for what I would call his genius, rather than his intellect. He was entirely graceful and kind in every thought or deed. There was no mystery about him—he was perfectly frank and easy with every one. At Oxford I thought he desired to take all the advantage that was possible from the university course. But I did not attend the funeral. It is ten years or more since I went to one," he continued, gravely, "and though there are several whom I love very dearly, I doubt very much if I should see them in the grave were they to die before me. No—I shall go to no more funerals till I go to my own."

Ardent in all things, he was an ardent, though inactive politician; but he was strongly opposed to government by party, being convinced that the ablest men should be in the positions for which they were best suited:

"I care no more for Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone than for two old bagpipes with the drones going by steam," he once wrote; "but I hate all Liberalism as I do Beelzebub, and, with Carlyle, I stand, we two alone now in England, for God and

the Queen." This is on all-fours with the sentiment he once imparted to me, and which at the time it was my duty to make known to the world: "There is one political opinion I do entertain, and that is that Mr. Gladstone is an old wind-bag, who uses his splendid gifts of oratory not for the elucidation of a subject, but for its vaporization in a cloud of words"—a sentiment, he told me afterwards, which had given the greatest offense to Miss Gladstone, of whom he was so fond, and now she wouldn't look at him! "I am not a Liberal—quite the Polar contrary of that. I am of the old school (Walter Scott's school)"; and again, "I am a violent illiberal, but it does not follow that I must be a Conservative. I want to keep the fields of England green and her cheeks red."

Toward the end of his life he would rather listen than talk, and was readier to be amused than to amuse. Nevertheless he entered keenly into the subject of conversation, and his blue eyes flashed intelligence even when he preferred to maintain silence. Yet he would talk, and talk well, if the humor took him. Thus, on the last evening of Mr. Spielmann's last visit, he was more than usually conversational, and in his brightest humor:

The subject of birds was mooted, and then he fell a-thinking. "Ah!" he said, with his quaint-sounding r-less articulation, "I have made a great mistake. I have wasted my life with mineralogy, which has led to nothing. Had I devoted myself to birds, their life and plumage, I might have produced something worth doing. If I could only have seen a humming-bird fly," he went on with a wistful smile, "it would have been an epoch in my life! Just think what a happy life Mr. Gould's must have been—what a happy life! Think what he saw and what he painted. I once painted with the utmost joy a complete drawing of a pheasant—complete with all its patterns, and the markings of every feather, in all its particulars and details accurate. It seems to me an entirely wonderful thing that the Greeks, after creating such a play as 'The Birds,' never went further in the production of any scientific result. You remember that perfectly beautiful picture of Millais's—'The Ornithologist'—the old man with his birds around him?—one of the most pathetic of modern times." And thus he talked on during the evening, on one or other of his favorite subjects, until, at half-past ten, Mrs. Severn rose without a word and gently took his arm to escort him to his bedroom door. He submitted with a loving smile; he gently pressed his visitor's hand in both of his, and saying, jocularly, "Good-night, old un," to Mr. Arthur Severn, and merrily "Good-night, piggy-wiggy," to one of the young ladies, the old man moved with genial dignity to the door and through it made a slow and stately exit.

This account of Ruskin's final illness and death on January 20th we find in the *London Times*:

"The end came with startling suddenness. On the morning of Thursday, the eighteenth, Mr. Ruskin was remarkably well; but when Mrs. Arthur Severn went to him, as usual, after tea, in order to read to him the war news and 'In the Golden Days,' by Edna Lyall, his throat seemed irritable. His cousin was alarmed, for several of her servants were ill with influenza; but the professor was inclined to laugh it off, although he said he did not feel well, and admitted, when questioned, that he felt pain 'all over.' Helped by his faithful body-servant, Baxter, he was put to bed, and he listened while Mrs. Severn sang a much liked song, 'Summer Slumber.' It was now 6:30, and Mr. Ruskin declared that he felt quite comfortable. Nevertheless, Dr. Parsons was immediately summoned. He found the temperature to be one hundred and two, and pronounced the illness to be influenza, which might be very grave if the patient's strength were not kept up. That evening the professor enjoyed a dinner consisting of sole and pheasant and champagne, and on Friday he seemed to be much better. On Saturday morning there was a change so marked that the doctor was alarmed, and from that time Mr. Ruskin sank into an unconscious state, and the breathing lessened in strength, until, at 3:30, it faded away into a peaceful sleep. He was holding the hand of Mrs. Severn, and Dr. Parsons and Baxter stood by, now and then feathering the lips with brandy and spraying the head with eau de Cologne. And so he passed away, amid silence and desolation. Then, a little later, when the first shock was over, Mrs. Severn's daughter prevailed upon her to look from his little turret window at the sunset, as Ruskin was wont to look for it from day to day. The brilliant, gorgeous light illumined the hills with splendor, and the spectators felt as if heaven's gate itself had been flung open to receive the teacher into everlasting peace."

George Allen, his London publisher and friend for three-and-forty years, saw Ruskin as a great man in the highest sense; "a grand man in heart as in intellect":

"I find it difficult to tell you how grand he was in everything that he did. He never did a mean action, and his goodness to others was measureless. I remember being with him in Savoy on Easter Sunday in the year 1863. His human sympathy went out to a Savoy peasant kneeling in prayer at the roadside, and he knelt and prayed with him. He thought this would do the poor fellow good, would console and strengthen him. It was ever thus with Ruskin—the one touch of nature in him was as deep and sincere as it was simple. 'When I reach the Alps,' he had said to me, 'I always pray.' He would betake himself to some quiet corner among that grand scenery and fall on his knees. Though he came of a certain strict Calvinism, there was nothing narrow in the religious outlook of Ruskin—it was expansive as it was bright. His kindness to dumb animals was a characteristic which the veriest stranger might notice. Truly, Ruskin's heart was as large as his genius. He must have known what he had achieved, and that was the thought in my mind when I asked him, not later than last autumn, 'Are you not glad your books are doing so well?' His answer was, 'The public think

so much more of my books than I do myself.' This gentle modesty was part of his charm, but then he was a wholly charming personality. I have never met anybody in the least like him."

Mr. Spielmann scrupulously avoids any reference to Ruskin's unfortunate marriage to Euphemia Gray, who afterward became the wife of Sir John Millais. In addition to some entertaining chapters on his domestic life at Brantwood, and "The Angel in the House"—Mrs. Arthur Severn, Ruskin's cousin and adopted daughter—a paper from the famous art-critic's pen, entitled "The Black Age," is also included. The illustrations are mainly portraits of Ruskin at various dates, from 1822 to 1886, with fac-similes of letters, reproductions from his notebook, and pictures of places made famous by his presence.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia; price, \$2.00.

## SONG OF EMPIRE.

[W. E. Henley appears to have written one of the most popular war poems yet called out in England by the Boer war. It has been set to music and runs as follows:]

Storm along, John! Though you faltered at first,  
Caught in an ambush, and held to the worst,  
All the old Counties were hard on the spot,  
For they hadn't a son but rejoiced in his lot.  
You had only in cart 'em some thousands of miles;  
So you fell to your work with the calmest of smiles,  
And, each with her battles, your ships you sent on,  
Till you begged the record—Hi! Storm along,  
John!

Storm along, John! Storm along, John!  
Frenchman and Russian and Dutchman and Don  
Know the sea's ynurs from the Coast to Canton!  
Storm along, storm along, storm along, John!

Storm along, John! There was work to be done  
With a foe in full blast ere you sighted a gun!  
Came, the news came, that you reeled in the brunt,  
And at home, by the Lord, it was 'Who's for the front?'

And your whelps overseas, John—the whelps that you knew

For the native, original, pattern true blue—  
O, your whelps wanted blooding, they cried to come on,  
And—Hark in them chorusing:—"Storm along,  
John!"

Storm along, John! Storm along, John!  
Half the world's yours, and the rest may look on,  
Mum, at the rip from Quebec to Ceylon. . . .  
Storm along, storm along, storm along, John!

Storm along, John! All your Britains are out:  
Melbourne and Sydney got up with a shout;  
Wellington, Ottawa, Brisbane, their best  
Send, with Cape Town, and the fighting North-West.

Horses, men, guns, for you! India's a-flame!  
How the lads of Natal have been playing the game!  
From Gib. to Vancouver, from Thames to Yukon,  
The live air is loud with you—Storm along, John!

Storm along, John! Storm along, John!  
Not in the best of the years that are gone  
Has the star which is ynurs thus tremendously  
shone!

Storm along, storm along, storm along, John!  
—W. E. Henley in the *Sphere*.

Mrs. F. E. Buttle, of Hartford, Conn., has offered the New York public library a remarkable gift. It consists of one thousand menus, each from a different hotel or restaurant. She has collected most of them herself, and some are from Hungary, China, Japan, and Russia. Mrs. Buttle stipulates that the menus are to be kept sealed until 1950, as it is her desire that the coming generations may see what their ancestors ate.


The Australians are trying hard to obtain a market in London for the passion fruit, which is so popular at the antipodes.

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"Preserves Health"

"Prolongs Life"

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Novelette by Anthony Hope.

If the Doulhelay & McClure Company will only continue their new Short Novels as well as they are begun by Anthony Hope's "Captain Dieppe," the series will be a most welcome addition to the many "libraries" now being issued. The purpose of the series is to present in convenient size complete novelettes that are not long enough to make a volume of the ordinary size, and are therefore often used to "carry" a volume of short stories of lesser interest. The Short Novels should be very popular this summer.

"Captain Dieppe" is a tale in Hope's best vein, combining the adventure of the Zenda stories with the airy cleverness of the Dolly Dialogues. The man from whom it takes its name is a soldier of fortune in the best sense—an *chevalier d'industrie*, but a modern knight errant who would carve out a niche for himself by the sole aid of those qualities of wit, bravery, and honor with which he came into the world.

When we first meet him he is fleeing from his political enemies, but light of heart and full of a Gallic confidence in himself and his destiny. Stopping at night beneath a castle wall to enjoy a cigar in shelter from the rain, he is invited in by the master of the house, and before the evening is over he has promised to remain as the Count of Fieramonde's guest for a week. The count has quarreled with his young wife, who has gambled beyond her means and foolishly borrowed from a gentlemanly scoundrel, and, what with acting as intermediary for the love-lorn count, himself falling in love with the lady he believes to be the countess, becoming her protector against the gentlemanly black-mailer, and having a political detective to outwit, Captain Dieppe soon has his hands full.

Of course it would be impossible for such a joyous little tale to end as unhappily as "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Rupert of Hentzau," and one feels from the first that the gallant captain's address and honor must be crowned with happiness in the end. But before that consummation is reached, he is placed in many a dilemma from which it seems as if the author could never extricate him, and it is not till the last pages are reached that the reader emerges from the story-teller's spell.

Published by the Doulhelay & McClure Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

## An Essay on Robert Louis Stevenson.

A distinct acquisition to Stevenson literature is L. Cope Carnford's essay on "Robert Louis Stevenson," in which he treats of the popular writer's finished achievement, and of his personality and temperament as expressed in that achievement. The author makes no attempt to give any new biographical details, as Sidney Colvin is writing the authorized biography. Mr. Carnford first shows the influence of Stevenson's heritage and ancestry on his writings, gives an outline of his life, and then analyzes his work as moralist, artist, romanticist, novelist, and liner of landscape.

Here is his summary of Stevenson's achievements and personality:

"A born artist, self-conscious to his finger-tips, witty, sensitive, sardonically humorous, endowed with a subtle insight and inheriting an incomparable faculty of craftsmanship, he loved art and letters, metaphysics and talk, and all the lusty gifts and magnificent appearances of life, with his whole heart. Of the passion of love he seems to have conceived imperfectly and partially, until he drew toward the end of his life, when it seems—he came near to beholding some image of the true Eros. Constantly afflicted with ill-health, a fighting spirit of indomitable courage carried him triumphantly through troubles and incredible labors, until, in middle age, we see him (in his 'Valima Letters') desperately and cheerfully toiling for reasons (apparently) like to those which compelled Sir Walter Scott to his pathetic sacrifice, and laboring with a heroism which brings to mind his august elder's demeanor in the last tragic scenes of his life."

"But with all Stevenson's brilliant endowment, and all his amazing cleverness, the sane, serenely humorous vision of the great masters is denied him. Stevenson was no 'natural force let loose.' Rather was he the very type of the athlete in letters, with all his powers cultivated to their utmost, informed with a rare and brave spirit, running—with many flourishes and tricks of pace—the race that was set before him, with all his might."

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

## Ci-Devants, Sans-Culottes, and Coureurs de Bois.

There is an instructive little introduction to William McLennan's "In Old France and New" that goes far to explain the wide difference between the two groups of stories it contains. In speaking of the sources from which the tales are derived, he reveals himself in a two-fold character, both sides of which are within the province of the writer of fiction—as a teller of stories and as a student of human types. The stories of Old France are romantic and dramatic incidents of the French Revolution; those of New France are character sketches of the French-Canadian from the early *coureurs de bois* to the guide of to-day.

The Revolutionary stories are quite Gallic in their intense light and shade. In "Cache-Cache"—the French game of hide and seek—a little five-year-old child, very that the mob of *sans-culottes* has not

completed what she thinks is a game by finding her protector, who has hidden behind a curtain, calls them back as they are departing and gleefully reveals her friend. In "King for a Week" the same sharp contrast of innocence and tragedy is shown in a little community where, observing that the public edicts no longer begin "de par le roi," believe the king dead and elect a sovereign from their own number, who rules his obedient subjects well until the Revolutionists hear of him and punish his temerity with death.

The Canadian tales are not so striking as those in the first group, the best being "The Indiscretion of Grosse Boule," an amusing story of the habitant's drollery.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It is said that James Lane Allen, in his "Reign of Law," which will soon be published by the Macmillan Company, is the first author to lay the scene of a novel in the hemp-fields of Kentucky. The period of the story is around 1865.

The extraordinary leap into public favor of Mary Johnston's "To Have and To Hold" is certainly marvelous, if not absolutely unprecedented. The book was published only a few weeks ago, and to date nearly one hundred and twenty-five thousand copies have been sold.

Grace Gallatin Seton-Thompson, wife of the author and artist, has a book in press entitled "A Woman Tenderfoot in the Rockies."

The Academy makes an interesting announcement to the effect that the next number of the *Anglo-Saxon Review* will contain a number of hitherto unpublished letters by Lord Beaconsfield.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's new novel dealing with American political life, entitled "Senator North," will not be published until May 1st. Meantime, Mrs. Atherton is visiting Cuba, and making a special study of the people and their country. Doubtless we shall have a later novel with that island as a background.

The reports of the leading librarians throughout the United States, as printed in the *March Critic*, show that one of the books oftenest called for is Bryce's "Impressions of South Africa," the new edition of which contains the Anglo-Boer Conventions of 1881 and 1884, and an introduction bringing the work down to the beginning of the war.

An historical novel dealing with Rome in the days of Julius Caesar will be published immediately by the Macmillan Company. It is by William Stearns Davis, a new writer, and is entitled "A Friend of Caesar."

Francis Wilson has just published a privately printed book entitled "The Influence of the Stage Upon the Pulpit." One hundred and eighty-six copies were printed, each being numbered and signed by Mr. Wilson.

Saint-Saëns's reminiscences, "Portraits et Souvenirs," will be republished soon in Paris.

Tolstoy's "Resurrection" will be published immediately. This is the novel whose serial publication in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* came to an abrupt close when John Brisben Walker discovered that it concerned the career of a sort of Russian Sapho. It is said that both author and translator will devote all profits derived from sales to the aid of the Doukhobors, the sect persecuted in the Caucasus for refusing to learn the art of war.

"Merry-Ann" is the title of a new novel of the Isle of Man, which is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co.

The admirers of Bernard Shaw will welcome the third volume of "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant," which will shortly be ready for publication. The new work will contain "The Devil's Disciple," made familiar to Eastern theatre-goers by Richard Mansfield.

"A History of the Spanish-American War," by Richard H. Titherington, based upon official reports, Spanish and American, and other sources of authentic information, has just been published by D. Appleton & Co.

Dublin's "Irish Literary Theatre" has just performed George Moore's "The Bending of the Bough," described as an allegory of the struggle between England and Ireland. It is said to be a dramatic as well as a literary success.

The death of Mr. H. D. Traill having left the editorship of *Literature* vacant, his assistant, Mr. Dalton, has been appointed to that office.

The initial number of *The Smart Set*, the new and much-heralded periodical which has chosen to proclaim itself "a magazine of cleverness," is just out. In addition to the opening novelette, "The Idle Born," which is the result of collaboration between H. C. Chatfield-Taylor and Reginald de Koven, and received the award of the one-thousand-dollar prize, there are short stories by Edgar Saltus, Julian Hawthorne, Eliot Gregory, and Gelett Burgess, while among the contributors of verse we find the names of Oliver Herford, Clinton Scollard, Bliss Carman, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## RECENT VERSE.

## The End of Ends.

"Behold Finis itself coming to an end and the Infinite beginning."—*Thackeray*.

Sunbeam and moonbeam,  
And a light that holds them all;  
All the glowing rays of noon,  
And the gleaming rose of June,  
See! they flee beyond recall,  
With a parting sigh,  
For an hour gone by,  
Past the sunbeam and the moonbeam,  
Clasping it,  
Finis and the Infinite.

Teardrop and raindrop,  
See! a mist obscures them all,  
All the shadows and the showers  
Of this grieving world of ours,  
And the dead beyond recall,  
With a sigh at last  
For the sorrow past,  
In the teardrop and the raindrop,  
Hushing it,  
Finis and the Infinite.

Snowdrift and stardrift  
And a life that holds them all;  
All the darkness and the light,  
Summer's bloom and winter's blight,  
Now are fled beyond recall,  
With a passing sigh  
For a day gone by,  
With the snowdrift and the stardrift,  
Guarding it,  
Finis and the Infinite.

Daydream and lovedream  
And a heart that holds them all;  
All the sunshine and the rain,  
With the memories that remain,  
Whose dear presence can recall,  
With a last long sigh  
For the joy gone by,  
All the daydream and the lovedream,  
Crowning it,  
Finis and the Infinite.

—*Mary West in the Independent*.

## A Cry for Work.

God! give me work! To thee I cry.  
The husy millions pass me by;  
They have no need for such as I.

O God of life, hast thou no need for me?  
Worthless to them, have I no worth to thee?  
Not of thy children, and yet doomed to be!

I cry to thee! Dear eyes upon me gaze,  
Dear loving eyes that slow with hunger craze.  
O Father God! a father to thee prays!

To work! only to work! with hand or brain,  
In sweat of brow, with labor's toil and stain,  
The worker has his joy for every pain.

See, Lord—the useless hands are raised on high,  
From out despairing hearts is wrung the cry;  
Oh, listen ye—forever passing by!

—*Charlotte Elizabeth Wells in the Outlook*.

## The Hills of Hope.

"What saw you, child, on the hills of hope,  
[Where none may go that be over-wise]  
That a shining joy fades lingeringly  
Out of the depths of your eyes?"

"The hills of hope are roses and snow  
And the glad air of its own self sings  
And the dull world hid in the mists below  
Is a gray, forgotten dream of things.  
And O, but my heart was light and gay  
When I walked on the hills of hope to-day."

"What saw you, child, on the rainbow hills  
[Where none may go that be over-wise]  
That you lay your cold little hand in mine,  
With the shadow of fear in your eyes?"

"On the farther side of the rainbow hills  
Is a forest of dead trees black and bare  
And a river cold as the river of death  
And the ghosts of dead joys wander there.  
And O, but my heart was terrified  
To-day that cold, dark river-side."

"Now be not afraid, little child, for see  
The dream is gone, and the warm sunshine  
Is bright on the paths of every-day,  
And your hand is clasped in mine."

—*Charlotte Lowry Marsh in East and West*.

It turns out that the author of "The Legionaries," published last year, is really Millard F. Cox, an Indianapolis judge.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Promoter of Revolutions.

Guy Boothby is a facile and prolific workman at his trade of writing stories, and, while great things are not to be expected of him, the voracious novel-reader may be sure of finding the desired thrill in anything he writes. He is melodramatic upon occasion, as in "Dr. Nikola's Experiment," and "The Beautiful White Devil," but in the plain, straight-away story of adventure he is at his best, and such a story is "A Maker of Nations," just issued in the Town and Country Library.

The "maker of nations" is a novel creation, a type suggested by "The Colossus," if it were not known that the two books were written at about the same time. He is a promoter in revolutions, not a patriot who would right the wrongs of his country or a soldier who fights for the love of fighting, but a speculator who foments political conspiracy and uprisings for the money there may be in victory. As the Rothschilds furnish the sinews of war for nations, so does Joseph Spielman, but the latter creates the wars by which he profits.

The tools of such a man's trade are soldiers of fortune and women—in this case a man dismissed in disgrace from the British army because he would not explain some breach of discipline lest he betray another, and a beautiful adventuress. With their help—the man as a soldier and the woman as a spy—he hopes to overthrow the government of a South American state. But his plans gang a-gee. The soldier of fortune is still a gentleman, in spite of his past life and present profession, and when he falls in love with the daughter of the threatened republic's president matters become complicated.

There is no remarkable presentation of new human types in the tale nor are any of the incidents particularly extraordinary, but the soldier of fortune, the man in whom the reader's sympathies centre, has much hard fighting and many hair-breadth escapes before he is able to claim the girl he loves.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Edwin M. Stanton and the Civil War.

In two massive volumes, George C. Gorham sets forth the efforts and achievements of Lincoln's great Secretary of War, and to those whose memories of that time are still vivid, this work, "Life and Services of Edwin M. Stanton," will be as stirring and impressive as any historical study of recent years. To the younger generation it will present many views that without it might remain undiscovered, and they are scenes worthy of study. That Mr. Gorham's conclusions will be accepted without question is not assumed; some of his most serious attempts will fail, for earlier biographies and histories have created prejudices which are not easily overthrown, and his partisanship is not to be denied. The concluding sentence of the biography may be quoted, as the key to all that goes before: "Lincoln was our greatest civilian, Grant our greatest soldier; but Stanton was the one great organizer and energizer of the work by which armies were raised, equipped, supplied, and placed in the field." Historians of a later day may assert that without a great President there could be no great Secretary of War.

An important section of Mr. Gorham's work is given to the history of McClellan's insubordination, and Stanton's influence at the time. Some new testimony is produced on these points, and it is given on little weight in this presentation. The selections from official documents interspersed throughout the work, the new grouping of personal elements and seemingly minor events, manifest the thoroughness, care, and ability of the biographer and the enthusiasm of his advocacy. Many obscure motives and cumulative results are made plain here for the first time.

There is little of biography in the work beyond the history of Secretary Stanton's unceasing labor during the Civil War, yet that little is illuminating and worthy of the context. The two volumes are not to be ignored by any student of American history.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$6.00.

Two Romances of Colonial Days.

Stories of Revolutionary times are in good supply, and among them are some of especial merit. In "From Kingdom to Colony," by Mary Devcreaux, the reader is first shown a fine old country home in Warwickshire, and a charming bride of seventeen who is soon to cross the ocean with her young husband and take part in wild adventures in New England. With the change of scene appear Indians, pirates, and soldiers in the red coats of England and more soberly clad Continentals. There is much of danger and trial, and some fighting in the chronicle, but the clouds lift at the end and the joy of the winsome, spirited heroine is shared by the friends the author has won for her.

Twin brothers, two Pinneroys, of Massachusetts, and boys of true courage and manliness in spite of their pranks, are the heroes of "Fife and Drum at Louisbourg," by J. Macdonald Oxley. The story of the expedition against the French fortress is well told by the author, and the part played by the youthful volunteers who joined the fife and drum corps and sailed away on a fishing schooner made into a military transport was not an insignificant

one. The book will interest older readers as well as the boys for whom it is written.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50 each.

New Publications.

"The Print of the Nails" is the title of a little volume containing seven short sermons by T. H. Darlow. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

In Macmillan's Pocket English Classics Series the latest issue contains "The Vision of Sir Launfal" and other poems by James Russell Lowell. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 25 cents.

The fourth volume of the Haworth edition of the works of the Brontë Sisters contains "The Professor," by Charlotte Brontë, a brief introduction by Mrs. Humphry Ward, a personal note by Thackeray, and the poems published in 1846 "by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.75.

An *édition de luxe* souvenir of "Brother Officers," the play by Leo Treven which Henry Miller gave its first American presentation in this city last summer, contains some twenty engravings. Among the portraits in character that are particularly pleasing are those of Margaret Anglin, Henry Faversham, and Edwin Stevens. Published by R. H. Russell, New York; price, 25 cents.

Two volumes in the Young Puritans Series have preceded "The Young Puritans in Captivity," by Mary P. Wells Smith, but neither exceeded in interest or value the latest issue. It tells the story of three English children's experiences as captives among the Indians during King Philip's War, and is a vivid account of actual events. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Adam Siple has performed a service of value in his selection and introduction of "Stories from the Arabian Nights," which appears in Appleton's Home Reading Books Series. The notes on Oriental people, their customs, and their surroundings are full of information, and the tales presented are well chosen. There are many fine illustrations in the volume. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 65 cents.

Readers interested in the problems of city government will find many issues of importance ably treated in a new volume entitled "A Municipal Program," which contains the report of a committee of the National Municipal League, and eleven essays by such authorities as Albert Shaw, Horace E. Deming, Frank J. Goodnow, and Bird S. Coler. Nearly every department of public service is considered in these papers. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

THE EXTINCTION OF THE DIME NOVEL.

Some Popular Books of Fifty Years Ago.

The close of the century is witnessing the extinction of what has been popularly known as the "dime novel" (writes Firmin Dredd in the *March Bookman*). Very curiously, readers are coming back to the position they occupied about forty years ago, and the books which are commanding wide sales to-day are what are known as high-priced novels. And yet the dime novel has played so prominent a part in the general literature of this country that the story of its genesis, its development, its evolution, and its final degeneration, is rich with interest. Little as it is generally realized, the dime novel has been a considerable factor in American literature.

The dime novel dates from the year 1860. Shortly before, the firm of Beadle & Adams had begun a series of publications intended for lower middle-class consumption. This series was made up of books on etiquette, on letter-writing, and other subjects of equal moment and importance. The dime book of etiquette, for instance, purported to be a guide to "true gentility and good breeding, and a complete directory to the usages and observances of society, including etiquette of the ball-room, of the evening-party, the dinner-party, the card and chess-table, of business, and of the home circle." It did not differ materially from the books of similar nature that are published to-day. These books had an enormous circulation, and despite the ridicule which one humorously inclined may see fit to heap upon them, undoubtedly had a serious and real educational value.

Early in the spring of 1860 Mr. Orville J. Victor conceived the idea of the dime novel. At his suggestion the Beadle series was begun, and Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, then one of the most popular and widely known of American writers, was asked to contribute the inaugural story. For "Malaeska, the Indian Wife of the White Hunter," she received two hundred and fifty dollars, a considerable sum for a work of its length at that time. "Malaeska" was followed by "The Privateer's Cruise," by Harry Cavendish; "Myra, the Child of Adoption," another of Mrs. Stephens's romances; and "Alice Wilde, the Raftsmen's Daughter," by Mrs. M. V. Victor.

About the dime novel there speedily gathered a staff of writers who combined a knowledge of the popular taste, dexterity in the working out of con-

ventional plots, and an industry that was simply amazing. With a few exceptions, one hundred dollars was the price paid for one of these novels, which contained on an average twenty-five thousand words, and which was produced by its author in a week or ten days. In addition to the professional novel-spinners of the time the dime library drew in a number of newspaper men, who found in this a way materially to increase their incomes. In the autumn of 1860 the first story ever written by Edward S. Ellis, afterward so popular as a writer for boys, found its way into the office of the dime library. It was called "Seth Jones; or, The Captive of the Frontier," and before it appeared as the eighth number in the series it had been advertised with a skill and ingenuity very rare at a time when the art of advertising was still, in a measure, in its infancy. Several weeks before the day of publication, guttersnipes bearing the simple legend "Seth Jones" were placarded on walls and fences all over the city. A week later these were followed by other guttersnipes, on which was printed the query, "Who is Seth Jones?" A third guttersnipe answered the question, and proved remarkably effective in bringing about for the book an enormous sale.

Despite the literary inadequacy of these pinneers among the cheap popular novels, they were entirely wholesome and far removed from the viciousness and the brutality which mark their successors in the later 'seventies and early 'eighties. These romances were often extravagant in plot and crude in treatment, but they were primarily designed for household reading. Probably none of the writers of these books was more successful in commanding a wide circle of readers than Mrs. M. V. Victor. The fourth of the stories which she contributed to this series attained a sale which makes most of the records of book sales of the present day appear insignificant in comparison. This was "Uncle Ezekiel," the story of an alleged typical Yankee and his exploits at home and abroad. In the United States the book within a short time reached a total sale of two hundred and seventy thousand. In England the sales reached two hundred and eleven thousand, a total of four hundred and eighty-one thousand. This, however, was surpassed by "The Backwoods Bride," of which five hundred and fifty thousand were sold, and "Maud Guinea." The last named was a story of negro life, which, appearing at the time of the war, actually rivaled in popularity Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The success of this series in a few years brought many rivals into the field. George Munro, who had been a book-keeper in the employ of Beadle & Adams, began publishing himself books along the same line about 1865. A few years later the staid orange-covers of the original dime novels were replaced by covers of gaudily colored design. The typical dime novel of 1870 is very interesting as showing the crudity of the colored prints of the time. But the cheap novel of the early seventies was only a step in the whole scheme of evolution. With the great competition came a marked decline in the quality of the material. Each year showed advances in nutritive sensationalism, until the culmination was reached in the typical shocker of recent memory.

Crawford's "Via Crucis."

"Probably, because of the large amount of work I have produced, my friends think I must have a very easy time of it in writing my novels," remarked F. Marin Crawford the other day. "All my books are the result of the greatest possible research, and the hardest kind of labor in putting them in suitable form for the public. It is impossible for me to sit down and do what I am told many authors are capable of doing—turn out a novel in a few weeks. It may be that some novelists can turn out their best effort by the simple process of talking to a type-writer, but I am not that lucky. To write a book that the public has any lasting regard for, one must not alone count the actual time spent in writing, but in the preparation as well."

"It took me about eight months to write 'Via Crucis,' but that represents only a small amount of the work really expended on it. I first conceived the idea of 'Via Crucis' shortly after I had finished my 'Ave Roma.' The character of the knight is a true one. Such a man really lived, although no one knows what his real name was. I had always the greatest interest in the time of the Second Crusade, one of the most impressive events of mediæval history, and I took the deepest interest in my long search for material for 'Via Crucis.' After getting my material together 'Via Crucis' was commenced, unknowingly at the time, on the same date that I started work on my 'Mr. Isaacs'—a fifth of March."

"But the eight months of actual writing and re-writing did not represent the completion of the work as it now appears in book-form. After it appeared as a magazine serial in this country, I went over it again and touched it up here and there. Then I turned it over to my publishers. On my return to Italy I will at once start work on a new book, which will be of a somewhat different nature to my other efforts. It will be historical in character and deal with the marvelous history of Southern Italy."

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I had only seen "Diplomacy" once before in my life when I went to see it for a second time on Tuesday evening. As that previous time was when I was somewhere about ten years of age, my recollections of it were vague. I remembered Dora coming in in the gorgeous, wrapped dish-bille of the stage heroine looking for her slipper, and I remembered Henry Beaucherc sniffing about among his papers on the track for more evidence of Zicka's search through his correspondence.

But I have heard "Diplomacy" talked threadbare, argued over passionately, praised as the greatest comedy of modern times, compared to this, that, and the other as Tom, Dick, and Harry wrote it. I have become, by some occult means, intimately acquainted with the plot, the story, and the characters; have seemed to have taken it all in through the pores, as though it were a sort of contagion floating in the air; and, as it unfolded itself on Tuesday evening, I had a familiar, comfortable feeling of being intimately acquainted with its imbrogllo, even in its mysterious sub-suggestion of an under-life of spies, Russian police, and secret-service agents.

And what a splendid piece of work it is! The lapse of time has not affected it. It has nothing old-fashioned about it. Played by an inferior company, at an inferior play-house, it has still the power to engross and hold. It is the work of a great dramatic genius in its lighter phase. As Rossini wrote the music of "Il Barbiere" in a burst of high spirits and effervescent inspiration, so "Diplomacy" seems to have been as the sparkling bubbles that seethed on the surface of Sardou's brain—the froth and topmost ebullition of his genius.

One of the reasons of the comedy's undiminished vitality is the life-like reality of the characters. They are not stage figures, but men and women—a hundred times more real than the men and women that Sardou used later as the exponents of his sensation-dramatic Bernhardt pieces. Moreover, the situation and surroundings of Dora are peculiarly interesting. A perfectly respectable, sweet-natured, and upright girl, placed in such surroundings, the object of the suspicions of every person that comes within the circle of her influence, sufficiently sophisticated to understand the attitude of the society in which she belongs and the character of the admiration she evokes, is a highly picturesque figure round which to build such a play.

Dora was intrusted to the hands of Miss Blayney, a young English actress that I have not seen before. She had some, but not many, qualifications for the part. One of these was that she was pretty, and comported herself with an air of attractive girlishness. But that slight corroding touch of cynicism which made Dora recount with such cold bitterness the insult she had received at the hall the evening before, and again that inner depth of feeling that flashed out in pathetic surprise when she realized that Beaucherc was asking her to be his wife, were beyond her powers of portrayal. She is, nevertheless, an acquisition to the stock company, for she is lady-like, charming to look at, graceful, and bright. In the great scene with Beaucherc she showed more feeling than her light and somewhat indifferent performance in the first act led one to look for.

Miss Hampton, also, I had not seen in her new surroundings. The last time I saw her she was Pinero's fascinating princess of forty, who spent most of her time making epigrams on her sad decline into middle-age. Countess Zicka, I suppose, as far as age goes, is in the same boat as the princess, but she has too serious matters to consider to bother over the delicate distinctions between forty and twenty-five. Miss Hampton's Countess, like Miss Blayney's Dora, was good from the point of view of the eye. She was a very handsome lady, very grandly dressed, as became an adventuress; very deep as to voice, and melodramatic as to style.

I do not think that adventuresses with hectic records and business connections with the Russian secret service are exactly in Miss Hampton's line. She is not steely or serpentine, or lurid or lynx-eyed. She has a fine stage presence, a volume of deeply husky tones, and a manner which is rather gravely dignified than melodramatically intense. The drawing-room environment, especially in its hearth-and-home aspect, is more suitable to the display of her particular talents.

Her intention with the character of the Countess was to bring out the more womanly side. Zicka has suffered bitterly, and through her sufferings been ground down to a level which is uncongenial to any instinct. Through love she has hoped to rise again, but love, too, has failed her, and in this fall-

ing to pieces of her house of cards she has turned in furious defiance against the fellow-creatures she has looked to for help and the life she is weary of and yet dares not end. The unscrupulous, dangerous, and wily woman that Sardou drew was not Miss Hampton's ideal. The result of her interpretation is to make of Zicka a much less daring, a weaker, and, on the whole, far less interesting character than the author drew. Zicka, humbled and in tears, is a difficult figure to get into focus.

The performance is, on the whole, unusually creditable. Certainly this small stock company is giving an interesting series of plays. The men are especially good. Mr. Hastings really took the honors of the evening as Julian Beaucherc. This most difficult part—with its mixture of modern manners of society and intense romantic emotion—was excellently rendered. Mr. Hastings has, also, the advantage of looking like a gentleman, which is a peculiarity not always found in leading actors of small stock companies.

What is the reason, at the Orpheum matinees, that one never can hear anything? In the evening you hear without an effort, but in the afternoon something somewhere that gives egress into the street is kept open, and the noise of the passing traffic drowns the noise of the performance, and only very shrill voices can make themselves heard. Even if you sit quite far from the mingled sounds of wheels and feet and car-bells follow you, and you find yourself straining your ears to catch an occasional sentence.

On Wednesday afternoon I waited through an hour of variety show to see the Dews—I had seen them before, and remembered them as a pair of clever and attractive players. When their turn finally arrived, my patience was rewarded by not being able to hear more than a word here and there. I can truthfully say that they both looked very nice, and that the piece they were acting—whatever it was about—called for a great display of restlessness and energy from both of them. Mr. Drew tore off his coat and necktie and went about smashing the furniture and tearing down the curtains. Mrs. Drew appeared to fight him at first, and then fell at his feet quite humbled. Judging it as a pantomime performance, I should say it was a modern version of "The Taming of the Shrew," but there was a dog in it, that was hard to account for. One of the few ideas that I did grasp was that the gentleman accused the dog of having swallowed his collar-button, and that with the assistance of a knife he proclaimed his intention of "searching the dog."

Owing to the noise the most successful numbers of the bill were those devoted to singing and dancing. The Nielsen Sisters' vocalizing rose above the tumult, and in consequence was much appreciated. They have a strange way of entering, one from either wing, and meeting in the middle of the stage, whence, without preliminary, they break forth into song. Their selections were not particularly good, being of the insipidly sentimental style, but they were nice-looking girls of a Hebraic order of beauty, and they sang pleasantly, especially the contralto.

The names of Walter Jones and Norma Whalley being printed large in black type led one to suppose that, with the Dews, they were the stars of the programme. Miss Whalley is a star as far as looks and clothes go. The programme describes her as "the beautiful comedienne," which must be a trial to her patience and vanity. She is certainly a handsome woman, and in her black-and-silver dress, fastened on the shoulders with jeweled chains, has—as far down as her knees—the appearance of a fashionable beauty going to a ball. The illusion ceases here, as the dress does also, giving her a strangely incongruous appearance.

Both she and Mr. Jones did a mixed, heterogeneous turn, which included singing, dancing, a small casual quarrel, and the exploding of a blast off the stage. Finally, when Mr. Jones managed to get Miss Whalley off the stage, he sat down before a mirror and made himself up like John Philip Sousa. This was a long performance, and not uninteresting. When it was completed Mr. Jones climbed down into the orchestra, and conducted it through the mazes of melody which lead to the motive of "The Stars and Stripes." As this burst forth, Miss Whalley, who, I feel sure, had been chafing at her seclusion behind the scenes, sprang once again into view, waving the star-spangled banner, and we all applauded dutifully.

One of the prettiest numbers of the programme was the dancing one of the McCoy Sisters and Sam Marion. There was something quite chic about this. The two girls, and the man in conventional evening-dress, had the sort of black-and-white smartness of appearance that suggests a poster. The slow, attitudinizing dance that was accompanied by the music of the "Dead Marionette" march, was especially piquant and pretty. The girls wore short white dresses, black stockings, and swallow-tail coats opening over stiff, starched linen shirts. They had charmingly light, neat figures, little feet, and fresh, attractive faces. Their dancing, which was acrobatic, was at the same time graceful and dainty. When the trio stood in line, the man in the severe black and white of broadcloth and linen in the middle, they had exactly the appearance of having been copied from some new French poster.

GERALDINE BONNER.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

### The Agent.

AFTER POE. (A LONG WAY AFTER.)  
Once upon a May day dreary,  
She was working weak and weary,  
Down upon her marrows, mopping,  
Mopping up the parlor floor.  
While the mop went flapping, flapping,  
Suddenly she heard a tapping,  
As of some one gently tapping,  
Rapping at the parlor door.  
"Tis some visitor," she muttered,  
"Tapping at the parlor door—  
Gracious Peter, what a bore!"

Up she jumped, and, nearly swearing,  
Hastily began preparing  
To appear as women wish to  
When their callers look them o'er;  
Yanked her apron off and slung it,  
Snatched her headgear off and flung it  
Grabbed a dolman up and hung it  
O'er the greasy gown she wore,  
—Then she found a plaguey agent  
Standing at the parlor door—  
Only that and nothing more.—Ex.

### A Potitical Paradox.

'Tis part of our most beneficent plan  
That the office should always seek the man;  
And yet the office, commonly speaking,  
Can never find the man it is seeking.  
—Chicago Tribune.

### Truly Rural.

A truly rural lover, with a truly rural cot,  
Wooded a truly rural maiden all the May;  
Said the truly rural lover, "Truly rural is our lot,  
—Let us marry in a truly rural way!"

So a truly rural wedding and a truly rural feast  
Made two true truly ruralists truly one;  
For naught not truly rural truly cared they in the least,  
—Oh, two truer truly ruralists there are none!

—Emma C. Dowd in Life.

### The Next Populist Convention.

Swiftly now the snows are thawing,  
And the crows will soon be cawing,  
And the meadow-lark and killdeer will be sporting on the wing;  
Mocking-birds will soon be mocking,  
Bluejays crying, wild geese squawking,  
And the robin will be with us as the harbinger of spring.

With what fond anticipation  
Can the saviours of the nation  
View a land redeemed from bondage in a time not far away;  
Let our throbbing hearts beat steady  
Since the Pops are getting ready  
For their national convention on the coming ninth of May.

It will be a glad uprising,  
Full of harmony surprising,  
When Bill Allen blows his trumpet and old Cyclone Davis haws;  
When the earth is in fine feather  
And the Pops begin to gather  
At the bidding of the bosses to do business at Sioux Falls.

Men who love the toiling masses,  
Men who work the roads for passes,  
Men who for the spoils of office would their hope of Heaven stake,  
Will be there to rave and rattle  
In a sham forensic battle  
And to make great sacrifices—all for William Bryan's sake.

We shall see the old-time leaders  
Of the State disaster-breeders,  
Hull of Harlan, Hungry Stewart, Warwick Saunders of the Platte,  
Pleading that the land's salvation  
Waits upon the nomination  
By a Populist convention of an all-would Democrat.  
All the world will stare in wonder  
At this Populistic blunder,  
Which will add another burden to Bill Bryan's heavy load,  
At this scheme of party wrecking,  
While real Populists are trekking  
Zionward, at Cincinnati, in the middle of the road.  
—Nebraska State Journal.

The tenant of the burned New York apartment-house last week who wanted to telephone to a hotel for a room before he left the building, showed a degree of caution which was warranted by the facts. Hotel men say that never before have the hotels been so crowded as they are this winter, and for the last few weeks it has been almost impossible for strangers to get rooms in any of the larger hotels. Although the Waldorf-Astoria has accommodations for about fourteen hundred people, it has been forced to turn away strangers every day, and a dozen other big hotels have done the same thing. This condition of affairs was discussed at the hotel men's dinner several weeks ago, and one hotel proprietor, who regretted that he had not larger accommodations, said: "The only explanation that I can give for the unusual crowding of the hotels this winter is that people generally are more prosperous and that the hotels now offer many more comforts than they did a few years ago. Out-of-town people who used to rent a furnished house in New York a few years ago now come to the hotels. If they are willing to pay the price, they may get all the comforts of home, even privacy."

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Another Big Attraction Next Monday. The Gorgeous Musical Extravaganza,  
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Do Not Miss the "Golf" Ballet.  
Evenings at 8. Matinee Saturday at 2.  
Popular Prices—25c and 50c. Telephone, Bush 9.

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Beginning Next Monday, March 26th. Smyth & Rice  
Present the Comedian,

### WILLIE COLLIER

In His Own New Farce,

### -- MR. SMOOTH --

California THE POPULAR HOUSE

Owing to the Tremendous Success of

### -- PUDD'NHEAD WILSON --

So Finely Presented by Mrs. Edwin F. Mayo's Company and the Excellent Actor, Mr. Burr McIntosh, Mark Twain's Beautiful Play Will be Continued One Week Longer. Every Evening Excepting Monday, March 26th, Regular Matinee Saturday.

Attraction to Follow... "On the Suwannee River."

## CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

Direction: S. H. FRIEDLANDER & CO.

## Paderewski

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Charles Sweet; A. L. Guille; Keno, Welch and Melrose; Loney Haskell; Walter Jones and Norma Whalley; the Misses McCoy and Sam Marion; W. C. Fields; Weston & Yost; and the Nielsen Sisters.

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Mar. 26th to Apr. 7th, inclusive.

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Leave San Francisco, commencing October 1, 1899.  
WEEK DAYS—8:30 a. m. and 1:45 p. m.  
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No Night Trips.

Steam-heated, closed car on all trains.  
ROUND TRIP from San Francisco, \$1.40



STAGE GOSSIP.

Willie Collier in "Mr. Smooth."

That Willie Collier, the popular comedian, will receive an enthusiastic welcome at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night is a foregone conclusion, for during his two previous visits here as a star in "The Man from Mexico" he easily crowded the Baldwin and Columbia Theatres for a fortnight. "Mr. Smooth," his latest success, is from his own pen, and is said to offer him a rôle which fits him like a glove and is in every way as mirth-provoking as his inimitable creation in "The Man from Mexico." Louise Allen Collier as Helen Reimer, an old maid, also has an opportunity to win new laurels. The plot of the farce hinges on her mad love for a glib book-maker, played by Mr. Thomas, and it requires all the ingenuity of Mr. Smooth to rescue her from that enterprising schemer. One of the chief claims of Mr. Collier's comedy is its freedom from vulgarity, and all its characters are new American types, a decided relief from the *roué* and his satellites who have infested so many of the French farce-comedies presented here recently. Inasmuch as Collier is a clean-cut comedian, refined in his methods of acting, and surrounded by an excellent company, "Mr. Smooth" should prove a treat.

"Manila-Bound" at the Tivoli.

After a phenomenally prosperous run of ten weeks "The Idol's Eye" will be withdrawn in favor of "Manila-Bound," a musical extravaganza, which will have its initial production in this city on Monday night. It is of the same class as "Ship Ahoy" and "Widow O'Brien," and is likely to prove another big success, as it abounds in up-to-date topical songs, duets, trios, and concerted numbers, and will be enlivened with several novel ballets. The scenery, which will picture Menlo Park, Del Monte Hotel, and the main deck of the battleship *Wisconsin*, will be especially elaborate.

As to the cast, Ferris Hartman will be in his element as a retired brewer, desirous of marrying off his two charming daughters; Frances Graham will be his wife, who aspires to be a society leader; Alf C. Wheelan will have an excellent opportunity to do some clever character work as a lawyer; Tom Green will impersonate a naval officer; William Schuster, the boatswain of the *Wisconsin*; Annie Myers, and Helen Merrill who has just returned from Australia, will be the brewer's daughters; and Julie Cotte, a French maid.

Frank Daniels's great success, "The Wizard of the Nile," is in active rehearsal and will follow.

Second Week of "Pudd'nhead Wilson."

On Monday night Paderewski will be heard at the California Theatre in concert, but on Tuesday night Burr McIntosh will continue his engagement in Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson." Mr. McIntosh, despite the fact that he has been playing the part of the genial, kind-bearded old Missourian but a short time, suffers little by comparison with Frank Mayo, Theodore Hamilton, or Edwin Mayo, who have been his predecessors in this city in the rôle. The cast, as a whole, is excellent, the Rowley of Mrs. Mayo, the Tom Driscoll of Frank Campeau, the Roxey of Nina Morris, and the Sheriff of W. R. McKay, being especially worthy of mention.

"On the Suwanee River," a rural melodrama, is to be the next attraction.

The Orpheum's New Specialties.

Despite the excellence of this week's bill, which could draw crowded houses to the Orpheum for several weeks to come, the management announces the appearance of no less than four new features on Monday night. The most notable is Charles Sweet, the tramp pianist, who presents an amusing musical monologue, in which he introduces some cleverly executed selections from standard compositions. The other new-comers are A. L. Guille, the popular little tenor, who is a great San Francisco favorite; Keno, Welch, and Melrose, comedy acrobats; and Loney Haskell, the author-comedian, in character imitations.

Those retained from this week's bill are Walter Jones and Norma Whalley, who have scored a big hit, the Misses McCoy and Sam Marion, W. C. Fields, Weston and Yost, and the Nielsen Sisters.

Fischer's New Concert House.

The opening of Fischer's Concert House on Monday evening of last week was an event of importance to all lovers of good music. The new place of amusement is a beautiful little theatre, with model arrangements in every way. Nearly eighteen hundred people were turned away on the first night, and those fortunate enough to secure seats heard a fine programme made up of operatic selections, including the fourth act of "Il Trovatore," by the Lombardi Opera Company Quartet, and a long list of classical and popular compositions by Hinrich's orchestra. Every number won enthusiastic applause.

There will be an entire change of selections for the coming week, and Miss Agnes Fried, of New York, a soprano of reputation, will make her first appearance in the West.

The Races.

There are to be three special events at the Oakland Track next week which should prove of more than ordinary interest. On Monday the fourth

race is to be the Golden Gate Handicap for three-year-olds and upward, over a distance of a mile and a furlong. On Thursday the Pacific-Union Handicap for three-year-olds (foals of 1897), for which there are thirty-three entries, will be run. The purse is guaranteed at \$2,000, and the distance is to be a mile and a furlong. The most important event of the week will be the Thornton Stakes on Saturday. The purse is \$3,000, the distance four miles, and, as there are some twenty-six entries, there will doubtless be a large field.

COMMUNICATIONS.

British Candor Concerning Two Wars.

MAZATLAN, March 12, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The leading article in your issue of February 26th concerning the Transvaal war is, as usual, straight and to the point. You are, I am sure, too fair-minded to take it amiss if I, as a loyal British subject, though far away from home, address you a few lines on the subject.

You do well in contributing toward the exposure of the "American-friendship-for-Great-Britain" myth, with which a considerable section of our press and people have been deluding themselves too long. That friendship has never existed, and possibly never will; and I, for one, wish that our people at home would cease making useless and more or less humiliating bids for what they ought to know, and it is to be hoped will know now, can never be obtained. We may help you out in your own extremely unjust war; we may let you win yacht-races; we may give you a free hand in Nicaragua, it makes no difference; the next minute you are just as hostile as ever. The causes of this ill-feeling would be difficult satisfactorily to explain, for it is all on your side, and, as individuals, Americans and Britishers are ever on the best of terms; but the fact remains that nationally it exists.

There is much truth in your remarks as to the falsity of the ostensible *casus belli* in this war; but you need not make so much of that. The ostensible cause of any war is hardly ever the real one. You yourselves went to war with Spain also under the fine-sounding humanitarian plea of rescuing oppressed peoples; but that was not the real issue, as you very well know; it was vengeance, pure and simple, for a crime which, by the way, was never proved to have been committed, except in the way that Fury proved it on the mouse in "Alice in Wonderland." The true issue in our present war is plain enough. The Outlanders, Cecil Rhodes, the Jameson raid, these are mere froth on the surface; the true issue is a struggle between two sturdy races for dominion over half a continent—an issue well worth fighting out, and in which the strongest must win, as the strongest always has and always will so long as the world endureth, and in spite of the enmity veiled or active of any or all of the other nations.

But really, if you come to think of it, the assurance (not to call it by its proper name) of those of your people who are getting up pro-Boer mass meetings and things is astounding. Can you of all nations at this particular time presume to throw stones? Did you not annex Hawaii, the other day, notoriously against the will of the Hawaiians? Do the Cubans want you? Are you not now forcing your government at the point of the bayonet upon the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands? All English people, I am sure, sincerely wish you well with your colonies, while hoping that before long you will be able to make up your minds what you are going to do with them, which you do not at all seem to know at present; but we would ask you, as the pot did the Kettle, kindly to look at home, and do not presume to judge others until the beam in your own eye becomes slightly less obvious. With best wishes,

I remain yours, etc.,

GERALD E. WARD.

A Model State Institution.

PALO ALTO, CAL., March 8, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: A few days ago I had the pleasure of a brief visit at Agnews Asylum. As I approached the buildings I saw many of the patients walking in the grounds, enjoying the sunshine and the pleasant weather. The men were on the south side of the main building, the women on the north. Attendants were present here and there to keep matters quiet and orderly. Out of about one thousand inmates, only in exceptional cases will one fail to enjoy a daily outing of three or four hours. This is found to be very restful, and is conducive to health and contentment. When able, the inmates assist in caring for the lawns, the trees, the gardens, and other parts of the farm. Seldom does an inmate abuse any of these privileges.

Friday evenings are given to social dances, and I had the pleasure of being present on one of these occasions. The music by the asylum orchestra was excellent, and about forty couples joined in the dancing. Waltzes and quadrilles were the only dances given. The employees cordially united with the patients to make the evening pass enjoyably. The exercises were, of course, under the immediate supervision of the physicians in charge.

Tuesday evenings are given to entertainments of a different kind. At such times musical programmes are rendered, something in the line of theatricals, vocal or instrumental treats by friends from San José, Santa Clara, or elsewhere, and at times some of the patients join in rendering parts of the programme.

The object of the Friday evening dances and of the Tuesday evening theatricals, if that is the correct word, is to engage the attention of the patients, to give them something to enjoy, something to look forward to, something that will, even in a small degree, break the monotony of the life of the unfortunate ones, and help to some extent to ward off a tendency toward melancholia.

The kitchen, the dining-rooms, the halls, the

wards, all had a clean and tidy appearance, and all were quiet and orderly. The atmosphere of the institution seemed wholesome, and one is impressed on every hand with a feeling that the interests of the patients and of the tax-payers are carefully, conscientiously, and successfully looked after. Governor Gage and the trustees of the Agnews Asylum are to be congratulated on having a State institution run on first-class principles, and ably and economically managed.

P. L. T. O.

Wigs No Longer Popular on the Stage.

Wigs have fallen out of fashion in these days of simplicity in dramatic method. Most of our actresses argue logically enough that beauty unadorned is adorned the most, and refuse further aid from the *coiffeur* than his curling-irons. Mary Manning, Annie Russell, Hilda Spong, Blanche Bates, Maude Adams, Julia Marlowe, and Julia Arthur wear their own hair while acting, with such advantage that no triumph of the *perruquier* could lend increase to their charms. According to Hillary Bell, in the *New York Press*, this return to nature was inaugurated by Sarah Bernhardt, who, except in cases where the play absolutely demands a wig, has always relied upon her own short but thick and fiery tresses. Eleonora Duse, too, is content with the capillary embellishment that belongs to her, and scorns the wig-maker. Ellen Terry bewigs herself only occasionally, and Helena Modjeska is equally averse to these monstrous things made out of dead women's legacies.

So late as ten years ago comic-opera singers would as soon have thought of appearing on the stage without their wigs as without their rouge, but nowadays nature has asserted itself even in that form of entertainment, and a gallant who receives a tress of his lyric lady's hair is reasonably sure that it was cut from the head of his charmer. The *perruquier's* business has been materially injured by the dye-makers, for a performer with a humor to improve her inheritance can speedily arrive at any tint, from the straw color of Lillian Russell and Amelia Bingham to the raven's wing of Bijou Fernandez. A great many of our male players are bald or so thin and wiry in the hair that wigs are necessitated. Sir Henry Irving, Henry Miller, W. H. Faversham, J. K. Hackett, E. H. Sothern, John Drew, Edward Morgan, Charles Richman, and Richard Mansfield never put on wigs unless the character demands it, but Mr. Holland, Mr. Mantell, and Mr. Lackaye are not so fortunate in capillary endowment.

Wiggery receives new courage from the return of Ada Rehan to the stage. Our admirable comedienne effected her reentry to the drama recently in Baltimore in the snowy *coiffure* of Lady Teazle. But that is her least adroit rôle and least becoming head-dress. Ada is at home only in reddish-golden wigs, of which she possesses such a liberal store that her borrowed tresses would stock a *perruquier's* shop. During her long term at Daly's our actress paid more attention to and more money for her wigs than her gowns. So her head still remained a marvel of hirsute beauty, however her body might be. Sonnets were written to her *coiffure*, and she was the inspiring theme of "Oh, how I love my Ada, Ada with the golden hair!" By inheritance Miss Rehan started in childhood with red hair, which changed to dark brown, and eventually to iron gray. The flight of years and rude hand of time are equally hidden by wigs, and to-day Ada looks as young as she seemed when her comedy first won applause at Daly's.

Grand-opera singers continually endeavor to rescue wigs from the disuse into which they are fallen with modern actors. Mme. Sembrich, who is the natural possessor of a fine head of hair, has had uncommon trouble in this matter because her own tresses being abundant necessitated a large wig to cover them, and made her head too large for her height, which is five feet nothing. Until she appeared in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" the beauty of this prima donna was marred by the wigman, but her golden *coiffure* in the character of Mrs. Ford was such a triumph of *perruquetry* that upon beholding it the audience immediately broke into applause. Mme. Nordica, too, is well provided hirsutically, yet she always wears a wig, her golden tresses being so well curled in the character of Brünnhilde that she can lie for twenty years on a rock exposed to all sorts of weather without losing crispiness. Wigs are as popular at the opera as they are obsolete at the play, but the return of Ada Rehan to acting may restore them to something of their ancient favor.

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## VANITY FAIR.

According to the New York Tribune, the approaching coaching season promises to be an interesting one, for, in spite of the continuous cry of the pessimists that we are coming to a horseless age, coaching, like most other equine sports, is growing in popularity every year, and what was formerly submitted to as a necessity is now indulged in as a luxury. Coaching to-day is, of course, entirely for pleasure, and the coach that is used is a much lighter vehicle than its predecessor of a century ago. The public coaches are heavier than those owned by the whips and used for park driving, and because of the distinction the latter is known as a drag, while the public coach retains its old name. Among the well-known New York men who are classed with the best amateur whips in the country are T. Sufferin Tailor, who owns the coach Lightning, which he ran last season between New York, Tuxedo, and Westchester; Frederick Bronson, president of the Coaching Club; Richard F. Carman, F. K. Sturgis, Alfred Vanderhilt, Robert L. Gerry, Walter Watson, Jr., W. D. Hatch, J. Lee Tailor, J. H. Shults, Jr., Oliver Iselin, Tracy Downs, James Sheldon, and John R. Townsend. All of these gentlemen have their own coaches, and use them every spring in Central Park and on the roads that wind through the delightful Westchester County. Two public coaches, the Good Times and the Pioneer, will also be put into commission in April. The Pioneer will be run by Reginald Rives and George R. Read, and will make the trip daily between the Holland House and the Casino at Ardsley. With the Good Times, on which Amel Batonyi will again be the professional, the arrangements for this season's outings will be different from those a year ago.

The popular coach will be run on the "cushion system," as of old, which was introduced in this country by Batonyi, but instead of starting from the Waldorf-Astoria in the morning, as last season, it will leave the hotel at 3:30 P. M., and will make the run through Central Park and then up to the Zoological Gardens, near Fordham, in an hour. Another hour will be spent at one of the Fordham inns, where tea will be served, and the homeward journey will be begun at 5:30 P. M. A run of another hour will bring the coach back to the Waldorf-Astoria by 6:30 P. M., in time for the passengers to dress for dinner. The record of the Good Times coach is a long one, for although it is modernized until it is almost new in appointment, it is twenty-seven years old, and was brought to this country by James Gordon Bennett. Later it became the property of Nelson Brown, of the Philadelphia Four-in-Hand Club. Before it became a public coach for use in New York it was remodeled by Brewster, of Forty-Seventh Street, and was fitted with the Batonyi stay, an iron half-circle connecting the perch with the rear axle in order to insure steadiness on a sharp gallop down hill. It has a black body, with primrose panels, and primrose running-gear, and when in commission weighs twenty-nine hundred pounds. Batonyi's driving-coat is a marvel of the coat-builder's art. It was made in London, and is of gray herring-bone, tight at the waist, with a deep velvet collar and cuffs heavily stitched. Only one button holds it tight around the driver, but a row of buttons runs in the shape of a V from the central button to the collar. The buttons are massive affairs of smoked-pearl, three inches in diameter, each bearing the name of the coach in raised letters of silver.

In his first paper on "Paris Revisited" in which he discusses "The Governmental Machine," in the Century Magazine, Richard Whiting, the author of "No 5 John Street," says that French administrative institutions are *corps de société* as well as *corps d'état*. "Each of them," he adds, "has its salons, managed by clever women who, in intriguing for their husbands, often against one another, still strengthen the general framework. The prefect's wife looks after the department, as the president's wife is supposed to look after the state. She encourages waverers, gives the disaffected to understand that they need not be altogether without hope. Society proper, or improper, may think itself entitled to gibe and scoff, as it sometimes does, I believe, in other republics. But nothing can deprive the official world of influence, since it holds patronage and power. Every one of the provincial capitals lying beyond us on all sides in the depths of the haze has its official circle, where the powers that be try to agree not to differ too openly, in the interest of the general stability of things. The university professors and their wives belong to this set. The superior clergy do not refuse their countenance when the professors show a proper outward conformity of respect for the church, and reserve the Voltairean epigram for the fireside. The general in command of the district, or, more strictly speaking, Mme. la Général, brings the officers to the official dances, at which also the district bench and bar shake a loose leg. A ball at the Elysée is a great function which has been in process of gradual democratization ever since the foundation of the republic. Mme. de MacMahon was about the last who tried to keep it select. It was an anachronism. Thin old couches soiled, and heged to reserve themselves for her private parties. The new

were not asked. The true theory of such a gathering is the one that now prevails. It is a review of all the forces that make for order and for stability, and it excludes no one who has a place of importance in the administrative machine. The diplomatists still have the privilege of a room to themselves. But this is more or less open to the public gaze, and it serves to concentrate some of the most striking effects of the spectacle. To-night's ball at the Hôtel de Ville, which, if we could stay long enough, might presently signalize itself to us as a scheme of illumination, is a still more characteristic sight. It is a festival of all the civic forces, where the municipal councilor and the district mayor may feel that they have been admitted to the great partnership of the government."

With all the superficial gallantry toward the fair sex with which the Cuban and the Spaniard are endowed, there is mixed a peculiar disregard and mistrust which, to say the least, is very strange to American or English ideas. This very week an American family had an experience which showed in a humorous way both the Spaniard's mistrust of women and his own sense of loyalty to his employer (writes a Havana correspondent). When the household was first established in Havana, the good housewife, to the mind of the deep-chested Spanish porter, was an utter nonentity. When she ordered tea of an afternoon, the porter ran to her husband to see if she might have it, and when one day she sent him for a bottle of cognac his report to the husband was of such a character that the latter once and for all established his wife's place in household matters so far as that porter was concerned. He was informed that she was absolute mistress of internal affairs, and that if the husband were annoyed any more, some one would be looking for a job. This settled it, and the porter acquiesced in the new order of things, but still that mistrust of femininity lingered. There was a little informal dinner, and the mother of the household asked her daughter to write to Captain So-and-So, inviting him to attend. This the young woman of approximately twenty summers did, and, having addressed the note, carried it to the porter to be delivered. He sagely took it without a word, and as soon as the señorita's back was turned, he slipped in to see her mother, holding the letter gingerly in his hand. He was dreadfully embarrassed, but he did not hesitate to ask if the young woman was sending this note to the gallant captain with her mother's knowledge and consent. There was not going to be any clandestine correspondence going on about that house if he could help it, and he really seemed disappointed when he was ordered to do as he was told, and ask no questions. He is still holding his place, but one more offense against the dignity of womanhood is likely to consign him to the ranks of Havana's unemployed.

"It is only a person of genius who can think of a novel present for a bride nowadays," remarks the New York Sun. "A young woman who was married in Philadelphia recently was fairly buried beneath duplicate wedding presents. For days previously the street where she lived was jammed with wagons containing the tributes to her bliss from kind friends and conventional well-wishers. It is said that no less than 7 pianos, 98 clocks, 123 oil-paintings, 456 pieces of silver, and 326 articles of *bric-à-brac* were delivered at the house. As it was not large enough to hold them the sidewalk was soon blocked, and a detail of police and detectives was summoned to guard the gifts. There were enough of them to afford a nucleus for several lines of business—piano warehouse, a clock store, a picture gallery, a furniture shop, and a silverware emporium. What is the hapless young couple to do with such a litter of valuables? House-rooms can not be given them, in storage they would spoil, to exchange them would not mend matters, and to sell them would be highly improper. No doubt many of the givers pinched themselves to do the conventional thing, and they can not console themselves with the reflection that the bride was delighted with their gifts. What is the remedy for this embarrassing plethora? There is none unless it is the posting on the parental door of a list of presents in the order of receipt, or an advertisement of the same in the newspapers. But to this it might be objected that, while the practice would produce variety, the mental stress of thinking out a new present would drive strong men to drink and throw weak women into hysterics. If in doubt, why not send the bride a check for charity, and leave it to her whether charity should not begin at home?"

Trading and commercial circles in Berlin are greatly exercised over the question of the introduction of "English time," as they call the office-hours from nine to five. At Hamburg (points out the London Globe) "English time" is already very largely adopted, and the merchants find that eight hours' steady work, with only a short interval for lunch, gives much better results than the German hours. But Berlin is not so much in touch with England and the rest of the world, and the merchants and bankers prefer to adhere to the old system, except such houses as Siemens, where the shorter hours are in force. The Berlin clerks demand the "English time," as it enables them to get away earlier in the evening and gives them more time to study lan-

guages, book-keeping, short-hand, and type-writing, for the youth of Berlin is studious and ambitious. The employers, on the other hand, prefer the old German system, and say that if the offices are shut at five it will prevent the orders which come in by the afternoon's post being attended to. But the real fact of the matter is that the older Germans like to keep to the old-fashion of eating an enormous meal at mid-day and then taking a nap afterward on a sofa, instead of eating the principal meal in the evening. Little business is done in the early part of the afternoon in German towns, because every one is in a state of torpor, and the older men have no wish to break with the good old habit. The younger men, on the contrary, wish to work steadily all through the day, only taking a light luncheon in the English fashion. Germany's commercial prosperity has been won by imitating England in most things, and consequently it is safe to predict that luncheon will in time replace the heavy mid-day meal.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, March 21st, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Shares.	Closed.	
			Bid.	Asked.
C. C. Water 5%.....	5,000	@ 106	105 1/2	107
Market St. Ry. 6%.....	5,000	@ 128 1/4		
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	5,000	@ 105	105 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	53,000	@ 116 1/2	116 1/4	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	5,000	@ 107	106 1/2	107
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	2,000	@ 105 1/2	105	
Oakland Transit 6%.....	13,000	@ 112 1/2	112	
Park & C. H. Ry. 6%.....	5,000	@ 105	104 1/2	
Sierra Ry. of Cal. 6%.....	5,000	@ 114	114 1/2	
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%.....	1,000	@ 111 1/2	111	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%.....	31,500	@ 111	111 1/2	111
1905.....	5,000	@ 127 1/2	127 1/4	128 1/2
S. P. Branch 6%.....	15,000	@ 114	114 1/2	114
S. V. Water 6%.....	2,000	@ 104 1/2	104	

	STOCKS.	Shares.	Closed.	
			Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	1,090	@ 63 1/2	67 1/2	67
Spring Valley Water.....	450	@ 96 1/2	96 1/2	97

	Gas and Electric.	Shares.	Closed.	
			Bid.	Asked.
Equitable Gaslight.....	120	@ 3 1/4	4	4 1/2
Mutual Electric.....	185	@ 10 1/2	11	11 1/2
Oakland G. L. & H.....	40	@ 49	46 1/2	48 1/2
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	525	@ 53 1/4	54 1/2	53

	Street R. R.	Shares.	Closed.	
			Bid.	Asked.
Market St.....	1,150	@ 62 1/2	63 1/2	63
Presidio.....	100	@ 16	15	

	Powers.	Shares.	Closed.	
			Bid.	Asked.
California.....	20	@ 150	157 1/2	157 1/2
Giant Con.....	1,205	@ 77	85	84 1/2
Vigort.....	350	@ 2 1/2	3	3 1/2

	Sugars.	Shares.	Closed.	
			Bid.	Asked.
Hana P. Co.....	120	@ 8 1/4	8 1/2	9 1/2
Honokaa S. Co.....	770	@ 3 1/4	3 1/2	3 1/2
Hutchinson.....	145	@ 26 1/4	26 1/2	26
Kilauea S. Co.....	350	@ 21 1/4	21 1/2	21 1/2
Makaweli S. Co.....	1,700	@ 47 1/4	48 1/2	48 1/2
Onomea S. Co.....	50	@ 28	29	28
Pauhaun S. P. Co.....	470	@ 28 1/2	29	29 1/2

	Miscellaneous.	Shares.	Closed.	
			Bid.	Asked.
Alaska Packers.....	10	@ 118 1/2	118	
Cal. Fri. C. Assn.....	125	@ 100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Oceanic S. Co.....	100	@ 95		95

A week of lethargy in the Stock and Bond Exchange has passed since our last article. Sugars have been but little traded in. Sales of Hutchinson have reached but 145 shares, closed 26 1/2 bid as against 26 1/4 a week ago, but ex-dividend of 25 cents; Kilauea, 350 shares, closing at 21 1/4 as against 21 1/4, ex-dividend of 25 cents. Makaweli made a better showing by transactions aggregating 1,700 shares, closing 48 1/2 bid, while last week it was 48 1/2, but ex-dividend of 50 cents.

The principal feature of the week has been Giant Powder. 1,205 shares changed hands at prices varying from 77 to 85, closing at 83 1/2 bid and 84 1/2 asked. Last week 85 was closing bid with no offer. The newspaper article regarding the establishment of an opposition powder-works was simply a repetition of the rumor started some weeks ago and alluded to in our former articles. We are still of the opinion that the works are to be, as their name implies, "Chemical," and strictly so, as it does not seem reasonable that the parties starting it, who represent the Dupont interest, would work to cut prices or impair the existing conditions.

Contra Costa Water has on sales of 1,090 shares advanced nearly four points and receded one point, closing at 63 1/2 as against 63 1/2 bid. The fright caused by the action of Alameda's supervisors has evidently had its effect, and now investors are recovering their confidence.

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526 California Street, San Francisco.  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,213,146.69  
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits December 30, 1899.....28,663,655.41

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
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## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1900.....\$26,110,681  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Surplus.....210,067  
Contingent Fund.....407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
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## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000  
SURPLUS.....1,000,000  
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.....2,321,212  
January 1, 1900.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier  
IRVING F. MOUTON.....2d Assistant Cashier  
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Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000  
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H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst. Cashier;  
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Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869,451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.  
COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco,  
411 California Street.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An Irish servant-girl, who had a very hard mistress, one day became angry and threatened to commit suicide. "If you do," said her mistress, "you will surely go to hell." "Well," said the girl, "if it isn't a better place than this, I won't stay there."

There was a time when swearing was almost considered a gentlemanly accomplishment. An Archbishop of Canterbury of the day, however, objected to the habit, and calling on Lord Melbourne to discuss some business, thus apostrophized him: "Now, my lord, it will save time if, before we begin, we assume that everybody and everything is damned."

Professor Simon J. Brown, the new astronomical director of the Naval Observatory at Washington, occasionally indulges in a bit of humor. On one occasion a colleague came into his office, and, finding the professor standing, said: "Is it possible you work that way? I can not stand standing." "That's peculiar," replied Professor Brown, quickly; "now, do you know, I can not stand sitting?"

The Duke of Wellington used to tell a story of a Frenchman who, to enforce his contention that we are mere creatures of habit, exclaimed: "For example, we wash our hands, but never our feet." The "Iron Duke" probably had not heard of the English duchess of a century before, who, when some one remarked how dirty her hands were, said: "Lord, that's nothing; you should see my feet!"

A visitor at a Columbia, Mo., school the other day asked one of the lower-grade classes this question: "What is the axis of the earth?" "An imaginary line passing from one pole to the other, on which the earth revolves," proudly answered a pupil. "Yes," said the examiner, well pleased, "and could you hang a bonnet on it?" "Yes, sir." "Indeed! And what kind of a bonnet?" "An imaginary bonnet, sir." The visitor asked no more questions.

Lord John Russell was not tactful. On one occasion he took the Duchess of Inverness down to dinner, and, after he had sat down for a minute, he jumped up and went to the opposite side of the table, and sat by the Duchess of St. Albans. His wife asked him afterward why he had done it. He said: "I should have been ill if I had sat with my back to that great fire." "I hope," said Lady John, "you gave your reason to the Duchess of Inverness." "No," he said, "I didn't; but I told the Duchess of St. Albans!"

An eccentric Maine preacher was recently driving along a country road, and overtaking a young man tramping his weary way on foot invited him to a seat in his sleigh. After he was comfortably seated the preacher rolled the whites of his eyes up toward the visor of his cap, and said, in sepulchral tones: "Young man, are you prepared to die?" With an ear-piercing scream and a back-somersault over the back of the sleigh, the young man made for the dense woods, and has never been seen in those parts since.

The fifth Duke of Devonshire and his brother, Lord George Cavendish, were noted for their taciturnity. Once, when traveling down to Yorkshire, they were shown into a three-bedded room. The curtains of one of the four-posters were drawn. Each brother in turn looked in and went to bed in another of the three beds. Toward the close of the next day's posting one brother said to the other: "Did you see what was in the bed last night?" "Yes, brother," was the reply. They had both seen a corpse.

A Scottish paper tells an anecdote in connection with the new electric system just opened in Aberdeen. Two farm servants came to Aberdeen to spend New-Year's Day. Arriving by train, they immediately made their way to the terminus of the electric tramway circuit, where, after looking at the new creation with much wonder, they decided upon having a ride. Getting on to the top of the car, and after getting well along: "Wull," said man Jock, "this is a graun' invention. In Edinburgh-I saw them drive the cars wi' an iron rape aneth street, in Dundee they pu' them wi' an engine, but, mighty man, wba wad a' thoct they could ca' them wi' a fishing-rod!"

A young business man recently on a business trip, happened to stop for a couple of days in Philadelphia. He wanted to get some advertising, and had read about the "king of the dudes." He had ten dollars to spare, and he accordingly went to a bargain sale at which they had a lot of last summer socks at fifty cents a pair. He spent the money on these things, and went out of his way to get the most *bizarre* effects in the place. Then he spent the day in the corridor of the hotel sitting in a conspicuous place showing off the socks. He would wear a pair for about twenty minutes, go to his room, change, and, coming down, show off another design for about the same time. He did this for almost ten hours, and naturally attracted quite a good deal of attention, but he could not break into the newspapers. The only recognition he got was from the clerk, who,

when he was paying his bill, said: "You ought to patent that invention." "What's that?" asked the sock man, with an anticipatory smile, as he expected something complimentary about his scheme. But the clerk crushed him with the query: "Don't you do that for cold feet?"

## A MARDI-GRAS NIGHTMARE.

According to the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, there was one St. Charles Street business man of the metropolis of the South who had anything but a pleasant time during Mardi Gras. Here is his own version of his barrowing experiences:

"I can't say that I enjoyed the carnival much this year. The fact is, it was ushered in by a mental strain that came near unbalancing my reason and reducing me to gibbering idiocy, and you know when you once begin to gibber it's very hard to regain your composure. It happened like this: Out at our cottage we can manage, by squeezing, to make room for three guests, and a week or so before the carnival opened we invited some Vicksburg friends to come and stay with us during the festivities. They answered promptly, thanking us with much warmth, but declining on the plea of previous engagements. That gave us a chance to pay some more social debts, and we immediately invited another trio in Montgomery, who also assured us of their gratitude, but found it impossible to leave home. When the second letter of regret arrived we concluded we would do our duty by our relatives, and dispatched a pressing invitation to a couple of old-maid cousins and my wife's wealthy aunt. They wired they would come.

"I suppose you anticipate the catastrophe, but we certainly didn't dream of it, and when we received a telegram from the Vicksburg folks saying they had made arrangements, after all, and would be on hand as appointed, we were completely knocked out. As soon as we came to, however, we began to do a lot of frantic hustling, and, by some of the most extraordinary twisting and turning you ever heard of in your life, we managed to contrive accommodations for three more people under our limited roof-tree. How we did it I hardly know. I remember hiring a folding-bed for the parlor and buying a big Japanese screen, by which the rear end of the hall was to be converted into a boudoir at ten o'clock every night, but the rest is like some vague, terrible nightmare. We had barely concluded when a special delivery letter arrived, notifying us that our Montgomery friends had also altered their plans and would be pleased to accept our invitation.

"When that came to hand we sat down and looked at each other silently, but had reached a point where language failed to express our emotions. Then my wife, who is a wonderful woman, began to talk to herself. 'We still have the bath-room,' she said, 'and the front end of the hall, and the weather is warm enough for you to take a cot in the kitchen.' I know it seems incredible, but before night we actually arranged things on that basis, and were prepared to offer hospitality, good cheer, and reasonable privacy to nine separate and distinct human beings. Unless you've been pushed to the wall and half-way through it, as we were, you have no idea of the elasticity of a modern cottage. It can make an omnibus look like thirty cents. Well, when we put on the finishing touches and surveyed the scene we felt a glow of pride. It is true there were some few drawbacks. We couldn't have breakfast, for instance, until one of the Vicksburg ladies arose and released the dining-table, and bathing was indefinitely suspended while the new porcelain tub did duty as an Oriental couch; hut, taken all in all, our equipment was remarkably complete and comfortable.

"So, instead of being relieved, we were really disappointed to receive another telegram next morning announcing that measles had swooped down on the Montgomery household, and our friends would have to forego the pleasure of a visit. That necessitated a complete overhauling and reconstruction on a new basis, and we worked like slaves all day long getting things into shape for six instead of nine. That night the Vicksburg folk wired to say that the sudden death of their grandfather forbade their joining in carnival frivolity, and it was then, according to my wife, that I first began to gibber. I swore I wouldn't lift a finger until Mardi Gras was over and no more surprises possible, but next morning I relented and we restored the premises to their original condition.

"And now how many people do you think actually came? Exactly one—my wife's cantankerous old aunt—who took a look at the cottage, declared it was full of draughts that would be her death, and then went to the St. Charles. So we had the premises to ourselves, also several wagon-loads of junk purchased for the divers and sundry refittings, and totally useless for any other purpose. Net cost of experience, one hundred and forty-two dollars, including the folding-bed, which the dealer claimed was damaged and wouldn't take back. Do you wonder the bare name of carnival causes chills to amble down my spine?"

## Summer Feeding

For infants necessitates the greatest caution and careful study of conditions. Care in diet, first and last. The use of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has largely simplified this problem. Beware of unknown brands. Get the Best.

## The Saint and the Tailor Maid.

(A LENTEN LYRIC.)

He was carved in stone, and he stood alone  
High up in the altar wall,  
With a Parian frown, looking coldly down  
At the sinners, great and small.  
He was grand and great; but born and late  
He searched o'er each human face,  
For he sought a soul, that his own might dole  
A portion of its grace.

In a stained-glass ray, he saw one day  
A girl's face glorified  
As she knelt in prayer, at the chancel there,  
And his halo he tipped and sighed.  
Then low he spoke through the perfumed smoke  
As tenderly he looked down,  
And toned his love, from the niche above,  
To the girl in the tailor gown.

With a dainty ear, she bent to hear  
Through the organ's throbbing dim,  
And a wild-rose blush made her sweet face flush  
As she gave one glance at him.  
"Oh, Saint," she said, as she bowed her head,  
"I am only a foolish maid,  
And I hardly dare even look up there,  
For of Saints I am afraid!"

Then the Saint said: "Hush—Little Girl—  
tush, tush!  
A secret I have to tell;  
It is but a chance that I do not dance  
With the rest of the boys in—well—  
Where the red-hot stones grill up the bones  
And sauter the soul about.  
Through my life's short span, I was only a man,  
But they never found me out!"

—Kate Masterson in *Life*.

A man who lives in a thriving town not far from Kansas City (says the *Kansas City Journal*), a blacksmith by trade, makes quantities of tom-bawks and sells them to Indians at Western agencies, and they in turn sell them to Eastern tourists as curiosities. He makes them by hand, from old gun-barrels. The man was formerly a government blacksmith at one of the big agencies, and learned the secret of his profitable traffic there.

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No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1900.  
Doric (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Apr. 17  
Coptic (Via Honolulu).....Friday, May 11  
Gaelic (Via Honolulu).....Wednesday, June 6  
Doric (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, June 30  
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Hong Kong Maru.....Saturday, March 31  
Nippon Maru.....Wednesday, April 25  
America Maru.....Saturday, May 19

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via Honolulu for  
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## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaska ports, 10 A. M., March  
2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Apr. 1, change to  
company's steamers at Seattle.  
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, 10  
A. M., March 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Apr. 1,  
and every fifth day thereafter.  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M.,  
March 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, Apr. 4,  
and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M.,  
Mar. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, Apr. 1, and every fourth  
day thereafter.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa  
Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11  
A. M., March 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, Apr. 3, and  
every fourth day thereafter. For further information see folder.

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## SOCIETY.

## The Raoul-Duval-Tobin Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Beatrice Tobin, daughter of Mrs. A. M. Tobin and the late Richard Tobin, to Mr. Charles Raoul-Duval, of New York and Paris, took place on Saturday, March 17th, in the private chapel of the residence of the bride's mother at California and Taylor Streets. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. Father Prendergast, Vicar-General. The bride's uncle, Judge Robert J. Tobin, gave her into the groom's keeping, the bridesmaids were Miss Celia Tobin and Miss Agnes Tobin, Mr. Richard M. Tobin was the best man, and the ushers were Mr. Peter D. Martin and Mr. Harry Simpkins.

After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served. Those who sat at the bride's table were the members of the bridal party and Miss Margaret Casserly, Miss Maenle McNutt, Miss Carrie Taylor, Mr. John B. Casserly, Mr. Edgar Mills, Mr. Walter Martin, and the Count du Parc. Later in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Raoul-Duval left on a short bridal tour. They have taken the Howard place at San Mateo for four months, and later will go to New York and Paris.

## Among the wedding guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Casserly, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downie Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe, Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop E. Lester, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Moody, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. George Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mrs. Richard Carroll, Mrs. A. H. Loughborough, Mrs. O'Brien, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Gertrude Carroll, Miss Margaret Casserly, Miss Kate Clement, Miss Mary Crocker, Miss Glynn, Miss Helen Hopkins, Miss Edna Hopkins, Miss Georgia Hopkins, Miss Fanny Loughborough, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Eleanor McClay, Miss Adelaide Murphy, Miss Maenle McNutt, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Cora Snedberg, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Marie Wells, Mr. E. D. Beylard, Mr. Francis Carolan, Mr. Bert Cadwalader, Mr. Patrick Crowley, Mr. Harry Dimond, Mr. Charles N. Dunphy, Mr. A. B. Ford, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. George E. P. Hall, Lieutenant John P. Hains, U. S. A., Mr. William R. Heath, Mr. A. W. Jackson, Mr. T. Buckley Johnson, Mr. James R. Kelly, Mr. John Lawson, Mr. Edgar Mills, Dr. H. B. de Marville, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. Peter D. Martin, Mr. Walter Martin, Mr. J. J. Moore, Mr. George Almer Newhall, Count du Parc, Major J. L. Rathbone, Baron Alexander von Schröder, Mr. Augustus Taylor, and Mr. William H. Taylor, Jr.

## A Coming Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Helen Otis Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas, and Mr. Frederick W. Kimble, of Los Angeles, will take place at noon on Wednesday, April 25th, at the First Presbyterian Church. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D. D. Miss Thomas, sister of the bride-elect, will be the maid of honor, and the six bridesmaids will be Miss Charlotte Field, Miss Hattie Kimble, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Therese Morgan, Miss Adelaide Murphy, and Miss Edith Preston. The groom's best man will be his brother, Mr. Robert Kimble, and Mr. Chittenden, Mr. Gerry Field, Mr. Clarence Folliis, Mr. Latham McMullin, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, and Mr. E. C. Sessions will serve as ushers.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Josepha N. Crosby, of San Rafael, and Mr. Oscar T. Sewall. Miss Crosby is the daughter of Dr. Arthur Crosby, principal of Mount Tamalpais Military Academy. Mr. Sewall is a nephew of Mr. Arthur Sewall, of Maine, Democratic candidate for Vice-President in 1896, and a brother of Mr. Harold M. Sewall. He is a member of the Pacific-Union and University Clubs. The wedding will probably take place in San Rafael early in the fall.

The wedding of Miss Maude Wilkinson, daughter of Professor and Mrs. Waring Wilkinson, of the State Institute for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind at Berkeley, to Professor Leon J. Richardson, of the University of California, will take place on April 23d.

The meet of the San Mateo Hunt Club on Saturday, March 24th, will be held at Wellsley, near Redwood City, at 3 P. M., and it will be preceded by a luncheon given by Mr. J. Downie Harvey at the Hopkins Barn, to which some eighty guests in addition to the members of the club have been invited. The finish will be at the Burlingame Country Club.

Miss Therese Morgan gave a tea last Thursday afternoon at her home, at 2211 Clay Street, in honor of Miss Helen Otis Thomas, who is to be married next month.

Mr. Gordon A. Stolp gave a luncheon in the ladies' grill-room of the Palace Hotel on Monday, March 19th, at which she entertained Mrs. R.

Brown, Mrs. E. M. Chabot, Mrs. Thomas Crellin, Mrs. William G. Henshaw, Mrs. C. H. Holt, Mrs. E. H. Kittredge, Mrs. Thomas Mein, Mrs. John W. Phillips, and Mrs. Frederick A. Stolp, of Oakland, and Mrs. Clarence Mann and Mrs. E. B. Pond, of this city.

## Golf and Tennis Notes.

The ladies of the San Francisco Golf Club played a qualifying round, 18 holes, medal play, for the second tournament for the Council's Trophy on Friday, March 16th, the eight making the lowest scores to compete in the tournament. The successful competitors played the first round, 18 holes, match play, on Monday, with the following results:

Miss Alice Colden Hoffman defeated Miss Mary Scott, 4 up and 2 to play; Miss Caro Crockett defeated Miss Maud O'Connor, 1 up. Miss Ella Morgan defeated Miss Edith Chesebrough, by default; and Miss Maud Mullins defeated Mrs. R. Gilman Brown, by default.

On Wednesday Miss Hoffman defeated Miss Morgan, 7 up and 6 to play, and Miss Crockett defeated Miss Mullins, 4 up and 3 to play. The final match, between Miss Hoffman and Miss Crockett was to be played on Friday morning.

In the open tournament held on the Oakland links under the joint auspices of the Oakland and San Francisco links, the final round, 36 holes, match play, was completed on Sunday, March 18th, but resulted in a tie between Mr. E. R. Folger and Mr. Charles P. Hubbard. They will play it off on Sunday, March 25th, over 18 holes.

The second brace of matches in the home-and-home contest between teams of the Oakland and San Francisco Golf Clubs will be played on April 7th and April 14th on the Oakland and Presidio links, respectively.

The San Rafael Golf Club is looking for a successor for T. W. Teley, who left the club's employ a fortnight ago. Overtures were made to David Stephenson, whose health has suffered at the Presidio and who hopes to be released from his contract with the San Francisco Club by May 1st, instead of remaining until September, but he prefers to go East. The San Rafael council has also been negotiating with Alexander Smith, who is now at Coronado.

There will be a handicap doubles tennis tournament for the Directors' Cup on the courts of the California Lawn Tennis Club on Saturday afternoon, March 24th. The project of a ladies' singles tournament has been abandoned for the present.

## The Paderewski Concerts.

Ignace Paderewski, the famous Polish pianist, is to give a series of three concerts here during the coming week and one more in the week after that. The dates are Monday evening, March 26th, and Wednesday, Friday, and Monday afternoons, March 28th and 30th and April 2d, all at the California Theatre. The programme for the first concert is a varied and interesting one, being as follows:

Etudes symphoniques, op. 13, Schumann; sonata, op. 31, No. 3, E-flat major, Beethoven; serenade, "Hark! Hark! the Lark," "Erl King," Schubert-Liszt; ballade, A-flat, op. 47, nocturne, D flat, op. 27, No. 2, etude, A-minor, op. 25, No. 11, valse, op. 42, Chopin; menuet, A-major, Paderewski; valse, "Man lebt nur einmal," Strauss-Tausig; rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 6, Liszt.

A recent work by Robert I. Aitkin, a young sculptor, is the cause of a discussion still in progress which can hardly be regarded with pleasure by art-lovers of the city. The piece of sculpture is a group entitled "Life's Flowing Bowl," and was suggested by some lines from Omar. It is a poetic conception, full of originality and beauty, and executed with no little power. Mr. Raphael Weill was much pleased with the sculptor's design, and proposed to have it cast in bronze and present it to the city as an ornament for one of the smaller parks. At once a storm of criticism broke out, and some of those opposing the acceptance of the group pronounced it unfit for public view, not altogether on account of its nude figures, but because it might be accused of "deifying the pleasures of the senses." Mr. Weill has bought the group, but will hesitate to renew his offer to the park commission so long as the sentiments expressed by a few critics seem to govern. It is to be regretted that the public will lose through this manifestation of puritanical narrowness. The morals of the city can not be affected for the worse by the free exhibition of works of art like this. More, the education of the people in a genuine respect and admiration for the artistic and the beautiful needs all the aid our cultured and generous citizens may extend. The affront offered Mr. Weill will prove costly, for it will discourage all who may be inclined to give of their store to beautify the city and make its places of rest and recreation more attractive.

It may surprise some people to learn that a modern Atlantic liner must earn about eighty thousand dollars clear per trip before a penny of profit is made.

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## ART NOTES.

## The Spring Exhibition.

The spring exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association was opened in the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art on Thursday evening, March 22d, when a reception was given by the members to their friends. A great many persons were present, and several hours were spent viewing the collection and enjoying the promenade concert. The occasion was notable, also, as being the first time the new Mary Frances Searles Gallery has been used for its proper purpose, though the room had been seen before at the Mardi-Gras ball.

The exhibition comprises statuary, oil-paintings, water-colors, and black-and-white work, and in the new gallery alone there are some two hundred canvases. The standard of excellence is higher than it has been before, as previous exhibition has not been considered a bar to acceptance on this occasion.

There will be a concert under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman each Thursday evening during the continuance of the exhibition. The programme of last Thursday was as follows:

Overture, "Martha," Flotow; selections, "La Traviata," Verdi; waltz, "Sounds from the Vienna Woods," Strauss; cornet solo, "Lost Chord," Sullivan; serenade, Czibulka; intermezzo, "Hearts and Flowers," Tobani; menuet, Paderewski; trombone solo, "The Palms," Faure; gavotte, "L'Ingenue," Arditi; selections, "Bird Charming," Zeller; waltz, "Vienna Beauties," Ziehrer; march, "Stars and Stripes Forever," Sousa.

On Friday evening a reception was given in the institute to President and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler by the Alumni of the University of California. The committee in charge was Mr. Charles S. Green, Miss Emma Hefty, Mr. William E. Ritter, Mr. L. Van Orden, and Mr. C. Chapel Judson. The orchestra, under Mr. Heyman's direction, presented the following programme:

March, "Happy Days," Mills; overture, "Festival," Keler-Bela; selections, "Echoes from the Opera," Tobani; waltz, "Artists' Life," Strauss; gavotte, Eilenberg; potpourri, "Vivat Academia," Jackson; serenade, Schubert; sextet, "Lucia di Lammermoor," Donizetti; waltz, "Estudiantina," Waldeufel; selections, "Runaway Girl," Caryl; medley, "Sunny Tennessee," Boettger; United States national airs, Gilmore.

The exhibition will remain open until April 19th.

At the Ladies' Afternoon Club.  
(WHO WAS RIGHT?)

MRS. A.—I see that Paderewski, or  
What-ever-you-call-'im, 's here.  
MRS. B.—I believe it's Patterewski they  
Are calling him this year.  
MRS. C.—Pardon—it's Padderewski, with  
The emphasis in front.  
MRS. D.—Oh, no, my dear, it's Powd-roosky—  
You say it rather blunt.  
MRS. E.—I've heard them call it Pade-roo-sky;  
That's right, it seems to me.  
MRS. F.—Why, Amy's teacher says that it  
Is now called Pad-roo-skee!  
MRS. G.—Permit me, Paderewski-y  
The way at our house.  
MRS. H.—I'd call it Paderewski-y, with  
The accent on the "owss."  
MRS. I.—And some say Padder-oof-ska, but  
I'm inclined to say  
That it is Padderewski-y, for  
It isn't spelled that way.  
MRS. J.—I thought 'twas Powderewski-y.  
MRS. K.—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!  
Why not say Payderewski-y, that's  
The proper way, my dear.  
MRS. L.—Excuse me—Pat O' Rein-sky is  
Correct; you all are wrong;  
I've heard he went to Poland just  
To let his hair grow long.  
—James Courtney Challis in Truth.

Cairo this winter is quite up to the average as far as visitors are concerned, but the American colony far outnumber the English. The seven large hotels are all well filled, and the Club Kheveille, the Turf Club, and the Sporting Club are all flourishing. The first ball of the season at the Shepherd Hotel was a very brilliant one. The officers from the various regiments forming the garrison appearing in uniform added much to the brightness of the scene. The celebration at the Esbekieh Gardens in honor of the eighth anniversary of the Khedive's accession to the throne was signalized by the most beautiful illuminations and fireworks, and concluded with a performance at the theatre by a native troupe and the singing by well-known native singers, and there was also a lottery with money prizes. An hotel of sixty rooms is preparing at Khartoum, and will be ready in four months. Lady Curzon, wife of the viceroy of India, is expected at Cairo with her mother, and many well-known people are flocking in and out.

In the British Isles, during the present century, seven instances have been recorded in which the bride has married the best man by mistake.

## MILDER THAN EVER

**ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT**  
CLEAR HAVANA CIGARS

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Anoexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts absent Californians:

Prince and Princess André Poniatowski returned on a short visit to New York on Wednesday last, and are at their home at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinkley Taylor will start for Europe in May. They will travel extensively on the Continent, besides spending some time at the Paris Exposition, and may return by way of the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Southard Hoffman and Miss Alice Hoffman, who have been occupying their Pacific avenue residence since they left the Occidental hotel, will next week go to San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Voorhees and the Misses Margaret and Phoebe Voorhees, of Philadelphia, arrived in town on Monday, March 19th, and have been stopping at the Palace Hotel. They made a trip to Del Monte and Santa Cruz on Friday, and will be on Sunday for their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker returned from the east on Saturday, March 17th.

Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace and Mr. Bradley Wallace made a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Pierce, who returned from their Eastern trip last week, are again occupying their apartment at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beldeco, who have been ending the winter in New York with Mrs. Josiah Beldeco, will return to their home in Ross Valley at month.

Mr. John J. Valenteo was in Turkey at last accounts and intended visiting Egypt and Palestine.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Irwin were among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Miss Adelaide Upson, of Sacramento, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Williams, in Washington, D. C.

Mr. William C. Kallston arrived in New York on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Ryland, of San José, have taken an apartment at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Collis P. Huntington and Miss Campbell are expected to arrive here on Saturday, March 26th.

Mr. D. O. Mills arrived from the East on Saturday, March 17th, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Hilda Reid. They are at Millbrae and intend remaining about six weeks.

Dr. C. W. Doyle, of Santa Cruz, is a guest at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Cox and Miss Alice Cox came up from Hollister early in the week and are residing at the California Hotel.

Mrs. A. A. Moore and the Misses Moore, who came East to attend the Mardi-Gras carnival in New Orleans, have returned to their home in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Fithian and Mr. George Houghton, who started on a yachting tour of the South Pacific some six months ago, were at Honolulu at last accounts and are expected home in about a fortnight.

Mr. Meredith Bailey, Jr., who has been spending the past week at the Palace Hotel, returns to his home in Philadelphia on Sunday, March 25th.

Mrs. L. G. White and Mrs. R. C. A. Roberson, of Worcester, Mass., are guests at the California Hotel.

Miss Grace Barton will leave on Tuesday for Paris, to join Mr. and Mrs. Willard T. Barton.

Mr. John H. Wise and Mr. George D. Wise have made a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais recently.

Mrs. W. S. Wallace, Miss Josephine Holmes, and Mr. J. B. Watson, of Los Angeles, were among the American liner *St. Paul's* passengers from New York for Southampton on March 14th.

Mrs. William V. Bryan, who has been ill with nervous prostration in New York, will return home soon as her health permits her to travel.

Dr. Louis Deane has abandoned his intention of going to Europe, and will return from New York on the first of May.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Fenton, of Buffalo, arrived last week from the southern part of the State, and are residing at the Occidental Hotel.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Howard, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Berry, of Omaha, Mr. and Mrs. F. Brinton, of Philadelphia, Mr. W. A. Desborough, of Sacramento, Mr. W. B. Turner, of Freeport, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. G. Williams, of Chicago, Mr. Joseph Wilson, of Victoria, B. C., Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Roberts, of Stanford, Mr. W. Scott Eywood, of Oil City, Cal., Mr. and Mrs. P. Latz, Modesto, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Holbrook, of Iowa, Ia., Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Boone and Mr. W. J. Boone, of Kansas City, and Mrs. A. I. Haynes, of New York.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. C. Mason Kinne, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hutchinson, Mr. John M. Beall, Mr. H. C. Oughton, Mr. John H. Wise, Mr. George D. Wise, Mr. Joseph Block, of Cincinnati, Mr. J. W. Orin, of New York, Mr. John Hendey and Mrs. Charles Godbold, of Boston, Mr. George W. Orin, of New Britain, Conn., Mr. Hobart Weed, of Buffalo, Mr. John H. Scribner, of Philadelphia, Pa., and Mrs. F. A. Ruf, of St. Louis, Mr. Thomas Kelly and Mr. John K. Harmon, of Chicago, Mr. Joseph Bradley Reed, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Harrell, of Brooklyn, Mr. T. C. Dunckel, of London, Mr. S. C. Cole, of Portland, Or., and Mr. D. H. Whiteman, of San Rafael.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Commander Richardson Clover, U. S. N., Mrs. Clover, and the Misses Dora and Beatrice Clover

sailed from New York on the American liner *St. Paul* on Wednesday, March 14th, for London, where Commander Clover will assume his duties as naval attaché at the United States embassy.

Rear-Admiral Louis Kempff, U. S. N., recently relieved from the command of the Mare Island Navy Yard, will sail from here about April 1st for Manila, where he will have command of one of the divisions of the Asiatic squadron, composed of vessels assigned particularly to Chinese waters.

Rear-Admiral George C. Remey, U. S. N., who will relieve Rear-Admiral Watson, U. S. N., in command of the Asiatic Station, left Washington, D. C., on Tuesday last for this city, whence he will take steamer about April 1st for Manila. Admiral Remey has been succeeded in command of the navy-yard at Portsmouth, N. H., by Rear-Admiral B. J. Cromwell, U. S. N., formerly president of the retiring board in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant-Commander F. H. Holmes, U. S. N., arrived from the Orient on the Japanese liner *Hongkong Maru* on Thursday, and is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant-Commander Harry M. Hodges, U. S. N., is a guest at the California Hotel.

Lieutenant John P. McGuinness, U. S. N., is at the Occidental Hotel.

First-Lieutenant Frederick Waltstetter, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at the United States Engineer School, Fort Totten, N. Y., and ordered to proceed to San Francisco for assignment to duty, thence to Manila for assignment to duty.

Lieutenant-Commander G. H. Peters, U. S. N., has been detached from the office of Naval Intelligence and ordered to the *Iowa* as executive officer. Lieutenant-Commander W. H. Turner, U. S. N., will be detached from the *Iowa*, when relieved, and ordered home to await orders.

Ensign E. P. Jessop, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Iowa*, and ordered to the *Philadelphia*, sailing from San Francisco on April 8th to join his ship.

In their preparations for the war in Cuba the American Commissary Department took care that every man who went out had a pair of uppers in his pocket, and the result fully proved how necessary an addition it was to a modern soldier's outfit. If there is one point more than another to be learned from the military operations of recent years (says the *Pall Mall Gazette*), it is the growing importance of barbed-wire as a defensive weapon, and the necessity of an attacking force being provided with adequate means of dealing with it. An efficient pair of pliers—such a thing as nowadays every hunting man at home habitually carries in a wire country—weighs but a few ounces, and to a man caught fast by the leg under the enemy's fire makes all the difference between certain death and comparative safety. The War Office authorities of England have recently placed a large order for wire nippers with a Birmingham firm, who are now turning them out as fast as they can be made.

This is the story of the origin of the famous guipure lace. A certain Venetian sailor had returned from a voyage in Eastern waters, and brought to his betrothed, a worker in needlepoint, a bunch of the delicate and beautiful coraline, which he told her was the lace made by mermaids living in the coral caves of the Indian seas. "Pretty as it is," said the girl, "I will make something far prettier with my needle, and my bridal-veil shall be of mermaid's lace." The sailor had went off on another long voyage, and during the months of his absence the girl worked day after day with her needle, forming white dots and tiny stars, and uniting them with delicate "brides," till at last an exquisite scarf of guipure was produced, which was so beautiful that, when she wore it as a bridal-veil, all Venice spoke of it in glowing terms of admiration, and many noble and royal women became patronesses of the young lace-maker.

It is an expensive luxury to belong to half a dozen of the leading clubs of New York. The annual dues of the Metropolitan are \$100, and the initiation fee \$300, as compared with \$100 and \$250 for the Manhattan; \$50 and \$200 for the Lotos; \$100 and \$100 for the Meadow Brook; \$25 and \$100 for the New York Yacht Club; \$40 and \$100 for the Players'; \$75 and \$200 for the Racquet; \$75 and \$300 for the Union League; and \$70 and \$150 for the Colonial Club.

There are many reasons why a trip to Mt. Tamalpais offers the most enjoyable outing of any resort near San Francisco. The cost is small, the scenery is charming, the accommodations at the tavern are excellent, and the view from the veranda and summit is incomparable.

There has been set up at Santer, S. C., a factory for making golf sticks of persimmon timber. It is claimed that persimmon makes the best golf stick in the world.

Some New Papers.

Crane's new "Tartan" in the "Iris" and "Chasseur" shades are popular spring papers now being shown by Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers. "Admiral" and "Marie Louise" are the prevailing fashionable sizes.

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AGREEING WITH A WOMAN.

A Domestic Tragedy.

MRS. HATTIE TALKER [showing her husband her latest millinery venture]—Do you think it's a pretty hat, dearie?

MR. FRANK TALKER [who really thinks it beautiful]—Indeed I do, it's very becoming, too!

MRS. TALKER—Do you really like it?

MR. TALKER—Immensely.

MRS. TALKER—Oh, you just say that to avoid discussion.

MR. TALKER—My darling, I think it's a jewel of a hat.

MRS. TALKER [after a few more gyrations before the mirror]—What a pretty hat this is! [Pause.] I say, dear, what a pretty hat this is!

MR. TALKER [trying to read the market report]—Ummmh!

MRS. TALKER—I'm sorry you don't like it. I had so hoped it would please you.

MR. TALKER [earnestly]—But it does, and I do!

MRS. TALKER—But that's all the good it does to try to please a husband. As mother always said, men never notice what you wear.

MR. TALKER—But, my darling, I said—

MRS. TALKER [musing regretfully at the mirror]—At the shop they all thought it very becoming.

MR. TALKER—So do I.

MRS. TALKER—I rather liked it, too. This blue is my particular color, everybody says.

MR. TALKER—So do I, my—

MRS. TALKER—I was three hours selecting it, too.

MR. TALKER—It was worth the trouble, I'm sure.

MRS. TALKER—But then, of course, if you don't like it—

MR. TALKER [desperately]—But I do like it! I love it!

MRS. TALKER—They said they'd exchange it if you objected.

MR. TALKER—But, dear! I tell you—

MRS. TALKER—Oh, don't say you like it when you don't. Besides, it does so good to try to deceive me. There was something about your way of saying you liked it that showed me you thought it horrid.

MR. TALKER—But I assure you—

MRS. TALKER—Then I could read it in your eyes, too. It seems impossible to get you interested in anything I wear any more. There was a time when you used to notice what I had on, but I presume I have faded now, and you don't think anything can make me look well [a sob] any more.

MR. TALKER—You are still the most beautiful woman in the—

MRS. TALKER—You seem to be getting so phlegmatic nowadays. Nothing I can do seems to interest you [bitter weeping on her part and pantomimic distress on his]. I suppose I'd better settle down to one black bonnet and be an old woman at once. Oh, oh, oh! [She flounces the hat down on a table, and rushes out of the room.]—Rupert Hughes in *Life*.

Pacquin, one of the men milliners of Paris, has received the cross of a chevalier of the Legion of Honor for his services to French trade and industry. He was a Dreyfusard and helped to prevent the threatened boycott of Paris merchants by American women, but the anti-Dreyfusards are angry, and will raise objections to the action of the government in conferring the cross.

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## CLEARANCE SALE POSITIVELY LAST WEEK.

Sale Closes Saturday, March 17th.

Ladies' Colored Satin Slippers, pointed toes, all shades, all sizes, formerly \$1.00, now \$1.50

Ladies' Kid Oxfords, sizes 2½ AAA to 8, formerly \$2.50, now \$1.00

Ladies' Suede Kid Oxfords in Black, Tan, Nile-Green, Lavender, nearly all sizes, formerly \$6.00, now \$1.50

Gent's Patent Leather, Lace or Congress, best makes, formerly \$6.00, sizes 5 to 6½ A, B, C, now \$1.50

Gent's Bicycle Shoes, Lace, Black, or Tan, broken sizes, formerly \$3.00, now \$2.00

Gent's Tan Russia Calf Lace Shoes, pointed toes, \$3.00 quality, broken lot—to close out, now \$1.50

Misses' Patent Leather Button Shoes, French toes, kid, black cloth or tan cloth tops, sizes 11-2, formerly \$4.00, now .95c

Misses' All Kid or Goat Skin Button Shoes, French toes, sizes 11-2, formerly \$2.50, now .95c

Boys' and Xonths' Patent Leather Pumps, slightly damaged, broken sizes, formerly \$2.50, now \$1.00

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*8.30 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago	*5.15 P	
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff	*4.15 P	
*8.30 A	*Milton, Oakdale, Sonoma, Carleton, Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	*4.15 P	
*9.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville	*12.45 A	
*9.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East	*7.45 P	
*9.00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno	*12.15 P	
*9.00 A	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles	*6.45 P	
*10.00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations	*6.45 P	
*11.00 A	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville	*4.15 P	
*12.00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	*2.45 P	
*12.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers	*10.00 P	
*1.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	*5.45 P	
*4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	*9.15 A	
*4.00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville	*10.45 A	
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton	*7.15 P	
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	*10.45 A	
*5.30 P	Sunset Limited—El Paso, New Orleans and East	*12.15 P	
*5.30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno	*12.15 P	
*5.30 P	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	*8.45 A	
*5.30 P	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	*6.45 A	
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José	*7.45 A	
*6.30 P	Vallejo	*12.15 P	
*6.30 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago, and East	*9.45 A	
*6.30 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago	*4.15 P	
*7.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations	*19.55 P	
*8.05 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	*8.15 A	
COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)			
*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations	*5.50 P	
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations	*10.50 A	
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos	*9.20 A	
*11.45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San José and Way Stations	*17.20 P	
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*6.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco	*16.30 P	
*6.10 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	*1.30 P	
*9.00 A	San José, Los Gatos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations	*4.10 P	
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations	*6.35 A	
*11.30 A	San José and Way Stations	*7.30 P	
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove	*10.36 A	
*13.30 P	San José and Way Stations	*7.30 P	
*14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations	*9.45 A	
*15.00 P	San José and Principal Way Stations	*8.35 A	
*5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations	*18.00 P	
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations	*7.30 P	
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Bob—"Saw Tom and his wife out wheeling yesterday." Will—"Tandem?" Bob—"No; perambulator."—*Ex.*

"Johnnie, how would you divide thirteen apples equally among fourteen boys?" "Make 'em into apple sauce, sir!"—*Life.*

Sour: Irene—"That Miss Wellon looks like a squeezed lemon." Clarissa—"She isn't, though. She's just a dried lemon."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A New York symphony: He—"So far, dear, our married life has been 'one grand, sweet song.' She—"Yes, darling; in one flat."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Bound to get there: "He's an active business man, isn't he? Never loses a bit of time." "That's right. He even writes a running hand."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"He has had a long and successful career in politics, I believe." "Yes, he has bought his way into the Senate four times without being investigated."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

"Which is the head barber?" inquired the customer. "We're all head barbers," replied the artist; "what did you suppose we were—corn doctors?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The pater—"If my daughter marries you I wish her to live in the style to which she has been accustomed." The suitor—"That's all right, sir; your home shall be ours!"—*Town Topics.*

Trying: The Rev. Boresum—"Ah, Brother Sinner, I trust that you are observing Lent properly." "Sinner—"Well, I am going to hear you preach every Sunday."—*Baltimore American.*

Tommy—"Pop, what is vulgar ostentation?" Tommy's father—"Vulgar ostentation, my son, is the display made by people who have more money to do it with than we have ourselves."—*Philadelphia Record.*

In Chicago: Excited lady (at the telephone)—"I want my husband, please, at once." Voice (from the exchange)—"Number, please?" Excited lady (snappishly)—"Only the fourth, you impudent thing!"—*Ex.*

Superfuous: Parke—"Some women are never satisfied; my wife almost insisted last night upon my taking her to some play." Lane—"But you didn't?" Parke—"No, sir! Why, I've seen everything there is."—*Life.*

An accident: Kindly gentleman. (in alarm)—"Goodness! Have you had an accident, little boy?" Little boy—"Yessir; a terrible accident!" Kindly gentleman—"Gracious! What was it?" Little boy—"I met pop when I was playin' hookey."—*Bazar.*

"Suffering cats!" exclaimed the war editor of the yellow journal, "I can't make head or tail of this dispatch from our special correspondent in South Africa." "Neither could I," said his assistant. "James," called the editor to the office-boy, "ask the South African correspondent to step in here a moment."—*Times and Standard.*

The court jester lay dying. Round the couch were gathered those who waited to hear his last words. Suddenly his lips moved as if in an effort to speak. "What is it thou wouldst say?" they queried. A smile crossed his wan face, as he replied: "Wait, and you will understand; I'm just getting out a die-jest."—*Yale Record.*

One thing in their favor: "I'll give the Boers credit for one thing," remarked the engineer of the armored train, as several more shells banged against the armor; "their gunners would make ideal suburban citizens." "How's that?" inquired the fireman. "Why, they never miss a train!" retorted the engineer, as the baggage-car left the track.—*Puck.*

A benefactor: "James," whispered the good woman, "there's a burglar in the parlor. He stumbled against the piano in the dark. I heard several of the keys struck." "All right!" said James, "I'll go down." "Oh, James, you're not going to do anything rash?" "Certainly not; I'm going to help him. You don't suppose he can get that piano out of the house without assistance, do you?"—*Philadelphia Press.*

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Man's obiter dictum: He—"There are two periods in a man's life when he never understands a woman." She—"Indeed, and when are they?" He—"Before he is married and afterward."—*Collier's Weekly.*

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# The Argonaut.

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It appears that Secretary of War Root brings home a most roseate view of the outcome of the Cuban problem, as a result of ten days' sojourn in that long-suffering island. Mr. Root went primarily to see what the Americans were doing down there, and how they were doing it. Incidentally, he went to discover what the Cubans themselves wanted done, and whether they were pleased with what the Americans are trying to do for them, and the methods they are using. His tour in Cuba was restricted to the western or governmental end of the island, which centres at Havana, but in addition to the metropolis he visited other points, including Pinar del Rio, Matanzas, Guanajay, and Mariel, and observed the conditions of the country districts between them. Before leaving

Havana on his homeward voyage he gave out some of his observations and impressions which have found their way into the press. He finds that the Cubans generally have gone back to their homes after their terrible and exhausting struggle with Spain, and wearied with war and turmoil are contentedly tilling their fields and rebuilding their ruined homes. The responsible classes are practically united in favor of the ultimate independence of the island, but, at the same time, they realize that the native population is not yet prepared to assume successfully the responsibilities of self-government.

There are diverse elements to be found in Cuba as there are in the United States. The Cuban, who is always in a chronic state of rebellion against any authority and ready to take to the woods with his drawn *machete*, is analogous to the American who is loud in proclaiming that the United States will ultimately annex the island and repudiate the resolution of Congress which guarantees its independence. Mr. Root believes that both are equally wrong, and that the mischief-making propensities of both are safely guarded by being in a small and decidedly unimportant minority. It is admitted that the rejuvenation of Cuba and the institution of self-government must necessarily be a matter of time. Even in the United States, where self-government has been taught for several generations, where the machinery is largely perfected and tried by years of experience, the problems are still vast, and some of them will be solved with difficulty. In Cuba the difficulties are proportionately greater, on account of the utter inexperience of the people and the necessity for creating a governmental machinery and instructing them in its use. There can be no stable self-government there until these things are accomplished.

The promising feature which Mr. Root finds is that the problem is working itself out harmoniously, if gradually. No doubt is expressed as to the sincere intention of the United States to carry out the resolution giving freedom and a stable independence to Cuba, and on the other side there seems plenty of evidence that the majority of the well-intentioned Cubans are satisfied that the purposes of the United States are just what they are proclaimed to be, and that the Cubans are content to see the problem worked out for them by the power which drove their enemies forever from the harassed island. The work of the Americans is progressing satisfactorily, and good results are evident in orderly conditions, clean cities, and contented, industrious natives. So long as nothing occurs to disturb the harmonious relations now existing, Mr. Root apprehends no serious obstacle to the erection of a free Cuban republic within a reasonable period of probation, and the only thing to fear is such an indiscretion on the part of American authorities as will awaken suspicion and distrust in Cuban minds as to the rectitude of American intentions. The reports of the present American insular administration are so excellent that such an unfortunate contingency is regarded as highly improbable.

Though the Cubans are not now sufficiently advanced to receive full control of their own affairs, Mr. Root declares his confidence in their capability to learn the art of self-government. They must first learn what they need. This will be exemplified to them by a gradual erection of free institutions and methods. The first practical lesson will be given to the Cubans in the approaching municipal elections. The native desire for home rule will be inaugurated by first granting them the election of their own local officers. The United States being anxious to give them as rapid control as is consistent with their advancement, will withdraw the hand of the insular government and make the local government of each municipality responsible to its own people.

Under the present insular government, which is endowed solely with military functions, it is not possible to grant the industrial franchises necessary to incite material progress and attract the needed capital. When the municipalities are erected under free native control, franchises can be granted to furnish water, to build street railways, and to establish numerous corporate industries which are the index of enlightened progressiveness. The Department of

Havana would be abolished and the city placed in the same category as others, after which it would be possible to refund the city debt and raise an additional loan to prosecute paving, sewerage, and much needed sanitation. The local lesson once learned, and its value proved by demonstration, will encourage Cuba not only to press on in the course outlined to final assumption of complete control, but will give its people confidence in the guiding hand of the United States.

The basis of all this hopeful outlook is briefly expressed in Mr. Root's conclusion. "After my talks," he said, "with representatives of every class, social and political, in Cuba, I am satisfied that the people of Cuba wish us to do exactly what the government intends to do."

A correspondent writes to ask: "Is there a worse trust than a labor union?" In defense of the opinion implied by the query he adds: "If you don't buy the product they have to sell, but purchase from their competitors, you are liable to be way-laid, shot in the back, or have your barn burned. Is there any other form of trust using such tactics?"

To base upon the premise thus supplied, and in a measure an assumption, either a defense of the trust or an assault against organized labor would, obviously, be unfair. As the inability of two wrongs to make a right is conceded, the fact that some unions go to arbitrary and unlawful extremes does not make justifiable the greedy commercial trust, sapping for its own fattening the veins of industry, deliberately ruining rivals, and squeezing from the public enough to pay dividends on fictitious stock, while grinding labor to the utmost, paying meagre wages, and doing all it can to reduce the toiler to a condition of serfdom. Indeed, that these aggregations of millions are becoming greater and more potent is a circumstance having much to do with goading labor to excesses, and causing it to demand not that which is reasonable and fair, but all it thinks it can force capital to yield.

There are many labor unions that neither shoot people in the back, nor apply the torch to barns. For men of a craft to hand together for protection is proper and necessary; when they hand for aggression, when their purpose is to exact tribute or decline to give a full day's service, they lose their character, and become as hateful, as hateful, and as malign as any other trust. Often, without cause that can be defended, they precipitate strikes, resulting in damage and hardship. Not infrequently they rule their own members with a harshness as shocking as is expressed in the swishing lash of the slave. They take away from willing hands the privilege of earning bread, and let the "walking delegate" fatten in ease while hunger invades the home of the idle craftsman. The "walking delegate" is an anomaly, an unmitigated evil, an agency for mischief, and until shorn of authority will bring discord and disrepute among and upon his supporters.

In several cities of the United States strikes have been declared by machinists, and it is expected in a few days one hundred thousand skilled artisans will have laid down their tools, causing to shut down for an indefinite term plants having an earning capacity of many millions. The International Association of Machinists and the advisory council of the Metal Trades Association have held their conference, failed to agree, and because of strikes at Chicago, Columbus, and Paterson, a strike involving a large part of Canada and this country has been ordered. In Chicago all the building trades face a crisis, and contractors feel that the issue might as well be met at once. For their side they are able to advance substantial arguments.

The master plumbers cite the rules, contrived by the journeymen plumbers, and these seem about as flagrantly unwarrantable as ingenuity could devise. The first rule is that, while working on lead, eight wiped joints shall constitute a day's work. The fact is that sixteen wiped joints is a moderate and easy record to achieve. Working with iron pipe, the measuring, cutting, threading, and placing in position of fifteen threads of one inch or less, is a day's



work. Thirty-five such threadings can be made readily. Such are samples of rules of which there are many others as bad. Recently a "walking delegate" inspected a job on which twenty journeymen plumbers had been employed. He decided that the work had been finished a day and a half too soon, and the master plumber was forced to pay the twenty men full wages for this period. Such a demand was robbery and extortion, but compliance with it was forced.

Chicago carpenters are as reprehensible. They impose fines for the violation of any one of a long list of rules, each of which is designed to prevent the giving of a full day's work for a full day's pay. A carpenter is not permitted to grind or repair his tools in his own time, but must use the time for which another man is paying him. A carpenter caught doing excessive work, or rushing on any job, is fined, or "ordered off the job," or both. A foreman guilty of rushing his men is fined more heavily, and is interdicted the use of abusive language, the union being judge, jury, and executioner in determining and punishing the crime. A carpenter must make a new mitre-box at each place he works, leaving the box behind him after having constructed it on full wages. There is a patent mitre-box costing five dollars and capable of lasting for years; this he may not use. So tyranny marks every regulation of the carpenters.

Throughout all crafts is the theory that no man must touch the implements of another trade. Recently a mason had cut a hole in the flagging to receive an iron lid. So as to make the lid fit, he broke from one edge of it a projecting fin. This was not the task of a mason, and, being detected, he was fined ten days' pay. With such a narrow spirit of arrogance dictating union policy, no wonder there are clashes and endless trouble. Many unions seem to be for the purpose of hampering capital and taking from labor all dignity, all incentive to excel, all possibility of advance. Such unions are as vicious as any other trust.

From Schuyler B. Jackson, counselor at law, Newark, N. J., comes a series of a dozen questions concerning the war in South Africa. The series is prefaced by an acknowledgment that opinions expressed in the *Argonaut* are usually so fair that the queries are based only on a desire for enlightenment. With legal precision the questions are numbered, and to reply without confusion the numbers have been retained.

1. Is it not true that the Boers invaded English territory and commenced the war?

Technically, yes. There was evidence that the British intended to invade the Transvaal in case of refusal to accede to their demands. In Western phrase, the Boers "got the drop first," when they saw the enemy about to pull a gun.

2. Have not the Boers been preparing for war for many years past?

Yes. Has England done anything in this line?

3. Did not "Oom Paul" and the Boers sell the mines and large tracts of land to the British?

Yes.

4. Did not a very large number of English (twenty thousand, more or less) petition the home government to protect them from the unjust treatment of the Transvaal authorities?

As to this point a doubt exists. The signatures have openly been declared not genuine. An Afrikaner not a Boer wrote in the *Daily Chronicle* of July 17th: "The petition of twenty-one thousand Outlanders we knew on the spot to be a swindle." Similar evidence has been presented. It is a notable circumstance that such Outlanders as are taking part in the war are on the Boer side.

5. Have not the queen and English minister repeatedly said there should be no war?

Possibly so, but the fact is of no consequence. Action has swept away any effect of pacific words. Assurances of benign intent are obscured by the crash of guns.

6. Were not the English unprepared for war in South Africa?

They were, not expecting their bluff to be called. And the war department has been bitterly condemned for it.

7. Why did not the Boers continue negotiations and ask at the same time for arbitration?

Doubtless they acted as they thought wise. The Boers were not represented at the peace conference.

8. Have the Boers kept the promises made by them to the English after Majuba Hill regarding their treatment of the English Outlanders?

They have, for they promised civil and not political equality. In the English "Blue Book" (c. 3,219, p. 24) information bearing upon this is set forth more fully than can be presented here.

9. Has not "Oom Paul" acquired a large fortune of many millions from the English, or in some way, by sale of mines, etc.? Fortune said to be about twenty-five millions of dollars?

"Oom Paul" is reported to be rich, but if there is sus-

picion as to his method of acquiring wealth, the subject is one for determination by the Volksraad. It is a domestic affair, and no right to investigate it rests with England.

10. Is not the Transvaal Government more of an oligarchy than a republic?

This is another domestic problem legitimately interesting the citizens of the Transvaal alone. Republic or oligarchy, it seems to be satisfactory to them.

11. Do not the Outlanders pay about seven-tenths of the taxes, and own three-fifths of the property (real and personal) in the Transvaal, and are they not repressed by the laws of the Boers, so as not to have their own schools, etc., and not permitted to become citizens under fourteen years' residence?

Six-tenths of the property would naturally pay about that proportion of the taxes. Surely, British residents of the Transvaal do not wish to evade payment of taxes.

12. According to all the rules of war and international law is it not incumbent on the vanquished party, who has "tried the wager of battle" (and especially the one who has first taken up arms), to pay a war indemnity and to submit to terms required by the victor?

Hark back a moment to the Turko-Russian War. In this case England was the actual aggressor. At the same time England will probably dictate its own terms of peace, for although might does not make right, it has a habit of specifying conditions.

From the tenor of Mr. Jackson's questions, it is evident that he believes the British wholly to be commended. While, perhaps, there never has been a war in which both sides had not a consciousness of a grievance, and took up arms in part or wholly convinced of having a just cause, Mr. Jackson's implied contention is far from being established. The world may respect the prowess of England, but it pities the Boer fighting and dying on his native veldt, and more and more becomes convinced that, whatever his faults, a great wrong is being done him.

After remaining upon the statute books for one year, almost universally ignored and universally regarded with contempt, the newspaper signature law has met its first defeat in the courts. Some months ago the *Call* published an article that offended a man by the name of Bennett, who sued for the recovery of one thousand dollars under the freak law that certain disgruntled legislators succeeded in having placed in the penal code of this State. It will be recalled that this law required all articles tending "to blacken the memory of one who is dead, or to impeach the honesty, integrity, virtue, or reputation, or publish the natural or alleged defects of one who is alive," must have the name of the author signed at the end. For a failure to append the signature the law provided that any person might bring suit to recover one thousand dollars, one-half of which amount was to go into the State treasury and the other half to the prosecutor. The attorneys for the *Call* raised the point that the offense, if any had been committed, was a public and not a private one, and that the action should therefore be brought in the name of the people of the State and not of any private individual. Judge Hunt, before whom the point was argued, agrees with this contention, and the suit is now practically ended.

In his decision the court holds that under the constitution all public offenses must be prosecuted in the name of the people of the State. The question then is whether the act charged is a public offense. The penal code defines a public offense as "an act committed or omitted in violation of a law forbidding or commanding it, to which is annexed, upon condition thereof," among other punishments, "a fine." It has formerly been held by the supreme court that a penalty imposed upon a public official guilty of misconduct and paid to the informer was "nothing more or less than a fine." In the present case, one-half of the penalty goes to the informer, but the other half is paid into the treasury, which gives it even more the character of a fine. For this reason the court holds that the offense charged is a public one, and that the case was improperly brought. Mr. Bennett now has a choice between abandoning the suit or appealing to the supreme court with a virtual certainty that the decision of the lower court will be sustained.

The daily press has hailed this decision as a death-blow to the signature law, but it is apparent that its effect is by no means so sweeping. The validity of the law itself is not passed upon. Were a suit brought by the attorney-general or by a district attorney in the name of the people of the State, such a suit would be in no way prejudiced by the decision in this case. Nor could a public prosecutor refuse to bring suit on a palpable violation of the provisions of the law; his own opinion as to the wisdom or the constitutionality of the enactment could not stand in the way, since such points are for the courts to decide. Nevertheless, as was pointed out in these columns at the time the law was en-

acted, it is not probable that the courts would sustain the law even if it were properly brought before them. A subordinate on a newspaper may, and frequently does, write articles with the tenor of which he is not in sympathy; he acts under the orders of his superior, and the managing editor or the proprietor is responsible. Were every writer on a paper allowed to exercise his own judgment and express his personal opinion, the utmost confusion would result. Again, the law does not ask the performance of impossibilities, and, in many cases, it would be impossible to determine who is the actual author of an article. A reporter may prepare an article under instructions, his "copy" may be changed by the city editor, and later, further changes may be made by the managing editor. In such a case, who is the real writer of the article? Even broader is the constitutional question involved. The constitution of this State provides that no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of the press. The authorities are unanimous in declaring that any act required to be done before publication is a restraint upon the liberty of the press.

The law in itself is not worth the space that has been devoted to it by the press of this State and elsewhere. Its interest lies in the fact that it is a sample of the crank legislation that cumbers the statute books through the crass ignorance of the men sent to the State legislature. In this case the law was intended merely as an expression of the venom of certain legislators who had been "roasted" by the papers. It is impossible to believe that they, as lawyers, ever believed that it could be enforced. In many cases, however, these legislative freaks are the result of well-meaning attempts to reform abuses, but the mental limitations of the authors prevent their realizing how inadequate are the remedies they propose. The practice is a source of heavy expense to the people, but it will continue until more care is exercised in the selection of members of the legislature.

Congress should take immediate action for the relief of Hawaii, for conditions there are distressful, with every passing day adding to complications and discomforts. The establishment of a territorial form of government has been delayed to a length explicable only on the hypothesis of neglect. President Dole is still in nominal charge, but affairs are subject to the authority of President McKinley, and to rule the islands from Washington is not satisfactory.

Twenty months have passed since the annexation of Hawaii. The flag was welcomed there, and soon it was flying over revived industry and increased production. Honolulu grew from a population of 29,000 to nearly 50,000. The sugar output of 250,000 tons swelled to the promise of 400,000 tons for the current year. Now the new prosperity is threatened by the tardiness of Congress. This tardiness introduces into the situation the element of uncertainty, always pernicious in its effect. It leaves business in doubt, and embarrasses the local government almost to the point of rendering it helpless. There is money in all reason, but no power to apply it to use. There is no legislature to make appropriations, no method of electing a new legislature. Helpless in swathings of red tape, Hawaii appeals to Congress, asking simply that territorial forms, such as promised and overdue, be put into operation.

A position, embarrassing enough, has been made worse by the presence in the islands of bubonic plague. Eight thousand people placed in quarantine demand food, shelter, and attention, none of which can be denied, and all of which must be furnished at public expense. Old and new tenements by the acre have been given to the flames, and adjacent property of considerable value inadvertently destroyed. Hundreds deprived of the privilege of working must be maintained until matters shall be restored to a normal basis. Funds are tied up. They can neither be given to the suffering, nor public works started so they may be distributed in the form of wages. Paralysis has seized the legislative arm in the islands, and something akin to it seems to have affected Congress. Much might have been accomplished in the twenty months, but nothing tangible has been done. On the contrary, the spirit of progress has been held in check, and even yet there is an intolerable tendency to cavil, split hairs, and let the island possessions get along as best they may.

The duty of Congress is plain. It has had plenty of time to think, and now should make haste.

In accordance with the provisions of the charter, the board of supervisors has taken the first steps toward the city ownership of public utilities. The board has decided that the water supply is the first that should be acquired. In arriving at this decision it has followed not only what is undoubtedly the popular feeling on the subject, but also the course that has been adopted elsewhere. There is now scarcely a city of any size in this country that does not own its water system, and

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municipal ownership is the almost universal rule among European cities. Experience has shown that the water supply can be furnished by the city government at a saving to the citizens, either in material reduction of the amount paid by rate-payers, or in obtaining the water for public use free of cost. Whether rates shall be fixed so as to give the city its supply free of charge to the tax-payers, or whether the city shall pay a part of the expenses of maintenance and the rate-payers the remainder, is a question to be settled later. Municipal ownership of gas and electric light and power plants is of comparatively more recent development, while city ownership of street-railroads is as yet practically unknown in this country, though it is in practical operation in Great Britain and Canada. Public ownership of these utilities may therefore be considered to be still in the experimental stage, and the decision of the supervisors to begin with the water supply is probably wise.

At the meeting of the board last Monday a resolution was adopted calling upon existing companies prepared to supply water to the city, and all other persons prepared to furnish an adequate supply, to file with the board on or before June 1st itemized statements of the property and supply they are prepared to dispose of to the city. These statements are to be examined by the city engineer, and upon their estimates of a fair value of the works can be based. The chapter on public utilities contemplates not only the purchase of existing works, all of which are now owned by the Spring Valley Water Company, but also the acquisition of any alternative system that will furnish an adequate supply, and the resolution contemplates estimates from both sources. This is merely the preliminary work, and it is well that it has been undertaken early in the year, as there will undoubtedly be much to do before the question can be submitted to the people in November. The Spring Valley Company may decline to offer its works for sale at any price. In that case the city would be limited to a choice among the other sources of supply, involving a delay of several years for the construction of works, or would be forced to institute condemnation proceedings that might be almost indefinitely prolonged were the company so minded. Even should the company agree to sell, the price it will put upon the property will probably be far above what the people are willing to pay, and some time must elapse before an agreement could be reached. It is well, therefore, that the supervisors have taken the preliminary steps in time.

Oftentimes industrial projects in themselves meritorious and competent to produce satisfactory results are stifled by want of capital and the impossibility of enlisting a sufficient lump sum. There seems to have been discovered a way of overcoming this difficulty, and particularly in the South has it started many a spindle and loom.

Mr. D. A. Tompkins, of Charlotte, N. C., is an authority on the plan, which is simply the securing of capital through coöperation. He himself has projected and seen constructed at least a score of cotton-mills by the modern system, and finds it in every way satisfactory. By the opportunity afforded for easy payments, farmers and all classes of wage-earners are brought in as stockholders, and find in a safe repository for their surplus. There are in the 10 Carolinas and Georgia a number of mills constructed on money raised in this manner, practically an installment scheme as employed by building and loan associations. Experience has demonstrated that this is better than the investment of money brought from a distance, as it stimulates local pride, sets an excellent example, and has a tendency to stir up other home enterprises, promoting both thrift and energy, and keeping the dividends in the section where they are produced.

Such coöperation involves a weekly payment of one dollar, or even of fifty cents, so that a share of one hundred dollars paid for in from two to four years. At no time is the payment apt to be a hardship, nor is the proportion of debt large enough to be seriously considered. At any time ready money may be needed by the company, the assessments institute sufficient collateral to secure an advance. In all attempts thus far made there have been no failures. The city of Savannah has seized upon the idea for its own industrial betterment, and the belief prevails there that the results will be all that the founders of the Savannah Industrial Association hope. The scheme is not confined to cotton-mills alone, although from the success manifest in this line inspiration has been drawn, but will be used to advance grades of manufacture. The duty of the association will be to ascertain the opportunity and promote organization. The citizens reason that with scores of cotton-mills throughout the South, paid for by small weekly subscriptions, that Savannah, a populous centre, with adjacency to market and shipping facilities, can at least do as well. Great stress is laid by the association upon the value to any community of encouraging a systematic effort at saving, by offering the

chance not only to save but to become a stockholder, and in time to reap good returns. The association has not advanced far enough to make any specific reports, but it is meeting with every encouragement, has the cordial support of commercial bodies, and is being aided by all the indorsement the press can give it.

Of all the commissions appointed by Mayor Phelan under the new charter the police board seems to be doing the best work, despite the scandal that attached to it during the early days of its administration. The health board has been displaying extreme activity in searching for traces of the bubonic plague, but the search has been absolutely fruitless, and the activity is tainted by a suspicion that its purpose is to facilitate a raid upon the city treasury. The police board, however, shows a determination to do its work thoroughly, and has begun to clean out one of the plague spots of the city. There are more than three thousand saloons in this city at which liquor is retailed. The commissioners, not satisfied with reports at second hand, have personally visited and inspected the majority of these places, and have discovered, as might have been expected, that many of them are disreputable in character and are a menace to the property, if not to the lives, of those who visit them. In many they found back rooms in which women were drinking, gaining admission to the places through private side doors. In others, women were acting as waitresses, drinking at the tables and at the bar with the patrons of the place. In this connection it is interesting to note that San Francisco is particularly well supplied with saloons, there being one for each 115 people resident here. In Buffalo, according to the figures of the department of labor, there is one saloon to every 274 people; in New York, one to every 296; in Chicago, one to every 295; in Boston, one to every 730; and in Philadelphia, one to every 733. Clearly a number of the saloons in San Francisco can be closed up without hardship.

The commissioners are exercising their judgment as to what places shall be refused a renewal of their licenses. Their inspection was for their own personal information; in addition, each patrolman has been required to make a report of the character of each drinking-place upon his beat, and these reports are to be made the basis for action in regard to the renewal of licenses. As to one class of places, the commissioners are determined that no licenses shall be granted. The dives are to be completely closed up. This is a reform that should have been inaugurated years ago. The police commissioners are to be congratulated on the excellent work they are doing.

Recently the tramp steamer *Venus* put into Philadelphia from Ancona, via Bermuda, with the smallest cargo, considering the size of the vessel, that ever reached that port. It was a surprised lot of customs officials who examined the vessel's manifest, and found that the only goods aboard consisted of five tons of chalk, worth fifty dollars. Yet Captain Trapani had merely taken advantage of the shipping laws of Italy, showing the peculiar possibility of their workings, and shrewdly profiting by them.

The *Venus* is a steamer of 2,641 tons, and its paltry cargo seemed little less than ridiculous until Captain Trapani had explained. At first he was supposed to have brought a sample, possibly to test the market, but he declared that the cargo was all he had desired to carry, that he had steamed 4,000 miles to carry it, and was satisfied. He told a reporter that under the shipping laws of Italy, the government pays one franc per ton on an Italian steamer's tonnage for each 1,000 miles sailed when it leaves a home port with a cargo, regardless of the size or character of the cargo. This is done, of course, to encourage shipping, increase exports, and generally stimulate commerce. Hence Trapani's voyage and his five tons of chalk.

For the trip he will receive from the government \$528.20 for each thousand miles, or \$2,112 for the trip. This, he avers, will not only pay all expenses, and leave him a profit, but he finds himself at a port where he can advantageously secure a more imposing cargo. From the standpoint of the captain it was doubtless an astute business move; but as to the view the government will take in handing over the subsidy, the captain has no concern. The price seems high for the taking across the ocean of five tons of chalk, but it serves to keep the ship moving, keeps it in the channels of trade, and in touch with the world of harter.

Admiral Dewey's aid, Lieutenant Caldwell, after a three-hours' submarine trip on the torpedo-boat *Holland*, reports that in his opinion a determined enemy operating a boat of the *Holland* type could have made impossible the occupation of Manila Bay by Dewey's squadron. The continued success of the submarine craft in cruising points to some interesting events in the next naval war.

## AMERICA'S SAMOAN POSSESSIONS.

In an interesting article in the March *Forum*, entitled "America's First and Latest Colony," John George Leigh thus describes Tutuila and the other islands of the Samoan group east of 70 degrees east of Greenwich, which came into the possession of the United States by the treaty of the Anglo-German convention, signed at London on November 14, 1899. His article gives also a complete history of our relations with the islands, from the beginning, and his knowledge was gained from personal investigation:

"Tutuila is, in many respects, the most beautiful of the Samoan isles; though casual visitors often come away without that impression, owing to the frequent, almost continuous rains, in the neighborhood of Pago-Pago Bay, which have a tendency to curtail excursions. It lies thirty-eight miles from Upolu, and is the third of the Samoan Islands in size; being seventeen miles long, five miles wide, and sixty miles in circumference. Its outline is bold and picturesque, and presents striking evidence of volcanic origin. The island is almost cut in twain by the waters of Pago-Pago Bay; and the entire eastern portion, nearly two-thirds of its area, is a chain of well-wooded mountains, with an average height of 1,000 feet, diversified by massive cones of uplifted lava, intersected by valleys and ravines, and often extending almost to the sea. Except for the cocoa-nuts upon the shore-line, this portion of Tutuila can have little or no commercial value.

"The western portion, however, though it has the same volcanic appearance, has greater width of area, broader valleys, and higher mountains. Of the latter, Matafu is the most lofty peak, with a height of 2,350 feet above the sea-level. From it one descends southward to an undulating plain of considerable fertility, some 25,000 acres in extent. This tract is, for the most part, forest land, broken by occasional waterways; and the soil is comparatively rich, producing most of the fruits and vegetables indigenous to the group. Beyond this, to the westward, mountains again prevail; though the country about Leone, in the extreme southwest, is the richest and most populated section of the island. In Leone Bay, also, there is fair anchorage, and in the settlement around it several traders of Apia have agencies. The total superficial area of the island is 240 square miles, inhabited by about 3,000 people.

"The entrance to Pago-Pago Bay, between Breaker Point on the east and Tower Rock on the west, is three-quarters of a mile in width, with soundings of thirty-six fathoms. Within it, a mile and a half from Tower Rock, and connected with the west bank by a coral reef, is Goat Island, two acres in extent; and this marks the entrance to the inner bay. The latter is surrounded by lofty hills, which neutralize the influences of the trade-winds and render it secure from hurricanes. At various points along the narrow shore are native villages and cocoa-nut groves; and low down on the hillsides bread-fruit, bananas, oranges, taro, and yams grow in sufficient quantity to provide for the scanty population. Fish is fairly abundant in the bay; and a sufficiency of fresh water is usually found in the small rivulets at the mouths of the mountain ravines.

"Much has been written, from time to time, and especially during the past year, concerning the strategic value of Pago-Pago, and the accommodation for shipping which might be provided within the bay. Some of the American naval men, who may be said to have introduced the question into the sphere of practical politics, evinced a certain tendency to overestimate the importance of the position; and the effect of this was seen for many years—first, in the imitative or contrary tactics of civilian writers (many of whom had never been within miles of the South Pacific); and, second, in the probably wise disinclination of successive administrations to countenance any move in the direction of materializing the national rights, which might, in the language of Secretary Gresham, add to 'the expenses, the responsibilities, and the entanglements of the Union.' Still there can be no doubt of the intrinsic importance of the harbor and of its priceless value in the future.

"Off the south-eastern coast of Tutuila, and separated therefrom by a deep channel, lies the small island of Annu. This has an area of about ten square miles and a population of between two and three hundred; and it is chiefly remarkable for the alleged immunity of its inhabitants from the scourge of elephantiasis, to which the natives of the other Samoan Islands are more or less subject.

"Thanks to their isolated position and to the unsophisticated character of their people, the islands of Manua group may claim to be almost unknown to the outer world. Of the three islands, Manua, or Tau, as it is sometimes called, is the largest, having an area of about one hundred square miles; Olesaga, four miles distant to the north-west, is credited with twenty-four square miles; Ofu has barely ten. All are of volcanic origin and mountainous; but the soil is so rich that each appears clothed with vegetation to the highest summit.

"Upon Manua grows the largest cocoa-nut in the world. Indeed, a single green nut sometimes furnishes nearly half a gallon of water. The inhabitants of the group number about 1,400. They maintain little or no connection with the Samoans proper, and have for many years religiously abstained from participation in the politics of their more quarrelsome and sophisticated kinsmen. At Tau, the principal village, the occasional trader from Apia is received with more or less ceremony by Tui-Manua, the hereditary high chief or king of the islands, who exercises over his people a kindly and not unpopular sway. According to Colonel Steinberger, Manua was the original home of Mauga, the chief from whom Captain Meade received the first Pago-Pago concession. Eighty miles east of Tau, and, therefore, 150 miles distant from Tutuila, is Rose Island, a coral lagoon, uninhabited, and of no value. It is generally considered as belonging to the Samoan group, but apparently for no better reason than that no other group cares to lay claim to it."



## A SIREN OF CIUDAD JUAREZ.

The Fair Señorita and the Fatal Queue.

When Toy Lung Lee arrived in Ciudad Juarez, via Mazatlan and Mexico City, it was with the intention of putting up and running, on the border, a first-class American restaurant. In hot, smelly Mazatlan, Toy had had some experience with restaurants; in Mexico City, quite a lot more. In both these places he had cleared a considerable amount of money, with which, had he been a wise Celestial, he would have remained content. But, no; Toy believed that on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande he could win out with at least two thousand a year. The "Melicans," as he well knew, pay any prices asked for clean beds at night, and hot cakes in the early morn, with lardy, indigestible pies in the interim—"all right!"

From the very first poor little Toy's restaurant was a howling success, as much with the Mexicans as with the Americans, this in spite of the fact that with a good knowledge of the Spanish tongue, Toy combined a thorough ignorance of and dislike for the *gringo* language. Besides which, in his secret heart, Toy cherished a strong dislike for the American nation at large—the same being finally his undoing. This dislike was based principally upon the fact that while on the Mexican side of the bridge over the Rio Grande he was a man of might and weight, owing to his ten thousand Mexican dollars and his flourishing restaurant, on the other (or American) side, he was only a "slit-eyed Chinaman," allowed therefore no rights or perquisites as a citizen—yea, hooted at and ridiculed by even the children playing in the streets. For all of which reasons Toy had never deigned to take out necessary papers permitting him to cross the bridge to the American side, nor had he even put his sabot-shod foot on American soil. A populous Chinatown had grown up quickly in Ciudad Juarez, verging even to the banks of the great river that divides Mexico from the United States of America—which river no Chinaman must pass without his identification papers and passports. Chinamen jostled you in the *aduana*, in the hotels, and in the very streets on the Mexican side; shy, narrow-eyed Chinese women, with plastered hair and native dress, pattered hurriedly by you, when you made your way into Chinatown; roly-poly Chinese babies played their native games within a stone's throw of the Mexican "Eagle and Snake" over the *aduana*, or custom-house, and any evening you could see lodge-dressed Chinamen hurrying to the "Native Lands" daily conclave; in short, the "woods were full" of Chinamen. And of all these the head and front, the very moving spirit, was Toy Lung Lee, honorable possessor of ten thousand heavy Mexican dollars, head of the secret society, owner of the longest and most admired pig-tail in Ciudad Juarez, and a great man generally.

Owing to all these facts, any unmarried female Celestial in Juarez Chinatown would gladly have taken Toy Lung Lee for better or worse, and until death did them part. Unfortunately, of these enterprising females Toy would have none. He had been married once before, in Canton, and of matrimony Toy had had a sufficiency. At present, as he confided to his cousin, Jim Sing, he was on what the Americans call "the makee," with which women interfere. No; of women, whether Chinese or otherwise, Toy Lung Lee wished none. As Confucius had said, centuries ago, women were at the bottom of all evil, and provokers of mischief generally.

Any man of whatever color or nationality is inevitably paid out for speeches of the above seditious sort, and Toy Lung Lee did not escape the usual fate. One fine day, when the Mexican sun was shining brightly overhead, and the Stars and Stripes, just visible on the other side of the bridge, fluttered wildly in the November breeze, and the smell of hot breakfast cakes was giving place in the restaurant to savory whiffs of pies designed for the *gringos'* luncheon—on such a day and hour poor Toy fell wildly, unreasonably, and irretrievably in love. Not with a demure, smooth-haired, and tiny-footed Chinese maiden; not with an Alpine-hatted, bicycling American tourist girl, but with the black-eyed, rosy-mouthed, mantillaed Mexican *señorita*, Chona, whose one laughing glance, as she passed by attended by her cousin, Juan Jimenez, had been the undoing of poor Toy Lung Lee, and, as a matter of natural sequence, the start on that downward road which leads to ruin.

He had already heard of Chona, the daughter of impecunious old Carlos, runner of the lottery on the other side of the street; she was the betrothed of Juan Jimenez, and the prettiest and wickedest flirt in three countries. Had she not already driven two men to the verge of distraction, one (more unfortunate!) to the other side of the river or *gringo*-land, and a fourth (Juan Jimenez himself) to drink and the lottery? Knowing all these things, Toy was yet powerless—totally unable to restrain his love and admiration for the fair being who had on that fatal morning passed by, and in the passing had taken away on her careless smile the whole of his adoring Celestial heart. Of a truth, poor Toy was in a bad case; he could not eat or sleep, neither could he rest; his heart and soul were full of the thought of Chona. Long and steadfast were the cogitations of Toy Lung Lee, and when he began to neglect the restaurant his head cook wriggled and fumed, and finally raved wildly: "What madness could have come over the boss—what, at this rate, would become of the restaurant?"

Now, as a matter of fact, hard times were preparing themselves for poor Chona, who, even though she were a flirt, had a heart every bit of which was devoted to good-looking, unfortunate Juan Jimenez. What if the poor fellow were in bad luck, as her father groaned, and incapacitated for further bull-fighting through a wound received in the ring? Was it not all the more obligatory upon her to stick to Juan, no matter whether he made money or not? And as for the horrible coolie, what mattered he? Rather Juan, dire pov-

erty, and *tortillas* to eat, than the repulsive Toy, even with his restaurant and ten thousand dollars thrown in. Unfortunately, just as women are women all the world over, so are fathers the same. In addition to which old Carlos was the most inveterate of gamblers, even in his own lottery; never a month passed which did not leave him a heavy loser; time after time had he been on the point of disgrace with the lottery people. The gambling-fever had for years been in his blood—and Toy Lung Lee had offered him a hundred dollars, cash down, in good, hard, silver dollars, for Chona. There had been some wavering, for what most abandoned of men does not love his only daughter? But, after all, as old Carlos reasoned, what had Juan Jimenez? Not money enough even to pay for one try at the "colorado y negro!" Not one *centavo*! As a son-in-law he would be unendurable. While, on the contrary, with one hundred dollars cash and prosperous Toy Lee to call upon occasionally for credit, what could not a man do?

In Mexico, the saying or mandate of a father generally goes. For which reason, after much expostulation, tears and prayers, with even petitions to *la Virgen*, Chona finally became the unwilling and unloving bride of Toy Lee, as per the rites of the Romish Church. This old Carlos, drunk on *tequila*, remorse, and the jingle of the unwanted hundred silver dollars in his pocket, had insisted upon.

Unhappily married, it is a toss-up whether a woman will solace herself with religion or flirtation. During the first three months of her married life, Chona inclined to the former. Given absolute *carte blanche* by her adoring husband, most of her time was spent in prostration and adoration before the Virgin; later on (because prayers for your husband's death are not always heard and answered by *la Virgen*) Chona waxed decidedly irreligious. Her rosary was neglected, her prayer-book tossed scornfully into the dry bed of the Rio Grande, her sober church *tapalo* and *mantilla* were bestowed upon an old servant, and her old flirtation started up again, in even more than its former force, with her ex-lover, Juan Jimenez.

Being merely a woman, Chona soon wearied of her husband's indulgences. What cared she, after all, for American rocking-chairs, American organ-pianos, or even American-made dresses, at which even the *gringos* laughed as she passed by in the street? What pleasure did these things give her? Rather, far, her old black skirt and *mantilla*, shabby as they were, with a rose at her throat and another in her hair, as she went to meet Juan with his guitar, and his love-lit eyes, and rollicking tenor voice. What mattered money, and fine houses, and fine clothes as compared with love, and music, and words that thrilled and echoed; the bewitching moonshine of a Mexican night, where great stars blazed up from southern seas and the Southern Cross swung low overhead, the fragrance of heavily perfumed flowers of tropical lands, far away from the dusty, adobe countries that border the Rio Grande? Better to have this for a short while only, even if after it comes the purgatory that is meted out to thieves and sinful wives by *la Virgen* and *Dios*—who, after all, never listen to the prayers of heart-broken women.

In which frame of mind, as you will agree, Chona, the wife of Toy Lung Lee, was far from what her husband could have wished. Not that he knew or even suspected—poor little man! Happy in the thought that his beloved wife had all that the heart of woman could wish for, and in the running of his Mexican-American restaurant, Toy Lung Lee was happier then than most men ever get to be, in this not always joyful world. Sooner would Toy have doubted his own senses, or the length of his precious pig-tail, than the truth and faith of his wife Chona. Every one else, of course, saw how matters were, and one evening, just as supper was being prepared, Jim Sing, the cousin of Toy Lung Lee, unfolded to the latter his wife's unfaithfulness or indiscreet behavior—as you like to call it. Whereupon Toy Lee smote viciously the face of his kinsman, and retired, in a white fury, from the restaurant. It would soon be time for Chona to come home from her father's, for she visited old Carlos every afternoon, and then matters should be straightened out with her.

Now, whether or not Juan Jimenez was Chona's companion on her return from old Carlos's house that night, no one knows. Certain it is that Toy Lee impatiently awaited her somewhat delayed arrival, after which he proceeded to bestow upon her, with the aid of a bamboo cane, such a beating as Chona had never heard or dreamed of before. (Toy's Chinese wife in Canton had known them, but no matter.) For even a worm will turn, and Toy Lee, in spite of his infatuation for his pretty Mexican wife, was not quite a worm.

At the end of one day Chona's repentance had been profound; at the end of two days she had persuaded the distressed Toy Lee that his charges had been entirely unfounded; at the end of three days she had been released from durance vile, and Toy Lung Lee, with a rejoicing heart, was preparing a supper that would have made to water the hearts and mouths of both Mexican and American customers alike. For not only had Chona sworn that she cared for no man but her husband, that she had never cared for any one but her husband, and never would care for any one but her husband—not only this, but she had actually kissed him twice! For Chona this was a remarkable and unusual custom. No wonder little Toy's heart beat joyfully, as he bustled about with pots and pans; there never had been, and never would be such a woman as his wife Chona, he thought vain-gloriously.

The restaurant was all ready for the evening meal. Spotless were the tables and napkins, fresh green celery stood about in the tall glasses, and red, juicy tomatoes lay in transparent dishes on the white cloths. All around the huge room waited expectantly the white-aproned Chinamen, ready for supper customers. In the tiny private room that opened off the general restaurant (devoted to the sole and exclusive use of a very swell American couple) fussed Toy Lung Lee; the American Mister was hard to please, and everything must be just so for him. On the table-cloth was a wee brown spot,

brought about through Missee's carelessness in helping herself to gravy, and this Toy was endeavoring to hide when entered to him the Mister and Missee, very hungry and impatient after a long walk; likewise Jim Sing, the latter wearing a very white and dumfounded face and shaking hands. Something must be the matter, Toy thought, as he glanced at his cousin; doubtless a pie had burned or that careless Foo Chung had again ruined the fish—*sin vergüenza*! But Missee wanted some hot tea "in a hurry" and Mister was cross about his soup—Jim Sing, in spite of his urgent, almost frantic gestures, would have to wait.

Twenty minutes later, Missee being fully appeased and enjoying highly her nice fried chicken and hot tea, Toy dared leave the room to speak for a moment with Jim Sing. What did he mean by his idiotic behavior? Surely, one would believe the restaurant on fire, or a man's wife on her death-bed—what in the name of Confucius was the matter?

Jim Sing, weeping indignantly in the midst of several white-faced Chinamen, explained brokenly that Chona and the bull-fighter, Juan Jimenez, had, half an hour earlier, been seen crossing the Rio Grande bridge; both were fitted out for traveling, both carried pistols, and were evidently prepared for "liberty or death." Two trains had since pulled out on the American side for Sierra Madre and Sonora, respectively, and the Central would also go out within another ten minutes. He (Toy Lee) was a dishonored man, along with his kindred, and all on account of the American Missee's tea! But for her there would have been time to stop the runaways. Now it would be too late, confusion to their souls! In some matters the Chinese have very nice and delicate feelings; otherwise, any one of the dozen Chinamen who listened to Jim Sing's tale of woe could have gone after and overtaken, half an hour ago, the erring and fleeing wife. As it was, only the aggrieved husband could avenge himself and the loss of the precious ten thousand dollars. For a hurried investigation showed that every cent of poor Toy's savings had been stolen.

In the confusion and bustle the American couple were forgotten, likewise the fish, likewise the milk-custard, likewise the fact that, never having taken out passports, Toy Lung Lee could not, according to the law, pass over the Rio Grande bridge into American territory. Up to the flagstaff that held proudly aloft the American Stars and Stripes he could walk—no further. With a faint thought of this, whirling through his brain and senses were, poor Toy hastily dressed himself in American clothes, with a tall silk hat crowning his flat, snub-nosed face—the sobbing Jim Sing had suggested "Melican" clothes and a tall hat as the most positive of disguises. Dressed as an American, he might perhaps elude the vigilance of the dreaded customs officer on the American side. During a part of the costuming, Foo Chung had been present. He it was who braced up Toy's trousers, and even pinned a McKinley button on his coat lapel before hastily departing to attend to the custard.

At about five minutes to eight the American customs officer at the bridge was preparing to turn over to his night relief, when quick, clattering footsteps were heard. Nearer and nearer they came until a man loomed up out of the gray adobe-ness of the night, and stood panting before him—a small man, dressed accurately in American clothes and a tall hat. His face did not show, but he looked American, and his carefully kept hand extended to the customs man an American coin, covering bridge toll. At first the *gringo* thought of disputing this man's right to cross; it seemed, somehow, that something was wrong. But he was sleepy, and what did it matter after all? He took the coin and returned ten cents in change, upon which the man plunged hastily past him. To haste the American was accustomed, but the feeling that something was wrong caused him to look again after the stranger. What was that long, rosy-looking thing dangling down from his silk hat? A pig-tail—and its owner must be a Chinaman, trying to dodge the United States law.

In five seconds the customs man had caught the Celestial knocked off his tall silk hat, and was staring scrutinizingly into a white, twitching Chinese face, with agonized eyes and cold, blue lips, that made supplications in a strange language. A Chinaman, sure enough. The disguise had been carelessly gotten up, too, but for the forgotten pig-tail, which dangled unconcealed far below the waist-buttons of the American coat.

Americans generally know only the American language and Chinamen hardly ever know more than their own guttural tongue; there was, besides, no interpreter. Other wise (for it was no important matter) the customs officer, if the goodness of his heart, might have allowed the passage into American territory of this trembling, imploring little John Chinaman. As it was, he only said patronizingly, with a shove of his big, strong hand:

"No, no, Johnny. Heap good little man. Uncle Sam n' wantee. You go home—no have papers. Next timee hav papers. Johnny sabe?"

Just then the southern passenger train whistled loudly and through the dark stillness of the night the puffing of steam and clanking of heavy wheels could be heard. The train for the south had started, and it was too late! Truly, Toy might as well go back home, for his wife, her lover, and the savings of ten years were all beyond recall now.

Next morning Toy Lung Lee was found, strangled and dead. He had tightly twisted his own pig-tail about his neck, and then tied the end of it to a heavy nail in the ceiling. After that, it was an easy matter to kick away the high chair from which he had made these preparations, and so swing out into eternity. Not to no avail had Toy possessed the longest queue in Juarez, even though, as son people might think, it had been the cause of his undoing.

HEWITT DARRELL.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1900.

More than sixty-one million people in India are affected by the famine, and about four million are in receipt of relief.



## NOTED AMERICAN OFFICERS.

Characteristics of the Various Army Leaders in the Philippines—  
General Otis as a Worker—General Bates's Tact with  
the Natives—General Bell's Dashing Work.

A. G. Robinson, the excellent war-correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, after seven months of experience, observation, and investigation in the Philippine Islands, has gone to South Africa, where, he says, "I can tell what I believe to be the truth without being suspected of a lack of patriotism. I can criticize the cut of 'Oom Paul's' whiskers, or find fault with the War Office without being charged with giving 'aid and comfort to the enemy.' I can applaud Roberts or Krüger, Buller or Joubert, without being accused of partiality and favoritism." Inasmuch as all his correspondence to the *Evening Post* was bright, unsensational, and free from prejudice, we may expect some entertaining letters from him on the South African war.

In a recent article on "Our Officers in the Philippines," Mr. Robinson draws a few thumb-nail sketches which are well worth quoting. Of General Otis he says:

"Much has been written about the man. Some of it is true, some wholly false. I read a letter recently alleged to have been written by a local correspondent, in which General Otis was pictured as a man of quite elegant leisure and a tendency to enjoy it. The writer told of his life in a palace, and implied that the principal business of the general was to ride in a comfortable carriage and to 'fare sumptuously every day.' He does live in what passes for a 'palace' in this region; he does ride in a carriage; and I hope he fares sumptuously. I am no warm admirer of General Otis. His methods of working seem to me, as a business man, most unbusiness-like. But work he does, day in and day out, and far into the night, indefatigably, persistently, and conscientiously. He is the hardest worker on the islands. In that, it seems to me, lies his greatest error. He wastes endless time and strength in the doing and supervision of petty details. His work should be administrative, executive, that of direction, plan, and arrangement, broad, not narrow. He lives in a valley and works with a microscope, while his proper place is on a hill-top with a spy-glass. Some say he is in both places, using both instruments. That is not in human nature. His endurance is wonderful. He has been shot through the head, and suffers from loss of sleep. No criticism rests upon the amount of work he does, whatever may rest upon the kind of work and its results. He does enough work to kill most men."

In an office adjoining that of General Otis sits General Schwan, the chief of staff, one of the ablest and most competent men in the service:

"Loyal to his chief and faithful in his work, he puts in almost as many hours a day as does General Otis. He is a tall man of rather gaunt frame; a man of a clear and well-stored mind, a ready and pleasant talker, courteous in manner, with the direct straightforwardness of one who has seen many years of military life. He is a German by birth, enlisting as a very young man in the American army. He has risen steadily, step by step, through his own personal worth and merit. He served with distinction in the campaign in Puerto Rico, and commanded a small but successful expedition here in the Philippines early in October. His best work here has been done in his office in the Ayuntamiento, where the American public does not see it and does not know about it."

The ranking officer in the field is General MacArthur:

"He, too, is a staff man in the regulars, and like General Schwan, in the adjutant-general's department. He is a man of strong and sturdy figure, which a less active life would probably develop into rotundity. He enlisted in the Twenty-Fourth Wisconsin in 1862, serving as first-lieutenant and battalion-adjutant. He was mustered out as a lieutenant-colonel of his regiment in June, 1865, and entered the regular service as second-lieutenant in the Seventeenth Infantry in February, 1866. He was transferred to the staff as major in 1889; was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers in May, 1898, and made major-general in August of the same year. General MacArthur is a man of wide and thoughtful reading, and is unusually well read in military matters. In work of the kind so well done by Lawton and Young, the rapid movement, the brilliant dash, the quick sweep through a hostile country, General MacArthur would probably be no rival for such men. In efficient strategical movement of an army corps or a division, there are probably few men in the army who could excel him. He is a man of thoughtful habit, who studies and plans. Some think him slow, but if left to himself he would rarely have to do his work a second time. He is a gentleman, both in manner and costume; courteous and somewhat formal, not readily approachable by strangers, and apt to be unpopular with the ill-hred, who set him down as being 'stuck-up.'"

Taking the brigadiers as they stand in their rank in the regular army, the list would run as follows: Hughes, Bates, Hall, Young, Wheaton, Kohbé, Bell:

"General Hughes, ranking as colonel in the Inspector-General's Department, has been winning laurels as a soldier in Panay. He is military governor of his district; and now that troops have been furnished him and the season has come when army movement has been possible, he has scattered his opponents, and is proceeding with the work of garrisoning his district. He is a gentleman, both in manner and costume; courteous and somewhat formal, not readily approachable by strangers, and apt to be unpopular with the ill-hred, who set him down as being 'stuck-up.'"

The second in relative rank is General Bates:

"Some rather severe criticism has been passed upon his work in effecting a treaty, a few months ago, with the Sultan of Sulu. This criticism is quite unwarranted. General Bates was given a certain work to do, with generally outlined instructions. His mission was admirably accomplished, so far as his personal work is concerned. The principle involved is a matter of opinion. One thing is wholly certain, he has deeply impressed the people of that southern department, of which he is now in command. Part of this is due to the justice which he has manifested, the tact he has displayed, and the fairness and courtesy of his attitude toward all in that section. Part of it is due to a striking personality. He is a tall and slightly stooping man, who, in a black frock-coat instead of uniform, might easily be taken for a professional man, a student. Very heavy and bushy eyebrows overhang piercing brown eyes, which can flash or twinkle, according to the situation. There is no doubt that his personality carries great weight with those with whom he is appointed to deal. Fortunately, this is well backed up by clear judgment and unflinching honesty."

General Hall is unique in his position in the Philippines:

"Among the general officers serving in the Philippines who belong to the regular army, he is the only one, except the newly appointed Bell, who is a graduate of West Point. He entered that institution in 1855, and served through the Civil War in regiments of the regular army. He is an excellent type of the soldier-man in his personal appearance. He is of medium height, well and cleanly built, square-shouldered and flat-backed, a fine face, with white mustache and short imperial. His clothes correspond to his build, well-fitted and always in order, kept as a soldier is expected always to keep his equipment. He is of dignified and somewhat reserved bearing, improves steadily upon increasing acquaintance, and, after one has gotten to know him, turns out to be of the kind whom one is very glad to know."

General Young is a cavalryman who needs a horse that is a weight carrier:

"He is a tall, heavily built man of two hundred and forty pounds of normal weight. His endurance on his long trip through the wilds of northern Luzon has been marvelous. He has broken down men and horses, and pushed on himself any way he could get along—in the saddle, on foot, or sitting on the floor of a clumsy and springless hill-cart. His men dropped out and his native scouts fell behind. But Young kept on until he got about as far as any one could go. When he got there his command had dwindled to a squad. General Young is another type of soldier. He is a big, fine-looking man, with a frank and breezy manner, saying what he thinks with little regard to his audience—a bluff, open-hearted, free-handed man. He, too, is a Civil War veteran. He enlisted as private in the same regiment as General Hughes—the Twelfth Pennsylvania. He came out as colonel and brevet brigadier-general. He then entered the regular army as second lieutenant, and rose by gradations to the colonelcy of the Third Cavalry—his present rank in the regular army."

We have another fighting soldier—man in General Wheaton, one of the most deservedly popular men in the islands:

"He is tall, fine-looking, heavily bearded. He is approaching the time of his retirement, and does not stand quite as straight up and down as he did a few years ago. He hunts no newspaper reputation, and gets less of public notice than he deserves, yet he is the friend of the newspaper men, and his quarters are always open to them in most cordial hospitality. He is a man of strong opinions, and goes at his points in conversation as he goes at his opponents in the field—directly and vigorously. Yet he is not intolerant. I have had a tilt or two with him myself. He is a man who thinks strongly and fights as he thinks. He is essentially the man of the field rather than of the office. He thinks his place is at the head of his troops, and when his powerful voice rings out, 'Men! Follow me in a charge,' every blue-flannel shirt, whether it be on a man's back or hanging on a hush, starts up and follows wherever Wheaton will go."

General Kohbé is one of the many good men in the army who are but little known outside of army circles:

"It takes a long time to get rank in the artillery, and after twenty-seven years in that arm, following ten years in the infantry, he is still a major. His present star is a just recognition of valuable service rendered here in the Philippines. He is a man of sound and ripened judgment, quiet and rather retiring in manner, cool, clear, and level-headed in action. He talks little, but says something when he talks. He is spare of figure and a little above medium height. His face is serious and thoughtful, but lights up with a pleasant smile in conversation."

Compared with the above-mentioned officers, General Bell is something of an infant, though a very sturdy one:

"At the opening of 1899, J. Franklin Bell was in the regular service, a first lieutenant in the Seventh Cavalry. At its close he wears the star of a brigadier-general of volunteers. He has earned it. At first I thought him rather theatrical, given to gallery plays. I now feel that I was wrong. Scouting trips are the pyrotechnics of warfare, but they are essential. They are spectacular, but they are important and often vital. The more efficiently they are executed the more spectacular they become. Hence Bell seemed endlessly spectacular. Bell and the Thirty-Sixth were everywhere, but that is only evidence that they were doing their work. Bell is hardly yet in the prime of his life, a robust, vigorous, energetic man, laudably ambitious in his work. He is yet untried as a brigade commander, but all who know him hope for and believe in his success."

All of these men, Otis, Schwan, Hughes, Bates, Hall, Young, Wheaton, and Kohbé—all, excepting Bell, are veterans of the Civil War.

Lord Rosebery is the most elusive of European statesmen (says *Harper's Weekly*). Disraeli puzzled his countrymen sorely, but Disraeli was a mystery man by instinct and policy. Lord Rosebery haffles in spite of himself. After twenty years of public life, England is still at a loss to know what he is or what are his opinions. Yet the fault, apparently, is not Lord Rosebery's. Nothing seems further from his engaging openness than any turn for dissimulation. Few men could have borne themselves more candidly or more publicly than he. He has done so much, and been so much in politics, literature, sport, and society, touched life at so many corners, and gathered ears of corn from so many harvests, that one would hardly suspect any difficulty in "placing" him. He has held the two greatest of English offices—he has been both prime minister and foreign secretary; he has also been chairman of the London county council; there is hardly a subject, from street advertisements to imperial policies, on which he has not spoken. Windsor knows him no better than Whitechapel, and Whitechapel no better than Windsor—in both he is equally at home, equally popular, and equally incognizable. His interests stretch far beyond the humdrum game of politics; he does almost everything that Englishmen like their leaders to do; his colors are seen everywhere on the turf, his cattle invade all the agricultural shows in the land; he hunts and shoots and farms and breeds and writes books; and yet, with all these data, England is as far from making up her mind about him as when he first came into public notice as Mr. Gladstone's host during the opening Midlothian campaign.

Mr. Birrell, in his "Obituary Dicta," quoting the following passage from Edmund Burke's famous letter on the American war, suggests that it should be cut out and framed by every editor in town and country. The advice has been copied widely in England by newspapers not friendly to the course of the government in South Africa:

"A conscientious man would be cautious how he dealt in blood. He would feel some apprehension at being called to a tremendous account for engaging in so deep a play without any knowledge of the game. It is no excuse for presumptuous ignorance that it is directed by insolent passion. The poorest being that crawls on earth, contending to save itself from injustice, is an object respectable in the eyes of God and man. But I can not conceive any existence under heaven (which in the depths of its wisdom tolerates all sorts of things) that is more truly odious and disgusting than an impotent, helpless creature, without civil wisdom or military skill, bloated with pride and arrogance, calling for battles which he is not to fight, and contending for a violent dominion which he can never exercise. If you and I find our talents not of the great and ruling kind, our conduct, at least, is conformable to our faculties. No man's life pays the forfeit of our rashness. No desolate widow weeps tears of blood over our ignorance. Scrupulous and sober in a well-grounded distrust of ourselves, we would keep in the port of peace and security; and perhaps in recommending to others something of the same diffidence we should show ourselves more charitable to their welfare than injurious to their abilities."

A French naturalist quoted by *Popular Science News* asserts that "if the world should become birdless, man could not inhabit it after nine years' time, in spite of all the sprays and poisons that could be manufactured for the destruction of insects. The hogs and slugs would simply eat up all the orchards and crops in that time."

## DOOM OF THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS.

Flames Ravage the Historic Maison de Molière—Efforts of Spectators to Save the Art Treasures—Mourning for Mlle. Henriot.

A national calamity has fallen upon France, precipitated by a defective chimney in the shop of a pastry-cook. The Théâtre Français, the temple and treasure-house of art, the structure above all others sacred in the eyes of Paris, is in ruins. On Thursday at noon, while the members of the Comédie were in their dressing-rooms preparing for the matinee performance of "Bajazet," great volumes of smoke burst from the roof, and in a brief space of time the building was filled with seething flames. Had the fire begun an hour later the theatre would have been crowded, and another catastrophe as awful as that which occurred at the Opéra Comique in 1887 would have resulted. The fire companies did their best, but they were embarrassed by lack of water, defective appliances, and the ever noticeable want of organization. Some of the actors made their escape unaided, Mlle. Dudlay, dressed in the light robes of her part in Racine's tragedy, was rescued from a window high in the front, and it was hoped that there were no fatalities, but a later discovery brought deep sorrow. Mlle. Henriot, only a few months a member of the company, and not familiar with the halls and passages, was overcome by the smoke while seeking egress, and became the one victim of the conflagration.

With the first alarm a great crowd gathered, in which men of prominence in every station were to be seen. All who could pressed forward to aid in saving from the flames the treasures of painting, sculpture, and literature with which the theatre was filled. There was the greatest confusion, and while many were actuated by the best motives, there were individuals void of principle among the rescuers, and undoubtedly numbers of priceless pictures and objects of art were surreptitiously carried away. To the Palais Royal, the Théâtre Café, the tobacco shop La Civette, the omnibus station, and other havens close at hand, were removed statues, paintings, hooks, arm-chairs, escritoirs, anything movable that could be found in the blazing or smoke-filled interior. Among those who labored arduously and with success was Baron Henri de Rothschild, while Sardou supervised the efforts of the salvage corps.

Not only in the archives of the theatre were there priceless souvenirs of the past and gems of artistic worth, but all through the building were scattered collections of beauty and value. The dressing-rooms of the members of the Comédie, furnished with lavish taste, contained personal belongings of inestimable worth. All the rooms looking upon the Place du Théâtre Français passed through the fiery ordeal practically unscathed, and in some others the destruction was only partial. Yesterday a visit to the mournful scene disclosed some views which must have awakened strangely mingled feelings in the bosoms of the artists. In Mme. Hamel's dressing-room, and in the rooms of Mme. Baretta Worms, Mlle. Bartet, Mme. Pierson, and Mlle. Dudlay, the beautiful furniture was intact, delicate vases filled with flowers hardly beginning to fade stood unharmed in their places, and pictures and tapestry were even uncolored by the smoke. But some of the houndoirs, like those of Mlle. Lara and Mlle. de Minil, were completely ravaged, and are now only ashes and desolation. M. Claretie declares that nearly all of the treasures of greatest value, such as the royal letters patent instituting the Théâtre Français, and signed by Louis the Fourteenth, the famous decree of Napoleon at Moscow, the autograph of Molière, and many original manuscripts have been saved.

Thus in three hours was the ruin made complete of the Maison de Molière, the greatest theatre in the world, the scene of countless triumphs of the most eminent authors and actors, and the home of the Comédie-Française, the most remarkable society of artists in all history. Its earliest years lighted up by the reflected glories of Molière, Corneille, and Racine, their masterpieces delineated by the legitimate successors of the comedians who had amused the court of the "grand monarque," all down through the years it has seen the first production of the masters, such as Marivaux, Voltaire, and Beaumarchais, Hugo, Dumas, and Augier. Here Talma, Mars, and Rachel won laurels that can never fade, and here Got, Coquelin, and Bernhardt made names that a century hence will shine as brightly on the roll of fame. But such an institution can not be destroyed. Already preparations for rebuilding on the original plans of Louis are going forward, and before the summer ends the house will be restored. In the meantime the Comédie will play at the Odéon, through the kindness of M. Ginesty, though there were instant and generous offers made by Bernhardt, M. Coquelin, and others who have play-houses of their own.

At the modest little cottage in the Rue Pergolese, which had been the home of Mlle. Jane Henriot, many took part to-day in a most affecting scene. It was the gathering of friends and associates to pay the last tribute of respect to the member of the Comédie whose life was sacrificed in the disaster. The daughter of artistic parents, young and gifted, until lately a member of the Conservatoire, where she won the first prize in comedy, her death brings sorrow even to those who could not claim the privilege of personal friendship. The funeral service at the Church of St. Honore d'Eylan, in the Place Victor Hugo, was attended by the most prominent persons in the world of art, among them Sardou, Halévy, Alexander Bisson, Rostand, Sarah Bernhardt, Coquelin, the elder and the younger, Mme. Réjane, Mlle. Granier, and Jean de Reszké. The procession, on its way to Montmartre Cemetery, passed all the way between lines of people with uncovered heads, and even at the funerals of Gambetta, Carnot, and Félix Faure there were no more touching evidences of genuine sorrow and sympathy.

PARIS, March 10, 1900.

ST. MARTIN.



## THE APPLETONS' ASSIGNMENT.

New York Astonished at the Suspension of Another Big Publishing House—Too Much Prosperity the Cause of its Embarrassment.

The assignment of D. Appleton & Co., following on that of the Harpers, has come as a great shock to New York. The firm has been in existence for three-quarters of a century, and had come to be regarded by us dwellers in Manhattan as being as sound an institution as the Chemical Bank. It has been with us all our lives, and has always stood in our minds for all that is to be revered in the intellectual and all that is solid and substantial financially; and to have it make an assignment for the benefit of its creditors is like having the solid ground tremble under our feet.

The recent misfortune of the Harpers was not so entirely unexpected. It was apparent to the entire reading world that the ten-cent magazines must be making inroads on the circulation and on the advertising patronage of *Harper's Monthly*, and those who added some acquaintance with the inner wheels of literature in this city to common sense in business affairs knew that such a system of nepotism as existed in the Harper establishment could not hold its own against the vigorous methods that were brought into rival concerns by the infusion of new blood. But the Appletons were not in the magazine field, and it was ability rather than kinship that won promotion in their house, and when they threw up their hands on Thursday all New York stood aghast.

For D. Appleton & Co. is one of the institutions of the city. The firm was founded away back in 1825, when Daniel Appleton, a Boston dry-goods merchant in a modest way, came here and added a book department to his shop in Exchange Place. He put his eldest son, William Henry Appleton, in charge of the literary wares, which consisted exclusively of importations from England, and it so throve that in a few years the dry-goods business became subordinate to it, and presently was abandoned altogether.

The first venture of the firm in the way of publishing was a collection of religious extracts entitled "Daily Crumbs from the Master's Table," and it was considered to have achieved a remarkable success when the edition of two thousand copies was sold out. Then, in 1832, a pamphlet entitled "A Refuge in Time of Plague and Pestilence" attained a large sale through the popular misapprehension that it referred to the cholera, then rife. These two successes determined the future of the firm. In 1836 Daniel Appleton visited London, meeting many literary celebrities there, and a London agency was established. Two years later he took his son into partnership under the firm name of D. Appleton & Co., which it has borne ever since, and in 1848 the father retired and William H. was joined by his four brothers. With the growth of the business many removals became necessary. In 1881 the retail, jobbing, and importing departments were abandoned, the manufacturing department having been moved to Brooklyn in 1868, and two years ago the firm was incorporated. William H. Appleton had retired a few years before, and he died last October, full of years and honored by all who knew him.

As with the Harpers, the publication of fiction was a later development with D. Appleton & Co. They began with several editions of the Bible, and from that turned to denominational and philosophical books, and then to science. It was they who introduced Spencer, Huxley, and Tyndall to the American public, and for many years their *Popular Science Monthly* occupied a unique position in a similar field. Their "American Cyclopaedia," issued between 1857 and 1863, was the first and largest work of its kind published in this country; a revised edition was got out ten years later, and the supplemental work, entitled the "Annual Cyclopaedia," is now in its twenty-fifth volume. In pure literature they began with the poems of Moore and Byron, while the Harpers were bringing out Thackeray they published Dickens, and they have developed this field until last year they published the most successful American novel of the decade, "David Harum," now in its four-hundred-and-sixtieth thousand.

The encroachments of the Sunday newspaper and the cheap magazine on the province of the fiction publisher drove them into a special field which, paradoxical as it may seem, was so profitable that it proved their ruin. This was the publication of handsome books sold on the installment plan. Their choice of these works has been eminently wise, but it has turned out to be too expensive for their capital. For the production of such works an enormous outlay is necessary. Authors and artists must be employed, and the outlay on the mechanical production is large. These expenses must all be paid before the work is put on the market, and from the first returns the canvassers' and salesmen's commissions must be paid. But the payments for the books are scattered over a period of from twelve to thirty-six months, and it is thus sixteen or eighteen months before the profits begin to come in. That the profits are sure is indicated by the fact that during their experience in this business the Appletons have suffered a loss of only six per cent. from purchasers' failures to pay the installments as they came due. But, as the firm had no bonded indebtedness and was capitalized at only two millions of dollars, small loans on short time were negotiated to meet current expenses. This was all well enough until recently; but the assignment of Harper & Brothers destroyed the bankers' faith in the publishing business, and the Appletons, unable to secure new loans to meet their maturing notes, have now been compelled to make an assignment.

This, however, is an entirely amicable arrangement. It was made at the instance of one of the stockholders, and the receiver appointed by the court is a man who has frequently acted as attorney for members of the Appleton family, and is thoroughly familiar with the firm's affairs. He will conduct the business as it has gone on heretofore, and after raising the needed ready money on bonds or by

some similar plan, he will be able to pay off all indebtedness and restore the property to the family that has conducted it so long and so honorably. Nearly a million of dollars is owing, and presumably collectable, to the company on its subscription-books, and its assets exceed its liabilities by little less than two millions. The only difficulty is that notes amounting to nine hundred thousand dollars will mature within the next three months and must be met. There should be no difficulty in meeting these by an issue of bonds, which will soon put the firm of D. Appleton & Co. financially where it has stood in a literary sense for three-quarters of a century, in the forefront of American publishing houses.

NEW YORK, March 23, 1900.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Serenade.

Stars of the summer night!  
Far in yon azure deeps,  
Hide, hide your golden light!  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!  
Far down yon western slopes,  
Sink, sink in silver light!  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!  
Where yonder woodhine creeps,  
Fold, fold thy pinions light!  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!  
Tell her, her lover keeps  
Watch! while in slumbers light  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!—Henry W. Longfellow.

### Invocation to Sleep.

Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving  
Lock me in delight awhile;  
Let some pleasing dreams beguile  
All my fancies, that from thence  
I may feel an influence,  
All my powers of care hereaving!

Though but a shadow, but a sliding  
Let me know some little joy!  
We that suffer long annoy  
Are contented with a thought,  
Through an idle fancy wrought:  
Oh, let my joys have some abiding!

—John Fletcher.

### The Beautiful Land of Nod.

Come, cuddle your head on my shoulder, dear,  
Your head like the golden rod,  
And we will go sailing away from here  
To the beautiful Land of Nod.  
Away from life's hurry, and flurry, and worry,  
Away from earth's shadows and gloom,  
To a world of fair weather we'll float off together,  
Where roses are always in bloom.

Just shut up your eyes, and fold your hands,  
Your hands like the leaf of a rose,  
And we will go sailing to those fair lands  
That never an atlas shows.  
On the North and the West they are bounded by rest,  
On the South and the East hy dreams;  
'Tis the country ideal, where nothing is real,  
But everything only seems.

Just drop down the curtains of your dear eyes,  
Those eyes like a bright blue-hell,  
And we will sail out under starlit skies,  
To the land where the fairies dwell.  
Down the river of sleep our harque shall sweep,  
Till it reaches that mystical isle  
Which no man hath seen, but where all have been,  
And there we will pause awhile.  
I will croon you a song as we float along,  
To that shore that is blessed of God.  
Then ho! for that fair land, we're off for that rare land,  
That beautiful Land of Nod.—Elta Wheeler Wilcox.

### Sleep.

Come, Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,  
The hailing place of wit, the balm of woe,  
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
The indifferent judge between the high and low.  
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease  
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw;  
Oh, make in me those civil wars to cease:  
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.  
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;  
A chamber, deaf to noise and blind to light;  
A rosy garland, and a weary head.  
And if these things, as being thine by right,  
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,  
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

—Sir Philip Sidney.

The great machine, "L'Assistance Publique," which dispenses charity to the Paris poor, undoubtedly is the richest charitable establishment in the world. It draws from real-estate investments \$480,000 and from government investments \$712,000, making an income of over \$1,200,000. It is an enormous sum to dispense in charity, and it would seem sufficient to make it certain that nobody need go hungry in Paris; but the complaints are constant that worthy people are refused assistance and that the poor die of starvation, and "L'Assistance Publique" is accused of squandering its millions of francs. It is charged that five-ninths of the income is spent in paying the functionaries who handle this great sum.

Japanese are flocking into Hawaii at the rate of four hundred a week. The coolies from the island kingdom make excellent laborers for the Hawaiian planters (remarks the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*), but it does not look as though there would be much room left for American colonists.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Paul Meurice, Victor Hugo's executor, has presented to the Bibliothèque Nationale a collection of over a thousand pictures representing Victor Hugo, his family, and places connected with his life.

Kaiser Wilhelm and King Leopold of Belgium have put up one million dollars capital, according to the London *Daily Mail*, for a syndicate to explore the territory in China acquired by King Leopold. M. de Gerlache, who commanded the "Belgica" Antarctic expedition, is to be put in command of the exploring party.

The atmosphere of Seville does not appear to be salutary to the Duke of Orleans. The dispatch from that city announcing the injury he has sustained in the leg by the attack of a wild boar recalls the fact that the duke, while out hunting near Seville on April 26, 1895, was thrown from his horse and sustained a severe fracture of the leg.

The stockholders of the Denver *Post* have offered five thousand dollars a year to the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon if he will assume exclusive control of a religious page in the daily and Sunday *Post*. It is understood that Mr. Sheldon will decline the offer on the ground that it is a sin for a Christian to have any part or lot in the issue of a Sunday paper.

London dispatches announce that the British Government has decided to retain Lord Pauncefoot as ambassador at Washington for an indefinite period. In accordance with the general regulations of the service he would have been retired in the near future to private life, and the sudden determination to prolong his active career is therefore a striking recognition of his usefulness.

John Fraser is the name of the Orange Free State citizen who delivered up the keys of Bloemfontein to Lord Roberts when the English forces entered that city. Mr. Fraser is one of the burghers of the Free State who has always been for peace. He was nominated for the presidency of the Free State in 1896, and ran against President Steyn, who defeated him by over two thousand votes.

It is seldom that so unusual a marriage anniversary is celebrated as that which occurred in the village of Manor, Pa., on March 14th, when John and Sarah Yaley received their relatives and friends on the seventieth recurrence of their wedding day. Mr. Yaley is ninety-six and his wife ninety-three, and they have lived in the village of Manor for seventy-five years. They both enjoy good health, take an interest in current events, and seldom miss a church service on Sunday. Fifteen grandchildren and fourteen great-grandchildren were among the relatives who assembled to congratulate them.

Mrs. "Bill" Anthony, widow of the famous sergeant of the battle-ship *Maine*, who, when he suddenly encountered Captain Sigsbee, just after the terrible explosion in Havana harbor, coolly said: "Sir, I have to report to you that the ship is sinking," has at last been provided with a livelihood by the government. Since her husband, unable to secure employment after leaving the navy, committed suicide, she has struggled bravely to earn enough to support herself and child. Recently, Director of the Census Merriam was appealed to by congressmen and others to give her a civil service examination for entrance to the clerical department of his great bureau. He consented, and she passed the examination with great credit. Her position in the Census Bureau is that of a clerk, and she will receive a salary of six hundred dollars a year.

The Duke of Veragua, the lineal descendant of Columbus who was one of the attractions at the opening of the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, had a rather unpleasant experience in Paris a few weeks ago. The duke was the head of a mission sent from Spain to deliver the insignia of the Order of the Golden Fleece to the German Crown Prince, and he just reached Paris on his way back from Berlin, when his baggage was arrested at the instance of a French creditor. It appears that during the Paris Exposition of 1889 the duke was a party to the organization of a bull ring near the Bois de Boulogne. The undertaking was not a financial success, and yesterday the seizure of the Spanish nobleman's baggage was made in order to satisfy his importunate creditor's claim. This annoying affair took place at the Hotel Liverpool and occasioned much amusement to the democratic Frenchmen who heard the story. The Duke of Veragua recovered his baggage by pleading "diplomatic immunity."

It was recently announced by Henri Rochefort, in his paper, *L'Intransigent*, which a little while ago started a subscription for the purchase of a sword to be presented to the imprisoned Cronje, that over two thousand dollars had already been collected for the purpose, and that subscriptions were still pouring in. In the meantime, papers like *Le Petit Journal*, *L'Intransigent*, and *Le Gaulois*, which are booming the project, are devoting columns to Cronje's pedigree and past life, no two accounts of which agree even in the most general facts. Like General Joubert, it is asserted that he is the descendant of a French Huguenot family. His ancestors were, according to some, Calvinists who, at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis the Fourteenth, in 1685, emigrated to the Cape and settled. The original name of the family was Crosin. *L'Intransigent* declares, which gradually assumed the Dutch form of Kronje. The town of Meaux also claims to be the cradle of the Kronje family. At Meaux there were the Crognets, or Crognos, some of whom were publicly hurned as heretics. Should the near events of the war make possible, it is the intention of the persons who have the sword-subscription in charge to invite General Cronje to visit Paris. For this purpose another fund will be raised among the Anglophobes.



## DUTCH INFLUENCE IN AMERICA.

John Fiske's History of the Early Settlements in New York and Pennsylvania—The Quaker Governor—Story of Captain Kidd—Slavery and the "Great Plot."

There is much of present interest in the first volume of Professor John Fiske's latest historical work, "The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America," for it is a strong presentation of the claims of the Dutch to the highest consideration as pioneers and builders. It takes up the history of the mediæval Netherlands, traces the kinship between the English and Dutch peoples, notes the contrasts in their political development, and makes plain the influence of the Dutch upon England and America. From the earliest recorded visits of white men to the harbor of New York, the history of the New Amsterdam—which is now, as the older city was before it, "the common city of all the peoples in the world, and the centre of their commerce"—is traced down to the grant of New Netherland to the Duke of York, and the death of Peter Stuyvesant. The line of sturdy Dutch governors receives impartial treatment, and many of the pertinent facts related by the voracious Knickerbocker are pointed out. The second volume of the work continues the story of the colonies under English rule, and includes the account of the Quaker settlements and influence. As a whole, the history follows in order the professor's earlier works, "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors," and "The Beginnings of New England," and it is no less complete in detail, clear, and fascinating. Many of the familiar stories of great events are retold with added strength or new applications, and much that is not widely known brought out to complete the pictures. Anecdotes of the prominent figures are abundant, and the reviewer has a wide choice in his quotations for illustration of the historian's method.

Sir William Penn was a distinguished admiral in the navy of the commonwealth, but afterward became a warm friend of Quakerism at Oxford, much to his father's disgust. When the grant was made to the founder of Philadelphia, the king made a pleasing reference to the Quaker governor's sire:

It was Penn's intention to call his province New Wales, because he had heard that there were hills west of the Delaware River. But as the king for some reason objected to this, he changed it to Sylvania, or Woodland. When the king had in hand the draft of the charter, with this correction, he added the name Penn before Sylvania. When Penn saw this he was not at all pleased. It had an egotistical look, and he insisted that his own name should be crossed off; but Charles the Second was quick-witted. "We will keep it," said he, "but not on your account, my dear fellow. Don't flatter yourself. We will keep the name to commemorate the admiral, your noble father." If there were any answer for this, Penn had it not forthcoming, and the king's emendation remained.

One of the most famous events of Penn's first visit to the New World was his treaty with a tribe of Delawares or Lenape Indians under the elm-tree at Shackamaxon:

Documentary evidence concerning this affair is extremely deficient, but there is little doubt that such a treaty was made, probably in November, 1682, at Shackamaxon, under a great elm which was blown down in 1810. There is no doubt that the Indians from the first were greatly pleased with Penn's looks and manners. None can appreciate better than the red man that union of royal dignity with affable grace which characterized the handsome young cavalier. A lady who was present at a conference between Penn and the Indians, near Philadelphia, gave some detailed accounts of it which were afterward used by the antiquarian, John Watson: "She said that the Indians, as well as the whites, had severally prepared the best entertainment the place and circumstances could admit. William Penn made himself endeared to the Indians by his marked condescension and acquiescence in their wishes. He walked with them, sat with them on the ground, and ate with them of their roasted acorns and hominy. At this they expressed their great delight, and soon began to show how they could hop and jump; at which exhibition William Penn, to cap the climax, sprang up and out-danced them all."

Of the Shackamaxon covenant Voltaire pithily observes that it was "the only treaty between savages and Christians that was never sworn to and that was never broken":

The Quaker policy toward the red men was a policy of justice and truth, and deserves all that has been said in its praise. Nevertheless, in connection with this subject sundry impressions have obtained currency which are not historically correct. Many people suppose that Penn's conduct in paying the Indians for the land which he occupied, was without precedent. There could not be a greater mistake. The Dutch settlers of New Netherland were careful to pay for every tract of land which they took, and New York writers sometimes allude to this practice in terms which imply that it was highly exceptional. But similar purchases by the Puritan settlers of New England occurred repeatedly.

After the expiration of the Duke of York's charter, giving him power to collect customs duties in the colonies, there was serious objection to paying the tax on imports and no little clamor for a legislative assembly. King James took William Penn's advice, and sent out Colonel Thomas Dongan, an Irishman of ability, as governor, with instructions to issue writs for an election of representatives. Governor Dongan was received in New York with delight, and the assembly was elected, holding its first meeting October 17, 1683:

Meanwhile the sagacious Dongan had his hands as full as they could hold of French and Indian diplomacy. With a statesman's foresight he knew that a deadly struggle between France and England for supremacy in this wilderness must soon begin, and his military eye saw that the centre of the fight must lie between the Hudson and the St. Lawrence. Either Louis the Fourteenth must be checked into Canada or he would drive the English from New York. So Dongan sought to fan the fires of Indian hatred in the Mohawk Valley. His opponent, the Marquis Denonville, viceroy of Canada, was also an astute and keen-witted man, as one had need to be in such a position. No Russian game of *jeu de l'hermine* on the lower Danube was ever played with more wary hand than the game between those two old foxes. While their secret emissaries prowled and intrigued, their highnesses exchanged official letters, usually polite in form, but sometimes crusty, and always lively enough, despite the dust of these two hundred years. On one occasion the Frenchman lectures Dongan for allowing West India rum to be sent to the Long House. "Think you that religion will make any progress, while your traders supply the savages in abundance with the liquor which, as you ought to know, converts them into demons and their wigwams into counterparts of hell?" One seems to see the Irishman's tongue curl under his cheek as he replies, "Methinks our rum doth as little hurt as your brandy, and in the opinion of Christians is much more wholesome."

The little Dutch village of Schenectady, fifteen miles above Albany, was the extreme frontier outpost of the New York colony. This unsuspecting place was attacked in the

dead of a winter night by a scalping-party of one hundred and fourteen French-Canadians and ninety-six Indians, sent down by Frontenac, and sixty of the inhabitants were killed in a few minutes. The invaders then turned homeward, but were pursued, and, when near Montreal, overtaken and fifteen shot down. Of the French leader the historian says:

What a picturesque creature was Frontenac! We can seem to see him now, aristocrat and courtier to the ends of his fingers, with his gleaming black eyes, the frost of seventy winters on his brow, and the sardonic smile on his lips, as he presides over a grim crowd of sachems; we see him as he suddenly daubs vermilion on his cheeks and seizes a pipe and leads off the war dance, screaming like a cougar and inflaming to madness those warriors of the Stone Age.

The war which brought firebrand and tomahawk upon Schenectady brought many a pirate craft into New York harbor:

The principal cruising-ground of these rascals was the Indian Ocean, where the richly laden ships of the English and Dutch East India companies were continually passing between the coasts of Hindustan or the Spice Islands to the Red Sea, or to the Cape of Good Hope. After a pirate had captured one or more of these vessels and taken on board all the treasure he could carry, he would make for New York, where he would pull out of his pocket some dog's-eared letter of marque, and swear that he had taken all this Oriental stuff from Frenchmen as a lawful privateer. It was usually difficult to convict him of falsehood. A still more common practice was to sail to Madagascar with the plunder. The luxuriant tropical forests of that large island furnished an almost inaccessible lair for the pirates, and thither they repaired from all quarters. In the interval between cruises many of them dwelt there in palisaded castles, with moat and drawbridge, approachable only through labyrinthine paths which, for further defense, were studded with sharp thorns to lacerate the ill-shod feet of the natives. There they guzzled stolen wines of the finest vintage, kept harems that might have made the Grand Turk envious, quarreled and murdered one another, and indulged in nameless orgies, until they wearied of such pastime and sallied forth again to the business of ocean robbery.

The citizens of Charleston and of New York, who coveted their wares, knew also that their ships were apt to be formidable, and so treated them usually with politeness:

Sometimes the pirate captain was a man of polished address and entertaining speech, who could make himself acceptable at dinner-tables and in good society. One of them, we are told, before venturing ashore, was careful to send some silks and cashmeres, with a trifle or so in the shape of costly gems, to Mrs. Fletcher, wife of the governor, and her stylish daughters. For a dozen years or more the streets of New York might have reminded one of Teheran or Bassora, with their shops displaying rugs of Anatolia or Daghestan, tables of carved teak-wood, vases of hammered brass and silver, Bagdad *portières*, fans of ivory or sandalwood, soft shawls of myriad gorgeous hues, and white crepe daintily embroidered, along with exquisite ornaments of ruby, pearl, and emerald. In the little town which had been wont to eke out its slender currency with wampum, strange pieces of gold and silver now passed freely from hand to hand; Greek *lyszants*, Arabian *dinars*, and *mohurs* from Hindustan, along with Spanish doubloons and the *louis d'or* of France. A familiar sight in taverns was the swaggering blade, attired in blue coat trimmed with gold lace and pearl buttons, white knee-breeches, and embroidered hose, with jeweled dagger in his belt, paying scot for all who would listen to his outlandish yarns, and tipping everybody, from the pot-boy up (as it was whispered), even to the worshipful governor. The East India companies, English and Dutch, complained of this state of things, and all merchants who felt interested in the navigation laws added their complaints. But the warships of William of Orange were so fully occupied in the waters about France that the Indian Ocean was inadequately guarded. Under these circumstances a scheme was formed which was highly characteristic of the age, and which introduces us to the most famous name, perhaps, in all the annals of piracy.

Whether Captain William Kidd ever really deserved such a greswome renown is, however, more or less questionable. He was certainly no ruffian, but an educated mariner who for the greater part of his life was esteemed a model of integrity:

Kidd was probably the son of a Presbyterian minister at Greenock, in Scotland. In his marriage certificate, in 1691, he is styled "gentleman." At that time he had considerable wealth and lived in a pleasant home on Liberty Street. In earlier days he seems to have been a navigator in various parts of the world. . . . Robert Livingston recommended Kidd to Lord Bellomont as the very man for the enterprise. These three, with several members of the council, entered into partnership and subscribed six thousand pounds. Kidd received letters-of-marque authorizing him to capture French vessels, and a special commission instructing him to arrest all pirates wheresoever found, and bring them to trial. After reserving a royalty of ten per cent. for the king, the proceeds of the cruise were to be divided among the partners. . . . A 36-gun frigate, the *Adventure*, was duly equipped, and in May, 1696, Kidd sailed from Plymouth with a crew of eighty men. In New York he picked up about ninety more, and in February, 1697, set sail for Madagascar.

The civilized world saw nothing more of Kidd for two years. That time he passed capturing ships of the Great Mogul, and those of Christian nations as well, one being an East Indiaman, owned by Armenian traders and commanded by an English skipper, which brought him more than a million dollars. In the meantime a royal proclamation had been made against him. Had he fully grasped the hopelessness of the situation, or had he been an unmitigated ruffian, like Blackbeard or Olonnois, he would most likely have accepted an outlaw's career. But he longed for the home where wife and children awaited him, and sailed back to America with a small sloop and large treasure:

Arriving in Narragansett Bay he sent to Governor Bellomont at Boston the message that he was entirely innocent of any acts of piracy laid to his charge. Bellomont replied that if Kidd could satisfy him of his innocence he might count upon his protection. Accordingly, on the first day of July, Kidd landed in Boston and paid his respects to the governor, handing him a present of rare jewels for Lady Bellomont. With the approval of the council Bellomont accepted the present, lest a refusal should put Kidd too keenly on his guard. As his story did not satisfy the governor, he was arrested on July 6th, and the jewels were handed to a trustee as part of the documents in the case. After a while Kidd was sent to London and kept in prison more than a year, while evidence was sought in the East Indies. In the spring of 1701 he was brought to trial for sundry acts of piracy and for the murder of William Moore. Kidd's defense as to the first charge was that he had only captured vessels sailing under French colors, except in one or two cases when his crew overpowered him and took the command out of his hands. As to the second charge, he averred that Moore was engaged in mutiny and rightfully slain; nevertheless the homicide was unintentional; he had not used pistol or dagger, but only struck the offender with a bucket, and on the worst construction was only guilty of manslaughter. The prosecution did not break down this defense, and one can not read the report of the trial without feeling that the verdict of guilty was predetermined. Kidd was hanged in May, 1701. In spite of the unfairness of the trial, he had probably done enough to deserve his sentence; but his preeminent notoriety is clearly due to other causes than his preeminence in crime.

Slavery in New York never seemed to be an economic necessity, as in the Southern colonies, and it was not difficult to accomplish the act of 1785, which declared that from that time forth all children born of slaves should be born free:

Negro slaves were brought to New Amsterdam as early as 1625; they were bought and sold during the entire colonial period at an aver-

age price, whether for men or for women, of from \$150 to \$250. They were employed in all kinds of service, agricultural and domestic—as plowmen and gardeners, or as cooks, and porters, and valets, but children were seldom consigned to their care, as with Southern "mamies." Ladies might be seen carried about town in sedan-chairs borne by colored men, or in coaches with negro drivers and coachmen. In the city they never, perhaps, formed so large a portion of the population as in 1746, when a census showed 2,444 slaves in a total of 11,723. It appears that the slaves were generally not overworked or ill-treated. Manumission was not infrequent; the slave was often allowed to choose his home among the heirs of his deceased master; and it is said that "if a slave was dissatisfied with his master, it was very common for the master to give him a paper on which his age, his price, etc. were written, and allow him to go and look for some one with whom he would prefer to live, and who would be willing to pay the price stated."

Even in these kindly circumstances, however, slaves now and then ran away, and the history of the time holds some dark pages through this system of bondage and traffic in human beings:

The statute-book, moreover, shows that they were regarded with some fear by their masters. They were prohibited from gathering in groups of more than four, and they were forbidden to carry guns, swords, or clubs, under penalty of ten lashes at the whipping-post. One cautious act provided that no slave could go about the streets after night, either anywhere south of the City, without a lighted lantern, "so as the light thereof may be plainly seen." In 1712, during Governor Hunter's administration, there was an attempt at a slave insurrection. A party of negroes armed with guos, knives, and hatchets, assembled one evening in an orchard near Maiden Lane, and set fire to an out-house. At sight of the flames people came running to the spot, and as fast as they came were shot or slashed. Nine had been killed and six wounded when a squad of soldiers came upon the scene and captured the murderers. Many negroes were arrested, and twenty-one were executed in ways intended to strike terror. One was broken on the wheel, and several were burned alive at the stake, while the rest were hanged.

The recollection of this affair may have had something to do with the virulence of the panic that was brought on in 1741 by what has been called the "Great Negro Plot." This was a melancholy instance of panic and delusion, not wholly unmingled with fraud, and has often been likened to the witchcraft delusion at Salem Village in 1692:

Shortly before this time a large number of negroes, including many savages lately kidnapped from Africa, had been brought to New York from Spanish America, and they seem to have aroused a feeling of dread, both for their own uncouthness and on account of the region from which they came. On the last day of February, 1741, a house in Broad Street was robbed of some silverware, coins, and pieces of linen. Suspicion fell on a negro in the owner's employ; the negro was proved to be in the habit of meeting other negroes at Hughson's Tavern, on the North River; a search was made, and some of the stolen articles were found in a pig-pen behind the house. This Hughson's was a low place; among its inmates was an indentured white servant, Mary Burton, an abandoned girl, only sixteen years of age, who had been brought over from some English hindwell. Arrested on suspicion of complicity with the thieves, this creature sought to screen herself by charges and insinuations implicating her master and his family as well as sundry negroes. She thus found herself suddenly invested with an importance which she was cunning enough to seek to increase by appearing to know much more than she had yet told.

During the month following there were a number of mysterious fires, some of which undoubtedly were of incendiary origin. From such alarming incidents there was nothing very strange in the rapid genesis of a fierce and bloodthirsty panic:

On April 11th the common council offered one hundred pounds reward, with a full pardon, to any conspirator who should tell what he knew about a plot for burning the city. This offer elicited a "confession" from Mary Burton, who swore that, in meetings at Hughson's Tavern, certain negroes had matured such an incendiary plot, as the first step in a revolution which was to make Hughson king and a darkey named Caesar governor. She further averred that Colonel Philipse's Cuffy used to say that "some people had too much and others too little of the time was coming when Master Philipse would have less and Cuff more." The only white people present at these meetings besides herself were Hughson and his wife and a woman named Carey. After a while, however, she "confessed" that a poor school-teacher, John Ury, who was known to be a Catholic, had taken part in the affair. The result of these disclosures was a reign of terror which lasted until September. In the course of it, Hughson and his wife, the teacher Ury, and the woman Carey were hanged, and twenty other white persons were imprisoned. One hundred and fifty-four negroes were arrested, of whom fourteen were burned alive at the stake and eighteen were hanged. Throughout the affair Mary Burton seems to have played the part which at Salem was shared among the "afflicted children," and just as at Salem, when the panic was clearly waning, the end was hastened by her aiming the accusations too high and striking at persons of consequence. The wretched girl received one hundred pounds, the wages of her perjury. But after the terror was over, it began to be doubted, and has ever since been doubted, whether the "Great Negro Plot" was anything more than a figment of the imagination.

It is only a shallow criticism, however, and utterly devoid of historic appreciation, that would cite this melancholy affair in disparagement of the good people of colonial New York:

The panic, as we have seen, arose very naturally from the circumstances, and it was not strange that some of the strongest and clearest heads in the community were turned by it. He would be a rash man who should venture to predict that even in the most enlightened communities in the world a recurrence of such horrors has forever ceased to be possible. It is pleasant to add that by a wholesome revulsion of popular feeling, soon after the panic of 1741, a sentiment was aroused in favor of the negroes; and within ten years they were admitted to the franchise, and New York soon became honorably distinguished among the States that actively endeavored to loosen their chains and insure their welfare.

The concluding chapter of the work is given to tracing the migration of sects that made the colonies of New York and Pennsylvania more heterogeneous in population than any others, and the result of this on their spirit. This is the final paragraph:

In thus taking our leave of the Dutch and Quaker colonies in America, we must not forget that the close association between them was due to no mere accident of contiguity. William Penn was Dutch on his mother's side, and one sees in all his political ideas the broad and liberal temper that characterized the Netherlands before and beyond any other country in Europe. The two great middle colonies present a most interesting subject of comparative study, because both have been profoundly influenced by Holland, but in the one case the Dutch ideas have been worked through the crucible of an individual genius, while in the other case they have flowered with random luxuriance. In the cosmopolitanism which showed itself so early in New Amsterdam and has ever since been fully maintained, there was added to American national life the variety, the flexibility, the generous breadth of view, the spirit of compromise and conciliation needful to save the nation from rigid provincialism. Among the circumstances which prepared the way for a rich and varied American nation, the preliminary settlement of the geographical centre by Dutchmen was certainly one of the most fortunate.

The volumes have eight maps and a complete index. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston: price \$4.00.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Tale of Americans in Paris.

Jennie Bullard Waterbury doubtless had a fine conception when she set about writing "A New Race Diplomatist." The Monroe doctrine of leaving Europe alone as long as she leaves us alone has been a sufficient equipment for the American diplomatist in most contingencies up to very recent times; but the closer interrelation brought about by commercial expansion of late has given occasion for diplomatic intercourse, and a well-drawn contrast between the subtlety and *finesse* of the Old-World statesman and the audacity and straightforwardness of his American prototype would be very interesting. The author of "A New Race Diplomatist," however, has abandoned her main theme almost at the outset, wandering off into the alluring by-paths of extra-marital love and Parisian crime.

The story opens in Washington, where Stephen Markoe, a middle-aged man of affairs, so impresses the President with his knowledge of a certain concession to be obtained from the French Government that the Chief Magistrate sends him to Paris as the United States ambassador. With him go his beautiful young wife and his handsome young friend, Jack Conway. The latter, having wealth and ability and no occupation, is selected by Markoe to help unofficially in the negotiations, and naturally he is thrown much in company with Mrs. Markoe. She, being young and pretty, craves admiration, and more, for her husband's love is of the kind that is not expressed demonstratively, and she is not altogether surprised when Conway, in an honorable way as the circumstances permit, declares his love for her, and on her very properly pointing out the hopelessness of his passion, his intention of going away at once. This intention he carries out, but involuntarily. He disappears next day, and no trace of him is found until three months have passed, when he is discovered, stupefied with drugs and half dead from privation, in a garret where a malicious acrobat of the boulevards has imprisoned him.

The story, as may be inferred from this brief outline, is scesational, but the manner of narration is still more so. The personages of the tale, except Marotti, the acrobat, are flesh-and-blood men and women of the higher social grade, drawn by one who knows the class whereof she writes. Their minor actions are conventionally correct and their emotions are consistent with their characters. But the author's language is strangely high-flown and at times hysterical. The effect of reading the book is, in fact, as if one saw the Daly Company in its best days in a Bowers melodrama written by Laura Jean Libbey.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

## A Geography of International Authorities.

Under the editorial supervision of Hugh Robert Mill, member of the leading geographical societies of the world, one of the most valuable of recent works of reference has been prepared, and is now given to the public. This new hand-book, "The International Geography," presents in one compact volume of eleven hundred pages the work of no less than seventy authors, each a specialist or a recognized authority of high standing. A simple plan of arrangement was prepared in the beginning, and each contributor followed the general rules laid down, while he was given absolute freedom in the choice of facts and in the relative space devoted to the different divisions of the subject.

In the first part of the work there are, among other articles, "The Principles and Progress of Geography," by Dr. H. R. Mill; "Mathematical Geography," by Dr. A. M. W. Downing; "Maps and Map Reading," by E. G. Ravenstein; "The Plan of the Earth," by Dr. J. W. Gregory; "The Oceans," by Sir John Murray; "The Atmosphere and Climate," by H. N. Dickinson; "The Distribution of Living Creatures," by Professor J. A. Thomson; and "Political and Applied Geography," by Dr. J. Scott Keltie.

Part Second is divided into seven books: "Europe," "Asia," "Australasia and Polynesia," "North America," "Central and South America," "Africa," and "The Polar Regions." and these books are subdivided into no less than forty-five chapters, each treating one or more subjects. The general configuration of each country, its climate and resources, its people and history, its manufactures and trade, its political divisions and statistics, are described briefly and in order, and any desired information can be found readily through its perfect system of classification.

The work is not only as complete as the limits would allow, but strictly up to date, some important changes having been made after the pages were once made ready for the press. It meets a need that has been recognized, and in a satisfactory way. The maps and illustrations are sufficient for the purpose, and the index contains the name of every place mentioned in the book.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$3.50.

## Seeking Among the False Gods.

Stanley Waterloo confers an undue dignity on the dabblers in new religious fads, about whom his latest story is written, when he calls it "The Seekers," but he may be forgiven that trifling fault

if the book awakes any of that class to the dangers to which they expose themselves. The personages of his story are not exalted types, they are plain American men and women, and for their fellows in actual life the tale holds the mirror up to nature.

The figure on whom the plot hinges is Narcissa Vaughn, who lives with her elder sister, Kate, in a boarding-house in Chicago. Narcissa is almost an invalid, though the cause of her weakness has eluded the physicians she has consulted, and in their search for a cure for her condition the sisters turn to "Christian Science." From this they drift into the classes of an Oriental-looking charlatan. Kate soon perceives the iconoclastic tendency of his teachings, the chief aim of which seems to be to destroy all faith and hope, and she withdraws. But Narcissa's more impressionable temperament is soon completely dominated by the cunning mystic, and she is spirited away by him to a community of his followers, which in the end is broken up by Whitecaps.

Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

An interesting fact in connection with Grant Allen's last story, "Hilda Wade," which will shortly be issued, is that the last chapter was written by Conan Doyle. It appears that Dr. Doyle was calling on Mr. Allen shortly before he died, and finding him too ill to complete the story, questioned him as to his ideas concerning it, and volunteered to write the concluding chapter. His offer was gratefully accepted and carried out.

The new novel by Robert Hichens has had its title changed to "Tongues of Conscience." Mr. Hichens is now in Sweden, correcting the proofs as they are sent to him from this country.

"Merry-Ann," a Manx story, by Norma Lorimer, has just been brought out by D. Appleton & Co.

An English translation of Edmond Rostand's new play, "L'Aiglon," written for Sarah Bernhardt and in which Maude Adams is to star next season, will be brought out in this country simultaneously with its publication in England and Paris. Rostand's care in copyrighting his latest success shows that he does not intend losing thousands of dollars in royalties as he did when "Cyrano de Bergerac" became the craze.

Mary E. Wilkins has in press an historical romance which will be called "The Heart's Highway." It is to be noted that in it Miss Wilkins has forsaken her New England meadows and village stores. The scene is laid in Virginia in the seventeenth century.

A new novel by F. Marion Crawford will be brought out early in the autumn by the Macmillan Company. It will be called "In the Palace of the King: A Love Story of Old Madrid." A dramatic version of the story, under the title of "Dolores," will be used by Viola Allen next season.

Rudyard Kipling's never-ending hunt for new local color will be made easier by the fact that Lord Roberts has just given him a special pass allowing him to go "anywhere he pleases in South Africa," as the *Academy* puts it.

Molly Elliot Seawell is at work finishing "The House of Egremont," a novel which will be issued next autumn. She has also another novel planned but not yet written, of which both the serial and the book rights have been contracted for. F. Kinsey Peile, of London, whose play, "The Interrupted Honeymoon," has just made a hit at Daly's Theatre in New York, is now dramatizing her novel, "The Loves of the Lady Arabella." It will be produced first in London.

An especially timely volume is "The Theory and Practice of Taxation," by Dr. David Ames Wells, published by D. Appleton & Co.

Chopin, one of the most interesting figures in modern music, is the subject of a new biographical and critical study by James Huneker, the author of that brilliant book, "Mezzotints in Modern Music."

The publication of Leonard Huxley's biography of his illustrious father is postponed—possibly till the fall.

Minoa Carolioe Smith's novel, "Mary Paget," has just gone into its second edition. This is the story of the Bermudas of the Elizabeth's day which has been gaining some attention from Shakespeare lovers on account of its connection with the scene of "The Tempest" and of the appearance of Shakespeare as a character in the story.

The fifth volume of "The History of the People of the United States," by John Bach Masters, has just been published by D. Appleton & Co.

William Sage, who, by the way, is a son of Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, the author and dramatist, will have his new romance of the French Revolution published this month by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. under the title of "Robert Tournay."

A new novel from the pen of Archibald Claverling Gunter, entitled "Adrienne de Portalis," is announced for early publication.

Among the many valuable contributions to Appleton's *Popular Science Monthly* for April may

he mentioned "High-Speed Vessels," by Hon. Charles A. Parsons; "Excessive Taxation," by Franklin Smith; "The Gold Sands of Cape Nome," by Professor Angelo Heilprin; "The X-Rays," by Professor Joseph Trowbridge; "Recent Egyptian Exploration," by Professor W. M. F. Petrie; and "Trade Corporations," by M. Maurice Courant.

## THE RUBY-CROWNED KINGLET.

Where's your kingdom, little king?  
Where's the land you call your own,  
Where's your palace, and your throne?  
Fluttering lightly on the wing  
Through the blossom-world of May,  
Whither lies your royal way?  
Where's the realm that owns your sway,  
Little king?

"Far to northward lies a land,  
Where the trees together stand  
Closer than the blades of wheat,  
When the summer is complete,  
Like a robe the forests hide  
Lonely vale and mountain side.  
Balsam, hemlock, spruce, and pine,—  
All those mighty trees are mine.  
There's a river flowing free;  
All its waves belong to me.  
There's a lake so clear and bright  
Stars shone out of it all night,  
And the rowan-berries red  
Round it like a girdle spread.  
Feasting plentiful and fine,  
Air that cheers the heart like wine,  
Royal pleasures by the score,  
Wait for me in Labrador.  
There I'll build my dainty nest;  
There I'll fix my court and rest;  
There from dawn to dark I'll sing:  
Happy kingdom! Lucky king!"

Back again, my little king!  
Is your happy kingdom lost  
To that rebel knave, Jack Frost?  
Have you felt the snow-flakes sting?  
Autumn is a rude disrober:  
Houseless, homeless in October,  
Whither now? Your plight is soher,  
Exiled king!

"Far to southward lie the regions  
Where my loyal flower-legions  
Hold possession of the year,  
Filling every month with cheer.  
Christmas wakes the wioter rose;  
New-Year daffodils unclose;  
Yellow jasmine through the woods  
Runs in March with golden floods,  
Dropping from the tallest trees  
Shining streams that never freeze.  
Thither I must find my way,  
Fly by night and feed by day,  
Till I see the southern moon  
Glistening on the broad lagoon,  
Where the cypress' vivid green,  
And the dark magnolia's sheen,  
Weave a shelter round my home.  
There the snow-storms never come;  
There the hannered mosses gray  
In the breezes gently sway,  
Hanging low on every side  
Round the covert where I hide.  
There I hold my winter court,  
Full of merriment and sport;  
There I take my ease and sing,  
Happy kingdom! Lucky king!"

Little hoaster, vagrant king!  
Neither north nor south is yours;  
You've no kingdom that endures.  
Wandering every fall and spring,  
With your painted crown so sleodier,  
And your talk of royal splendor  
Must I call you a Pretender,  
Landless king?

"Never king by right divine  
Ruled a richer realm than mine!  
What are lands and golden crowns,  
Armies, fortresses, and towns,  
Jewels, sceptres, robes, and rings,—  
What are these to song and wings?  
Everywhere that I can fly,  
There I own the earth and sky;  
Everywhere that I can sing,  
There I'm happy as a king."  
—Henry Van Dyke in the *Independent*.

Professor Walter Raleigh, who has published a rather clever hook on "Style," likes making phrases. "The poetry of Catullus," he said in a college address, the other day, "has survived the passing of a religion and an empire; the diary of Mr. Samuel Pepys will be as fresh as at the day of its birth, when the Forth Bridge is oxide of iron and London is a geological pancake of brick dust."

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Quaker Spiritualist.

Though it is described as "a novel" on the frontispiece, one could easily believe "Enoch Willoughby," by James A. Wickersham, to be a biography of a father by his son. There are none of the tricks of the novelist's trade in the book, and when the incidents become intense, it is from their intrinsic character rather than through the manner of narration. The theme, too, is an unusual one for the novelist, being the history of a middle-aged man's early doubts and later firm faith in spiritualism as a religion.

Enoch Willoughby is the descendant of an old Quaker family, each member of which had been marked by some form of "queerness," and his mother was a woman of great magnetism and had a wide reputation as a water-witch, possessing the power to locate hidden water by the turning of a willow wand in her hands. With such antecedents Enoch was brought up in a Quaker community in Ohio in which spiritual thinkers were of paramount importance. He was an impressionable, high-strung young man, and soon felt inspired to speak in meeting. But when "influenced" his speech became harsh and his gestures ungainly. He was not liked, and when he felt a call to go forth as a wandering preacher, he feared so ill that after six weeks of it he returned home sore in mind and body.

After this he was much given to communing with himself and seeing visions, and one day he came home with a story of having been beaten with a club by a spirit which was angry with him for having denied the existence of spirits. Thereafter he was a spiritualist, and endured much adversity for the sake of his belief. He was humiliated in meeting when he tried to speak, and he and his family were avoided as un-Christian necromancers. Finally, a band of Whitecaps attempted to force him to leave the country, and to convince them he made the one test of his powers as a medium that the book records. The test was successful so far as it went, but it was not convincing; but an "inspiration" to his wife was more effective, and thereafter he was allowed to abide in peace.

The story is one of the spiritual life, rather than of the material, and will therefore appeal to but few readers. It is, none the less, a remarkable book, containing a vivid picture of the growth of spiritualism in the Middle-West half a century ago.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

## One of Elizabeth's Courtiers.

"When Queen Elizabeth—and her father, Henry the Eighth—sat on the throne, it was high honor to be a Gentleman Pensioner. Men came into what might be called Her Majesty's Body-Guard who were of noble or gentle birth, and from the ranks of those young lords and gentlemen, who aspired to knighthood and places of advantage about the throne, were chosen those who were required to take the place of famous soldiers who had fallen in fight, or had been worn out by long years of service." This is Albert Lee's explanation, in the preface, of the title of his novel, "The Gentleman Pensioner," and it is not amiss, though when the reader has gone through two chapters no further inducement is needed to insure the following of the story to the end.

Deadly assault met face to face, the crafty attack of murderous assassins, imprisonment by strategy in a dungeon, these were but a part of the dangers which the hero, the confidential messenger of the queen, was called upon to undergo, and there was need for his coat of mail and the good friends which his courage and loyalty secured. The love-story of the gentleman pensioner and Mistress Irene Repyngdon is prettily told, and the scene when Elizabeth joins their hands, and bestows title and estates upon the valiant defender of her throne, just before the curtain falls, is a proud and happy one.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

## Washington's Home Life.

A very acceptable addition to the large mass of literature relating to George Washington is "The First American: His Homes and His Households," the first and only literary work of the late Leila Herbert. In a sympathetic preface Molly Elliot Seawell tells us that Miss Herbert was of Southern parentage, the daughter of a recent Secretary of the Navy, who, at the death of her mother, became the head of his house in Washington, at the age of twenty-five:

"Upon the retirement of her father from public office, in the spring of 1897, she could give up her time to her family, her friends, and her books; so she chose to spend the summers in a quiet country place, where she put together the materials she had collected, and wrote this book, her recreations being long walks and rides. On one of these rides, in September, she was thrown from her horse, receiving what was supposed to be a slight injury. It was a very serious one, however; for, as the weeks passed, her health began to fail, and she was obliged to keep her bed, seldom rising from it, but always patient and even gay. She sang ballads very sweetly, and it was one of the greatest pleasures of her father to listen to her singing the quaint old songs her mother had sung and loved. Often when she sat by her bedside, she would sing to him quite cheerfully and gayly. As the months passed on,

though, and she grew no better, serious alarm was felt for her. Suddenly, and with scarce a day's warning, the injury to the spine flew to the brain, and in less than forty-eight hours she was no more. She died on the twenty-second of December, 1897, in her thirtieth year—young, gifted, loving, and greatly loved."

Miss Herbert's entertaining volume is by no means a biography. She has restricted its scope entirely to a review of all that is known of the private and official buildings that had the honor to shelter his lares and penates, with vivid pen pictures of their appearance, management, and after-fate. The subject is divided into four parts—Washington's early home at Mount Vernon, his official home in New York, his official homes in Philadelphia and Germantown, and his final home and resting-place at Mount Vernon. That Miss Herbert did not undertake her task lightly, nor accomplish it without labor, is evident from the fact that she consulted and mastered no less than forty-two standard works in its preparation and execution.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.00.

## New Publications.

"Was It Right to Forgive?" is the title of Amelia E. Barr's latest work. It is distinctly inferior to many of the author's earlier stories. Published by H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

A pro-English account of the events leading up to the war is given in "The Anglo-Boer Conflict: Its History and Causes," by Alleyne Ireland. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents.

Rambling essays of out-of-doors impressions, the garb of nature through the year, and more personal thoughts—such as the budding fancies of a boy's mind—make up "A World in a Garden," by R. Neish. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.75.

"Boys and Men: A Story of Life at Yale," by Richard Holbrook, is a pleasing record. There is something more than an account of a college career here, and the romantic episodes of the book are as skillfully handled as those in a lighter vein. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

A charming young actress, who discovers after many trials that she is the niece of an earl and heir to his vast estates, is the heroine of Mrs. Alexander's latest novel, "Thro' Fire to Fortune." The hero is worthy, and the reward of faith and true love in the end is satisfactory. It is a conventional story, told in an unpretentious way. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Many prominent figures of Revolutionary times appear in the story entitled "An Unknown Patriot," by Frank Samuel Child, but they play their parts well, and are not unwelcome additions to the list of characters. The chief interest, however, lies in the story of Desire and her husband, Duane Hardy Livingsstone, and it is worth the telling, and convincingly told. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

One of the strongest statements from the Boer point of view concerning the present war in South Africa is embodied in Albert Stickney's recent volume, "The Transvaal Outlook." Mr. Stickney is earnest and convincing, his arguments are founded on official documents which he quotes, and his knowledge of the situation is actual. Three fine maps are included in his book. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

From many sources, and with no little labor, Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer gleaned the facts which are incorporated in "Judea from Cyrus to Titus," a work which the author prefers to call a narrative rather than history. It was suggested during the translation of Renan's "History of the People of Israel" and its Greek and Hebrew notes, and the result justifies the effort. Around such figures as Alexander the Great, Cleopatra, Pompey, Antony, Nero, Herod, Vespasian, and Titus the striking events of this dark period of Jewish history have been grouped, and the story is made attractive throughout. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$2.50.

## Peter Dunne's Failure as a Novelist.

"We have been rather amused in watching the beginning and the very sudden ending of Mr. Dooley-Dunne's career as a novelist," remarks the New York Commercial Advertiser. "Like all other persons who attain distinction, he was invited last autumn to become a contributor to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and he began to write for that unique periodical a serial story entitled 'Molly Donahue,' the first installment of which appeared in the December number. It was a sort of domestic satire upon the social and literary aspirations of the younger members of an Irish-American family, the elder Donahue being a solid citizen of the Dooley type, and his daughter Molly a young person with an embryonic yearning after culture."

"Somehow or other, after Mr. Dunne had got his story under way, it did not move briskly, but sagged and dragged. He introduced into it here and there the original Dooley. Nevertheless, he felt more and more dissatisfied with the progress of the tale, and in the March number of the *Journal* the last install-

ment appeared, with a foot-note to the effect that Mr. Dunne had broken the thing off in the middle and would leave it an unfinished fragment. Something is said in the note about the condition of Mr. Dunne's health, but we do not take that part of the announcement very seriously. The truth is that the author has been quite ill at ease over a new and unfamiliar sort of work, and has simply dropped the whole thing, which action on his part is more creditable to him than if he were to go on turning out poor copy and filling space just for the sake of the check that would come to him every month.

"This inability of an author to finish a piece of work that he has engaged to do, and has already actually begun, is not so very uncommon a thing. It is said that Dickens began 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood' without any clear conception in his mind of how the story was going to turn out, and that had he not died, leaving it unfinished, he would have found almost any ending difficult to reconcile with certain hints contained in the earlier chapters. We remember a rather curious instance of the same sort as having happened a good many years ago, when the elder Bonner was editing the New York Ledger.

"A very impecunious literary man sent to Bonner the first chapters of a most exciting story, which gave promise of being just the sort of thing which readers of the *Ledger* used to like. The story was accepted and ran on uninterruptedly and very successfully for about four weeks, when all of a sudden the author's invention gave out. For the life of him he could not go on with the tale, and he had to go to Mr. Bonner and say so frankly. The next number of the *Ledger* appeared without the expected installment of the story, but with a brief note to the effect that, owing to the sudden illness of its author, its further publication was temporarily suspended. This was to give that embarrassed person a chance to recover his inspiration. Mr. Bonner asked him to dinner, took him driving, and in various ways tried to brace him up for further work, but it was of no use. He simply could not go on, and so the rest of the story never saw the light."

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani has just completed a new volume, and has applied to the copyright clerk in the Library of Congress for a copyright certificate, giving the name of the book as "The Hawaiian Tradition of the Creation." The ex-queen has had only a few copies printed, and states that it is intended for private circulation only. The subject matter is the Hawaiian account of the creation of the world, and this is told in the form of a chant which has been sacred in the royal family for generations, but was never set down in writing until the late King Kalakaua, the queen's brother, ascended the throne. The chant was composed in 1700 by Keaulumoku, and covers the history of the world down to the eighth generation preceding that of Liliuokalani. In the form of an appendix, the ex-queen has added her own genealogy, bringing the chant up to date.

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Dean Kitchin, of Durham Cathedral, has brought down on his head the wrath of the city authorities, by refusing to preach or to pray in a warlike manner. They want to discharge him from his post of honorary chaplain to the corporation and to erase his name from the panels in the town hall.

— "KNOX" NEW SAILORS FOR LADIES JUST opened. Korn the Hatter, 726 Market St., sole agent.

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## THE "SAPHO" DISCUSSION.

All Due to Nethersole's Style of Acting.

We are just now at an exceptional time, when the stage is jointly assailed by purists and panders (writes Franklyn Fyles in the New York Sun, apropos of the suppression of Olga Nethersole's production of "Sapho"). The Bowery concert-halls post "harkers" outside to proclaim far worse indecencies than are really to be found within. This kind of humbug is being practiced by most of the cheap resident and traveling managers who have hastily taken up "Sapho." They seek to profit by the notoriety of the Nethersole play and at the same time avoid prosecution; so they eliminate the stairway scene, the reading of the letters, and all the lascivious action. The residuum is nearly innocent and entirely stupid. The Daudet novel, being unprotected in this country by copyright, is open to unauthorized use on the stage. The French acting version made by the author was the basis of the Clyde Fitch piece, and a mutilated translation is the form commonly used in the prevailing scramble. Duplicate companies are being sent out under the Nethersole sanction. These are barred in some cities and unhindered in others.

The movement against "Sapho" has incited attacks on "Becky Sharp" and "Zaza," in which Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Carter are making Western tours, but thus far neither actress has been interfered with. The "Sapho" discussion is widespread, and the divergence of opinion is very great. Even where the Nethersole version is given in the Nethersole manner, the professional reviewers disagree, not as to the lewdness of the scenes depicted, but as to their effect on audiences. The point at issue is whether a moral lesson is taught by the exposition of immorality. In "Becky Sharp" no semblance of such a purpose is discernible. The peculiarly carnal episode of the sale and almost delivery by the shameless hussy to the disgusting old libertine, what has been called the "badger" scene, is as bold as anything we have had in a pretentious drama since "The Conquerors," and holds its own as an exhibit of vice against the worst in such reckless farces as "The Turtle" and "Coralie & Company." Becky is a hazy degenerate, and glad of it. She sins intelligently and encounters no punishment. Zaza is a different creature. She is as wanton as Becky, and a cheaper one, but she is ashamed of herself later, and she expiates her misconduct by acute suffering. Whoever goes to see "Zaza" solely for the illustration of her lower nature in the first act, and is not touched by her later attempts to redeem herself, would be better off to stay away. But those are benefited who learn by the performance that, even though virtue is not its own reward, vice is usually its own punishment. In the case of Becky Sharp the personification of depravity is less obnoxious, or at least less repulsive, than it would be if the actress were of a different physical type. If Miss Nethersole had played Becky, with her grossness of animal passion, it is likely that the performance would have been stopped by the officers of the law. If Mrs. Fiske had been the Sapho, with her cool intellectuality, there probably would have been no interference. All the objections that have been urged against Miss Nethersole's Sapho apply to her Carmen, and they spring as much from her own manner as from the material she uses. Was there a voice raised against Réjane's Sapho? Who cries out against Calvé's Carmen? These are the difficulties which will confront the justices, or the jury, in the trial of Olga Nethersole.

It was said last week that if Helena Modjeska had put "Measure for Measure" on the stage at the Fifth Avenue, persons acting in the interest of Olga Nethersole would have asked a police magistrate to issue a warrant for her arrest. Miss Nethersole disavowed all knowledge of such a plan, and Mme. Modjeska did not give the opportunity to associate Shakespeare with Daudet in the prevailing pother. The flurry is absurd already. The suggestion of an official censor is foolish. That vigorously herated drama, "The Conquerors," was licensed in London, where "The Gay Lord Quex" and "The Degenerates" are also permitted, while "Camille" is forbidden. How is that for official consistency? No play can be produced in Paris without official approval, yet the prolific output of farces in that city is so foul that few of them can be performed in this country without alteration. Now, is it not a point in our favor that, without compulsion of law, the importers of those French comic pieces expunge a great deal of the viciousness?

As to serious plays with misbehaving heroines, they will not be affected appreciably by the "Sapho" case, whatever may be done with Miss Nethersole. The dramatic art regarded most highly is closely allied to "that kind of woman." The genius of Eleonora Duse is held in the very best esteem, and no display of it has been more admired than in "Magda." Sarah Bernhardt's artistic greatness has been attained with Sardou's sinners. These are the foremost two actresses on the stage to-day. The exploits of the various "independent theatres," here and abroad, for the asserted purpose of better stage literature than the commercial managers give us, have been generally the production of very bold dramas on sexual themes. These facts put to ridicule the assumption

of superior moral sense on the part of self-appointed and lugubrious guardians of stage morals, whom nothing could induce to take a cheerful view of the theatre, and who will refuse to find comfort in the fact that, of all the soher plays on the New York stage this week, only a single one—Piner's "The Profligate" and that exception in no way shocking—can possibly be under the taboo of the moralists.

There is one theatrical evil which rights itself, with no need of moral censorship, and that is the exploitation of vice in a serious play without wholesome sentiment. "Sapho" was a dull piece. It contained nothing to excite the exhibits of wickedness or make them engrossing. It would have gained no great business prosperity if an invidious and insincere attack had not been made. The notoriety sent crowds to see it, of course, and put money into Miss Nethersole's purse. But the boom brought a hurt to the huddle when the district attorney stopped the performances. Miss Nethersole may be able to renew her profits for awhile, either here or in other cities. But those who suppose that mere grossness will please an audience are mistaken. Martin Harvey has just learned that lesson in London. It was he who bravely leased Henry Irving's Lyceum, brought out "The Only Way," and gained fame at once as the drunken lover in Dickens's tense tale of the French Revolution. But his second venture with a degenerate hero is a disaster. He undertook to exploit Don Juan as a reckless wooer, a ruthless pursuer of women, an exponent of unrestrained passion. The London reviewers say that the audiences are disgusted with the fellow's vice unredeemed by any virtue. Our stage heroes and heroines may be sinners, but they must be engrossing otherwise, or else we will have none of them. If "Sapho" is a temporary exception, it is because extraneous aids have forced her into notoriety.

## STAGE GOSSIP.

Second Week of Wittle Collier.

On Monday night Willie Collier enters on the second and last week of his engagement at the Columbia Theatre in "Mr. Smooth," and judging by the attendance this week, he will certainly do a record-breaking business. While his farce contains little plot, it presents a merry stream of mirth-provoking incidents which keep his audiences in a happy mood from rise to fall of the curtain. Collier is inimitable as the shrewd Mr. Smooth, and his support is far above the average. Excellent character-sketches are contributed by Louise Allen Collier, as the infatuated maid; Helen Reimer, as a hot-tempered spinster; Alfred Hickman, a former Frawley favorite; and Thomas Evans, as Hickey, the hook-maker.

William H. West's Big Minstrel Jubilee will be the next attraction.

"On the Suwanee River."

"Pudd'nhead Wilson" will be given at the California Theatre for the last time this (Saturday) evening, and on Sunday afternoon "On the Suwanee River," a comedy-drama of Southern life, will begin a week's engagement. The company is headed by Stella Mayhew, whose Old Aunt Lindy is said to be a capital piece of character work, and Willie Sims, whose rôle of the blind girl gives her an opportunity to do some strong emotional acting. One of the most realistic scenes is that of a typical plantation, in which a score of colored people introduce some of the characteristic songs, dances, and pastimes of the South.

Commencing Monday night, April 9th, the James Neill stock company will begin an extended engagement, their opening production being Sol Smith Russell's delightful "A Bachelor's Romance," which has not yet been seen here.

At the Orpheum.

George H. Broadhurst, the well-known author of "Why Smith Left Home," "What Happened to Jones," and other popular farces, who is visiting this city, went to the Orpheum last week and enjoyed the hill so thoroughly that he took time to drop the management a few lines, in which he said: "Let me congratulate you on having one of the best hills I have ever seen." Mr. Broadhurst has visited nearly every play-house of importance in the United States, and for that reason his opinion and compliment are highly prized by the management of the Orpheum. That their efforts are appreciated by the public here is evident from the crowded houses which continue to be the rule.

Next week, in addition to Charles Sweet, the tramp pianist; A. L. Guille, the charming tenor; Keno, Welch, and Melrose, comic acrobats; Loney Haskell, the monologist; and W. C. Fields, the eccentric juggler, there will be four new acts offered. At the head of the new-comers are Matthew and Harris, clever comedians, who will appear in a farcical creation by Will M. Cressy entitled "Adam the Second." It is said to abound in laughable situations, and its humorous possibilities may be inferred from the fact that the scene is laid in a lone castle on a solitary peak of the Andes. The other new specialties are Vashti Earle and Lulu Shepherd, who will introduce some new songs and dances; Carrie Behr, the singing comedienne; and Harry Cogill and May Arlea, character vocalists, who will

be seen in a musical comedy sketch called "A Warm Lunch."

The Tivoli's Musical Extravaganza.

"Manila-Bound," a hodge-podge of tuneful musical numbers, clever dialogue, new dances, picturesque stage-settings and costumes, and a liberal local coloring, has scored a hit at the Tivoli Opera House, and on Monday evening enters on its second week. The hurden of the fun-making rests on the shoulders of Ferris Hartman as the German brewer with two marriageable daughters (Annie Myers and Helen Merrill), Alf C. Wheelan as a droll lawyer, and Phil Branson in a stammering rôle, and they acquit themselves admirably. The patriotic finale of the second act is one of the most effective which has been seen here in a long time, and the "hoot mon golf hallet" deserves the encores which it receives. "Manila-Bound" is likely to run for some time, after which comes a revival of "The Wizard of the Nile."

Success of Fischer's Concert House.

That E. A. Fischer has hit the popular taste of music-lovers is evident from the large attendance which nightly throngs his beautiful little theatre on O'Farrell Street. The Lamhardi Opera Company Quartette have been winning enthusiastic applause for their excellent performance of the fourth act of "Il Trovatore." Next week, reinforced by Sylvia Puereri, another former member of the Lamhardi Opera Company, they are to sing the third act of "La Bohème," in which Signorina Barducci will have the rôle of Mimi, made familiar to us by Melba during her last engagement here. Hinrichs's orchestra will render an entirely new programme of classical and popular compositions, and Salvini, a Cuban beauty, will make her initial American appearance as a soloist.

The Coming Dog Show.

The San Francisco Kennel Club has opened the office for the approaching show at the same location as last year, 238 Montgomery Street. David Sinclair, who has been appointed chief clerk, will assume office on April 1st, and in the meantime, H. D. Laidlaw, the cashier, is in charge. The premium lists were issued March 21st, and owing to the fact that this was unusually early they do not contain the full list of the special prizes offered for competition. The specialty clubs are well to the fore with long lists of silver cups and gold medals. The trophies offered by the Pacific Mastiff, the Pacific Fox Terrier, and the Pacific Bull Terrier Clubs are handsome and more costly than heretofore, and it is probable that the liberality of the different clubs will be rewarded by bringing out a full entry from the respective members.

The appointment of James Mortimer as judge has aroused the greatest enthusiasm among the fanciers, and it is well-nigh certain that this year's show, which will be held at the Pavilion on May 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th, will be the most successful ever known on the coast. Entries close on April 22d.

Among the notable dogs to be placed on exhibition is Flirt, the well-known Boston terrier bitch by champion Spider-Lizzie, which was recently received from the East by Mrs. J. P. Norman. It is probable that she will find few of her breed and sex on the coast to approach her in excellence. Flirt will be henceforth known as Lady Montez, and will be shown at the May Bench Show under that name.

In the good old times there was a court official known as the king's "cock-crower." It seems a strange office. Why did the king require a cock-crower? And why could not the common barn-door variety serve his majesty's purpose? The reason was that the barn-door variety can not be depended upon for times and hours, and he has never been persuaded to observe Lent. Now this was a pious custom and a religious duty. All through Lent the king's cock-crower crowed, instead of calling, the hours of the night in the palace. He began on Ash Wednesday, when he entered the hall in which the king's supper was served, and then crowed the hour in the presence of the royal party. The meaning of the custom is obvious; it was only one of the many ways in which the history of the Christian religion was brought home to the minds of people before the reading of the Gospel in the vernacular. The office was continued down to the year 1822.

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## VANITY FAIR.

It is rather significant that this year there is absolutely a dearth of any spring entertaining, and there is nothing whatever to look forward to after Easter (comments the *New York Times*). One remembers well the note of preparation during Lent in former years, when there would always be some receptions, the farewell dances of the different dancing classes, and the coaching parade. This year there is the Eastern festival for the Cuban orphans, a charitable entertainment, and about four small dances or meetings of the less conspicuous dancing-classes of the season. There are hardly any Easter weddings announced. Last season there were the Vanderbilt-Fair nuptials on one day and on the next the wedding of Miss Sloane and Mr. Hammond. This season there will be before Easter the wedding of Miss Susan de Forest Day and Dr. Charles Parker, and that of Miss Eleanor Jay Robinson and Mr. James Lowell Putnam. Easter week will, however, bring only four weddings, and not one of these will be an event which will assemble a representative gathering of New York society. Each couple belongs to a set of charming people, but not as representative as that of which Miss Virginia Fair and Miss Sloane were members. There are many reasons for this dearth of entertaining. In the first place, there never has been a season in which so many prominent people have been in mourning. The Vanderbilts have kept in the strictest seclusion since the death of Cornelius Vanderbilt, this large family connection alone having a decided influence on the entertaining of the year. Added to the Vanderbilts there are Mrs. Burke Roche, Mrs. Cooper Hewitt, Mrs. Robert Goetz, Mrs. George Bend, Mrs. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Burden, all in the same set; and again, the Bowers Lee, Coster, Bell, Remsen, Post, Van Rensselaer, La Montagne, Haight, Stevens, and Taylor family connections, all within a short space of time thrown into deep mourning. The season being dull, the early departures of Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Kernochan, Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, Mrs. Havemeyer, Mrs. John R. Drexel, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Jr., Mrs. Lanfair Norrie, Mrs. Frederic Bronson, Mrs. Adrian Iselin, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Foxhall Keene, Mr. and Mrs. Prescott Lawrence, Mrs. Mortimer Brooks, Mrs. Lispenard Stewart, and Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg have had their effect, and, as in the two weeks to come there are to be still more sailings, the town will be quite deserted by its very fashionable residents before Easter.

There is one significant fact, however (adds the *Times*), which few people out of society recognize. New York is in a period of transition. The so-called 'exclusive set' exists no longer. There has sprung up a new coterie of people, who are beginning to exercise quite an influence on the social happenings of this city. It is a combination of the old Knickerbocker element and the new Western people who have settled here within the past two years. Possibly the old adage that in union there is strength will have another illustration of its veracity. Many New Yorkers of good old families and excellent social position, but of moderate means, found themselves crowded out and relegated to a second place by the members of what is now called the Newport set. There has been a silent but effective rebellion, and another season or so will show that the presence or absence of the Newporters will make little difference, and have but a slight effect on the gaiety of a winter. Gradually the owners of first-tier boxes are getting into the parterre at the opera. The wealthy Western people entertain and are delighted to have with them people whose names mean to any one who has ever read of New York all that is and has been distinguished in its social history for a century or more. There are enough stanch Dutch blood and stubborn perseverance here to resist complete defeat, and the situation is amusing. It would look, also, as if gradually the residence district below Thirty-Fourth Street would go out of fashion. Last year there was a general quitting of the houses on Fifth Avenue south of Twenty-Third Street, and with the exception of a few side streets and Washington Square, which still holds its own, the 'exodus' is marked. The sale of the Hotel Brunswick property has renewed the rumor that Mr. Townsend Burden, the Baroness Selliere, Mr. Adrian Iselin, and Mr. Frank Work will part with their houses on North Madison Square, and that when the new hotel shall have been built, that locality will resemble somewhat Thirty-Third and Thirty-Fourth Streets in the vicinity of the great Waldorf-Astoria.

"It is quite the proper thing to rave over the beauty of the dark-eyed *señoritas* and *señoras*," says the Havana correspondent of *Town Topics*. "Surely they are beautiful; but they all look alike. They look alike, dress alike, talk alike, think alike, and act alike. To see one is to see them all. At this ball, during the evening, were grouped in one corner the wealth, titles, and beauty of Havana. It was at the first glance a bouquet of surpassing beauty. That so many really beautiful women could be brought together at one ball seemed wonderful. As I studied the effect it wore me, because of the monotonous sameness. There was the black hair, dressed high with pompadour twist and aigrette.

There were the dark eyes, shaded with long lashes, the perfect eyebrows, the clear-cut features, the brilliant white-and-red complexion, the pleasant, expecting-to-be-admired expression, and jewels that an Astor or Vanderbilt would not disdain. The dresses were decidedly Parisian, and the figures that carried them queenly and exceedingly graceful. But nowhere in this wonderful beauty-picture was there a spark of individuality. I understood better why Americans, after a week of admiring the 'picture,' find the Cuban ladies uninteresting. They do not read topics of the day; after the usual personal flattery and compliments have been disposed of they can not find anything to talk about. The Cuban gentlemen do not make companions of their women. After the flattery and the dance are over, the Cuban seeks men for companionship. You see everywhere groups of women together and groups of men, but seldom, if ever, a man and a woman in high life who are indulging in a *à-tête* conversation. The customs of the country do not allow it, and the men do not seem to desire it. Possibly they, too, like the Americans, get tired of too much sameness in beauty. The Cuban women, young ladies, and even little girls, destroy all their dark Southern beauty by plastering a white wash over the face. They claim they do it because of the warm climate and the constant moisture on the skin. But, no; it is done to enhance the beauty, as they gauge beauty, and it is as barbarous as the decorations of the Sioux Indians. Sometimes rouge is used with it, but that is not customary among the best women. Rouge is considered an insignia of immorality, but *blanco* is correct form. They all have magnificent eyes, and many of the young ladies know how to use them, particularly those who have been in the States or have had a European education. The Cuban girls were great favorites with our army officers before their wives, sisters, daughters, and sweethearts came from the States. The wives and sweethearts were inclined to be jealously prejudiced, and the Cubans have been neglected since. The officers say, in excuse, 'they don't talk English.' But what enjoyment there was in teaching them English, and how pretty their mistakes were before the wives, sisters, daughters, and sweethearts arrived!"

In these days of pleas for "women's rights," "equality of the sexes," and that sort of thing, it is refreshing and encouraging to hear of a public office-holder who has the hardihood to put in a word for the men. Mr. H. Taylor Phillips, a member of the New York legislature, has done this in support of a bill to suppress the deadly hat-pin—or, at least, to forbid the wearing of hat-pins more than three inches long. In advocating the passage of his bill, Mr. Phillips said: "Hundreds of men are stabbed every year by infuriated women armed with hat-pins. They are a menace to life and property, and they must go." Commenting on this bill the *Chicago Times-Herald* says: "Undoubtedly there will be an outcry against the measure that Mr. Phillips has introduced. Many of the women will insist that the hat-pin is a harmless instrument, essential to their happiness, and others will declare that they have a right to go armed for their own protection. In a measure it may be true that woman needs her hat-pin for the purpose of keeping robbers and other evil-doers at a proper distance. She has never learned to handle a pistol with much skill, and her inability to throw a brick need not be dwelt upon at this time. The trouble is, however, that she has not always used her hat-pin judiciously. Let the women prepare to fasten their hats upon their heads by means of the old-time elastic, for there is probably not a member of the New York legislature who has not at least once in his life felt the biting sarcasm of the hat-pin, and the chances are that a precedent is about to be established."

The largest sum of money ever taken in at any concert was undoubtedly the fifty-five thousand dollars paid at the war concert in London the other day. The *London Truth* says regarding it: "When Mr. Alfred Rothschild takes a work of charity in hand and calls to his assistance wealthy men like Lord Rothschild, Sir Edward Sassoon, Sir Thomas Lipton, Sir Samuel Montagu, Mr. Oppenheim, Mr. J. B. Robinson, and Mr. Alfred Beit, it would be hard indeed if financial success were not achieved. Accordingly, the Patti concert given in aid of the officers' wives and families fund at the opera-house on Thursday realized the 'record' total of over eleven thousand pounds. Money was certainly not spared by any of those engaged in the work. Mr. 'Alfred,' indeed, is just now, I should imagine, the most popular of the *habitués* of Covent Garden. He paid a fancy price for his box. By giving twenty pounds for his programme, he delighted the heart of one of the pretty *vivandières* who (each attended by a drummer-boy or fifer) vended such things to charitable gentlemen. He induced his many friends to buy tickets at prices which, had the occasion not been for a charity, would have made the late Sir Augustus Harris green with envy. He saw after the performance that everybody, down to the humblest carpenter and bandsman, was entertained in royal fashion. Hearing that it was the custom to admit the press gratuitously, he resolved that the charity should not suffer, and put down five hundred pounds for stalls for the

critics, some of whom it was unkindly, though not perhaps altogether untruthfully, said were not worth the money. It was owing to 'Mr. Alfred' that Mme. Patti was asked (and readily consented) to break through her rule not to sing for any but local Welsh charities. It is, of course, only fair to say that he was very strongly and enthusiastically supported by a large number of noblemen, gentlemen, and ladies, among whom Lady Lansdowne was one of the most energetic."

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## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, March 28th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.		Closed.	
		Bid.	Asked.	Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	500	@ 110 1/4	110 3/4	111 1/2	
Cal. St. Co. 5%.....	5,000	@ 118	117		
F. & C. H. Ry. 6%.....	30,000	@ 114-114 1/2	114	114 1/4	
Hawaiian C. & S. 5%.....	1,000	@ 107	106 1/2	107 1/2	
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	14,000	@ 105 1/2-105 1/2	105 1/2	105 3/4	
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	8,000	@ 116 1/2	116 1/2	116 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	7,000	@ 116 1/2-117	116 1/2	117 1/2	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 107	106 1/2	107 1/2	
Park & C. H. Ry. 6%.....	15,000	@ 104-105	104 1/2	106	
Sierra Ry. of Cal. 6%.....	5,000	@ 114 1/2-115	114	115 1/2	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%.....	1,000	@ 111 1/2	111		
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%.....	3,000	@ 111 1/2	112		
S. P. Branch 6%.....	11,000	@ 128-128 1/2	128		
S. V. Water 4%.....	7,000	@ 104	104		
	Shares.	STOCKS.		Closed.	
		Bid.	Asked.	Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	375	@ 64-66 1/2	65 1/2	66 1/2	
Spring Valley Water.....	750	@ 94 1/4-97	94 1/2	95	
	Shares.	Gas and Electric.		Closed.	
		Bid.	Asked.	Bid.	Asked.
Equitable Gaslight.....	65	@ 3 1/2	3 1/2	4	
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	105	@ 52-53	52 1/2	53	
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	1,455	@ 50 1/2-53 1/2	51	51 1/2	
S. F. Gas.....	115	@ 4 1/2	4 1/2	4 1/2	
	Shares.	Banks.		Closed.	
		Bid.	Asked.	Bid.	Asked.
Cal. S. D. & T. Co.....	125	@ 101-101 1/2	101 1/2		
London P. & A.....	20	@ 132 1/2	132		
Merchants' Ex. Bank.....	45	@ 16	15 1/2		
	Shares.	Street R. R.		Closed.	
		Bid.	Asked.	Bid.	Asked.
Market St. R. R.....	145	@ 63 1/4-63 1/2	63 1/2	63 1/2	
	Shares.	Powers.		Closed.	
		Bid.	Asked.	Bid.	Asked.
Giant Con. Co.....	1,025	@ 84-87 1/2	87 1/2	87 1/2	
	Shares.	Sugars.		Closed.	
		Bid.	Asked.	Bid.	Asked.
Hawaiian P. Co.....	240	@ 9 1/2-9 1/2	9 1/2	10	
Honokaa S. Co.....	235	@ 88-89	87 1/2		
Hutchinson.....	1,245	@ 32-32 1/2	32	32 1/2	
Kilauea S. Co.....	585	@ 25 1/2-26 1/2	26	26 1/2	
Makaweli S. Co.....	315	@ 21 1/2-21 1/2	21 1/2	22	
Onahe S. Co.....	740	@ 48 1/2-48 1/2	48 1/2	48 1/2	
Paahau S. P. Co.....	1,515	@ 29 1/2-29 1/2	29 1/2	30	
	Shares.	Miscellaneous.		Closed.	
		Bid.	Asked.	Bid.	Asked.
Alaska Packers.....	20	@ 118 1/2	118 1/2		
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....	25	@ 100 1/2	100 1/2		
Oceanic S. Co.....	10	@ 93	93 1/2	95	

Quiet has reigned supreme upon the local Bourse during the week just passed. Giant Powder closed two and one-half points above last Wednesday's price. About 1,000 shares changed hands during the week. The opposition factory story has evidently lost its power. There is a report upon the street, from evidently reliable sources, that the Giant Company are to re-open their black powder plant at Clipper Gap, which, it is said, will give them an additional profit of not less than \$3,000 per month.

Spring Valley Water receded two points on about 800 shares. The utility play of the supervisors' committee apparently has needlessly intimidated a few holders.

Contra Costa Water has gone off one-half point, but little doing in it, less than 400 shares changing hands. It is said that the ordinance passed by the Alameda board of supervisors will be contested in the courts.

San Francisco Gas and Electric has wobbled about and closed at 51 bid, two points off. The supervisors sent the bill regulating rates back to the committee to give the company an opportunity to be heard concerning the rate which the bill established for outside district electric lighting. The committee will report back the bill, amended as regards such lights, raising rate from 11 to 13 cents.

Sugars have changed but little. Makaweli shows an advance of one-half point; sales, 900 shares. Honokaa, on 1,245 shares, advanced five-eighths point, and Hana, on 240 shares, made the same advance.

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San Francisco Savings Union.

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Deposits, January 1, 1900..... \$26,110,681

Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000

Reserve Fund..... 210,067

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CAPITAL..... \$2,000,000

SURPLUS..... 1,000,000

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT, 2,321,212

January 1, 1900.

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Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869-

451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The Cosmopolitan Club, of London, is housed in Waus's old studio, on the walls of which is a fresco of a nude woman. It was a standing joke of Stirling-Maxwell's to say to any inquirer into the subject of the picture: "You have no doubt heard of Watts's hymns; that is one of his hers."

Ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed, while in Washington recently, rode up to the Capitol in an F Street car. "What do you think of the Puerto Rico tariff muddle?" asked the man who sat next to him. "I refuse to be quoted," answered Mr. Reed; "I have a reputation for piety and chaste language to preserve."

Sir Robert Peel was once going through a picture collection with a friend where there was a portrait of a prominent Englishman who was famous for saying sharp things. "How wonderfully like!" said the friend; "you can see the quiver on his lips." "Yes," replied Sir Robert, "and the arrows coming out of it."

They are telling a story in Chicago about an advance agent for the Thomas Orchestra who recently went to New Orleans to hook dates for concerts. He was told that it would be well for him first to talk the matter over with a wealthy woman who is a leader in the musical circles of the city. So he called at her residence, and a ring brought out an old negro, who took the caller's card, on which was printed the legend, "Representing the Thomas Orchestra." Presently a young woman came to the door holding the card in her hand. She did not seem to understand the object of the call. The agent attempted to explain, but was cut short by the young woman, who said: "I don't think we want any music to-day."

In the midst of one of General Forrest's campaigns a captured federal chaplain was brought to his head-quarters. The man showed the deepest anxiety and depression, for stories of General Forrest's severity were rife in the Union camp. A little later supper was announced, and Forrest, to the chaplain's surprise, invited him to share it; but his surprise grew to amazement when the general turned to him reverently and said: "Parson, will you please ask the blessing?" The next morning Forrest courteously gave him an escort through the Confederate lines, for he wished no non-combatants for prisoners, and bade him good-bye with the remark: "Parson, I would keep you here to preach for me if you weren't needed so much more by the sinners on the other side."

During the Civil War, the Northern armies were made up of men belonging to all trades and professions. The general in command of a brigade of regulars once came to a stream, and was forced to stop because the bridge had been burned by the retreating Confederates. He sent for the colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment of volunteers, and said: "I have ordered my engineers to draw plans for a new bridge. Have you any men in your regiment who can build bridges?" "I think so," replied the Pennsylvanian; "I'll see." Two hours later the Pennsylvanian returned and said: "I found a lot of bridge-builders in my regiment, sir." "Well, send them over with orders to report to me. I will put them under the orders of my engineers, and they can rebuild the bridge." "Very well, sir," replied the Pennsylvanian; "I'll have to send across the river for them. They rebuilt the bridge last night and are now in camp with my regiment on the other side."

Professor Playfair, the noted English mathematician, was present at a dinner given after the laying of the foundation of the Scottish Observatory. The commander-in-chief for Scotland had a profound admiration for the professor, and rose to propose his health, but could get no further than the statement: "I say, without the least fear of contradiction, that Professor Playfair is a man—I repeat that Professor Playfair is a man—the audience began to laugh, and the irate commander concluded by asserting: "Professor Playfair is a man to go to h—I with." The decorous company was disconcerted, and considerable curiosity was shown as to how the learned professor would acknowledge his health. "I thank the gallant officer," he replied, "for his warmth, because there is only one other instance of an equal devotion to friendship, that in which Pylades offered to accompany his friend Orestes to a place which shall not a second time be mentioned in this assembly."

Jay Gould once wanted to build a short line to a certain place, and found rivals in the field. To Sylvester T. Smith he gave imperative orders: "Get out as big a force as possible and complete the road before the other fellows get wind of it, and we'll head 'em off." Smith reported presently: "Mr. Gould, we can get all the ties, fishplates, bolts, nuts, and spikes we want, but we can't get the rails." "Telegraph to every mill in the country and pay any price," said Gould. "I have done so, and there is no chance for a delivery under twelve months." "Then," said the little wizard, "go somewhere and

tear up something. We've got to have rails." He indicated the road to destroy—a branch or feeder of the Union Pacific. Smith soon had the old road torn up and the new one laid down. Then came war. Stockholders of the Union Pacific learned of the enterprise and hailed Smith to court to answer for tearing up a railroad that belonged to them. To their questioning he admitted all, and had no excuse but that Jay Gould ordered him to do it. "Who is Jay Gould?" some asked; "what in the devil has he got to do with it?" Up rose a young lawyer from New York to inform them that Mr. Gould owned all the bonds of the Union Pacific Road, though not a dollar of its stock, and that he was absolute proprietor of the feeder that Mr. Smith had torn up. There never was a more surprised and mystified lot of men. They had nothing more to say.

## THE MAJOR'S STORY.

## An Adventure of Mystery.

"Speaking of mysteries, supernatural happenings, and that sort of thing," said the Major, pulling a very long face, and not observing that his cigar had gone out, "I had an experience last night which convinces me that we stand very close to the unknown, and that the vaunted modern science has no more completed its labors than had Hercules when he went out and sized up the Nemean lion, and asked a by-standing farmer if he thought the critter would bite."

"You had been sampling that Louisville man's peach-blow cobblers, eh?" returned the colonel, suspiciously.

"I had not," replied the major, stiffly. "That it was after dinner I do not deny—make the most of it! I had had wine with the meal, as becomes a gentleman in my position—do your worst with this fact also! I had accomplished my dinner in company with two or three old college friends, and we had revived past memories, and given Good Cheer a chance to spread her wings—gloat over this also if you will! I am prepared to defend the statement that I was not intoxicated. What I am about to relate is plain fact, and to-morrow I shall lay it before the Society for Psychological Research."

"Oh, dear me," said the doctor, soothingly; "we didn't know the thing was so serious. Of course you were sober. Take your facts out of cold storage and blaze away with 'em!"

"Thank you," returned the major, completely mollified. "You will think it is a serious matter when you hear about it. As I said, I had dined with some old college chums. The door was opened to Conviviality, but rigidly barred on Excess. I left the table without assistance. True, an officious waiter hovered near, but when I observed the supercilious scoundrel, I spoke to him in a rolling voice, and bid him begone about his business, if he had any. Judge Doty and I passed out on the sidewalk. Two cabs drove up. We were at first puzzled which to take, but at my suggestion we took the one which we could feel. Something already told me that it was a night of phenomenon, but I knew that the sense of touch is never to be deceived—as you shall again see later on in my narrative. We accordingly rode away in the tangible cab. I blush to say it of a friend of mine, but the plain fact is that the judge was not master of himself. He sang, and sang exuberantly. He looped his feet up in the arm-rests. He also called for some unnamed lost love of his youth in a tearful tone.

"But we arrived safely at the judge's house, and set him down. I was both shocked and relieved to see that his hutter had deemed it necessary to await his master in the vestibule. As you know, I live at the Empress of India, the large uptown family hotel. There are several entrances; the cahman drove me to one at the side. As I alighted I noticed that the street was deserted; the hour, I confess, was late. It was a cold, clear, frosty night. I dismissed the cah and turned to enter the hostelry. Now, gentlemen, the matter for the attention of the Society for Psychological Research begins here. As I went up the steps, I saw distinctly through the glass door, and down the long corridor within which leads to the office off at the left. This corridor was also deserted. I placed my hand upon the brass rod across the middle of the door, and started to push my way in. The door yielded in a perfectly natural manner, and I saw nothing out of the ordinary. I pushed on, but to my utter surprise I did not gain the corridor. The door continued to swing back before me as I pressed against the rod, but though I was constantly advancing, I remained continually on the outside—a very peril at the gate of Paradise. I soon observed that the corridor was appearing and disappearing in a most extraordinary manner, but when in sight its aspect was perfectly normal, and it seemed but a step before me. It was as if I were pushing door and corridor ahead of me, or as if I were on a treadmill instead of the firm tiles, which I distinctly felt beneath my feet. Gentlemen, I am not without perseverance—call it stubbornness, if you will. I determined to push on into that hotel or die at my post. I set my jaws firmly, and struck a regular gait of what I suspect was about two and a half miles an hour. Refusing utterly to recognize that I was, so to say, up against a power beyond the ken of man, I continued to forge ahead, the door, the corridor, and I knew not what else before me.

Gentlemen, for how many weary hours I thus stood up and battled with the unknown and the unknowable I have no idea. This much I do know, however—the darkness of night had given place to the gray of early morning, and a porter had come to extinguish the lights in the corridor, before I escaped the clutches of the awful mystery and suddenly found myself within; the porter apparently grasping my arm. He was real, for I heard his ghastly, insolent laugh, and rebuked him for it. I then went to bed. Now, gentlemen, I am so student of the Occult; before the Hidden I stand a bowed figure. But so much I know—that this all happened as I have related it. Proof, too, is not wanting; I found my shoes in the morning with the soles quite worn through, though I had bought them new before going to the dinner. I hope the Society for Psychological Research can do something with my experience."

"Come, come," said the doctor, softly; "throw away that cold cigar and have a fresh one. Don't go and take up the valuable time of the Psychological Society with your story; you simply got caught in one of these revolving storm-doors, and circulated all night, like a merry-go-round. At the dinner you may have harried the door on Excess, but I'm afraid she got in at the window."—Hayden Caruth in Harper's Magazine.

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## SOCIETY.

## The Catherwood-Fiske Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Maud Brooks Fiske to Dr. Clinton Hastings Catherwood was celebrated at four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, March 27th, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Joseph W. Fiske, at Broadway and Fifty-Second Street, New York. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Henry Lubeck, of St. Timothy's Protestant Episcopal Church. Mrs. James McGregor, sister of the bride, was the matron of honor. Mr. Ralph Gallinger, son of Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, acted as best man. The ushers were Dr. Andrew Ford, Dr. George Wrenn, Dr. William R. Williams, and Dr. Bogmeyer.

Dr. Catherwood formerly made his home in San Francisco. His mother, a few years ago, married Major Darling, and is now living abroad. His two sisters, Mrs. Ernest La Montagne and Mrs. Morton Grinoell, are living in New York city. Dr. and Mrs. Catherwood sailed for Europe on Wednesday, and expect to spend several months abroad. On their return they will make their home in West Fifty-Eighth Street, New York.

## A Golf Luncheon and Tourney.

Miss Florence E. Ives gave a pleasant entertainment in honor of Mrs. Munn, of New York, who is now visiting this city, at the San Francisco Golf Club last Wednesday. She invited eight ladies to meet Mrs. Munn at a luncheon in the club-house, and later a tournament for handsome prizes was held.

Those at table were Miss Florence E. Ives, Mrs. Munn, Mrs. E. A. Belcher, Mrs. Hugh J. Gallagher, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Miss Maud Mullins, and Miss Eleanor Wood, and they all took part in the tournament, which was a medal-play handicap contest, over 18 holes. The prize for the best gross score was won by Miss Maud Mullins, who with Miss Crockett played scratch. The first handicap prize was won by Miss O'Connor, and Mrs. Belcher took the second handicap prize.

## The Godley Reception.

A reception was given on Saturday afternoon, March 24th, by Mrs. Jesse Edward Godley (*née* McMullin) at her new home, at 2918 Pacific Avenue, in honor of her cousin, Miss Wilson, of Philadelphia, who is now visiting here. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Frank Latham, Mrs. Grant Selfridge, Miss Marguerite Bender, Miss Cherry Bender, Miss Jennie Harwood, Miss Alyse Latham, Miss Maud McGee, Miss Edna Robinson, Miss Ida Robinson, Miss Rickoff, of Berkeley, and Miss Margaret Salishury.

## The San Mateo Hunt.

The San Mateo Hunt Club was entertained by Mr. J. Downey Harvey at luncheon on Saturday, March 24th, in the Hopkins Bar, which had been elaborately prepared for the occasion. At the conclusion of the luncheon Mr. Harvey presented Mr. Francis Carolan, Master of the Foxhounds, with a handsome silver loving-cup as an appreciation of his services to the club.

After the luncheon, the entire company, to the number of one hundred and twenty-five, proceeded to Wellsley Park, where the meet was held at a quarter to four. There were eleven ladies riding in the hunt, among them Miss Marie Wells, Miss Mary Crocker, Miss Mary Scott, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. A. L. Whitoe, the three Misses Brittan, and Miss Splivalo. The men were Mr. Francis Carolan, Master of the Foxhounds, Mr. Walter Hohart, Mr. Charles Dunphy, Mr. E. Duplessis Beylard, Mr. A. L. Whitney, Mr. Duncao Hayoe, Mr. John Lawson, Mr. C. Raoul-Duval, Mr. R. M. Tobin, Mr. George Parsons, Mr. Harry Howard, Mr. J. J. Moore, Mr. Peter Martin, Mr. T. Driscoll, and Mr. E. J. Tobin.

On Monday morning, at eight o'clock, there was a meet at the Burlingame Club's polo-field, when a red fox was turned loose. Mr. Carolan, Mr. Moore, Mr. Beylard, Mr. Martin, and Mr. Parsons were present and enjoyed a brisk run of four miles before the kill in Spring Valley, and Mr. Martin laid a scent with the pet for a home run to the George Howard place.

The meet on Saturday, March 31st, will take place at Mr. Carolan's place, "The Crossways," Burlingame, at three o'clock.

## Polo at Burlingame.

Full sides of four played a game of polo on the Burlingame Country Club's field on Sunday, March 25th, the sides being lined up as follows:

Reds — Mr. Richard M. Tobin, No. 1; Mr. Walter S. Hobart, No. 2; Mr. T. Driscoll, No. 3; Mr. E. J. Tobin, hack.

Whites — Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, No. 1; Mr. Charles N. Duophy, No. 2; Mr. Charles Raoul-Duval, No. 3; Mr. Peter D. Martin, hack.

John Lawson was the umpire during the first periods of play and Mr. George Parsons in the second period lasting twelve minutes. Mr. Moore scored two goals and Mr. Driscoll one for the Reds, and Mr. Martin scored one for the Whites.

The club is preparing for the Riverside tourna-

ment, which will begin on April 13th, and it is expected that a first and second team will be sent down to compete. The teams will be selected from the following players: Mr. Richard M. Tobin, Mr. John Lawson, Mr. Walter Scott Hohart, Mr. Joseph Sadoe Tobin, Mr. Charles N. Dunphy, Mr. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. Francis Carolan, Mr. E. J. Tobin, and Mr. Peter D. Martin.

## Golf and Tennis Notes.

The tie between Mr. E. R. Folger and Mr. Charles P. Huhhard, in the final round of the second open tournament held under the joint auspices of the San Francisco and Oakland Golf Clubs, was played off on Sunday, March 25th, on the Oakland links, Mr. Folger winning by 1 up on the 18 holes.

The second series in the home-and-home contests between the San Francisco and Oakland Golf Clubs will take place on April 7th and 14th on the Oakland and Presidio links, respectively.

The third handicap doubles tournament for the Director's Cups of the California Lawn Tennis Club was played on Saturday afternoon, March 24th, resulting in victory for George F. Whitney and Robert N. Whitney. The record of the tournament is as follows:

H. W. Crowell and Sumner Hardy, giving 30, defeated Alan Owen and Percy Kahn, 7-5, 6-1; Robert N. Whitney and George F. Whitney, giving 15, defeated Werner Stauff and his partner, 7-5, 6-2; Walter Magee and Harry Weihe, giving one-half of 15, defeated Dr. C. B. Root and Ralph Bliven, 6-4, 9-7; James A. Code and Richard Erskine, giving 15, defeated Douglas Grant and Nelson Shaw, 6-3, 6-2; the Whitney brothers, giving one-half of 15, defeated Crowell and Hardy, 6-2, 4-6, 6-2; Magee and Weihe, giving one-half of 30, defeated Code and Erskine, 6-4, 7-5; and the Whitneys, giving 15, defeated Magee and Weihe, 6-2, 6-4.

The Whitneys have now won twice and Walter Magee and Harry Weihe once. The cups will be awarded to the team first winning five tournaments.

Piet Joubert, vice-president of the Transvaal and commandant-general of the republic's military forces, died in Pretoria, March 27th, aged sixty-eight years and sixty days. He succumbed to an attack of acute inflammation after a short illness, attending church even last Sunday. The whole country is thrown into the deepest gloom by his death. His loss is believed to be irretrievable, particularly if any settlement should be arrived at with the British. He possessed not only military talent, but also real authority over the Dutch commandos, and the Boer and Free Staters alike had confidence in him. His death will deprive the Boers of the only leader really competent to direct the defense of their country. All references of the English press to General Joubert are kind and appreciative.

The composer of the music of "Annie Laurie" has just died in London. She was Lady John Douglas Scott when she made the music of William Douglas's lovely song. Alicia Anne Spottiswoode was born in 1803, and married in 1836 John Douglas Scott, third son of the fourth Duke of Buccleuch. After her husband's death, in 1860, she resumed her maiden name in addition to that of her marriage. In her youth she composed many melodies. Living into her ninety-second year, she became noted as a very old-fashioned woman, who always rode to her own carriage, with postillions, and preferred that on her roofs and peat for fuel.

The new yacht built for the queen in the government dock-yards, at a cost of about \$2,500,000, will probably never be used by her majesty. The yacht's instability, so palpably demonstrated at the time of her undocking, has caused the queen to take a strong dislike to the vessel, and the alterations necessary so materially reduced her comfort and convenience that it is believed they will render the vessel unsuitable for the purpose originally intended. The probability is that the yacht will ultimately be re-named the *Enchantress*, and converted into a dispatch-vessel for the use of the admiralty.

Two mysterious boxes will be opened this year at the British Museum. One was left in 1834 by Mr. Douce, who had been keeper of manuscripts, to be opened January 1, 1900, and no one knows its contents. The other contains the papers of Lord Broughton, better known as Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Byron's friend, and three times a cabinet minister. He died in 1869, leaving his diaries, correspondence, and memoranda to the museum with directions not to open them till 1900.

Admiral Dewey's reception in the South is proving to be the great popular demonstration that was anticipated. It is announced that after the Chicago visit the admiral and his wife will go to Europe, sailing May 25th. If the announcement be correct it may be the admiral's latest word to any politician who may still desire to put him into the Presidential race.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Madison on Thursday, March 22d.

## ART NOTES.

## The Art Association.

The annual election of the San Francisco Art Association last Tuesday resulted in the choice of the following board of directors: Mr. James W. Byrne, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. W. B. Bourn, Mr. Willis E. Davis, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. L. P. Latimer, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Irving M. Scott, Mr. William G. Stafford, and Mr. Clintoo E. Worden.

The new directors at their first meeting elected Mr. J. W. Byrne president. He is a member of the University and Pacific Union Clubs, and has served several terms on the directory of the Art Association.

The annual reports of Curator Robert Howe Fletcher and Assistant-Secretary J. R. Martin show the membership to be 634, a gain of 85 members during the year. In the permanent art fund there is the sum of \$18,000; in the general fund, \$6,000; and the house improvement fund, \$1,000. The classes of the School of Design are self-supporting. The net profit of the Mardi-Gras hall was \$1,363. A resolution was adopted recommending that the board of directors transfer \$1,000 of the amount to the permanent art fund and apply the residue, \$363, to the support of the magazine.

## The Spring Exhibition.

In spite of the crush that marked the opening of the San Francisco Art Association's spring exhibition to the Mark Hopkins Institute, the attendance has been large since then, both afternoons and evenings. Thursday evenings are especially popular, as promenade-concerts are then given under the direction of Henry Heyman. The programme presented last Thursday was as follows:

Organ overture, "Lodoiska," Cherubini, Emil Cruells; duet, "Calm as the Night," Goetze, Misses Marks and Vao Pelt; violin, "Andante," Spohr, C. F. Hamlin, piano accompaniment, Miss Nellie Davenport; songs (a) "Invocation," D'Hardelot, with violin obligato by Henry Heyman, (b) "Good Night, Sweet Dreams," Bischoff, Mrs. M. C. Olcese; organ, (a) "Chant Sans Paroles," Tschalkowsky, (b) "Melodia," Moszkowski, Emil Cruells; song, "Is This a Dream," Sullivan, Miss Isella Van Pelt; violin, "Scotch Scenes," op. 138, No. 3, Godard, C. F. Hamlin; song, "A Song of Thanksgiving," Alliston, Miss Ellen Margery Marks; organ, "Marche aux Flambeaux," Meyerbeer, Emil Cruells.

A private view of paintings by Edwin Deakin, representing the twenty-one Franciscan missions of California, will be held in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel on Saturday, March 31st, from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Thomas Hill returned on Wednesday from a long sojourn in Mexico. He is at the Palace Hotel, but will soon go to the Yosemite Valley for the summer.

A collection of water colors by Sydney F. Yard is being shown at Vickery's. The exhibition opened on March 26th and will continue until April 7th.

Belgium is about to lose the Arenberg family, who are among the richest of the mediatized princes of the Holy Roman Empire. They are going to become domiciled in Germany, where they have large landed possessions. The palace in Brussels, where Count Egmont once lived, will be turned into a state "palace of savants," while the grounds have been bought by the city and the picture gallery will follow the family. The Arenbergs have heretofore been conspicuous in Paris rather than in Berlin, and one member of the family is now president of the Suez Canal Commission.

It is curious to note how many of the men who are now at the war are better known by their nicknames than by the names to which they were born. All over the world, Lord Roberts is well known as "Bobs," chiefly so through Rudyard Kipling; while Lord Kitchener, of Khartum, is seldom among his intimates known as anything but "K. of K."

The arms and other property seized in the "Fort Chahrol" were sold in Paris a few days ago by the "Administration des Domaines." Most of the lots fetched remarkably good prices. Five spears were sold for \$21, and two flags of the "fort" and a sheet bearing the inscription "Vive l'Armée" and "Mort aux Juifs" went for \$8.40.

Venetian vandals are planning to build an asphalt sidewalk along the Grand Canal in order to attract bicyclists to the city.

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LEAVE	FROM FEBRUARY 26, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A.	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Runney, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P.
*7.00 A.	Shasta Express—Davis, Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P.
*7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P.
*8.30 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*5.15 P.
*8.30 A.	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P.
*8.30 A.	*Milton, Oakdale, Sonoma, Carleton, Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*4.15 P.
*9.00 A.	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*11.45 A.
*9.00 A.	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*9.45 A.
*9.00 A.	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and California Express, Sacramento, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*12.15 P.
*9.00 A.	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles.....	*6.45 P.
*10.00 A.	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	*6.45 P.
*11.00 A.	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P.
*12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*2.45 P.
*1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*18.00 P.
*3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P.
*4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A.
*4.00 P.	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Runney, and Sacramento.....	*10.45 A.
*4.30 P.	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	*7.15 P.
*5.00 P.	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*10.45 A.
*5.30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	*10.45 A.
*6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*6.45 P.
*6.30 P.	Vallejo.....	*7.45 A.
*6.30 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*12.15 P.
*6.30 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*9.45 A.
*7.00 P.	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	*4.15 P.
*8.05 P.	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*19.55 P.

### COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge), (Foot of Market Street.)

*8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*5.50 P.
*12.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A.
*4.15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	*9.20 A.
*11.45 P.	Hunters Excursion, San José and Way Stations.....	*7.20 P.

### CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—	
*7.15	9.00 11.00 A. M., 1.00 3.00 5.00 P. M.
*4.00	15.00 6.00 P. M.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway— \*6.00 8.00 10.00 A. M., 12.00 2.00 4.00 6.00 8.00 10.00 P. M.

### COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge), (Third and Townsend Streets.)

*6.10 A.	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*6.30 P.
*7.00 A.	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P.
*9.00 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P.
*10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A.
*11.30 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	*9.45 A.
*12.45 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.36 A.
*13.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P.
*14.15 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A.
*15.00 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.40 A.
*16.30 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.35 A.
*17.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*18.00 A.
*11.45 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Ah, there goes the colonel!" "Good shot, the colonel!" "Bad half-shot!"—*Detroit Journal*.

Mrs. Gadd—"You do not show your age at all." Mrs. Gabb (delighted)—"Don't I?" Mrs. Gadd—"No; I see you've scratched it out of your family Bible."—*New York Weekly*.

A capitalist: "Do you see that dog?" "Yes; but what is there so wonderful about him?" "He's worth fifty thousand dollars!" "Good gracious! How did he save the money?"—*Life*.

"What is an exit, pa?" "Exit, Freddy? Well, it is a Latin placard hung around on the walls in theatres and opera-houses to keep people from thinking they smell fire."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

At rehearsal: Stage-manager—"What! You laugh while you're supposed to be dying?" Actor—"Certainly. At the wages you pay, why shouldn't death be greeted with joy?"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

She—"They've got a new girl at Hiram's."—He—"Is that so? Can she cook any better than the last one they had?" She—"Well, hardly; this one is only about twenty-four hours old."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Would affect his trade: Mack O'Rell—"Yes, he is always afraid the sun may suddenly drop from his position." Luke Warme—"Is he a scientist?" Mack O'Rell—"No; a parasol manufacturer."—*Chicago News*.

Ryan—"An' did yez find th' Frinch th' poloitst puple in th' wur-ld?" Shea (after his trip abroad)—"Oi did that. Why, ivery toime Oi'd call down wan av th' domb frog-aters he'd hand me his car-rd!"—*Brooklyn Life*.

"Papa," said Benny Bloombumper, "I saw two had boys flipping cents, and after a while they went away, and when they had gone I found a penny." "Did you play yourself, Benny?" asked Mr. Bloombumper. "No, papa." "Then you were an in-a-cent by-stander."—*Bazar*.

"Algernon is very interesting," said the stockbroker's daughter. "What does he talk about?" inquired her father. "Why, he's ever so well posted in Shakespearean quotations." "Young woman," said the financier, sternly, "don't you let him deceive you; there ain't no such stock on the market."—*Tit-Bits*.

At a country fête a conjurer was performing the old trick of producing eggs from a hat, when he remarked to a little boy: "Your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?" "Of course she can!" replied the lad. "Why, how is that?" asked the conjurer. "She keeps ducks," replied the boy, amid roars of laughter.—*Tit-Bits*.

The effect of the war on supply: *Mild individual*—"And—ah—what entries have you, waiter?" Waiter (with a military salute)—"We've boar's head and Krüger sauce, kopjes à la Dumdum, sorties à la Ladysmith, Cronjes on toast, maxims and howitzers à la Methuen; but I think the lyddites and shrapnels are off, sir."—*Fun*.

Mr. Dukane—"After Mafeking is relieved, the garrison will be in a position to appreciate some of the feelings of Americans two years ago." Mr. Gaswell—"How so?" Mr. Dukane—"They are eating horse at Mafeking, you know." Mr. Gaswell—"Well?" Mr. Dukane—"Well, they will remember the mane."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

The new editor: "What are the young men doing in the apartment where the type is assembled?" inquired Editor Sheldon, of the Topeka *Daily Capital*, as the boy reached out for the last revise. "They are taking up the usual collection, sir." "Very good." Five minutes later a grimy-faced urchin, with a two-quart pail, slipped out into the alley way.—*Ex*.

The Angel Gabriel was in the act of raising the trumpet to his lips for the final blast. "One moment, sir, if you please," shrieked a small man, who suddenly ran forward, vigorously waving his hat. "What's the trouble?" inquired the angel, without lowering the horn. "The biograph man is just swinging his last camera into line," shouted the small man; "there, it's all right now! Toot away!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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Hewitt—"Do you love your second wife as much as you did your first?" Jewett—"Just the same; I married sisters—same mother-in-law."—*Town Topics*.

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LV. El Paso.....	9.25 A.M.	" "
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After several months of hesitation Admiral Dewey has announced that he is a candidate for the Presidency "if the people want him." This announcement is certain to have a most important influence in changing the political outlook, since there is little room to question the fact that a large number of the American people do want him. When Henry Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, suggested the idea of his nomination two years ago, it was taken up with enthusiasm in all parts of the country, and was only set at rest by Dewey's positive refusal to consider the matter. Later, in September of last year, when the admiral returned to this country and was received with such a universal outburst of enthusiasm, the New York *World* revived the suggestion that he should be made the people's candidate for President; but Dewey again set the subject

at rest by a more positive refusal, and a declaration of his intention to support the candidacy of McKinley. Since that time events have happened to cause him to change his mind. As was pointed out in these columns at the time, his marriage to a woman known to be ambitious and coming of a family of aggressive politicians was certain to weaken his determination for a private life. The cowardly attacks upon him in connection with the transfer of his Washington house, coming as they did from those close to the administration, tended to weaken his friendly feeling for McKinley. And now his avowal of his candidacy is certain to start a powerful movement in his favor.

The appearance of Dewey as a candidate raises a peculiar situation. He has never been identified with either of the two great political parties. As he himself has said, even his own son does not know what his political affiliations are. The suggestion of Watterson and the advocacy of the New York *World* contemplated his nomination by the Democrats. Such a nomination would have strong elements of political shrewdness. Many old-time Democrats, of whom Watterson is a prominent example, regard Bryan as a dangerous man and an unwise candidate. They would gladly see some man nominated who is not tainted by Bryan's radical views; not a few of them would not vote for Bryan even though they might desire to return to the Democratic fold. Moreover, Dewey's nomination would tend to offset the popularity of McKinley, and would transform a hopeless struggle for the Democrats into a possibility of victory. These considerations would operate strongly in favor of his nomination, but there are others that operate as strongly in the opposite direction. Since the silver question has been shelved for at least four years, the Democrats are forced to make their campaign on the question of expansion. Dewey has already declared himself as an advocate of expansion, and could not consistently stand upon the platform that the Democrats are certain to adopt. Again, Bryan's personal popularity among the Populists of the South and West would form an element that might defeat the attempt to nominate Dewey, and would certainly form an element of discord.

On the other hand, is Dewey likely to receive the Republican nomination? McKinley has control of the party organization, and a very strong popular uprising would be necessary to defeat him. Can such an uprising be organized and make itself felt during the few weeks that intervene before the convention is to meet? Despite certain signs of discord that have recently made themselves felt in certain Republican papers, McKinley is still very strong with the mass of the Republican voters, and it is doubtful whether any effective opposition to him can be organized in the convention. The situation is a most interesting one, and the developments of the next few weeks will be watched with much interest.

A remarkable article appeared in a March review concerning our new citizens of Sulu. It is by Henry O. Dwight, who shows great familiarity with the Mohammedan character. A brief summary of his article will be interesting. Mr. Dwight says that for three hundred years Spain has been at war with these Mohammedan islanders. We have succeeded to Spain's sovereignty. We shall also succeed to Spain's place in their minds as a representative Christian power. Christians, he explains, occupy a peculiar place in the Mohammedan mind. "They regard us from a religious standpoint." "God has commanded them to exterminate all Blasphemers." We Christians, in their eyes, are Blasphemers, whether Americans or Spaniards, and the killing of Christians, to the Mohammedan mind, is not only laudable but commanded by God.

To the Mohammedan mind, therefore, killing Christians is not only laudable but holy. Yet their Holy Law authorizes the suspension of war with Christians when it is to the advantage of the Mohammedan state. The Holy Law authorizes the acceptance of money paid by the Christian Blasphemers for maintaining peace; this the Holy Law looks upon as tribute money. Mr. Dwight says that

Mohammedan priests and students regard the subsidy paid by the United States to the Sultan of Sulu as a tribute of this kind. The Holy Law justifies the killing of all Christian Blasphemers, but "not the cutting off of their noses and ears, and not the killing of their women." The Law enjoins the division of Christian women as booty. The Holy Law looks upon the Christian Blasphemers as creatures whose killing is commanded by God; that their extermination must be accomplished ultimately, and that therefore peace is merely a temporary and expedient thing. Policy is the only reason for peace. This explains the ceaseless risings of other Mohammedans under Christian rule. It explains the outbreak made by the Mad Mullah on the Indian frontier in 1897; the continual Tuareg revolts against the French in Algeria; the terrible Indian mutiny of 1857; the massacres of the Christian Armenians in Turkey in 1895; the massacres of the Christians in Alexandria in 1881; and the repeated uprisings in the Sudan, the latest of which has just been crushed by the iron hand of Kitchener.

Mohammedans are taught perpetual hostility to Christians. Babies are taught to hiss "Blasphemer" when they see a Christian. The term "Blasphemer" is the usual one applied in conversation to Christians. Killing a Christian to the Mohammedans is not murder. It is a pious act. Piracy upon Christians to the Mohammedans is not lawlessness. It is a laudable and divinely commanded industry. This explains the stubborn life of Moorish piracy on the Mediterranean—for it still endures. No steam-yacht ventures thither without the best modern defensive weapons.

So with the Sulu piracy in the Philippines. It was the futile attempt of Spain to suppress it that led to her ceaseless Sulu wars. For ages the Sulu Mohammedans have forced their faith upon the Christian Filipinos with fire and sword. The weaker tribes were offered death or Mohammedanism. If they refused the faith of Islam, they were killed and their wives and other property divided according to the Holy Law. The stronger tribes were offered peace on payment of tribute—again according to the Holy Law. At last Spain also paid tribute for peace. We have succeeded to Spain's sovereignty and succeeded to her tribute for peace. But we must not forget that the Sulu Mohammedans consider no treaty of peace binding with a Christian power. When war seems desirable, peace will cease. Therefore, a few years ago, Spain being then unprepared and in a time of profound peace, the Sulu sultan paid a friendly visit to the Spanish governor of Jolo with a large number of retainers. While in amicable conversation he suddenly slew the Spanish general with his own hand, while his followers butchered the small Spanish garrison in cold blood. And again war broke out between Mohammedan Sulu and Christian Spain.

Mr. Dwight does not write from a partisan standpoint. He is by no means an anti-imperialist, and believes that the Sulu problem can be solved by the United States. He says that there are various ways. One is to exterminate the Moros; to wage a pitiless war and kill every living thing—that, he says, is the only kind of war the Moros can understand.

The second plan is maintaining peace by threats of bloody war; maintaining large military forces in the Moro Islands and large naval forces on the Moro coasts; also maintaining our subsidies to the sultan and his officers. He recommends, also, that the United States do not interfere with the Moro domestic relations—that is, slavery and polygamy—but that they prevent slave-raiding against other tribes.

This is the conclusion reached by a man thoroughly familiar with the Mohammedan law and the workings of the Mohammedan mind. Furthermore, he is not unfriendly to the maintenance of United States sovereignty in these Mohammedan islands, and, if not an imperialist, he is certainly an optimist.

We do not agree with Mr. Dwight in believing that we can maintain peace with the Moros by threats of war. Sooner or later there will be outbreaks. The only way to insure permanent peace is by a policy of extermination.



But such a war would be a bloody one, and would cost many precious American lives. Is there no way to "remove" the Moros by scientific means? This will doubtless cause an outcry among sentimentalists. But it would be more humane to "remove" a population by delicate scientific means rather than by coarse machine-guns—to waft them into Mohammed's seventh heaven by euthanasia, rather than to cover Mindanao with Moorish mince-meat.

While it has been apparent for some time that the enactment of the Puerto Rican tariff bill was a foregone conclusion, its final passage by the Senate this week is a cause for congratulation, since it is the formal announcement of the fact that the Republican party is not prepared to abandon its fundamental principle of protection to the American laborer and the American producer. When the *Argonaut* first pointed out the danger that might result from the policy of expansion, there were many short-sighted Republican papers that were inclined to scoff and declare that the action advocated by this paper would never be adopted. For a time even President McKinley failed to realize the principle that was involved. Credit is due to certain Republican leaders in Congress for their action in forcing this bill through, and thus sustaining the principle of protection. In time the action of the bill itself will justify its enactment.

During the time that the discussion over the measure has been carried on in Congress, an effort has been made by the Democrats to obscure the real issue. It has ever been their policy to set the letter of the constitution above the spirit of that instrument, and this they have attempted to do in the present case. That they should fail was inevitable; the American people will never consent to the doctrine that this government exists for the sake of the letter of the constitution instead of for the prosperity of the whole people.

In the case of Puerto Rico there was comparatively little involved outside of the establishment of the principle. The chief importance of the bill lay in the fact that similar action must be taken with regard to the Philippines, Hawaii, and Cuba when the latter becomes a part of the United States, as now seems inevitable. In Hawaii there is a large percentage of cheap contract laborers. During the last few years the Chinese and Japanese residents of the islands have more than doubled in number, and these must be prevented from coming into the United States. The inhabitants—largely Chinese—and the products of the Philippines must be denied free access to this country. The free admission of sugar and tobacco from Cuba would absolutely destroy those industries in the United States. It is on account of these broader considerations, rather than because of its individual importance, that the people of this country are to be congratulated on the passage of the Puerto Rican bill.

As the season of political activity approaches, the evidences accumulate that William J. Bryan is still in supreme command of the dominant wing of the Democratic party, and that, barring any unforeseen and sudden contingency, he will be made, at Kansas City, next July, the nominee of his party for President. An important item among those evidences is the recent promulgation and adoption of a platform in the respective State conventions of the Nebraska Democrats and Populists. The document itself is not alone conclusive of this view, but the manner in which it has been received and heralded to the public warrants the assumption that the present Democratic organization is nothing more than a passive instrument to subserve Mr. Bryan's personal ambition to be President of the United States. Whose brain conceived and whose pen indited the platform of the Nebraska Democrats it is not given to mere mortals to know, but the fact has been made plain that the document could never have seen the light without the supervision of Mr. Bryan's powerful intellect or without his positive indorsement of its enunciations. It is also made clear with every indication of intention that the Nebraska platform is the sure prototype of that which will be presented to the national convention of Democrats at Kansas City.

In view of the lack of harmony in Democratic councils it is not impossible that the situation should wholly change during the next three months. Mr. Bryan may not be so firmly seated in party authority at the opening of July as he is on the first of April; but as things are to-day, the Nebraska platform is of decided interest, as foreshadowing the Democratic brief in the great national cause to come before the whole people as a jury next November. The planks upon which Mr. Bryan has announced his willingness to go before the country as a candidate in the coming campaign are not startling or surprising. They are just what might have been expected from him, as they are practically nothing more than a recapitulation of his speeches for sev-

eral years past, and with which everybody is familiar, and not a few wearisomely so.

Contrary to all hope of Democratic unity, the Nebraska platform opens with a sweeping indorsement, "in whole and in part, in letter and in spirit" of the Chicago platform of 1896. This not being considered sufficiently explicit to assure the country that the fatuous silver question will be pushed again to the front, a special paragraph is dedicated to a demand for "the immediate restoration of the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation." The question of trusts is passed over with a perfunctory pledge "to wage unceasing warfare" against them, and the vague proposal that Congress shall supplement the efforts of State legislation to restrain them. The attitude assumed toward the Philippine problem is entirely characteristic of the incapacity of the Bryanite school of statesmanship, in proposing, seriously we presume, to turn over the islands to the tender mercies of the insurgents and by assuming the position of a protectorate to guarantee as against the nations of the earth the right of the half-civilized natives to make a farce of civil government throughout the archipelago. Militarism comes in for severe denunciation, regardless of the fact that no one proposes it or desires it, and then with glaring inconsistency it is proposed that the United States shall "immediately construct and fortify the Nicaragua Canal," which indicates an intention to forcibly trespass upon the rights of the Central American republics and construct great forts and keep a standing army on foreign soil to protect the waterway. However desirable the canal, and however necessary may be its protection, the methods suggested do not lie in the mouths of such decided anti-militarists to propose.

These are the main items of the Nebraska platform. The rest is made up of regulation planks whose whole object is to catch the eye and bid for the support of any form of discontent. Among these are naturally to be found determined opposition to "government by injunction," so called; an indorsement of the principles of the initiative and referendum; the establishment of an income tax; and the inauguration of arbitration as a means of settling labor troubles. In addition, the platform condemns the Dingley tariff, which is most natural, and favors the election of senators by direct vote of the people, which no political party is apt to combat, but which will be difficult to accomplish by an amendment to the constitution.

There is, whether with reason matters not here, existent a belief that many daily papers maintain for the deluding of the public a "circulation liar." Concerning this individual, real or supposititious, there have been many jests, much enjoyed by those making them, and seeming not greatly to worry the papers. One Chicago publication, however, finds itself in the position where its allegations as to circulation, losing all tinge of jocularity, have caused it to be baled into court under circumstances it must expose as misleading, or be itself exposed as a cheat, deliberately and systematically defrauding its patrons. But for the credit of the profession and of the paper in question—it being the *Inter-Ocean*, a daily of repute—a hope will be entertained that the action grows from a misapprehension; in which case the shoe, indubitably, will be on the other foot.

A complaint has been filed against the *Inter-Ocean* by a concern known as the Advertisers' Guarantee Company. The business of this concern, as set forth in an exhaustive brief, is the investigation of circulations, for the benefit of advertisers, and to the end that the information may be correct the company gives a bond of considerable magnitude. According to its allegations, which, translated from sounding legal phraseology into English, would occupy but small space, it undertook, at the solicitation of the *Inter-Ocean*, to ascertain the extent of the paper's circulation, both of the daily and the Sunday issue. Its experts were given access to the books, and reports made up accordingly showing at various times a circulation of 66,000, of 69,000, and of over 69,000. Suspicions arose, continue the allegations, that the agents of the company were being deceived, that the books tendered for their inspection were false and fraudulent, and known by the *Inter-Ocean* so to be. It is asserted not only that there were fictitious names on these books, but that newsdealers were charged with many more papers than actually sent out. The claim is made that the suspicions have been fully verified. At least, the company in making the exposure and demanding \$50,000 in damages exhibits a lively faith in its declarations, and if not acting upon a certainty is unaccountably rash and bitter. The specifications are definite, including the statement that the 66,000 should, in truth, have been less than 40,000; the 69,000, less than 45,000; and the "over 69,000," less than 50,000.

The company avers that for more than a year it has sent out false and misleading statements of the *Inter-Ocean's* cir-

ulation, having been led by the *Inter-Ocean* so to do, and itself wholly innocent. It conceives that by this the company has lost in standing and in profit, being liable to its patrons for the correctness of reports, and hence its suit. In private interviews, members of the company, and the lawyers representing them, reaffirm every particular of the brief. They say that they could have dropped the offending paper from their list, but preferred an open vindication.

Contemporaries kindly devote space to full exploitation of the affair, but withhold expressions of opinion. The suit is a surprise, unless to those immediately concerned; and that there is behind it some motive, no inkling of which appears in the brief, naturally suggests itself. At any rate, one party to the contest must emerge discredited and possibly ruined.

Perhaps because of interest in other events of moment, people do not seem to have realized that India is under the blight of the most dire famine of all those that have filled that land with the bones of the starved. Conditions have improved under British rule, but when rains are withheld no human agency can more than mitigate the plague of hunger.

In respect of famine, the history of India has been sombre indeed. Between 1802 and 1854 there were thirteen of these visitations, resulting directly in the death of 5,000,000 people. Since then there have been sixteen, under which 12,000,000 natives have perished miserably. To what extent the ravages of the one prevailing now will go is a matter of conjecture, but there is every reason to believe that it will surpass the most gloomy predictions made last October, when it first became a certainty.

The facts are terrible enough to stir the emotions and excite an active sympathy. The world is called upon to contribute of money and stores, as the task of relief is too great for the government alone; and whatever may be done, with whatever promptness, the grim certainty remains that many thousands must fall victims to want and exposure. In a district larger than Great Britain and Ireland, stock is dying for lack of sustenance, the carcasses decaying in every field and on every highway. The inhabitants are deserting children, for whom they can find no food, and fleeing in the vague hope of finding supplies sufficient for themselves. In British territory in India 22,000,000 people are in the desolate region where crops have utterly failed, and 27,000,000 in native states are similarly doomed to fatality or bardship. As long ago as November, 2,200,000 were on the relief list, but at that time there was a possibility that winter rains might ease the hard conditions. No rains have fallen, and now none is to be expected before June. Meantime, most evil prophecies have been realized, and the scourge grows in magnitude and intensity.

A strange difficulty presents itself in the circumstance that the Indians are fatalists, and inclined to accept what seems to them the inevitable. "If we are to die of hunger," so they reason, "it is the will of God." Taking this view they refuse to aid themselves, or take advantage of proffers of assistance, preferring, when pangs grow acute, to eat grain furnished for seed rather than accept the wage offered for work on public enterprises. There is also a limit to the amount of such work available. While the Imperial Legislative Council of India does not specifically request help, it clearly intimates that the burden placed upon it is too grievous to be borne alone, and that it can not depend upon England for all that will be required. Three years ago, in the attempt to meet conditions far less serious, the government expended ninety millions of dollars, while from the United States and other countries ships with voluntary loads of grain and food-stuffs steamed into Indian ports on errands of mercy. This year's famine touches the whole of the Bombay presidency, a large section of Central India, and the southern Punjab, threatening to extend to part of the north-western provinces and the Deccan.

Speculation's evil side is shown not only in the ruin worked by Wall Street methods, but equally by the fortunes garnered there. To consider as a bold business genius one who goes to this financial centre, overcomes the conditions he finds, and emerges with millions, is perhaps a natural tendency. When, however, the methods of the successful are subjected to cold, judicial analysis, when the trickery is exposed, the heartlessness laid bare, and fraud and slander shown to have been employed as instruments, the glamour departs, and the speculator stands forth as a rogue. It is true, however, that, as a rule, such scrutiny is waived.

James R. Keene has long been a leader among the "bears" of New York. While operating in stocks here during bonanza days he became famous for hammering down stocks, and generally to his own profit. In the Eastern metropolis he has continued the same tactics, and, as now appears, with utter lack of scruple. His determined assault on Brooklyn Rapid Transit, in which he



reared the stock from 137 to 61, be selling "short" at an opportune moment, was regarded by him and his followers as a mighty triumph. Measured in gain alone, perhaps it was nothing less.

But Keene was not satisfied, and proceeded against other stocks. Rumors began to circulate that the affairs of the State Trust Company of New York were, as the detractors branded it, "rotten to the core." A wave of apprehension has started, and Keene scored another winning. But in these instances the matter was not to rest at a "bear" victory, for the methods used had been clumsy, and the pretense as palpable as criminal. The grand jury returned six indictments against those who had spread misinformation calculated to destroy Rapid Transit, one of these men being the editor of a Wall Street publication rated as a lack-mailing sheet. The fact was ascertained that this man had been in the habit of conferring with Keene's brokers and had been furnished money by Keene. This charge Keene admits, while denying that the money was advanced or promulgation of the slander that a receiver was to be appointed. Upon this delicate phase of the situation, a court, either hulloish nor hearish by inclination, will pass.

The president of the State Trust Company directly charges Keene with having entered into a conspiracy to ruin the concern so as to assist a raid upon other securities. He says that Keene gave to one Kling enough money to buy forty shares of stock; that Kling was then in a position to demand an investigation, and did so; that Kling declared to Roosevelt that the company had five millions of dollars in loans on "cats and dogs"; that the examination was ordered, but to be secret, and yet full particulars of it were once published. All this action was groundless, and the theme to investigate wholly a hear inspiration. Had the raid succeeded, a wide range of credit would have been impaired, and thousands of people ruined with the company.

He general reader, unless in the habit of scanning the roll-call on votes in the House of Representatives, is very likely may be unaware of the existence of Congressman Gibson, of Tennessee; that gentleman has a record of which he is proud, and which he has compiled for the information of his constituency, the glory of his name, and the effect expected on the serious question of reflection. Here it is:

Eight hundred and twenty-three war claims put through, amounting \$1,200,000.  
Sixty-five private pension bills.  
Forty-one men commissioned in the army by his influence.  
Twenty-one postmasters appointed.  
Seventy-four new post-offices established.  
Twelve thousand calls at the pension office.  
Twenty-nine thousand packages of seed sent.  
Twenty-seven thousand pamphlets and books sent out.  
One hundred and sixty-seven thousand copies of his own speeches put out.  
Forty-seven thousand letters to his constituents.

However this may impress the voters of the second Tennessee district, it will strike the country at large as indicating that Gibson is a rather expensive adornment of the high places of legislation. It does not identify him with one measure of importance, nor show him in advocacy of a single principle beyond the primal one of reaching for everything in sight. Others have pursued a similar course in the hope of touching the heart and judgment of voters, and have been rebuked by prompt defeat, an instance of this at concerning a California congressman being still within the memory of man.

When a citizen is first proposed for a seat in Congress he is apt to proclaim his keen sense of the sacrifice he is about to make, and to intimate a desire, after having served term, to be permitted to return to private pursuits. Before the expiration of the term he learns that some other man is planning to succeed him; that a monthly check of \$16.67 is a pleasing thing; that a place in the public eye, after all, to his taste, and he lays pipe, as the process is known, to remain in office; in other words, he becomes a pensioner.

In the record of achievements to which Gibson points with pride there is nothing akin to a real party service. As the war claims, they may have been good or bad, successful on merit or through trading in favor of other measures. Doubtless the pension bills were all pernicious, each ending for a raid upon the national treasury. Possibly one of the army commissions fell to worthy men—perhaps not.

As to postal matters, any congressman is bound to look after the welfare of his section. If Gibson called five thousand times at the pension-office and did not end by becoming *persona non grata* there, he certainly is a man of magnetism so extraordinary that no voter could refrain from favoring him, even if he had never accomplished a thing. As for the seeds, they were wasted, unless for effect the day of polling; while the pamphlets, the books, and the speeches stand for energy misdirected and a postal department wronged.

Possibly Mr. Gibson will make his point in Tennessee's

second district, the rate of intelligence there not being certainly known; but with other people, not clamoring for pensions nor enamored of pumpkin-seeds, he will be given a very low place in the scale of statesmanship.

The political situation in California is not unlike that which frequently arises here as elsewhere, and from which the lesson of unity should long ago have been learned. The Republican party in this country faces conditions so grave that loyalty to the organization should prevail among its adherents everywhere. Dissension in this State, bitter as it seems now to be, long continued, would mean defeat, and the effect on the party might be most disastrous. California Republicans can by no means afford to let personal ambitions stand in the way of success.

Out of the late senatorial contest there grew much animosity, advocates of a particular candidate refusing to make concessions until the contest grew to be a veritable war within party lines, threatening the creation of a permanent split. Happily this phase of the matter was adjusted, but still there lingers a memory of strife and of defeat, prone at times to manifest itself in open hostility. There has been a distinct alignment of forces standing with the executive head of California or against him, and this has been most unfortunate. Some of the politicians who most loudly clamor for peace really stipulate that the peace they crave must be on terms of their own making. Such methods heal no wounds, nor do they promise much for the future. Selfish ambitions must not be considered now. The party must work with perfect unity. A party that fails to do thus, loses its strength and goes away from its purpose. Its declarations will be adjudged insincere, and the opposition quickly take advantage of the display of weakness.

There is a wider duty than that involved toward the State itself. Here the importance of the triumph of Republican principles is indeed important, but it must not be forgotten that the national administration is at bar, and the world awaits the verdict. There can be no swerving now from a full and loyal support. The right of criticism is not withheld; there are questions of policy that may freely be discussed, and not in every instance is approval obligatory. But the broad platform which sustains the industries of this country, stimulates its resources, protects its workmen, safeguards its capital, throws a shield about its citizenship, maintains its dignity and its financial integrity before the world, must be upheld. This is the platform of Republicanism. In the light of the necessity for preserving all it represents, petty quarrels, bickering, and exchange of animosities become not only worse than useless but hurtful and contemptible. California has not a fair name for peaceful association of those supposed to be leaders of the Republican party. High time that these gentlemen set about retrieving their reputations. It is inconceivable that they should seek the continuance of quarrels that can only result in harm, and fail to devote their energies to the upbuilding of the party, to the welfare of which they stand pledged.

The campaign that has been inaugurated against overcrowding on the street-cars is one that should be actively pushed. Last week a young man who had been compelled to hang on to the step on the front end of a car was killed. The evidence presented at the coroner's inquest established the fact that the accident was the direct result of the overcrowded condition of the car, and the jury, although they could find no law to cover the case, censured the railroad company for the dangerous condition in which it allowed its cars to be run. A few weeks ago a young woman was injured in a similar manner; and such accidents are of altogether too frequent occurrence. It is a notorious fact that the accommodations on these cars are wholly inadequate for the crowds that patronize them during the business hours. On Sundays the cars running out to the park, and returning from the people's pleasure-ground, are always dangerously overcrowded. It is easy to recognize the abuse and to realize that it must be remedied, but the remedy to be applied is a more difficult problem. It is the problem that has presented itself in all large cities as the traffic becomes extensive. The elevated roads in New York City have not proved to be successful, and now, as was pointed out in these columns recently, they are inaugurating an underground system to meet the difficulty. These remedies involve an expense in construction that would not be justified in this city for many years. An increase in the frequency of cars is also undesirable, as the cars on the main thoroughfares of the city are already a menace to the safety of foot-passengers. Perhaps the most practical remedy is the general adoption of the system of "trailers" now in use on Kearny Street. In any event, the safety of passengers should be more carefully guarded, and the supervisors should at once address themselves to the problem.

## NEW YORK'S NUISANCES.

Her Needless Noises—Her Crowded Cars and Shops—Her Elevated Trains—Her Tough Conductors—Her Freak Newspapers—Her Vulgar Theatre Swindles.

A brief visit to New York renews my impressions of that city on many previous visits, that it is one of the noisiest and most disagreeable cities in the Western world—by which I mean the Occident. London has its noises, as Paris has, but the noises of these two vast human bives are as nothing to the noises of New York. London has a dull roar. You can bear the roar of London many miles away, as at night you can see its glare upon the sky. Paris, too, has a deep diapason—a roar more muffled even than that of London. The noise of wheels whirling over the smooth asphalt of Paris, when the boulevards and the Rue Royale are crammed from kerb to kerb with every kind of vehicle, from an automobile "teuf-teuf" to an omnibus—the roar of vehicles on London's Strand, as the white-gloved Bobby with majestic band checks bansom, four-wheeler, and van—these are euphonious, sweet-sounding, melodious, compared to the crash, bang, rattle, din, and jangle of New York.

One of the worst of New York's noises is that of the elevated trains. From long before daylight till long after midnight these cacophonous horrors hang, thump, rattle, and roar over the New Yorkers' heads. In winter it is bad enough, in summer it is worse. Then you have to keep the windows open. I have lain awake through a New York summer night, with all the windows open, with nothing but a sheet over me, panting for air, trying to sleep, and listening to the demoniac rattle of the Elevated as the trains whirled by in the small hours of the morning. One particular such night I shall never forget. I had left some friends at a roof-garden, driven away by the phenomenal stupidity of the performance. I repaired to the Waldorf and went to bed. But not to sleep. Down to my window floated the songs of cracked-voiced sirens from the roof-garden I had just quitted—beard, alas, distinctly through the stagnant air of the summer night. Up to my window rose the jingle of crow-bar and drill from men working all night by electric light on the foundations of the Astoria. While through my window poured in vast volumes, as from an ambulant boiler-shop, the bang and clasp and clatter of the elevated trains. The next morning I left New York vowing I would never return. But I have been there often since, and always leave it in the same frame of mind.

As New Yorkers still uncomplainingly hear these nuisances of noises, so did they hear the first erection of the elevated road—probably the most high-handed invasion of vested rights ever known in the history of the world. That a town made up of Americans, the most shrewd, practical, and enlightened people in the world, should permit their streets to be taken from them, the light of day cut off from their foot-ways and horse-ways, their persons begrimed with dripping oil and dropping ashes, their breathing-air defiled with coal-smoke, the privacy of their bedrooms invaded by trains running past their windows, and, worst of all, both night and day turned into a horrible jangle of harsh, ear-splitting, sleep-destroying sounds—that such a high-handed invasion of private and public rights could take place in the chief city of the American commonwealth seems incredible. But it did, and does.

Probably the only excuse the New Yorkers could make for their weakness is that without it transportation would be impossible in New York. The answer to that is that New York could have done what London did—run the trains under ground. She could have done it better than—she is forced to do it now. For even with the elevated, the Broadway cable, and the electric surface cars, the great city is congested at all times during the daylight hours, and life in it is an affliction. So New York is forced to travel underground, and work is just beginning on a great tunnel running through the back-bone of Manhattan Island, which will fork into tunnels running under the East and North Rivers, thus tapping the Brooklyn and Jersey shores. A contractor has been found—one McDonald—bold enough to give bonds for the millions involved, and he is setting to work with several thousand laborers. When the tunnel is done, New York may be fit to live in. At present it is not.

People from other cities who may have underrated their own street-railway systems generally repent when they visit New York. The crowding of the cars, both surface and elevated, the uncivil employees, the jamming through crowds of ladies by plug-ugly conductors, the curt yells of tough gripmen, "take de next car"—all of these things fill strangers with amazement. Why do the New Yorkers stand it? Of three other Eastern cities—Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington—all surpass New York in their street-car systems. And San Franciscans who may be inclined to believe that their dailies are disinterested in abusing the street-car system there—which they do continually—need



only try that of New York to look back with a sigh of regret to the clean cars, excellent system, and civil employees to be found on our city's street cars. A New York Broadway car-conductor taking up his fares more nearly resembles the centre-rush of a foot-ball team than anything I can now recall.

And strangers are struck also by the poor working of New York's telephone system. The employees are slow and uncivil. Getting a switch is a work of time. The delays and mistakes of the "Hello girls" are infinitely exasperating, and the charges are not small. For example, you pay ten cents for what costs you a nickel in San Francisco. And they have not that great convenience, the nickel-telephone in all New York. A similar condition exists in Washington.

Shopping, too, in New York must be a horror. In smaller cities there are many small shops where the shop-keeper knows you, knows what you want, wants your custom, and treats you with attention and deference. In New York's great shops the wearied purchaser has to wait for a shop-man or shop-woman, to wait for goods from upper floors, to wait for parcel-wrapping, to wait for cash-boys—to wait, it seems like hours. And this is not only the case in department stores, but in others as well. I went into Park & Tillford's Twenty-First Street store one day to buy some cigars. The cigar counter was fairly crowded; the shop-man, when I did not at once take the hard, dry maduros that he shoved at me, but asked for a box of greener *claros*, looked at me in amazement, as one who uselessly took up time. But I stayed by him till I got what I wanted. It was not the cigar counter, however, that struck me. On the opposite side was the grocery counter. It was lined four-deep with well-dressed women and a few men, uncomplainingly waiting to buy the necessities of life. My curiosity was excited to such an extent that I remained some time, and noted some women who waited fully twenty minutes before they could get a chance to buy their groceries! The critic might say, "Why not order by telephone?" I suppose the reason is that the New York telephone service is so bad that it would drive them crazy. Fancy being well-to-do, living in a luxurious house, in a fine quarter of a great city, going to a swell store, and then having to wait half an hour to buy your groceries!

But noises, and noisy cars, poor telephones, and crowded shops are not the only nuisances of New York. Among the others are newspapers, newspaper-noises, theatres, theatre-speculators, and theatre-hox offices. Within the last few years, New York's penny evening sheets have grown like mushrooms. They get out about sixteen editions a day, and the afternoons are made hideous by bawling newsboys. But the extras that they bawl are made up of nothings, with large headings about nothings, over articles written by nothings. These penny-gaff sheets have lately taken to printing their headings in sloppy red ink, which gives them the curious effect of raddled newspaper Jeezels—which they doubtless are. To you comes a shrieking newsboy bearing a chromo-typographic freak in letters a foot long, "THE BOER WAR IS OVER!" The reply which he instantaneously shapes itself in your brain is "It's a blank lie"—and it generally is. For these sheets used to be conducted on the assumption that people forgot to-day what they read yesterday. Now they seem to be conducted on the assumption that people forget at four o'clock what they read at two. In addition to their reckless sensationalism and foolish fakes, these sheets are not even well-written and amusing, as are the London and Paris evening papers. The only evening journals in New York which seem to be edited for people who bathe are the *Mail and Express* and the *Evening Post*.

Another New York nuisance is the theatres. Why are they so vulgar and so dull? And why do they pester their patrons with small swindles? Do the New Yorkers like only that which is vulgar and dull? And do they like to be swindled? Verily, it would seem so. It is bad enough to sit for three hours listening to a play which is not only dull, but also vulgar; it is bad enough to know that the play when stolen from a French Palais Royal farce was vulgar, but not dull; it is bad enough to pay two dollars per seat for being bored, instead of a dollar and a half; but when the theatres sell all their choice seats to speculators and hotel news-agents, and when patrons are languidly told by the baughty, high-collared manikin in the box-office that "there is nothing but the twenty-seventh row left," it would seem time for even a worm to turn. But the New York worm turneth not.

Within a few years the price of a couple of seats in the orchestra of a New York theatre has risen from three to five dollars, and within the same period the standing of the performances has fallen immeasurably.

The two most notable performances in New York are "Ben Hur" and "Sapho." Of these "Ben Hur" is of a most incredible dullness. It would, as the French say, send one to sleep standing up. It certainly sent me to sleep sitting down. Its lines are of the fine old crusty "mealo-drayma" order, and the actors mouth them and tear passions to tatters in the traditional fustian style. Its only claim to holding the stage—even in New York—is that it is "spectacular." But even in that regard it is not great. Its scenery is second-rate, the costumes are getting faded, the Dutch metal and tinsel are getting dulled, and in the religious hallet you see many torn tights badly darned.

"Sapho" has been made a newspaper nuisance as well as a dramatic one. Those moral publications, the *Journal* and *World*, became shocked at "Sapho." Mr. Hearst and Mr. Pulitzer sent pious reporters thither. The *Journal* pietist took down the names of those present in order to hold them up to public scorn. The Pulitzer pietist swore out a warrant for the arrest of Olga Netherlands, the leading actress, for giving "an indecent performance." The town rang with this cheap advertising scheme. Sensible readers were afflicted with long-winded accounts of it. The theatre was jammed nightly with young persons of both sexes palpitating to be shocked. But the play was not shocking. It

was merely stupid. The novel is shocking enough in all conscience, but nothing of that has gone into the play. The spirit of the novel evaporated in the alembic of the playwright's brain—or rather, let us say, steamed away out of the pot in which he hoiled his pot-boiler. But why attempt to reproduce that spirit on the English-speaking stage? It is lost even in the English translations—which, by the way, are hawked through this New York theatre like peanuts at a circus. How many readers of these wretched translations, and how many seminary virgins toiling over "Sapho" in French and vainly trying to be shocked—how many such can understand the significance of the sculptor Caoudal's subtle sneer as he looks at Sapho, "Oui, mon chère, *toute la lyre*." It is perhaps well that they can not understand the original, and well for New York that it is not translatable. For had it been, despite its vileness, New York would surely have had Daudet's "Sapho" on the stage.

NEW YORK, March, 1900.

JEROME A. HART.

## THE CRACK SHOT.

A Story of Cruelly Planned and Long Delayed Revenge.

### I.—IN COUNTRY QUARTERS.

The Mir of Piodorskow, in the government of Suwalki, is a dull hole. We lay there. A monotonous life of it we led—about as full of emotion as that of a tortoise in a state of hibernation. This was the daily routine: morning, drill and the riding-school; midday, dinner at the commandant's or the Jewish restaurant; evening, punch and card-playing. There was not a house in the place worth visiting, nor a girl worth falling in love with. We passed our abundant leisure in going from Peter to Paul, and from Paul to Peter, and back again, the same perpetual round, and in criticising the buttons on each other's uniforms.

Nevertheless, there was just one in our little society who was not a military man. He might be about five-and-thirty years old—consequently we "young fellows" looked upon him with something akin to veneration. His experience gave him an ascendancy over us; and his taciturnity, his haughty bearing, and the sarcastic manner in which he spoke, added to the impression and strengthened the superiority of age. It was often a puzzle to me what mysterious destiny overshadowed him. He appeared to be Russian, but he had a foreign name. He had formerly served in a Hussar regiment, and had even built himself up some reputation in it; but he handed in his papers abruptly one morning—nobody could tell why—and he established himself in this miserable village, where he lived very roughly, but managed all the same to spend a great deal of money. His absorbing occupation—it was more than pastime—was pistol-practice. The walls of his dining-room, riddled with bullet-dents, looked like a honey-comb. A splendid collection of pistols, of every age and make, was the one vanity of the wretched *gazebo* he called his mansion. The dexterity he had acquired by his practice was something incredible. If he laid a bet that he would knock the tuft off a foraging-cap with a shot, I do not think there was a fellow in the regiment who would have hesitated to put that foraging-cap on his head. Sometimes, among us, the conversation turned upon dueling. Silvio (with your permission, that is how I mean to call him) never took part in it. If he were asked if he had ever been out, he dryly answered "yes," but entered into no details, and it was easy to perceive that the question did not gratify him. We came to the conclusion that some victim of his terrible skill had left a burden on his conscience. None of us for a moment had the slightest suspicion that there was any element of feebleness in his composition. There are men whose exterior is enough to scout suppositions of the kind. He was one of them. Notwithstanding, an event which unexpectedly turned up singularly astonished all of us.

One day a dozen of us officers dined at Silvio's. We drank as was the custom—that is to say, too much. As soon as dinner was over, we asked the master of the house to make a bank at faro. After refusing for a long time—for he seldom played—he called for the cards, placed fifty ducats before him on the table, and sat down to cut. We made a ring around him, and the play began. When he played, it was Silvio's habit to preserve an absolute silence; he never made any objections, and never gave any explanations. If a punter won or lost, he paid him exactly what was coming to him, or marked down to his own credit what he had gained. We all knew his peculiarity, and we let him arrange the matter after his own fashion. But there was with us on that occasion an officer newly joined, who, in a moment of distraction, made a false double. Silvio took up the chalk and made his mark in his usual manner. The officer, persuaded there was a mistake, expostulated. Silvio, never breaking silence, continued to cut. The officer, losing patience, took the brush and rubbed out what he thought to be the wrong mark. Silvio quietly took the chalk and made the mark again. Upon this, the officer—heated by the wine, the play, and the laughter of his comrades—took serious offense, and seizing a copper candlestick in his fury, hurled it at the head of Silvio, who, by a rapid movement, just contrived to avoid being struck. There was a fearful row. Silvio started up, pale with anger, and, with fire in his eyes, he said:

"My good sir, have the kindness to leave the room, and thank your God that this has passed under my roof."

Not one of us had the slightest doubt as to what would be the sequel of the affair. We already looked upon our new comrade as a dead man. The officer left, saying he was ready to give satisfaction to the banker as soon as it suited his convenience. The gambling continued for a few minutes more; but as we saw that the master of the house paid no further interest to the play, we left, one by one; and as we strolled back to our quarters we chatted on the vacancy we were about to have in the regiment.

The following day, in the riding-school, we were asking if the poor lieutenant were dead or merely wounded, when who

should walk in but himself. We plied him with questions. He simply answered that he had not heard from Silvio. We were astonished. We went to visit Silvio; we came upon him in his court-yard, sending bullet after bullet into an ace of hearts nailed to the door. He received us in his usual way, and never said a word about the transaction of the night before. Three days passed, and the lieutenant still lived. No message had come. We began to ask one another in amazement: "Is it possible that Silvio won't fight?" Silvio did not fight. He was satisfied with a very lame explanation, and all was over.

This magnanimity did him a lot of harm among us young fellows. Want of hardihood is the fault that youth pardons the least. Courage is the greatest of all merits, the excuse for every hlemish. Nevertheless, hy little and little, all was forgotten, and Silvio reassumed his former influence in our circle.

I alone found it hard to reconcile myself to him. Thanks to a romantic imagination, I had grown more attached than any of my friends to this man, whose life was such an enigma. I had made of him the hero of a mysterious drama. He had a preference for me—at least, I was the only one with whom he abandoned his harshness of tone and cynicism of language, and conversed on different subjects with ease, and sometimes with a very happy grace. Since that unfortunate evening the thought that his honor was soiled—that there was a blot on his escutcheon, and that, of his own free will, he had declined to wipe it out—tormented me without ceasing, and drove away my self-possession when I was in his society. I was no longer on the same terms with him. I made it a matter of conscience to watch his every movement. Silvio had too much penetration not to perceive what I was doing, and to guess the motive of my conduct. He appeared more hurt than vexed at it. Twice I thought I could detect a desire on his part to come to an explanation with me; but I avoided him, and Silvio did not press the matter. From that time I only saw him in company with my comrades. Our cozy, intimate chats were dropped.

The lucky dwellers in the capital, tossed about by distracting pleasures, are ignorant of many sensations familiar to those who live in remote villages or small towns; for example, the waiting for the mail day. On Tuesdays and Fridays the post-office of our regiment was full of officers. One expected money, another letters, a third newspapers. Ordinarily, the packets were unsealed upon the spot; news was passed from mouth to mouth, and the scene in the office was of the most animated description. Silvio's letters were addressed to him at our quarters, and he came to look for them with the rest of us. One day when he was handed a letter, he broke the seal with great eagerness. As he ran over its contents his eyes positively burned with a strange fire. Our officers, occupied with their own correspondence, took no notice of him.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed Silvio, "urgent affairs compel me to leave immediately. As I shall be on the road to-night, I hope you won't refuse to dine with me for the last time. I count upon you," he added, turning to me; "I wish you particularly to come."

Thereupon he retired hastily, and, after we all had agreed to make rendezvous at his place, we separated.

I got to Silvio's at the appointed hour, and found every officer off duty there. His luggage was already packed up. Nothing was to be seen on the naked walls but the net-work of bullet-marks. We sat down. Our host was in the hes of humors, and his high spirits soon spread to the company. Corks popped briskly as skirmishing fire; the beady froth mounted in the glasses, which were filled and emptied with out interruption. We grew tender-hearted—maudlin, if you like—and wished godspeed, safe journey, joy, and all kind of prosperity to our departing host.

It was late when we quitted the festive board. When we were looking for our caps, Silvio bade each of us adieu but he caught me by the hand and held me, as I was on the point of going out.

"Stay," he said, in an undertone; "I want to have a few words with you."

I stopped behind.

### II.—SILVIO'S EXPLANATION.

The others had departed, and we were left alone, seate face to face, smoking our pipes in silence. Silvio had a care worn air. There was not the slightest trace on his feature of his convulsive gayety. His sinister pallor, his blazin eyes, the long curls of smoke which he puffed from his mouth, gave him the aspect of a veritable demon. At the end of a few minutes he broke the silence.

"It is possible," he said to me, "that we may never see each other again. Before separating, I wish to have a few words with you. You may have remarked that I care little for the opinion of the indifferent; but I have a liking for you, and I feel that it would cost me a pang to leave you with an unfavorable opinion of me."

He paused to knock the ashes off the top of his pipe. said nothing, but turned my gaze to the floor and waited.

"It must have appeared singular to you," he continued, "that I did not exact fuller satisfaction from that drunken fool of a lieutenant. You will agree that, having the choic of weapons, the idiot's life was in my power, and that I ran no very great risk. I might speak of my moderation; generosity; but I do not wish to lie. If I could have administered a correction to the fellow without hazarding my li—mark me, without hazarding it in the least—he would not have got out of my clutches so easily." I looked at Silvio with surprise. An avowal like this mystified and pained me. He resumed:

"Unfortunately, I have not the right to expose myself death. Six years ago I got a box on the ear, and my enemy is still living."

My curiosity was vividly stirred.

"And you did not fight him?" I demanded. "Assuredly some extraordinary circumstances must have prevented that affair from coming off."



"I did fight him," said Silvio, quietly, "and here is a souvenir of our meeting."

He rose and drew from a box a cap of red cloth, with a gold stripe and tassel—a cap of the make of those worn in cavalry undress, such as the French call *bonnet de police*. He put it on his head. It was penetrated by a bullet about an inch above the temple.

"You know," said Silvio, "that I served in the Hussars. You can see the sort of man I am—a trifle overbearing. I have the habit of command; to dominate is an instinct of my nature. In my earlier days it was a passion with me. In my time the roysterers were the mode. I was the greatest roysterer and rowdy in the army. All bragged then about getting drunk. I put under the table the famous B—, mentioned in the song by D— D—, that used to be sung at the mess of the Preobrajenski Guards. Every day there were duels in our corps; every day I played my part as second or principal. My comrades venerated me; the superior officers, who changed every other month, regarded me as a scourge that they could not get rid of. For my own part, I pursued my career of glory tranquilly, or rather tumultuously, until they sent to the regiment a rich young fellow, who belonged to a distinguished family. I shall not tell you his name. Never did I meet a luckier dog; his luck was almost insolent. Picture to yourself youth, wit, a fine figure, sprightly spirits, bravely reckless of danger, an honored name, as much money as he wished, and more than he could ever possibly spend; and now try and bring before your mind the effect that his arrival produced among us. I was nowhere. My sceptre was broken. At the outset, dazzled by my reputation, he sought to make me his friend. But I received his advances coldly, and he paid me off in my own coin. Without appearing in the least mortified, he left me to myself. I conceived a mortal grudge against him. His success in the regiment and among the petticoats drove me to desperation. I swore I'd pick a quarrel with him. To my epigrams he retorted with epigrams that always struck me as more piquant and original than mine, and which, I must admit, in any case, were much more lively. He hated; I hated; that made the difference. At last, one day, at a ball at a Polish landed proprietor's, seeing that he was the object of attention from several ladies, especially from the mistress of the house, with whom I had been a pet, I went over to him and whispered some gross and stupid impertinence. He burst into a passion, and gave me a box on the ear. We flew to our sabres, the ladies fainted, the guests parted us, and, on the spot, we quitted the *château* to make our preparations for mortal combat.

"Day was breaking. I was at the trysting-ground with my three witnesses, waiting my adversary with a mad impatience. The summer's sun rose, and the heat already began to grill us. I saw him in the distance. He was on foot, in his shirt-sleeves, carrying his jacket over his sabre-hilt, and accompanied by a single second. We set out to meet them. As he came nearer to me, I could perceive that in one hand he held his cap, which was full of cherries. Our seconds placed us at twelve paces apart. It was my privilege to fire first, but passion and hatred got so much the better of me that I was afraid I should not be able to keep my wrist steady. In order to gain time to cool down, I conceded the first fire to him. He refused it. We then determined to settle it by drawing lots. He won, this eternally spoiled child of fortune. He pulled trigger, and pierced my *bonnet de police*. It was my turn now. At last I had his life in my grasp. I scrutinized him with a fierce avidity, trying to catch, in the expression of his features, at the least a shade of emotion. No!—there he was, under cover of my pistol, and not a twitch in brows or lips, not the symptom of change of color in his cheeks. He was quietly picking the ripest cherries out of his cap, and blowing the stones from his mouth, like school-boy, until they almost fell at my feet. This cold-blooded composure made me feel like a devil.

"What is to be gained," said I to myself, 'by taking his man's life, seeing that he sets such small store by it?'"

"An atrocious idea shot across my brain. I let down the hammer of my pistol.

"It seems," said I, 'that you're hardly in a mood to die at present. You prefer to breakfast. Take it easy; I have no wish to disturb you.'

"Don't mix yourself up in my concerns," he answered, but take the trouble of firing, pray. For the matter of that, do as you please. You have always that pistol-shot to your credit, and I shall be at your service whenever you wish to discharge it."

"I left with my friends, to whom I said that I did not intend to effect the exchange of shots for the moment. And thus the affair terminated.

"I sent in my resignation, and withdrew to this village. Not a day has passed since then that I have not dreamt of revenge. Now the hour has come."

Silvio drew from his pocket the letter he had received in the morning, and gave it to me to read. Somebody—his lawyer, presumably—wrote to him from Moscow that the person in question was on the eve of marrying a young and beautiful lady.

"You divine," said Silvio, "who is the person in question. I am starting for Moscow. We'll see if he'll face death in the middle of a wedding with the same composure that he did in front of a pound of cherries?" At these words he rose, threw his cap on the floor, and began striding to and fro like a tiger in a cage. I had listened to him, outwardly assive, but racked by a thousand contending sentiments.

A servant entering, announced that the horses had arrived. Silvio shook me warmly by the hand, and we embraced. He impudently in a *calèche*, in which there were two boxes—the one containing his collection of pistols, the other his luggage. We said adieu once more, and the horses went off at a gallop.

### III.—THE PERSON IN QUESTION.

Several years passed, when family affairs obliged me to exile myself in a wretched, petty hamlet of the Volosta of Podjaritzki. Busy though I was with my property, I could

not help sighing whenever I thought of the noisy life, gay and careless, I had led up to that period. In Podjaritzki one did not live—did not exist even; one vegetated. The greatest trouble I had was to accustom myself to pass the evenings of spring and winter in complete solitude. Until dinner-hour I succeeded killing time, more or less effectually, by talking to the *starosta*, superintending my workmen, inspecting new buildings, and overlooking improvements. But as soon as dusk came on, I was at a perfect loss to know what to do with myself.

Four versts from my place was a very fine domain, belonging to the Countess B—; but there was nobody there save her steward. The countess had resided in her *château* but once—the first year of her wedded life; and then she would not remain there beyond a month. One day, during the second spring of my hermit's existence, I was told that the countess meant to pass the summer with her husband in the *château*. The report was correct. They took up their quarters there in the beginning of June.

The arrival of a rich neighbor is an event in rural life. The landed proprietors and their people speak of it for two months beforehand, and for three years afterward. As for myself, I candidly avow that the announcement of the coming of a young and handsome lady neighbor threw me into considerable agitation. I was dying of impatience to see her; and the first Sunday after their arrival I set out, after dinner, for her *château*, to present my homage to madame la comtesse, in the character of her nearest neighbor and very humble servant.

The lackey ushered me into the count's study, and went to acquaint his master with my visit. The study was spacious, and furnished in a very rich style. Along the walls were ranged massive presses full of books, and on the top of each a bust in bronze. Over the marble chimney-piece there was an immense mirror. The floor was hidden by a green cloth, upon which were spread Persian carpets. I had been divorced from comfort so long in my den, that I was overcome at the spectacle of this sumptuousness—was positively seized with timidity, and waited for the count very much in the frame of mind of a petitioner from the provinces who has obtained audience of some powerful minister, and sits in an antechamber. The door opened, and gave admission to a young man about thirty, of a charming countenance. He received me in the frankest and most amiable manner. I made an effort to recover my calmness, and was commencing my compliments as a neighbor, when he anticipated me by gracefully telling me that I should be always welcome to his house while he was there. We seated ourselves; the conversation, full of naturalness and affability, soon soothed my savage timidity, and I began to feel myself in my ordinary groove, when suddenly the countess appeared, and threw me into an embarrassment greater than before. She was truly a beauty. The count presented me. I endeavored to assume a free-and-easy manner, but the more I tried the more awkward I became. My hosts, in order to give me an opportunity to collect myself and get accustomed to my new acquaintances, began chatting to one another, as if to show me they treated me without ceremony, as an estimable neighbor. Meanwhile, I walked about the study, looking at the books and pictures. I am not much of a connoisseur, as far as pictures go, but there was one which riveted my attention. It was a sketch of a valley in Switzerland; but it was not the merit of the landscape which struck me most. I remarked that the canvas was pierced by two bullets, one evidently aimed at the other.

"Ha! that was something like a shot!" I cried.

"Yes," he said; "rather a singular shot. Are you a good hand at the pistol?" he continued.

"Well, yes—so so," I answered, delighted at the chance of speaking on a subject I was not wholly ignorant of. "At thirty paces I warrant myself never to miss a card, always provided I know the pistols."

"Really!" said the countess, with an air of profound interest. Then, addressing her husband, she added: "And you, dearest—do you think you could hit a card at thirty paces?"

"We shall see," replied the count. "I used not to be a bad shot in my day; but it is quite four years since I had a pistol in my hand."

"In that case, count, I don't mind betting that, even at twenty paces, you're not able to hit the spot. The pistol demands constant practice. I know it by experience. Believe me, count, if you don't practice you must rust. The best shot I ever met kept his hand in by firing his pistol every day, if it was only three shots before dinner. He would as soon fail to have his three shots as to take his nip of brandy before soup."

The count and countess seemed to take a pleasure in hearing me rattle on thus.

"And what sort of shots used he to make?" demanded the count.

"What sort? Wait till you hear. Suppose he saw a fly creeping on the wall. You laugh, countess? I swear to you it's true. 'Eh, Kouzka, a pistol.' Ping! There was the fly flattened upon the wall."

"What skill!" exclaimed the count. "What was your man's name?"

"Silvio, count."

"Silvio!" exclaimed the count, springing to his feet. "You knew Silvio?"

"Did I know him? We were the best of friends. He used to mix with our corps as if he were one of ourselves. But it is a good five years since I heard any tidings of him. So, as it appears, he had the honor to be known to you, count?"

"Yes, known—very well known."

"I wonder did he ever tell you a curious story of an adventure that occurred to him once? A story about a box on the ear he got one evening from an animal—"

"Did he not tell you the name of the animal?"

"No, he never mentioned it. Pardon, count," I cried, suspecting the fact. "I was not aware. Am I right in thinking it was you?"

"I am the person in question," answered the count, confused in his turn; "and the hole in that picture is a souvenir of our last interview."

"For the love of God, dear, don't speak of it!" cried the countess. "It makes me shudder still."

"No," said the count, "I must tell the story to this gentleman. He knows I had the misfortune to offend his friend. It is only right he should learn how his friend avenged himself."

The count motioned me to an arm-chair, and I listened with the liveliest curiosity to the following recital.

### IV.—THE COUNT'S STORY.

"Five years ago I got married. I spent the honeymoon here in this *château*. To this old building are attached recollections of the happiest hours of my life, and likewise of one of the most fearful and afflicting."

"One evening we went out riding. My wife's horse began to shy and rear. She was somewhat alarmed, and dismounted, asking me to lead him home by the bridle, while she regained the *château* on foot. At the gate I found a *post-calèche*. I was informed there was a strange gentleman in my study, who had refused to give his name, but said he wanted to see me on very serious private business. I came into this very room, and, in the twilight, I could distinguish a man, dust-covered and with a long beard, standing before the chimney. I went up to him, vainly searching my memory as to where I had seen the face before."

"You do not recognize me, count?" he said, in a tremulous voice.

"Silvio?" I cried; and I confess I could almost believe I felt my hair standing erect on my head.

"Precisely," he added; "and it is my turn to fire. I have come to discharge my debt. Are you ready?"

"I could see a pistol peeping from his side-pocket. I stepped twelve paces, and I stood there, in that corner, praying him to make haste, and fire before my wife came back. He was in no hurry, he said, and he asked for lights. They brought in some wax candles. I shut the door, ordered the servants to let nobody enter, and again I called on him to fire. He raised his pistol and took aim at me. I counted the seconds. I thought of her. This lasted one awful minute. Silvio lowered his weapon."

"I am very much annoyed," he said, "that my pistol is not charged with—cherry-stones. A bullet is hard. But I have another idea. This business is more like a murder than a duel. I am not accustomed to pull trigger on an unarmed man. Let us begin it all over again, and draw lots for the first fire."

"My head turned. At first, I imagine, I refused; but finally we loaded another pistol. We rolled two scraps of paper, and he put them into the very cap he had worn when I sent a bullet whizzing through it. I dipped into the cap, and drew the paper marked number one."

"You have the devil's luck, count!" he said, with a grin I shall never forget.

"I can not understand what power took possession of me, or how he succeeded in constraining me; but I did fire, and my bullet lodged in that picture."

The count pointed with his finger to the canvas traversed by the pistol-shot. His face was red as hot iron. The countess was whiter than her lace handkerchief. As for me, I could hardly suppress a cry.

"I had fired my shot, therefore," pursued the count, "and, thanks be to God, I had missed. Then Silvio—how demoniac a visage he had at that moment!—deliberately adjusted his weapon, and leveled the deadly harrel straight between my eyes. Suddenly the door flew open. Macha burst into the room, and clasped herself around my neck. Her presence restored me to firmness."

"My dear," I said, "can you not see that we are joking? What a tremor you are in! Go, go, drink a glass of water, and return, and I will introduce you to an old friend and comrade."

"Macha mistrusted me. 'Tell me, is this that my husband says true?' she implored of the terrible Silvio. 'Is it true that you are joking?'"

"He is always joking, countess," replied Silvio. "Once, out of pure jest, he gave me a box on the ear; out of pure jest, he planted a bullet in my cap; out of pure jest, a while ago, he missed me with his pistol. Now it is my turn to have my little laugh."

"At these words he covered me anew under the eyes of my wife. Macha fell at his feet. 'Rise, Macha! Are you not ashamed of yourself?' I shouted with rage. 'And you, sir, do you wish to drive an unfortunate woman delirious? Will you fire? Yes, or no?'"

"I do not care to now, thank you. I am satisfied. I have enjoyed your suffering and your weakness. I have compelled you to fire upon me. You will recollect me. I leave you to your conscience."

"He made a step toward the door, and, halting at the threshold, he threw a quick glance at the perforated picture, and, almost without troubling to take aim, he fired, doubled my bullet, and walked out. My wife swooned. My domestics did not dare to bar his passage, but retreated before him, appalled. He reached the entrance-steps, called his postilion, and, before I had time to recover my presence of mind, he had disappeared."

The count had told his story. Thus I learned of an episode, the opening of which had puzzled me. I never saw the hero of it again. They say that Silvio joined the insurrection of Alexander Ypsilanti, and was slain at the head of a band of partisans at the disaster of Skouliani.—Adapted from the Russian of Pouchkine.

Russia is getting ready to build a new railway from the south of European Russia to Turkestan. One line proposed goes from Orenburg through the Turgai country and Turkestan to Tashkend. Another starts at Alexandrovsk on the Caspian, and follows the left bank of the Amu Daria to Tchardshui on the trans-Caspian railroad.



## QUEEN VICTORIA'S GRATITUDE.

Irish Valor on the Battle-Field Recognized—The Shamrock to Be Worn by Royal Request—Her Majesty's Proposed Visit to Ireland.

The queen is showing a genuine recognition of the bravery of the Irish regiments. The enormous casualties in the Dublin Fusiliers, Connaught Rangers, Inniskilling Fusiliers, and other corps whose rank and file are recruited in Ireland, have struck a sympathetic chord in the regal breast, and she is doing her best to evince her appreciation and gratitude. First of all, she telegraphed to Lord Roberts a message of commendation, and this has been followed by an order that hereafter on St. Patrick's Day—the seventeenth of March—all officers and men of every Irish regiment in the army shall wear the shamrock in their head-dress. This move is all the more striking, because heretofore soldiers were strictly forbidden to do so; and to such a severe extremity was the interdiction carried that men who ventured to decorate their caps on St. Patrick's Day with the down-trodden isle's emblem were punished for doing so. It may seem at first glance a small thing, but it is a big achievement for Irishmen. Not only is the interdiction removed, but what was formerly positively forbidden is now actually ordered to be done. The "wearing of the green" is not only permitted, it is commanded. And in doing this the queen undoubtedly acts upon the grateful impulse of the moment, and may be truly said to be carried away by heartfelt sentiments of real gratitude.

And more than this. Not only has she given up her projected journey to and sojourn in Italy, but she is going for a fortnight's visit to Ireland instead. From her point of view this is the climax of her outward expression of thanks to her Irish troops. And for the sake of these troops she is going to exhibit her good will to the whole Irish people. It is to be hoped that this well-intended and graceful acknowledgment of the splendid services that Irishmen have so lately rendered to England may be received by the whole Irish nation (as they love to call themselves) in a proper spirit. It may be true that they have wrongs and grievances—that they may think they have—but these ought to be sunk for the nonce. I really wonder if they will be. From the tone of the Irish press, as shown in *Freeman's Journal* and other Dublin papers of that ilk, it would appear that they are by no means overwhelmed by what they would seem to consider but a small and tardy recognition by the queen of the bare existence of Ireland—a spot of her dominions of which she has apparently been oblivious, if not absolutely ignorant, for more than a quarter of a century. In some respects one can perhaps not exactly blame them. However, it is their own fault in a great measure if this be so. Their actions have not been of a character to invite visits from royalty. But here is a chance to cure all this. The queen has made the first step. Yet it is hoped that she will be met half-way in the same spirit.

If, however, her visit is to do any good in re-cementing broken Irish ties, men like Colonel Sanderson should be kept in the background. If he is to be a prominent figure during the queen's visit, its good results will be *nil*, for no man on earth so enrages the disaffected element in Ireland and aids to keep alive those animosities which her visit is intended to assuage. There are no people so quick to forgive, so willing to overlook, so content to let by-gones be by-gones, as the Irish, if you only come forward with some kind word or action that will go to their heart. But the channel that leads to that organ must be lighted by sincerity, and a steadfast conviction of its genuine existence. All the shamrocks and visits in the world will be futile if men like Sanderson block the way.

And another thing—there must be no attempt to make political capital. That is a *sine qua non*. At any rate, so says T. P. O'Connor in a long letter to the *Daily Mail*, in which he tries his best to please everybody. But I doubt if he succeeds in pleasing anybody. No man has ever yet (speaking politically) carried water on both shoulders without spilling some. However, no one knows the beating of the Irish Nationalist pulse better than the copious-phrased "Tay Pay." John Redmond appears to be pleased at the granting of the shamrock-wearing privilege, for he said in the House of Commons yesterday: "The Irish people will welcome this graceful recognition of the valor of our race, whatever the field upon which that valor has been exhibited." As for the queen's visit, after saying that the Irish people will treat the venerable sovereign with respect, he adds that their chivalrous hospitality must in no quarter be taken to mean any abandonment of their demand for national rights, which they will continue to press until they are conceded. So that, all round, I am afraid that the queen, with the best intentions, will only reap disappointment from her well-meant efforts. For it must be an effort to an old lady of eighty to go to Ireland in March and brave its abominable climate, instead of enjoying the bright sunshine, blue skies, and balmy air of Italy. It is very good of her to do that, if no more. O'Connor calls it "touching," and so it is.

It is marvelous how fresh and green she ever flourishes in the hearts of her English subjects. Yesterday's visit to London from Windsor might have been another jubilee, from the enthusiasm of the crowded streets where people waited for hours to see her go by on her way from Paddington Station. Every window on the route was packed, every coign of vantage from which the little and simple old lady could be seen, was appropriated. There was the same yelling (called cheering), the same rushing and scrambling, the same break-neck craning of heads as there always is and always will be when the queen is passing by, and the well-known "Here she comes!" tells the people when to begin. To witness the enthusiasm—and yesterday it was never greater—of London's men in the street, you would think the queen had not been on view for a century. To look at her, you can hardly realize—you can not realize—that the tiny little woman in black, whose head scarcely

reaches above the side of the open landau, over which you see the top of a black bonnet moving in a bow, is the greatest queen, the most respected lady, and the best-loved woman in the world.

If her visit to Ireland really does come off—and there is hardly a doubt that it will—it will be only the fourth that she has made during her reign, the last being just thirty-nine years ago—in 1861. So, you see, Irishmen have some right to say that she has heretofore hoycotted their country. Her first visit was in 1840—after twelve years' reign, by the by—and it was then that Queenstown was named, as she and Prince Albert sailed up to the Cove of Cork, where she landed—little knowing at the time what an important mail and landing station it was to become for the future American liners. Her next visit was in 1853, when she and Prince Albert went over to the Dublin Exhibition—patterned in a small way after the London affair of 1851—and took the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, then small boys of twelve and thirteen, with her. Her last visit was in 1861, when she and the Prince Consort (formerly known as Prince Albert) spent most of their time at the Lakes of Killarney. During her next visit, which it is now settled shall be in April, instead of March, she will stay with the lord-lieutenant, Earl Cadogan, at the vice-regal lodge in the Phoenix Park. Doubtless an additional pleasure for her from the visit will be derived from the fact that the Duke of Connaught, her son, is commander of the forces in Ireland, with a fine Dublin residence, rent free, and a comfortable salary of seven thousand pounds a year. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, March 9, 1900.

## SHIP-LOGS.

You lack romance?—your mind's all fret and fog.

In London, on this black mid-winter day!  
Make more house-sunshine, with another log  
On the warm hearth; 'tho watch with me the play

Of blue and gold and purple tongues which leap  
In quick caresses to the new-fet wood;  
How eagerly they curl! how close they creep!  
How passionate the flame is for its food!

How willing seem the rugged blocks to yield  
Fibre and grain and sea-grime to the flame!  
How the pitch laughs and hubbles! seeing revealed  
Nature's deep secret, that life comes, and came,

Now, and from old beginnings, forth from death.  
Thus these—which have been trees and spars and ships—  
Give gladly back their cosmic stuff, their breath  
Of chemic gases, that the Mother's lips

May kiss them to fresh being. "Merest fancies!"  
You style it? Yes, that's what these sea-logs are!  
Brimming with fancies; by the ton romances  
Shot in our cellar from the Millbank car!

Look now! the blue turns green; the gold grows ruddy,  
While the lithe fire-tongues lick the copper-stains,  
And taste the sheathing rust, and where the cuddy  
Was oew-gilt, and what traosom-end remains

White with spilt nitrates; and that kelson-heel,  
Soaked with Atlantic salt. I think these blocks  
Are pleased into so warm a port to steal  
Out of the chill waves, and the mists and rocks,

Out of grim toil, sea-slush, and savage weather.  
See if you trenalid did its business well  
Where the maul set it, gripping close together  
Plank and plank-end, tho' all the devils of Hell

Roared from the hrine to break them. And that bolt—  
Mere ship-yard iron! how it shoulders hard  
Into its place even now! No knave or dolt  
Drove the loyal fastening! steadfast did it guard

Its little share of bilge, 'mid storms enough  
To loosen mountains, while we slept ashore.  
This knot of teak again—immortal stuff!—  
As fit to float now, 'round the world once more,

As when the Burmese in Tenneserim  
First felled the shining glory of its tree.  
Since that stout chunk took the adze-mark from him  
Quid mare non novit? Where's the distant sea

It has not plowed? of keel, or rudder-post,  
Or stem, forefoot, or bend some fragment true  
Cleaving the wave, circling the perilous coast,  
Skimming the deadly ledge, in shoals none knew,

Feeling blind sway; seeing the sworder charge,  
The white shark glitter by, the gray whales sound,  
The flying fish dart from the hillows' marge  
Like birds from meadows; always duty-bound

To do its work of honest timber—stanch  
To serve the Maker and the meo be made—  
From joyful time, of Indianan's proud launch  
To time of woe, when old, worn, disarrayed,

She drove—teak-blocks and all—on lee-shore. Now  
The good ship broken, and her great deeds done—  
Meekly it renders in this ruddy glow  
The light and warmth it drew from Asia's sun

To toast your toes and mine. And then to say  
There's no romance to find with London fog!  
A score of brave sea-stories blaze away  
In those charred chips. Forgive him, good old log!

—Sir Edwin Arnold in the Independent.

At a recent dinner the Chinese minister at Washington, Mr. Wu Ting Fang, found himself in company with William J. Bryan, and could not resist the temptation to have a little fun at that gentleman's expense (remarks the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*). When Mr. Wu began to talk he said that he felt entirely safe about his utterances being treated as confidential. Nevertheless, he thought that he had better be discreet, because there was a gentleman present who, he understood, might occupy the White House some time, and might be in a position to hand him his passports if he said anything distasteful. "However," continued the minister, with that guileless air which distinguishes his race, "it is altogether probable that I shall have to leave Washington before he is President."

The largest real-estate owner of all American institutions is the University of Texas, which holds over two million acres of land.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Captain Alfred T. Mahan is to have the honorary degree of doctor of laws conferred upon him on April 30th by McGill University.

Vienna's new executioner, Joseph Lang, is the strong man of an athletic club and one of the best-known athletes in the city. He is a nephew of the late executioner, and obtained the place against nineteen competitors.

Lord Strathcona, the richest man in Canada, and the man who equipped a body of rough-riders for South Africa, left England at the age of twenty as a Hudson Bay Company clerk. He now owns a controlling block of the famous company's stock.

Governor Stanley, of Kansas, states that Finley County, in that State, according to the labor commissioner's report, has but one pauper. The county has a poor farm which has cost about twenty-three thousand dollars, and is now maintained for the support of this solitary inmate.

Major Gonzalez S. Bingham, Quartermaster's Department, U. S. A., until recently second in command of the Schuykill (Pa.) Arsenal, will play an important part in the future policy of the American Yukon. He is now en route to Seattle, where he will meet General George M. Randall and assist that officer in his preparations for the erection of many military posts in Alaska. Major Gonzalez Sidney Bingham, who was appointed a second lieutenant from civil life in 1883, is a son of Brevet Brigadier-General G. D. Bingham, Assistant Quartermaster-General, U. S. A., who was retired in 1895, after a distinguished career covering forty-five years of service. Major Bingham is one of the handsomest men in the service, a six-footer, and an athlete.

Powell Clayton, ambassador to Mexico, on a recent visit to Washington, told a story illustrative of President Diaz's activity, despite his years. In company with the president, the ambassador visited the Mexican military academy. It happened to be the hour of exercise, and many cadets were engaged in the gymnasium. Rope-climbing was one of the exercises. From rings in the timbers of the roof, forty feet above the ground, ropes were suspended, and up these the cadets climbed, using only their hands to raise and maintain themselves. President Diaz and Ambassador Clayton looked on for a few moments, and then, to the astonishment of the American, the president of Mexico stripped off his coat, took hold of one of the ropes, and went up, hand over hand, to the top as nimbly as any of the cadets.

Sir Robert Peel, grandson of one of England's most famous premiers and the fourth baronet of his name, his father, whom he succeeded in 1895, having been a lord of the admiralty and chief secretary for Ireland among his other public offices, has decided to adopt the theatrical profession, and will join the "Boodles' Baby" company which will play in London and the provinces. Though his income is reported to be more than \$115,000 a year, Sir Robert Peel, owing, it is said, to large losses at Monte Carlo during his father's life, has experienced periods of financial stringency, including the appointment of a receiver for his estate in February, 1898. In June of that year his liabilities were put at \$1,583,050, with no assets, in a bankruptcy court statement. In July last year the courts refused his application to be allowed to sell heirlooms valued at \$500,000 in his famous home at Drayton Manor, but permitted him to dispose of plate to the value of \$100,000.

The marriage of Miss Mabel McKinley, niece of the President, to Mr. Hermanus Baer, of Philadelphia, during the late spring or early summer, will be the tenth wedding celebrated in the White House. Few persons have forgotten the brilliant marriage ceremony of President Grover Cleveland and Miss Frances Folsom in the spring of 1886. It was the first time that a President had been married in the White House, and it was also the most brilliant ceremony which was ever performed in the executive mansion. There has been no wedding since that time. Miss McKinley, who is at present living with the President and his wife at the executive mansion, has spent most of the past three years in Washington, and has always been known as the President's favorite niece. She is the daughter of Mr. Abner McKinley, and is not yet twenty-one years of age. Mr. Hermanus Baer is at present studying medicine at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, and the ceremony, it is expected, will take place in June, at the latest.

Yoshi Yamaguchi enjoys the distinction of being the only woman Japanese student attending an American university. She is easily distinguished from the other "co-eds" at Yale, for she refuses to become a slave to Parisian fashion and continues to wear the Japanese national costume. Miss Yamaguchi is a graduate of Doshisha College in Kyoto, Japan, and now, in her twenty-third year, she is taking a course in music and English literature at Yale, and stands at the head of her classes. When she has secured her degree from Yale it is her intention to return to her native country and devote her time to teaching. A good story is told of a strange experience she recently had at Yale. When the Pacific Coast Club held its annual "smoker," the executive committee decided that it would be a matter of courtesy to extend invitations to the Yale students from Japan. Accordingly the secretary went through the catalogue and sent invitations to all the Japs, including one Y. Yamaguchi, saying that their presence was requested at a "smoker to be held at Heublein's." The following day the secretary received a small note of regrets. It said briefly that inasmuch as ladies would hardly be expected at a "smoker," the writer felt that she would be compelled to decline the kind invitation, etc. The note was signed "Yoshi Yamaguchi." It may be added that the secretary of the Yale Pacific Coast Club, who is a member of the present senior class, humbly apologized, and since that time has been subject for constant teasing by the college wags.



## STEEVENS'S WAR PICTURES.

Cape Colony on the Eve of War—The Battle of Elandslaagte—The Bombardment of Ladysmith.

"From Capetown to Ladysmith" is the title of George Warrigtoo Stevens's posthumous volume, based on his experiences and observations in the Transvaal war, written for the London *Daily Mail*. Like "With Kitchener to Khartum" and "In India," both of which were reviewed at length in the *Argonaut*, his latest volume is a marvel of word-painting, showing his complete mastery of the English vocabulary and wonderful use of adjectives, and metaphor, and simile, which earned for him the title of "the Kipling among war-correspondents." Mr. Stevens reached Cape Town in October, and at once began his delightful series of brilliant soap-shot pictures. "The place is not a bany," he wrote, "but it has hardly taken the trouble to grow up." Theo he started for the front, and set down his impressions in a series of word-pictures. When he met the Boers on the way, he noted the free-born air about them, and wrote:

The Boers ride in from their farms. They are big, bearded men, loose of limb, shabbily dressed in broad-brimmed hats, corduroy trousers, and brown shoes; they sit their ponies at a rocking-chair canteer, erect and easy; unkempt, rough, half-savage, their tanned faces and blue eyes express lazy good nature, sluggish stubbornness, dormant fierceness. They ask the oews in lispig Dutch that might be a woman's; but the lazy imperiousness of their bearing stamps them as free men. A people hard to rouse, you say—and as hard, when roused, to subdue.

Next he interviewed a representative Boer, who thus deflected the attitude of the Transvaal:

"The Boers have no feeling about Cape Colony, but they have about Natal; they were driven out of it, and they think it still their own country. Theo you took the diamond-fields from the Free State. You gave the Free State independence only because you did not want trouble of Basuto war; then we beat the Basutos—and then you would not let us take Basutoland. Then came annexation of the Transvaal; up to that I was strong advocate of federation, but after that I was one of founders of the Bond. After that the Afrikaander trusted Rhodes—not I, though—and so came the Jameson raid. Now, how could we have confidence, after all this, in British Government?

"If the Transvaal gave the franchise, then the republic is governed by three-four men from Johannesburg, and they will govern it for their own pocket. The Transvaal Boer would rather be British colony than Johannesburg republic.

"Well, well; it is the law of South Africa that the Boer drive the native north and the English drive the Boer north. But now the Boer can go south or more; two things stop him—the tsetse-fly and the fever. So, if he must perish, it is his duty—yes, I, minister, say it is his duty—to perish fighting."

War was declared while Stevens was en route to the frontier, and this is how its announcement was received:

War—and war sure enough it was. A telegram at a tea-bar, a whisper, a gathering rush, an electric vibration—and all the station and all the trains and the very oiggers on the dunghill outside knew it. War, war at last! Everybody had predicted it—and now everybody gasped with amazement. One man broke off in a joke about killing Dutchmeo, and could only say, "My God—my God—my God!" I, too, was lost, and lost I remain. Where was I to go? What was I to do? My small experience has been confined to wars you could put your fingers on; for this war I have been looking long enough, and have not found it. I have been accustomed to wars with head-quarters, at any rate to wars with a main body and a concerted plan; but this war in Cape Colony has neither.

The description of the fierce battle of Elandslaagte is the brilliant performance of the book, a masterpiece of impressionistic word-painting. The traits draw up and "vomit khaki into the meadow." A little line of duns begins to draw across the veldt, followed by thicker lines, and more of them. They mount the brown hill-flanks and top the crest. Suddenly a hop, a splutter, a rattle, and then a soaring roll of musketry. Theo the thunder of galloping orderlies and hoarse yells of command. With rattle and more thunder, the batteries tear past and unlimber, while meo gather round the guns "like the groups round a patient in an operation." Whirr and scream—a shell dashes into the field between the guns and the limbers. The battle is on in the midst of a terrific rain-storm:

And then, in a twinkling, oo the stone-pitted hill-face, burst loose that other storm—the storm of lead, of blood, of death. In a twinkling the first line were down behind the rocks, firing fast, and the bullets came flicking round them. Meo stopped and started, staggered, and dropped limply as if the string were cut that held them upright. The line pushed on; the supports and reserves followed up. A coloeel fell, shot in the arm; the regiment pushed on.

They came to a rocky ridge about twenty feet high. They clung to cover, firing, then rose, and were among the shrill bullets again. A major was left at the bottom of that ridge, with his pipe in his mouth and a Mauser bullet through his leg; his company pushed on. Down again, fire again, up again, and oo! Another ridge was passed—and only a more hellish hail of bullets beyond it. More meo down, more men pushed into the firing line—more death-piping bullets than ever. The air

was a sieve of them; they beat on the bowlders like a million hammers; they tore the turf like a harrow.

Another ridge crowned, another welcoming, whistling gust of perdition, more men down, more pushed into the firing-line. Half the officers were down; the meo puffed and stumbled on. Another ridge—God! Would this cursed hill never end? It was down with bleeding and dead behind; it was edged with stinging fire before. God! Would it never end? Oo, and get to the end of it! And oo it was surely the end. The merry hughes rang out like cockcrow oo a fine morning. The pipes shrieked of blood and the lust of glorious death. Fix bayonets! Staff officers rushed shouting from the rear, imploring, cajoling, cursing, slammig every meo they could move into the line. Lioe—but it was a lioe oo looger. It was a surging wave of meo—Devons and Gordons, Manchester and Light Horse all mixed, inextricably; subalterns commanding regiments, soldiers yelling advice, officers firing carbines, stumbling, leaping, killing, falling, all drunk with battle, shoving through hell to the throat of the enemy. And there beneath our feet was the Boer camp and the last Boers galloping out of it. There also—thaok heaven!—were squadrons of Lancers and Dragoo Guards storming in among them, shouting, spearing, stamping them into the ground. Cease fire!

It was over—twelve hours of march, of reconnaissance, of waiting, of preparation, and half an hour of attack. But half an hour crammed with the life of half a life-time.

Then comes the other side of the picture—sudden night, with those wounded and dying meo scattered over the veldt:

Already the men were bringing down the first of their wounded. Slung in a blanket came a captain, his wet hair matted over his forehead, brow and teeth set, lips twitching as they put him down, gripping his whole soul to keep it from crying out. He turned with the beginning of a smile that would not finish: "Would you mind straightening out my arm?" The arm was haddaged below the elbow, and the forearm was hooked under him. A meo bent over—and suddenly it was dark. "Here, bring back that lantern!" But the lantern was staggering uphill again to fetch the oest. "Oh, do straighten out my arm," wailed the voice from the ground; "and cover me up. I'm perishing with cold." "Here's matches!" "Ah, here; I've got a bit of candle." "Where?" "Oh, do straighten out my arm!" "Ere' old out your 'and.'" "Got it," and the light flickered up again round the hroked figure, and the arm was laid straight. As the touch came oo to the clammy fingers it met something wet and red, and the proe body quivered all over. "What," said the weak voice—the smile struggled to come out again, but dropped back even sooner than before—"have they got my fingers, too?" Then they covered up the body with a blanket, wringing wet, and left it to soak and shiver. And that was one out of more than two hundred.

For hours every man with hands and legs toiled up and down, up and down, that ladder of pain:

By heaven's grace the Boers had filled their wagons with the loot of many stores; there were blankets to carry men in and mattresses whereoo to lay them. They came down with sprawling bearers, with jolts and groans, with "Oh, put me down; I can't stand it! I'm done anyhow; let me die quiet." And always would come back the cheery voice from doctor, or officer, or pal: "Dooe, color-sergeant! Noosee, meo! Why, you'll be back to duty in a fortnight." And the answer was another choked groan.

Hour by hour—would day ever break? Not yet; it was just twenty minutes to two—man by man they brought them down. The teot was carpeted with limp bodies. With breaking backs, they heaved some shoulder high into wagons; others they laid oo mattresses oo the ground. To the rain-blurred light of the lantern—could it not cease, that piercing drizzle, to-night of all nights, at least?—the doctor, the ooe doctor, toiled buoyantly on. Cutting up their clothes with scissors, feeling with light, firm fingers over torn chest or thigh, cuoiglyslipping round the bandage, tenderly covering up the crimson ruin of stroog meo—hour by hour, man by man, he toiled on.

Mr. Stevens pays a pretty tribute to Tommy Atkins, who, he says proudly, made oo distinction between the wounded enemy and his dearest friend:

To the meo who in the afternoon were lying down behind rocks with rifles pointed to kill him, who had shot, maybe, the comrade of his heart, he gave the last drop of his water, the last drop of his melting strength, the last drop of comfort he could wring out of his scared, gallant soul. In war, they say—and it is true—meo grow callous; an afternoon of shooting and the loss of your brother hurts you less than a week before did a thorn in your dog's foot. But it is only compassion for the dead that dries up; and as it dries, the spring wells up among good meo of sympathy with all the living. A few men had made a fire in the goaving damp and cold, and round it they sat, even the unwounded Boer prisoners. For themselves they took the outer rig, and out a word did any man say that could mortify the wound of defeat. In the afternoon Tommy was a hero, in the evening he was a gentleman.

Here are a few humorous incidents thrown in as a happy contrast:

At one o'clock we had the rare sight of a general under a wagoo trying to sleep and two privates on top of it rummaging for loot. One found himself a stock of gent's underwear, and cooived comforters and gloves therewith; ooe got his fingers into a case and ate cooking-raisons. Once, when a few were as oar sleep as any were that night, there was a rattle and there was a clash that brought a hundred men springing up and reaching for their rifles. On the ground lay a bucket, a cooking-pot, a couple of tin plates,

and knives and forks—all emptied out of a sack. On top of them descended from the wagon on high a flame-colored shock of hair surmounting a freckled face, a covert coat, a kummerbund, and cloth gaiters. Were we mad? Was it an apparition, or was that under the kummerbund a bit of kilt and an ood of spooran? Theo said a voice: "Ould Oireland to trouble again! O'm an Oirish Highlander; I beg your pardon, sorr—and io trouble again. They told me there was a box of cigars here; do ye know, sorr, if the hhoys have shmoked them all?"

Mr. Stevens next passed with the forces to Ladysmith, where "Long Tom" and the other Boer guns soon began to make themselves annoying:

During the first movement the leading performer was "Long Tom." He is a friedly old guo, and for my part I have oooe but the kindest feelings toward him. It was his duty to shell us, and he did; but he did it in an open, manly way.

Behind the half-county of light-red soil they had piled up round him you could see his ugly phiz thrust up and look hungrily around. A jet of flame and a spreading toadstool of thick white smoke told us he had fired. Oo the flash four-point-seveo banged his puocillious reply. You waited until you saw the black smoke jump behind the red mound, then Tom was due in a second or two. A red flash—a jump of red-brown dust and smoke—a reeding crash; he had arrived. Theo sank slowly through the air his fragments, like wounded birds. You could hear them comiog, and they came with dignified slowness; there was plenty of time to get out of the way.

Until the capture of "Loog Tom"—when he will be treated with the utmost consideration—I am not able to tell you exactly what braod of guo he may be.

It is evident from his conservative use of black powder, and the old-geomlanly staidness of his movements, that he is an elderly guo. His calibre appears to be six inches. From the plunging nature of his fire, some have conjectured him a sort of howitzer, but it is next to certain that he is one of the sixteen 15-cm. Creusot guns bought for the forts of Pretoria and Johannesburg. Anyhow, he conducted his enforced task with all possible humanity.

Oo this same seventh a brother Long Tom, by the name of Fiddling Jimmy, opeoed oo the Mancheters and Caesars' Camp from a flat-topped kopje three or four miles south of them. This gun had been there certainly since the third, when it shelled our returning reconnoissance; but he, too, was a gentle creature, and did little harm to anybody. Next day a third brother, Puffing Billy, made a somewhat bashful first appearance on Bulwan. Four rounds from the four-point-seveo silenced him for the day. Later came other brothers, of whom you will bear in due course.

To general you may say of the Loog Tom family that their favorite habitat is among loose soil oo the tops of opee hills; they are slow and unwieldy, and very npen in all their actions. They are good shooting guos; Tom on the seventh made a day's lovely practice all round our battery. They are impossible to disable behind their huge epaulemens unless you actually hit the gun, and they are so harmless as hardly to be worth disabling.

Of the effectiveness of the bombardment, he writes:

That bombardments were a hollow terror I had always understood; but how hollow, not till I experienced the bombardment of Ladysmith. Hollow things make the most ooise, to be sure, and this bombardment could at times be a monstrous symphony indeed. . . . It must be said that the Boers made war like gentlemen of leisure; they restricted their hours of work with trade-uoiooist punctuality. Sunday was always a holiday; so was the day after any particularly busy shooting. They seldom begoo before breakfast; knocked off regularly for meals—the luchoeo was 11:30 to 12:00 for riflemeo, and 12:00 to 12:30 for gunners—hardly ever fired after tea-time, and oever when it rained. I believe that an eoterprising enemy of the Boer strength—it may have been anything from two thousand to twenty thousand; and remember that their mobility made ooe man of them equal to at least two of our reduced eleven thousand—could, if not have taken Ladysmith, at least have put us to great loss and discomfort. But the Boers have the great defect of all amateur soldiers: they love their ease, and do oo mean to be killed. Now, without toil and hazard they could not take Ladysmith.

To do them justice, they did not at first try to do waotoo damage in town. They fired almost exclusively oo the batteries, the camps, the balloo, and moving bodies of troops. In a day or two the troops were far too snugly protected behind chances and reverse slopes, and growo far too cunning to expose themselves to much loss. The inhabitants were mostly underground, so that there was oothig really to suffer except casual passengers, beasts, and empty huildings. Few shells fell in town, and of the few many were half-charged with coal-dust, and maoy oever burst at all. The casualties in Ladysmith during a fortnight were one white civilian, two natives, a horse, two mules, a wagoo, and about half a dozen houses. And of the last only one was actually wrecked; one—of course the most desirable habitation in Ladysmith—received no less than three shells, and remained habitable and uninhabited to the ood.

Mr. Stevens thus describes how it feels to be bombarded:

At first, and especially as early as can be in the morning, it is quite an uncomfortable sensation. You know that gunners are looking for you through telescopes; that every spot is commanded by one big gun and most by a dozen. You hear the squeal of the thiogs all above, the crash and pop all about, and wonder when your turn will come. Perhaps one falls quiet oo you, swooping irresistibly, as if the devil had kicked it. You come to watch for shells—to listen to the deafening rattle of the

big guns, the shrilling whistle of the small, to guess at their pace and their direction. You see now a house smashed in, a heap of chips and rubble; now you see a splinter kicking up a fountain of clinking stone-shivers; presently you meet a wounded meo oo a stretcher. This is your dangerous time. If you have nothing else to do, and especially if you listen and calculate, you are dooe; you get shells on the brain, think and talk of nothing else, and finish by going into a hole in the ground before daylight, and hiring better men than yourself to bring you down your meals. Whenever you put your head out of the hole you have a nose-breadth escape. If a hundredth part of the providential deliverances told to Ladysmith were true, it was a miracle that anybody in the place was alive after the first quarter of an hour. A day of this and you are a oerveless semi-corps, twitching at a fly-huzz, a misery to yourself and a soon to your neighbors.

If, on the other hand, you go about your ordinary business, coofoeooe revives immediately. You see what a prodigious weight of metal can be thrown into a small place, and yet leave plenty of room for everybody else. You realize that a shell which makes a great noise may yet be hundreds of yards away. You learn to distinguish between a guo's report and an overturned water-taok's. You perceive that the most awful noise of all is the throat-ripping cough of your owo guns firing over your head at a eoemy four miles away. So you leave the matter to Allah, and by the middle of the morning do oot oever turn your head to see where the baog came from.

Soon the novelty of the bombardment wore off and life in Ladysmith became decidedly mooootooos for so active a man as Stevens. About this time he wrote:

Weary, stale, flat, unprofitable, the whole thing. At first to be besieged and bombarded was a thrill; then it was a joke; now it is nothing but a weary, weary bore. We do nothing but eat and drink and sleep—just exist dimly. We have forgotten when the siege began; and now we are beginning not to care when it ends.

For my part, I feel it will oever end.

It will go on just as ooow, languid fighting, languid cessation, forever and ever. We shall drop off ooe by ooe and listlessly die of old age.

As to the year 2009 the New Zealander antiquarian, digging among the buried cities of Natal, will come upon the forgotten town of Ladysmith. And he will find a handful of Rip Van Winkle Boers, with white beards down to their knees, behind quiet, antique guns, shelling a cactus-grown ruin. Inside, sheltering in holes, he will find a few decrepit creatures, very, very old, the children born during the bombardment. He will take these lioks with the past home to New Zealand. But they will be afraid at the silence and security of peace. Having oever known anything but bombardment they will die of terror without it. So be it. I shall not be there to see.

Nor was he, for oo January 15th he died of enteric fever, in his thirty-first year. The following cable, which has till oow remained unpublished, tells its own tale:

"Stevens, a few days before death, had recovered so far as to be able to attend to some of his journalistic duties though still confined to bed. Relapse followed; he died at five in the afternoon. Foeeral same night, leaving Carter's house (where Stevens was lying during illness) at eleven-thirty. Interred in Ladysmith cemetery at midnight. Night dismal, rain falling, while the moon attempted to pierce the black clouds. Boer search-light from Umbalaa flashed over the funeral party, showing the way in the darkness. Large attendance of mourners, several officers, garrison, most correspondents. Chaplain McVarish officiated."

The volume ends with a sympathetic "Last Chapter," by Vernon Blackburn, a friend of Stevens, showing the rare qualities of heart and mind that went to make up the charming personality of the man.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Poet's Perilous Platonics.

The figure of Bobby Burns looms large in "The Rhymer," a novel by a new writer, Allan McAulay. The peasant-poet is shown as he was in the first days of his decline, still petted and made much of by the dames and heaux of Edinburgh, but giving free rein to that coarser side of his nature that proved his ultimate undoing.

The tale starts in as a love-story, setting forth the abduction of Alison Graham, a fair maid of Perth, by Mrs. Nancy Maclehouse, to save her from a distasteful marriage into which her mother would force her. Mistress Nancy, a grass widow, impulsively carries the girl off to her little nest in Edinburgh, where she has not means sufficient for her own extravagant wants and the needs of her two little sons. But her cousin, a young lawyer of the Scotch variety, foots the bills perforce, and falls in love with Alison in the bargain. She returns his passion, and all would be well for them but that Mistress Maclehouse conceives a mad infatuation for Burns.

For months she has been dying to meet the poet, and when that consummation is accomplished, he is as much taken with the pretty little woman as she with him. They begin a correspondence which is necessarily clandestine, as her lawyer-cousin and guardian, Herries, detests the roystering poet, and Alison is made the messenger of their flirtation. Burns, however, is not satisfied with platonic, and matters go so far that it is only Alison's steadiness that saves her flighty little friend from irreparable ill; and, to complete the sacrifice, she has to go to the poet's chambers, where her lover discovers her under most suspicious circumstances. The separation that ensues is not bridged over for many years, when Burns on his death-bed confesses to Herries that Alison had been but a stool-pigeon in his affair with Nancy Maclehouse.

The story may be founded on fact, as, indeed, it seems to be as one reads, but if so, the facts have arranged themselves into a delightful tale. It is one, too, that presents a refreshingly new field of Scottish fiction after the long reign of the Kailyard school. Mr. McAulay is destined to go far if he keeps on as he has begun.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

## A Physician's Tale of a Quack.

There have been noted authors who have tested their ability, aside from the magic of their name, by sending their productions anonymously to their usual editors, and from the delight of him who has found acceptance it is to be inferred that others have not found cordial reception for their unfathered creations. One who has thus put his later powers to the proof is Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, and his success is recorded in a little volume just published, which takes its name from the first of the two short stories it contains, "The Autobiography of a Quack."

This "autobiography" any editor would be glad to print. It is the story of an indolent and unprincipled man's life from first to last, and it sets forth the wisdom of the old saw, "the wages of sin is death" of the soul as well as of the body, with the coldest and most inevitable logic. The quack begins as a medical student who "cribs" his way through college, begins to practice in the slums, and soon acquires a certain *clientele* among the disreputable and criminal. From swindling his patients he is soon led into criminal practices, and, losing all self-respect, he sinks to being a charlatan, a spirit medium, and finally a thief. The scene of his labors is in Dr. Mitchell's profession, and there is realism in the tale as well as a keen knowledge of human foibles.

The second story, "The Case of George Dedlow," is also professional in its theme, but it wanders off into the realms of the spiritual and there becomes utterly unconvincing. Briefly, it relates how an army surgeon who, losing both arms and both legs in the Civil War, comes to feel a certain loss, or incompleteness of identity, until at a spiritualistic meeting the medium summons the spirits of his departed members. These join the spirit of his body and for an instance he feels whole again, and even walks a few paces on his invisible limbs, only to sink to the floor again, a helpless mass of flesh.

The wild improbability of this climax is given so little of the color of truth in the narration that one wonders that the editor of the *Atlantic* should have accepted the story from an anonymous contributor.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

## Titherington's New War History.

What is undoubtedly one of the best books on the subject, if not the most thoroughly considered and reliable of the many, is "A History of the Spanish-American War," by Richard H. Titherington. The author has had access to official records and reports on both sides, and has omitted no details of value in his story, while his account is notably impartial and exact in statement. The compilations which have preceded this work have been made from the personal statements of individuals whose views were far from being comprehensive, but the history Mr. Titherington has written differs materially from such narratives, and deserves its name.

The early history of Cuba, its relations with the United States, the *Virginian* affair, and the events that led up to the destruction of the *Maine*, make up the first three chapters of the work, and they are compact statements, based on authoritative records. The coming of the war, the resources of the combatants, and the beginning of hostilities, are written of with a thorough understanding, and many points which have not been given the attention which their importance merited are made plain. The course of the war is followed carefully, and on all disputed questions various authorities are brought forward, and the conclusion presented is that warranted by the facts.

The work is admirable in many ways, and its methodical arrangement and system of references will please all who go to it for information on any special phase. The index is complete, and the maps and diagrams of particular value.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

In our issue of February 26th, in answer to the request of a subscriber and by an oversight, we re-published Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The Flowers," from "The Seven Seas," copyrighted, 1896, by the author and published by D. Appleton & Co. The above-mentioned volume is fully protected by copyright, and therefore the republication of any of the poems is impossible.

The new novel upon which Winston Churchill is at work is set in the period of our Civil War. He intends to study for the purposes of this book the notable Civil War collection at Princeton, and will spend the month of May near the university.

"The Farringtons" is the title of Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's new novel. It is a story of Methodist life, and in it will re-appear characters from the author's former books—Isabel Carnaby among them, and Lady Silverhampton from "The Double Thread."

Stephen Crane has completed his latest volume, and has named it "Wounds in the Rain." Mr. Crane, who is living on a large estate in Surrey, is at work on a historical romance of Ireland for publication in the autumn.

"The Wisdom of the Wise," John Oliver Hobbes's new play, will soon be brought out in book-form.

It is said that a volume by President McKinley, containing all of the speeches and addresses made by him during his administration, is to be brought out soon.

The new novel by H. G. Wells, which is entitled "Love and Mr. Lewisham," is to be published in the coming autumn.

The title of Dr. Conan Doyle's forthcoming volume of short stories is "The Green Flag and Other Stories."

Hilaire Belloc, whose study of Danton was published in this country, is engaged upon a history of Paris from the earliest times to the present day. The work, it is said, will be an exhaustive history, and each chapter will contain a sketch of the society of the period in which each notable portion of the city was developed.

"The Immortal Garland" is the title of a new American novel by Anna Robeson Brown, and the scene is laid in large part in New York. It will be published shortly by D. Appleton & Co.

George Gissing, the novelist, has been writing a book descriptive of his life in Italy, which will not be published until its chapters have appeared in serial form. The author is now at work on a new novel.

"The Second Life of Theodora Desanges"—such is the title of the novel found in manuscript among the papers of the late Mrs. Lynn Linton. It is to be published soon.

According to the *Bookman*, there will be an authorized biography of John Ruskin, in which abundant new material will be used. For one thing, there is a long series of letters written by Mr. Ruskin to his parents, which has never yet been drawn upon. The biographer is not yet selected, but it is quite possible that Mr. Wedderburn, Ruskin's intimate friend and pupil, may undertake the task.

Lucas Malet's new novel, "The Gateless Barrier," is announced for early publication. Lucas Malet, as is well known, is the *nom de plume* of Mrs. Harrison, the daughter of Charles Kingsley. This is the first long novel she has written since that sombre story, "The Wages of Sin."

"Diana Tempest," a novel which represents some of the best work of Mary Cholmondeley, author of "Red Pottage," is shortly to appear in a new edition, with a portrait of the author, and an introduction which will give a sketch of the author's life and methods. The publishers will be D. Appleton & Co.

W. W. Jacobs writes as follows concerning his new book, "A Master of Craft": "I have attempted a long humorous story in the same vein as the short stories in 'Many Cargoes.' It narrates

the experiences of a coasting shipmate who was, through divers reasons, engaged to three ladies at the same time, and the means he employed to dis-appoint two of them. It also deals with the assistance afforded him by the mate, and the results of the mistaken zeal displayed in his welfare by an elderly relative."

## Mary Johnston's Success.

Mary Johnston, the author of "To Have and To Hold," the most popular novel of the day, enjoys this distinction: she declines to be interviewed and quoted by the newspapers. In view of this fact, extracts from Annie Kendrick Walker's sketch in the *New York Times Saturday Review* of her personality, literary work, and charming home in Birmingham, Ala., will be found especially timely:

"She is not very tall and her figure is slender and fragile. She carries herself well, and has that high-bred air that gives her a distinctive charm in any assembly. Her eyes are large and brown, with little flecks of gold. Her light-brown hair is soft and wavy, and she wears it simply. She dresses quietly and fashionably. Her tastes are those of a charming woman, who, although unconventional, respects every propriety. She has traveled extensively in this country and abroad.

"Miss Johnston's life is that of any high-bred aristocratic girl of the South. As the oldest daughter of a family of six, she has had, since the death of her mother ten years ago, the cares and responsibilities of her father's household. Her father, Major John W. Johnston, was formerly president of the Georgia Pacific Railroad, now a part of the Southern system. He is a civil engineer by profession, and has been prominent in Birmingham since he arrived from Virginia in 1878. They entertain during the season, and their house in Seventh Avenue is frequently filled with guests from other States.

"Miss Johnston is devotedly fond of Virginia, many illustrious names of that State being those of her ancestors. Her great-great-grandfather, Peter Johnston, came to Virginia from Holland in 1727. He was a man of wealth and influence in the colony, and was the donor of the lands on which stands the College of Hampden-Sydney. His three sons, Peter, Andrew, and Charles, became, respectively, the ancestors of many prominent families, now widely scattered. The eldest, Peter, a hero of Light Horse Harry Lee's Legion, was the father of General Joseph E. Johnston, thus making the latter Miss Johnston's third cousin. The second son, Andrew, was her great-grandfather. He married Anna Nash, and through her Miss Johnston is lineally descended from Colonel John Nash, an officer in the French and Indian troubles of 1758, and during the Revolution member for Prince Edward County of the Virginia House of Delegates; and from John Nash of Templeton Manor, justice of Henrico County in 1738. She is also the great-great-granddaughter of Abner Nash, governor of North Carolina and member of the Continental Congress; and of General Francis Nash, who fell at Germantown. On the mother's side she is Scotch-Irish, a lineal descendant of one of the thirteen apprentices who closed the gates of Londonderry in the siege of 1680.

"In the libraries of these old Virginia homes Miss Johnston wandered at her own sweet will. With this environment and her naturally retentive mind, it is not surprising that she has come to be regarded as an authority on colonial history. She seems to have literally absorbed that period of Virginia's history that she uses as a background for her stories. The critics have been unable to detect any fault in her minute descriptions of the early colonial customs and laws. She has done the work of both the writer and the playwright.

"Like most imaginative women, Miss Johnston has, at intervals, been given to expressing her moods in verse, but the manuscript of 'Prisoners of Hope' was the first that she ever submitted to a publishing company. Their letter of acceptance was the first intimation that her family had that the story was in the hands of publishers.

"Miss Johnston type-writes her own stories. She spent last summer at a fashionable resort in the Alleghenies, and the click of her type-writer was frequently heard far into the summer's night, as she was at work on the concluding chapters of 'To Have and To Hold,' then running serially in the *Atlantic Monthly*."

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## LITERARY NOTES.

By the Author of "Galloping Dick."

There were doughty deeds a-pleaty dooe in England under the reign of Charles the Second, but the Earl of Cherwell, who is the titular figure in H. B. Marriott Watsoo's oew novel, "The Rebel," certainly performed more thao his share. In one of his little affairs he kills three out of a quartet of expert swordsmen who assail him, in another he comes withio an ace of killing the king's brother, and in all a dozen meo receive their quietus at his owo hand, while the umber who are killed through his instrumentality make a hot army.

This "rebel" is a hat-headed aod high-spirited young ooble, who chaoes twice to rescue a well-born maid who is exposed to cootamination and persoal daoger by her conscienceless step-mother. Providence haviog thus appoiointed him her protector, he accepts the responsibility aod fights a hard battle to the end. She is pursued by the Duke of York, who is abetted by her step-mother, and Cherwell, who hates the Stuart lioe though he loves King Charles, stops at nothing that will frustrate the lecherous duke's designs.

First he saves her from a gang of ruffians who attempt to abduct her, and theo by sheer effrontery and doggedness he prevets the step-mother taking her off into the couotry. In order that he may have the right to shield the girl, he proposes marriage to her, but she will oot be an unloved hride. Then the duke gets her io his toils, and this time Cherwell himself abducts her aod coostrains her to become his wife. Agoal she is abducted by the duke, aod this time it takes ao organized rebellioo to effect her rescue. This costs scores of lives, and the "cause" is lost, but Cherwell gets his lady back, and after ao exciting ecooutter with the duke and ao interview with the kio, io which his boldness almost saves him, he goes forth only to die by ao assasio's dagger.

The story is a moviog one aod io it Cherwell is put into many difficult situations. The author calls oo our credulity, however, rather than employs his skill io extricating him, and the result is oot eotirely satisfactory. The love-elemt, too, is hut a ooe-sided affair, the object of the girl's love being a self-centred man whose pride io the end makes him almost a madman.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Story of a Famous New England Experiment.

"Brook Farm, Its Members, Scholars, and Visitors," by Lindsay Swift, is the most complete history yet wrioteo of what the author aptly terms "the most romantic icident of New Eoglaod Transcendentalism." The material for the work has beeo gathered with oo little labor, and many of the remioisces given have been supplied by the few remaining individuals who were residents of the community. Up to this time no Brook Farmer "of the first importance" has seriously attempted a record of that ootable experimeot, and to occasional lectures, to papers of a persoal oature, and to remembered cooversations ooe has beeo obliged to look for details of experiences there.

Mr. Swift says that Brook Farm began as an attempt to work modifioatios io social life, inspired by a philosophical and speculative eothusiasm. The attempt eoded in disaster, yet it bore good fruit, of which the visible part is intellectual, "and of the men and women who contributed to the reoown of Brook Farm as one of the true seediog-grounds of American letters," this volume speaks with eloquence and sympathy, choosio the persoal view rather than the critical, aod considerio each figure as affected by the associative life at the farm.

The purchase of the farm which became famous—ooe huodred aod niety-two acres io Roxbury, oo he road leading from Dedham to Watertown—is fully described, and the finaicial expedieots resorted o from the beginio, as shown in the village records, set forth; the organizatio, the buildio, the industries, and the amusemeots aod customs are given a loog chapter, and this is followed by ooe devoted to the school and its scholars, including studies of George William Curtis, James Burrill Curtis, aod Father Hecker. Io the chapter headed "The Members," we read of George aod Sophia Willard Ripley, Charles A. Dana, J. S. Dwight, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and others whose oames are well known to all students of letters. The visitors make up another list, icludio Margaret Fuller, William Henry Channing, Emerson, Alcott, Theodore Parker, C. P. Cranch, and Elizabeth Palmer Peabody. The concluding chapter describes the "closing period," icludio notes of the *Harbinger* ood the *Dial*, with some enlightenio referenes to Fourierism aod Arthur Brisbane. There are many neeoties and records of icidents that are of interest, aod, io fact, there are no dull pages io the book, ven to the younger generatio of readers, to whom Brook Farm and its associatios may come in the ight of oew acquaintaance.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

## Two New Volumes of Verse.

Dr. Henry van Dyke has published a seooed collection of his poetical fancies, this latest volume beario the title, "The Toiling of Felix, aod Other Poems." The three poems that make up the greater part of the book are serious studies, yet musical

and easy-flowing. Following these come seven shorter songs, of which this may be quoted as a happy expressio of the author's thought and art:

## A SLUMBER SONG.

Furl your sail, my little boatie;  
Here's the haven, still and deep,  
Where the dreaming tides, io-streaming,  
Up the channel creep.  
See, the sunset breeze is dying;  
Hark, the plover, landward flying,  
Softly down the twilight crying;  
Come to anchor, little boatie,  
Io the port of Sleep.

Far away, my little boatie,  
Roaring waves are white with foam;  
Ships are striving, ooward drivio,  
Day aod ight they roam.  
Father's at the deep-sea trawling,  
Io the darkness, rowio, hauling,  
While the huogry winds are calling—  
God protect him, little boatie,  
Briog him safely home!

Not for you, my little boatie,  
Is the wide and weary sea;  
You're too sleoer, and too tender,  
You must rest with me.  
All day long you have beeo straying  
Up and down the shore and playing;  
Come to port, make no delaying!  
Day is over, little boatie,  
Night falls suddenly.

Furl your sail, my little boatie;  
Fold your wings, my tired dove.  
Dews are sprinkling, stars are twinkling  
Drowsily above.  
Cease from sailing, cease from rowio;  
Rock upoo the dream-tide, knowing  
Safely o'er your rest are glowio,  
All the night, my little boatie,  
Harbor-lights of love.

The concluding poem of the collectio, "The Ruby-Crowned Kiolet," has beeo widely copied, aod appeared in a recent issue of the *Argonaut*. Published by Charles Scriboer's Soos, New York; price, \$1.00.

Professor Harry Thurstoo Peck has choseo as a title for the little volume of his poems, lately issued, "Greystooe and Porphyry," which suggests a monumental stateliness and weight that is oot to be discovered in his verse. Of the eighteo selections cootained in the book, hut ooe is of ootable length, and that one is a "study in hexameters" oo "Mooney." Among the shorter poems ooe would choose this as most pleasing:

## IMMEMOR.

I stood beside the sleeping sea  
Whose waters murmured drowsily,  
And Night, behio her dusty bars,  
Looked through the lattice-work of stars.

Theo she I loved was hy my side  
Aod all the world seemed glorified  
Wheo, stooping down, with dainty hand  
My oame she traced upoo the sand,

Aod said that so Love's magic art  
That oame had graven oo her heart.

Slow crept the waves along the saod,  
Soft lapped the waters oo the laod,  
Till all her work of love aod pride  
Was lost beoath the swelling tide.

To-night I walk the shore alone  
Aod, thiokio of the years loog flown,  
Recall the tide of time that came  
Aod blotted from her heart my oame.

Professor Peck is more forceful and convincing io his prose, and in most instances more attractive. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

## New Publications.

"Would Christ Beloo to a Labor Union?" is hy Cortland Myers, D. D. Published by Street & Smith, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Some Recent Advances io Astrooomy," by Alfred H. Fison, is iooteoed to suit popular knowlidge of the science. Published by Herbert S. Stooe & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

A ootable volume io the lioe of the "higher criticism" is David Saville Muzze's "The Rise of the New Testameot." Published by the Macmillan Compaoy, New York; price, \$1.25.

Life io a New Eogland factory village, with its influences on a young married couple, is the theme of "Kate Wetherill; An Earth Comedy," by Jennette Lee. The story has a purpose, aod is written with an art that makes it something more thao acceptable. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

The second volume of the revised and colarged editio of Herbert Speoer's "The Principles of Biology," is new from the press. In the preface to the new work the author remarks his pleasure at having survived long enough to give it its finished form. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

Late issues io Cassell's Natioal Library Series are "Poems," by John Dryden; "Uodice" and "The Two Captains," hy La Motte Fouque; Swift's "Battle of the Books"; Johnsoo's "Rasselas"; and Shakespeare's "Romeo aod Juliet." Published

io paper covers hy Cassell & Co., New York; price, per number, 10 cents.

Io "The Wheat Problem," by Sir William Crookes, F. R. S., the probability that under present cooditios of heedless culture a scarcity of wheat is withio appreciable distance, is discussed with ability, to the cooclusion that oature's resources, properly utilized, are ample. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

Hugh H. Lusk, formerly member of the New Zealand parliameot, discusses a umber of economic and political problems of the United States io his volume, "Our Foes at Home." The contrasts shown between preset cooditios io the land of the Maoris and this country are worthy of ateo- tioo. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Compaoy, New York; price, \$1.00.

"Patience: a Daughter of the *Mayflower*," by Elizabeth W. Champney, is a romance of colooial days for young people which will delight most of those who look upoo its pages. Its historical allusions are exact, and the fictitious characters introduced are worth knowio. Some fine portraits are among the illustrations. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Thirty Iodian songs, words and music, aod oearly as many stories and legends from the red meo, are given io Alice C. Fletcher's attractive volume, "Iodian Story and Soog from North America." The work repreoets much research and care, and is of real value. The melodies io some istaoes were transcribed from graphophooe records, and all are worthy of study hy musicians. Published by Small, Mayoard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

"Coriolanus," "Timoo of Athens," and the "Poems" make up the teoth and coocluding volume of the Eversley edition of Shakespeare's works. The efforts of the editor, Professor C. H. Herford, have beeo successful throughout. His ootes are lumioous and nooe too pleotiful, his introductions brief yet thoroughly ioformed. The editio is a ootable ooe in many particulars. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Ooe of the most suggestive and dramatic periods of Americo history is that treated io Charles H. Peck's "The Jacksonian Epoch," and the work is admirable io the dignity of its statemeot, its breadth of view, and careful examioatioo of the persoal influence of the great meo of the time. It should have a place oo the book-shelf of all who would understand the springs of our ootioal progress. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.50.

The sturdy independence of Bird S. Coler, comptroller of the City of New York, has gived him more thao a local fame io political circles, and among those interested in the problems of municipal government he has loog been regarded as an authority. His latest publicatio, "Municipal Government," is a volume which treats with ability some vexed questions, aod the explanatioos aod suggestions offered will commeo themselves. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Some rather lurid pictures of life on ao Australian sheep-farm are gived io "The Boss of Taroomba," by E. W. Hornung, hut they are oot wildly improbable, and the reader will be more inclined to criticise the icofelicious descriptios of his heroine and hero, and some of their conversatio, rather than the icidents or settio of the story. It is an ioteresting tale, however, and though oot equal to some of Mr. Hornung's earlier novels of Australian life, it is worth the time its perusal will occupy. Published by Charles Scrihoer's Sons, New York; price, 75 cents.

The editor of *Life and Beauty*, a oew British organ on hygiee and diet, has succeeded in eliciting from a few popular writers replies oo the subject of diet which they find most cooductive to good work. Hall Caine writes: "I am afraid I have no theories on the subject of diet. If I knew anything that would be worth telling I would avail myself of its advantages, being a constant martyr to all the troubles that atood diet." Mr. Zangwill's answer is brief and epigrammatic: "Unfortunately, I have never eatee to work, hut always worked to eat." "John Oliver Hobbes" confesses that she "tried vegetarianism for two years, but oow fiods that, on the whole, the ordinary diet of the country is the best." Mme. Sarah Grand tells us that she can oot drink milk, "I never forget the horrible cow," she adds in explanation; while Marie Corelli answers characteristically with a quotatioo from "Hamlet": "I eat the air, promise-crammed; you can oot feed capons so."

Richard Le Gallienne has written a volume of criticism on "Rudyard Kiplio and His Work," which will be published this month. It will be remembered that io "Young Lives" Mr. Le Gallieoe amiably and coortously referred to Mr. Kipling as "our young apostle of blood. He is all for muscle aod brutality—and he makes all the money."

The late R. D. Blackmore left instructions io his will that no memoir or biogrophy of him was to be published.

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"Some poor white trash and grand old darkies." Had Mr. Sterling sub-headed his play as above he would accurately have described his dramatic comedy. "On the Suwanee River" is emphatically a racial play, with all the largest morality-plums allotted to the colored folk, and we come to the inevitable conclusion that plantation life must have been an idyllic, harmonious state of being, not by reason of its owners and overseers, but rather through the adorable qualities of its dark population. Moreover, the darkies have an ideal time, and apparently run the plantation themselves, without reference to those in authority; they wander on and off the stage promiscuously, sing songs and cut capers when the fancy seizes them, appear and disappear at opportune moments, become unconsciously instrumental in saving the life of their young mistress, and generally treat the mere suggestion of work with a sniff of lordly contempt. No wonder that plantations proved troublesome to bandle, with mortgages hanging over them and an old Shylock clutching them in his vengeful hand! But Shylock is a thief, and a murderer, and a great many other objectionable things, all of which bring him satisfactorily to a bad end, while the "mammy"-in-chief exclaims, triumphantly: "Told yer de debble would get dat bad ole man!"

On the shoulders of this same "mammy" falls the redemption of the play. Without her "On the Suwanee" would merely be a melodrama of the most contemptible kind, with incomprehensible plot, hurried action, and impossible characters. But dear old Aunt Lindy is the most delightful black creation we have met since our first introduction to Topsy, and so long as she holds the stage Mr. Sterling might claim forgiveness, though he had written a dozen plays as poor as the one in question. Moreover, in Stella Mahew, Lindy has an interpreter after her own heart; the quiet jokes trip upon the tongue of this dark Mrs. Malaprop with an absolutely natural roll; the caressing words, rippling laughter, and merry gestures seem inborn; neither is the part disguised by any of that loud vulgarity which habitually accompanies the "coon" song and black impersonation. Miss Mahew's Lindy is the lovable old nurse we have all known or dreamed of, the dark mother who takes the white child to her capacious heart, and treasures it there till death; and when she protests against the idea of reward, crying pathetically that her love is like the higher love, without money and without price, we feel that we are listening to no stage sentiment, but to the genuine wail of a human heart. Wailing, however, is not much in cheery Lindy's line; she habitually "flies round" in autocentric fashion, keeping every one in order, from chief villain to field-hand, cracking her jokes, mispronouncing her words, and generally convulsing her audience. Despite her veracious assurance that she "can not sing for sour apples," her attempts at melody prove perfectly satisfactory, her "You Told Me I Need Never Work No More" and an account of her chicken infatuation bringing down the house. There are others who bring down the house likewise—the harmonious field-hands, whose life business it is to "lemonade" Miss Dora and generally discourse sweet sounds, call forth a perfect fever of applause, and the indefatigable "Fountain City Quartette" has its energies taxed to the uttermost limits by perfectly pitiless encores.

But Lindy and her darkies do not carry away all the honors. There is one other who deserves special mention, although that other be only the "poor white trash" which Lindy abhors. Mr. Lew A. Warner's impersonation of Caleb Croc, the unconscionable old miser, with the lust of gold and the lust of vengeance in his heart, is a distinctly fine conception, worthy of a higher play. Mr. Warner is happy in his make-up, giving us a narrow-chested, crouching, hungry old man, suggestive of a long-clawed harpy; and, in the last scene, when the outwitted harpy becomes crazed and sees himself in the hangman's hands, the character assumes almost Shylockian dignity. If this be a specimen of Mr. Warner's habitual work, he is far too good to be wasted upon small melodrama.

For the rest—well, what can you expect of people who are handicapped by a murder, attempted murder, and foreclosed mortgage in the first act; who have to deal with a she-villain and a she-villain's husband, forger of his wife's name; who lose their reason and recover it, lose their sight and recover it, lose their way and recover it, to the infinite perplexity of the looker-on? Miss Willow Francis gives a very sweet personification of the hapless blind girl, Lindy's pet, who was once "the purtiest, sweetest baby—for a white baby!" And this girl goes through one of the most remarkable

experiences ever allotted to the blind when, her foot on the brink of the bridge Caleb Croc has cut through, she hears the splash of oars and sound of singing. "The field hands," says Dora, "all's well!" and forthwith turns away from danger while the audience gasps and wonders why? Miss Sprague's Mrs. Judith is a brusque and forbidding villainess, who has one comic moment, when she pulls a formidable hat-pin out of her headgear and flourishes it in her covering husband's face. Evidently Mr. Sterling's sympathies are with the much-discussed hat-pin law. "On the Suwanee River" ends with a conventional drawing-room wedding, two singularly wooden young men having sorted out the rôle of bridegroom to their mutual satisfaction.

"Manila-Bound," what is it? Mr. A. Hoffman labels his "adaptation" a comedy-opera, which is enough to make all writers of comedies and operas lower their heads and weep. The musical department, we are assured, has been attended to by "F. Bazin and other famous composers," which means that we are offered a number of familiar airs filled in with patter. The only credit in the performance is due to the indefatigable efforts of the company, who play and sing their impossible parts for all they are worth. Of course, despite its general stupidity, there is fun in "Manila-Bound"; the Hartman-Wheelan combination reads fun into dry-as-dust matter. The stage is perpetually filled with the burly presence of Anthony Busch Plummer, retired brewer, with a stupendous German accent and a genius for mispronouncing English; while Mr. Wheelan gives us a nimble caricature labeled Byron Hannibal Demosthenes Podge, attorney-at-law from Petaluma, which is unkind to Petaluma.

The complications of the piece are due to differences of opinion between the brewer and his daughters on the subject of husbands, and the mazes of true love's path lead us to the Hotel Del Monte and on board the United States steamship *Wisconsin*. Del Monte evidently witnesses some funny scenes with equanimity, for the fashion in which singers and dancers erupt on its grounds would stagger any commonplace hotel. The dancing, by the way, forms one of the rare charming items in the piece. All the pretty chorus-lasses come on in Highland kilts and dance a Highland reel with exceeding grace and gusto. There is just one tiny adjunct lacking: we listen in vain for the joyous "Whoop!" that inspires your genuine reeler, but apart from that, there is not a flaw to be picked in one of the very prettiest dances the Tivoli liasons have ever given us. Also, there are divers musical opportunities which are made the most of—Phil Branson, as Alidor Rosedale, to whom Plummer can not give his daughter, because "he speaks short-hand," overcomes his stutter when singing, and has a telling little patter, "Pebble song." We have a rather pretty "Matrimony" trio, and a really charming men's chorus, "In the Fields of Old Virginia." Tom Greene is, on the whole, somewhat badly used, yet he is given a chance to air his fine notes in sentimental song; Frances Graham and Helen Merrill likewise have their chance, the latter accompanying the hackneyed but ever-popular "Baby" song with pretty action. And jolly little Annie Myers has a congenial number in "Somebody Came Down the Street One Day," in which she is supported by the kilted chorus. As for Ferris Hartman, whose singing invariably means jokes rather than notes, he has his usual liberal allowance, and his culinary song concerning the little cottage-pudding by the sea has divers recalls.

Thus, thanks to artistic efforts, we are tided along our weary way till we find ourselves aboard the good ship *Wisconsin*, the sight of which ought to arouse wrath in the breast of every patriotic American. Look to your guns, O management! There is something ghostly about them; for the pretty girl-officers on the bridge pass through them in their pacing to and fro, and such uncanny cannon can never guard America's honor. Moreover, it is not good to have it insinuated, even in jest, that a mock mutiny may be ordered by an American commander, on board his own ship, to serve his own ends. Neither is it good to have it suggested, even in jest, that an American officer may be, with impunity, an utter cad, sacrificing honor in his desire to win a bride.

Captain Moreland, by some mysterious means temporary commander of the *Wisconsin*, decoys his intended father-in-law and family on board, and pretends to take them to Manila, in hopes of overcoming old Plummer's opposition. When this fails, he submits the obstinate papa to a mock hanging, and the victim at last gives consent when breath has well-nigh left his body. For an extravagance to be a farrago of nonsense is no doubt permissible; but there is wholesome and unwholesome nonsense, and "Manila-Bound" inclines to the latter class.

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—"KNOX" NEW SAILORS FOR LADIES JUST opened. Korn the Hatter, 726 Market St., sole agent.

#### THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Mr. Josh Simpkins on Etiquette.

I've studied up on etiquette,

Read every book that I could get,

And yet

There isn't one in all the lot

That tells a feller it is not

De rigger to eat pie

For breakfast, hence why shouldn't I?

And, furthermore, I can not find

In all the books I call to mind

A single line

That gives a reason worth a whoop

Against a second plate of soup

When fellers dine.

And as for eating marrowfats

Without a spoon, I think that that's

A fool-

Ish sort of rule.

When I eat pease

I'll do as I darn please!

And what is more, till I'm a snob

I'll eat my corn straight off the cob;

And sparrergrass I'll eat as I

Have always done in days gone by—

A sort of dangle from the sky;

A sort of gift from heaven come,

Held 'twixt my finger and my thumb.

And as for those peculiar things

Called finger-bowls, I vow, by jings I

I will not use 'em as they say

The bon-ton uses 'em to-day.

If my hands ain't both good and clean,

The pump is where it's always been;

And far as ever I could see,

It's plenty good enough for me.

I don't stand much on etiquette,

But yet

I'm too polite to wash my paws

At table spite of social laws.—*Bazar*.

#### Miss Anthony's Views.

Miss Susan B.

Anthony she

Doesn't with Mrs. E. Blaine quite agree.

People that only one servant can pay

Can't operate on an eight-hour day.

Suppose that Miss Bridget quits labor at eight,

And the old man gets home from the office quite

late,

Must be dinner forego,

Or to restaurant go.

While Bridget, off duty, is keeping a date?

You can easily see,

Says Miss Anthony,

How very absurd such conditions would be.

Suppose, too, that baby is taken with croup

In the night—must the household be plunged in the

soup

'Cause Bridget, emergency duties ignoring,

On virtuous couch remains peacefully snoring?

Miss Susan says no;

It never would do;

'Twould be useless to try to make such a scheme go.

But Miss Susan hopes, with a hope that is fervent,

That one of these days we shall drop the word

"servant."

And fix on a term more to Bridget congenial,

Expressing less difference 'twixt master and menial.

Then Miss Susan B.

Anthony she

Thinks with our "help" we shall nicely agree.

—*Chicago Journal*.

#### Re-Opening of El Campo.

To-morrow (Sunday) the popular summer resort, El Campo, will be re-opened to the public. The California and North-Western Railway Company has expended a considerable sum in laying out new paths and repairing old ones, and everything will be in first-class condition for patrons. The company's commodious steamer *Ukiah* will ply between the ferry depot and the picnic-grounds, leaving this side at 10:30 A. M., 1:45 P. M., and 4 P. M., and returning at 12:45 A. M., 3:15 P. M., and 5 P. M. Situated as it is on the sheltered shores of the upper bay, El Campo offers a charming blending of sea, and mountain, and forest attractions for the pleasure of the visitor.

The sixth fortnightly meeting of the Western Turf Association opens, at Tanforan Park on Monday. An excellent programme has been arranged, the big special event of the first week being the Western Stakes, a sweepstakes for two-year-olds (foals of 1898), to be run on Saturday, April 14th. The purse is for \$7,500 and the distance five furlongs, and as there are some sixty-seven entries there will doubtless be a large field.

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Lavish Scenic Mountings.

#### CALIFORNIA THEATRE-Extra

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Afternoons, April 16th, 18th, and 20th. An Event That Will Live in Music History. The Two Great Russians, in Joint Recitals, Hamburg, the Young Siegfried of the Piano Pettschikoff, the Poet of the Violin, Assisted by Emil Lachau, the Distinguished French Pianist and Composer. Reserved Seats—50c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00. On Sale Commencing with Thursday Morning April 12th, at 9 o'clock.

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In "Cavalleria Rusticana"; José Badarocco, Teno Mme. Barducci, Soprano; Lya Polletini, Contralto Antonio Vargas, Baritone. Miss Agnes Fried, Soprano the Beautiful Salvini, her First Appearance.

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Six high-class running races every week day, rain or shine, beginning at 1:30 P. M.

The ideal winter race track of America. Patrons sit directly from the railroad cars into a superb grand stand glass-enclosed, where comfortably housed in bad weather they can enjoy an unobstructed view of the races. Trains leave Third and Townsend Streets at 9:00, 10:00, and 11:30 A. M., and 12:15, 12:35, 12:50, and 1:25 P. M., turning immediately after last race and at 4:45 P. M. See in rear cars reserved for women and their escorts. Smoking. Valencia Street ten minutes later.

San José and way stations. Arrive at San Bruno 12:45 P. M. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 P. M.

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## ACTOR-MANAGER vs. THEATRICAL TRUST.

Clement Scott Says that of the Two, the Latter Does Far More Good to Dramatic Art.

In an entertaining article on "Henry Irving" in the *International Monthly*, Clement Scott, the famous English critic, draws a striking comparison of the English actor-manager, or star system, with the American Theatrical Syndicate, or what he calls the "Lay-Manager System." Mr. Scott has carefully studied, inquired into, and seen the results of both, and though, he says, no system of the kind can be pronounced faultless, he is decidedly of the opinion that in the interests of the dramatists, of the young actor, and of the rising actress, in order to insure the advance of good, all-round, symmetrical work, the lay-manager, or the whole, does far more good to dramatic art than the actor-manager. Here are his reasons:

"The actor-manager is, and must be, a star. He may be a solitary star shining in the theatrical firmament, or he may be a king star with a queue star by his side, but star he must be. Now, it is the province of stars to sparkle, and if possible, they seem to sparkle best when they are isolated. The theatrical star is an adept in the art of looking after number one; for number one is the first consideration. Plays must, therefore, be bought or secured somehow, not always for their proper merit, but to suit the idiosyncrasies, the manner, the eccentricity, or the vanity of the king star or queue star, who may be, and very generally is, a very indifferent player. Thus literature suffers. Plays are written to order, and are often cut down, mangled, and ruined, so as to please the star and keep the satellites in the background.

"Recently I heard a king star and queen star in America bitterly complaining of the success of a clever and workmanlike play in which they were engaged and concerned. The grievance was that it was a good all-round play, that it contained plenty of good parts, but that the interest, comic and serious, was too fairly divided.

"Then of what do you complain?" I urged. The old, stereotyped answer came that I have heard thousands of times: "You see, we are stars. The public wants us and nobody else," which, in plain English, means the public want an indifferent play and poor acting, in order that the stars may shine against a black background. In this case the proof of the pudding was in the eating. The public preferred a good, sound, interesting play, well acted by capable people, to a 'star' play which would probably have been very tedious, apart from the 'shining lights' in question.

"Now, this was a play exploited by an American syndicate, was judged by a man of the world, was written by an author with a strong dramatic faculty and knowledge of the stage, was remarkably well acted by competent artists, and selected by a layman who had 'no axes of his own to grind,' save making the play a literary, dramatic, and, of course, a financial success.

"In England, if such a play had been offered to a recognized star actor or star actress, it would in all probability have been refused point blank as a thing unworthy of a mighty man or his dramatic partner. This, then, would have been a grave injustice to the clever author, robbing him of money and reputation. If not absolutely refused, the author would have been asked to tone it down, which means, throw the rest in the shade, and make the stars more prominent, in fact, virtually spoil your play. The *res angusta domi* often persuades the author into this luckless, fruitless course. He does not want to lose the patronage of the actor-manager. He earnestly desires that his name shall be kept before the public. So the play is altered and mangled into shreds. This, again, is an injustice to dramatic literature.

"How many scores of clever but immature plays there are at this moment, by known and unknown dramatists, which might be corrected, written up, and perfected at the suggestion of a lay manager of literary tastes and familiar with the ways of the stage. But no actor-manager in the world would suggest such a course. Writing up a play to benefit art is out in his province; writing down a play to suit himself, most decidedly is. He has got the old, egotistical cry ringing in his ears: 'The public want me, they come to see me, they pay to see me.'

"The third injustice is, I think, a more serious one still, for it affects the young actor and actress who would have risen to position and promise under the old rules of the old stock companies. In England, again and again, young men and young women of earnestness, enthusiasm, and remarkable talent are either beaten back or kept to a corner by the actor-manager system. There must be only one King of Brentford in any play, never three, under any circumstances.

"Rivalry is as gall and wormwood to the ordinary actor-manager and his 'comrade.' They can not endure it. When their performances are judged by the critic, they consider it a 'good notice' if they alone are praised and the rest are blamed; but when praise and encouragement are fairly distributed, it is, according to the star, 'a bad notice.'

"How often have I seen at rehearsal, when some young, clever fellow stood out boldly and brilliantly, and promised to make quite a bit in a small part,

that the actor-manager, who invariably stage-manages his own productions, took the enthusiast to one side and said: 'Yes! yes! very good, my boy, from your point of view, but I would not do it that way, if I were you!'

"And then he proceeded to courteously mislead him, or at any rate to cut his claws most effectively. Very few young actors have the courage to endure that fatal douche of cold water. With the young actress it is even worse. If the necessities of the play require her services, and she does so well that she elicits general and generous praise, she is seen in that theatre no more. While she remains there, her life is made unendurable by a thousand and one petty annoyances. But when the play is done with, and she wants another part, the door is very sweetly and courteously shut in her face. 'There is nothing for you in the next production, my dear.'

"Thus the clever *débütant* and the clever *débütante* are kept in the background, or outside the thick-set hedge. They know the actor-manager, and dare not come 'betwixt the wind and his Nobility.'

"I am Sir Oracle.

And, when I open my lips, let no dog bark."

"That is too often the attitude of the actor-manager. Now, I do not think that these things could occur, or, at any rate, not so violent an extent, under the lay-manager or syndicate system.

"At all events, I am prepared to prove this; and I do not think the statement can be questioned, that in the year just past (1899) there have been far more plays of workmanlike and literary value produced in America, or under the investigation of American managers than in England, and again, that the general average of good acting, woman and man alike, old and young, stars and satellites, is far higher to-day in America than in England.

"For instance, try to cast 'Zaza' from the whole round of English companies, and disappointment stares you blankly in the face. People may like the play, or dislike the play, they may call it immoral, which it is not, or sootier at it a dozen times; but it has unquestionably brought to the front, in Mrs. Leslie Carter, one of the most dramatic, boldest, and most emotional actresses that I have seen on the English-speaking stage for many a long year, an English artist with the French style of utterance, gesture, electricity, and a voice that is as rapid as a cataract, but at the same time as resonant, as clear, and as beautiful as a bell. In America, 'Zaza' has packed house after house, in city after city. In England, if the actress had failed to reach high-water mark, we should have been told, 'What a dreadful play!' I heard an English lady argue recently that any actress to the world could play 'Zaza.' She insisted that the part plays itself, and that no one could fail in it.

"There ever was a greater fallacy. It requires the biggest comedy and the loftiest drama, emotion, temperament, vivacity, versatility, and power. The modern critic, as a rule, does not understand acting, but the public does, and turns its back very promptly on the actor-manager ordinarily get from the English star queen, who sits on the same throne as the star king."

## The Coming Dog-Show.

An unusual amount of interest is being shown in the forthcoming bench-show of the San Francisco Keel Club, which is to be held at the Pavilion on May 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th. Many beautiful trophies have been offered by individuals. E. P. Dunn, of Santa Barbara, offers the Arlington Cup for mastiffs, James L. Flood offers one for Boston terriers, as does also J. C. Lemmer, Leo S. Greenebaum and Fred Bushnell are to the front with cups for the St. Bernards. English setters are remembered by the Verona Kennels and by Claybrough, Golcher & Co., while the pointers are complimented by the first vice-president, John E. de Ruyter, and by the H. E. Skinner Company. J. H. Mulline, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will send out a silver cup for the best novice bull-dog, and to show that he has a reason for limiting the competition, will also send out his champion bull-dog, Bridge Dimboola King, which is, of course, debarred from competition to the novice class. Adolph Spreckels gives a silver vase to the bull-terriers, while the fox-terriers get the same from the California Jockey Club. Hammer-smith & Field offer a vase for the Irish setter, and geoidal "Billy" Kittle donates one for the cocker spaniels. This breed is well supplied with trophies, as the Redwood and Plummeria Cocker Kennels are both supporting the little bunters with costly souvenirs. Gordon setters are remembered by John Butler and Great Danes by Dr. F. W. d'Evelyn. The Palace Hotel trophy will be offered for the benefit of the collies, as usual, and the breed is well supported with very handsome medals by the California Collie Club, one of the most enterprising and enthusiastic of the coast's specialty clubs.

An innovation this year is the classes which have been opened for trick-dogs, for which prizes will be offered. This is the first time that any such classes have ever been entered at the bench-shows held here.

Maud S., the famous trotter, will very appropriately have a monument over her grave to narrate her great achievements. The chiseled stone should not omit (says the *Springfield Republican*) the fact that the mare's mile in 2:08½ was with the old-style, high-wheeled, iron-tired sulky.

## STAGE GOSSIP.

James Neill in "A Bachelor's Romance."

The most important event at the theatres next week will be the first appearance in this city of the James Neill company, which enters on an eight weeks' engagement at the California Theatre on Monday evening. This organization is regarded as standing at the head of the high-class repertoire companies of the country, and but recently finished an engagement of ten weeks in Los Angeles. Previous to that time it enjoyed great favor in Denver, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Cincinnati, and has the distinction of being the company from which Fawley branched out in 1894.

The opening production is to be Sol Smith Russell's comedy success, "A Bachelor's Romance," from the pen of Martha Morton, which has not yet been seen here. The character of David Holmes has been one of Mr. Neill's most effective impersonations, and as he has surrounded himself with a strong company, and carries his own scenery, "A Bachelor's Romance" should prove a real treat.

Among the other plays in the company's repertoire are "The Way to Win a Woman," a comedy by Jerome K. Jerome; "A Parisian Romance" and "A Social Highwayman," by special arrangement with Richard Mansfield; "The Wife"; "Sweet Lavender"; "Capt. Letterblair"; "Alabama"; "Amy Robsart," an historical English romantic drama, successfully presented by Marie Wainwright; "Sberidao," founded on the life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan; "A Gilded Fool," by Henry Guy Carleton, made famous by Nat Goodwin; "Lord Chumley"; and "An Enemy to the King," by R. N. Stevens.

## William H. West's Minstrels.

Willie Collier will be seen for the last time in his successful farce-comedy, "Mr. Smooth," on Sunday evening, and next week William H. West's big minstrel show will be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre. In addition to the old-time minstrel portion of his programme, Mr. West will introduce a number of novelties, including a brilliant spectacular representation of the storming of San Juan Hill, with the sensational charge of the famous Rough Riders. Of the long list of notable performers, those most worthy of mention are Carroll Johnson, who will sing several of his latest compositions; Richard J. José, the popular tenor; Fred Warren; the Luken Brothers; Waterbury Brothers and Tenoy, the great musical artists; the Three Marvelles; and Tommy Hayes. The special scale of prices of 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, and \$1 will prevail during this engagement.

## A Revival of "The Bohemian Girl."

On Monday evening "Manila-Bound" will be withdrawn at the Tivoli Opera House in favor of an elaborate revival of the favorite English ballad-opera, "The Bohemian Girl," with a cast including William Schuster as Count Arheim, Tom Greece as Thaddeus, Ferris Hartman and Alf C. Wheelan alternating as Devilsboof, the gypsy leader, Phil Braosen as Florestine, Annie Myers as Arline, and Frances Graham as the queen of the gypsies.

"The Bohemian Girl" will be followed, on April 16th, by the long-delayed production of Frank Daniels' great success, "The Wizard of the Nile," which, it is predicted, will rival the "The Idol's Eye," by the same author and composer.

## At the Orpheum.

Of the four new-comers who are announced for next week at the Orpheum, Bobby Gaylor, the clever dialect comedian, is the most notable. He has a budget of catchy new songs, laughable stories, and dull stage business, and doubtless will receive an enthusiastic welcome. The other new entertainers will be the De Forrests, who call themselves the "whirlwind dancers," in a series of new spectacular dances, introducing some picturesque costumes; the Empire Quartette, who will present a musical comedy entitled "Only a Joke," in which each member has ample opportunity to appear to advantage; and Si Stebbins, the monologist and sleight-of-hand performer.

Those retained from this week's bill are Carrie Behr, Earle and Shepherd, A. L. Guille, Harry Cogill, and May Arlea.

## Fischer's Concert House.

The Lombardi Opera Company Quartette has proved a strong attraction at Fischer's New Concert House, and its rendition of the third act of "Faust" during the week has been enthusiastically received by the crowds which nightly throng the cozy little theatre. Next week Mascagni's masterpiece, "Cavalleria Rusticana," is to be the feature of the bill, and it is safe to predict that José Badarocco, Mme. Barducci, Lyo Polletini, and Antonio Vargas will acquire themselves creditably in the leading roles. Beautiful Salvini and Mlle. Puereri have become strong favorites as the soloists, while Hinrichs's orchestra, which is alone worth the small price of admission, will render an entirely new programme of classical and popular compositions.

Little girl (to visitor)—"Don't you think I look just like mamma?" Her mother—"Hush, dear; don't be vain."—*Ohio State Journal*.

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VANITY FAIR.

"As a class, the French aristocracy have no participation in public affairs," writes Richard Whiting in an entertaining article on "Fashionable Paris" in the April Century Magazine. "They go into political life in the unit, not in the mass, and on the same principle of equality as the notary of a country town who works his way into the Chamber or into office. So, many of them fall back on pleasures of the most frivolous kind, but for these all who seek to enjoy them, high and low alike, train with exquisite care. It is mainly a training for moderation. They know that excess is a mistake. The object is the luxury of agreeable sensation, and this precludes riot. This training for trifles begins at birth with the infant of fashion. It is very much the business of his nurse to see that light and air do not visit him too roughly. His swaddling-clothes are a marvel of completeness as non-conductors of the winds of heaven. As soon as he is old enough to understand things, you see him toddling out with his tutor, a grave ecclesiastic, who watches over him at work and play, and puts the right notions into his mind. The ties thus formed are never wholly severed. The priest attends to all the goings out and the comings in. When ball is the game, he is there to see that his charge does not hurt himself, nor hurt the ball. He makes the lad gravely polite, and grounds him in the secondary religion of the salute, on the principle of no game of shuttlecock without a bow to your partner. He also, of course, grounds him in the humanities. At this early age the child is not sent to school. He is coached at home by the priest, and taken once or twice a week to what is called a *cour*—an establishment where private teaching is tested by public examinations. The *cour* directs the studies, and determines proficiency in them by question and answer. Tutor and pupil prepare as best they can in the interval. The essence of the system is the exclusion of everything from the boy's mind that ought not to be there. So he is under the strictest supervision from first to last. The priest takes him to the *cour* and fetches him away again. When he goes to the *lycée*, or public school, it is much the same. The valet takes the place of the priest, and fetches and carries, with due provision of muffler and umbrella for rainy days. So it goes on until the time of the great change, when, perhaps, the youngster is sent to Saumur, the great cavalry school. Then, for the first time, he has to stand alone, and father, mother, nurse, valet, and priest have to say good-by. It is always an anxious moment—especially so for the neophyte."

"The bound from tutelage to the very license of liberty, moral and intellectual, is a marked characteristic of the French system," continues Mr. Whiting. "Marriage makes the trembling ninny of a girl a finished woman of the world. A first shave converts the gawky school-boy into the ape of a boulevardier, vices and all. The transformation is as sudden as anything in Eastern magic. He was a boy after his time under the tutelage system. He becomes a man before his time at Saumur, and he generally goes through a stage of puppyism which is a trial for his friends. This is the period of his first duel, a thing done on the sly, and revealed to his horrified mother only after the scratch has healed. By and by there may be other escapades of a more serious nature. But the mother is still there to find out all about them almost before they happen, and the watchful father is at hand to see that they entail a minimum of scandal. At this stage his people begin to think of marrying him, and here again all is provided for by the ever-watchful system. It is the mother's business to learn the whereabouts of *ingénues* doubly dowered with virtue and with millions. The marriage is arranged—the term has a more than usually deep significance in France—and the pair have a chance of living happily ever after, if they know how to make the best of it. It is no bad chance. Though the French marriage is not, in the first instance, based on love, it is supposed never to take place until liking, at least, is assured. The rest is expected to come as a matter of growth. The theory is that any two persons of about equal age, circumstances, and breeding, if only they start fair in friendship, will learn to love each other by the mere accident of companionship and the identity of interests. The odd thing is that they very often do."

"The wife has been still more carefully brought up, in her way. Nothing can exceed the more than Hindu sanctity of know-nothingism in which the mind of the young French girl is shrouded from birth. At the convent she has had the wall between her and a wicked world. Her whole art of polite conversation with a man is little more than 'Oui, monsieur,' 'Non, monsieur.' After a dance she must be safely and swiftly deposited—a sort of returned empty—by her mother's side, and during that brief flutter of freedom it is not good form to take advantage of the absence of the parent bird. A few observations on the weather and the picture-galleries are considered to mark the limit of taste. Here, as military life was the great change for the boy, marriage is the greater change for the girl. She passes at once into a sphere in which she is considered fair game for any allusion to, anything within the bounds of good breeding. She rises to her op-

portunity, or to the stern duties of her station, whichever way you choose to put it, and in a surprisingly short time comes out as the finished woman of the world. This is the French way. I neither blame it nor defend it; I do not even try to account for it. I simply say what it is."

Commenting on the fashion which is at present much affected by the well-dressed individual—the turning up of trousers regardless of the state of the weather—the New York Sun says: "The strange thing about this innovation is that its introduction was so difficult. We get most of our masculine fashions from London, just as the women get theirs from Paris. All the peculiarities of fashionable Englishmen in the matter of dress are observed closely by local experts. And the habit of wearing the trousers turned up is almost universal among well-dressed individuals coming from the English capital. It used to excite only ridicule here. The height of the absurd was thought to be reached when, at a certain notable Anglo-American marriage in this town, the bridegroom and his best man appeared in the church as they would on a rainy day. Englishmen have several excuses, not available for New Yorkers, for wearing their trousers rolled up. In the first place, mud and rain are almost constant weather conditions over there. We have bad days. But in Great Britain, as a rule, a bit of each day is bad. In consequence of the difference we can attire ourselves to suit the weather. Then, too, it is a notorious fact that English tailors, with some few exceptions, are not able to or do not want to cut trousers properly. The average Englishman goes about with a great loose bag enveloping either leg. The only way that he can make these weird garments look tolerable is to keep them turned up. And if he proposes to walk briskly this is imperative. There is no such difficulty about what we wear. And it is possible on an ocean steamship to pick out, without a moment's hesitation, those whose clothes were made here from those who had them built abroad, except in the case where the traveling American had the courage to stand over the artist of the shears and tape-measure, and compel him to do as he was bid. The 'it-is-raining-in-London' habit is here. But it is hard to say how long it will last. It is a harmless fancy. Perhaps we might grow accustomed to it in time, just as we have ceased to wonder at the golf-skirts affected by the women. But, at any rate, it furnishes an additional proof of the fact that absurdity is not confined to one sex, and never has been."

Not alone Chicago, but all America may feel a just pride in the glory which attaches to the reign of the Curzons in India (remarks the *Bazar*). It is said that never in all the history of gorgeous ceremonial in the land of the rajahs has anything equaled the pomp and glitter of the Curzons' court. In connection with this, great wonder is expressed abroad that Lady Curzon, the daughter of a democracy, a girl bred in the simple and crude ways of a new people, should have it in her to play the part of queen so royally. This is all explained by the fact that royalty is not such a novelty in the United States as ignorant people on the other side fancy. Lady Curzon herself is of American royal descent. Her father, L. Z. Leiter, was a merchant prince of Chicago. In the same city are pork-packing kings, corn kings, railroad kings, royalty galore, and in Washington, where Lady Curzon's young-ladyhood was spent, kings and princes are an every-day occurrence, not to speak of the diplomatic corps which in itself is a liberal education in the gold-lace and furbelowed forms of monarchies. Among other American characteristics, Lady Curzon possesses the advantage of having royalty reduced to a final equation in her pocket. She has the price. The glory of court functions is largely a matter of dry goods. The slaves and salaaming are a mere bit of local coloring, to be had at a reasonable figure. The marvel is not that Lady Curzon's empire in India is resplendent, but that any one should expect it to be otherwise.

The conflict in Cuba between the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin civilizations, or, more definitely speaking, between the American and the Spanish civilizations, is just as noticeable in the little things which go to make up the every-day life of the people as it is in the broader fields of justice, religion, and politics (points out an Havana correspondent). And sometimes thereby come little personal annoyances and embarrassments to both Americans and Cubans, unintentional on either side, and yet unavoidable so long as the usage of the one people or the other shall not entirely prevail. For instance, there is the custom of saluting acquaintances when met upon the street or in the drawing-room. In Cuba it is the rule of social life that the man shall bow or speak to the woman first. In the United States it is quite the reverse. In view of the close guardianship which Cuban and Spanish mothers keep over their daughters and the jealousy with which men guard their wives, it seems a little strange to us that here any man who chooses may bow to a woman on the street. But it is when you try to mix these two customs in a society composed of persons, part of whom are accustomed to the one and part to the other, that the confusion begins. An American man newly arrived meets a Cuban woman at a reception. The next day they pass each other on the

Prado. He naturally expects her to speak first. She expects him to speak first. They stare at each other with mutual expectation and embarrassment and pass—a dead end on both sides. This same young man, after a stay of some length, finds out something about the customs of society. He is introduced to another young woman. Later, he happens to meet her in the street. He knows that by the usages to which she is accustomed he should speak first, and yet he knows that she knows that he is an American and may wait for her to speak first. And so it is they stare and stare, and look away, and stare again. If they succeed in bowing at all it is generally in a jerky, scared, trying-to-get-there-last sort of a way. Of course these embarrassments only arise among those newly acquainted. After people know that they know one another it is easy enough, for the salutations are practically simultaneous. One thing which the Cuban system does is to shift the responsibility for identifying a host of formally introduced people from the woman to the man. This is trying to the American, because, not being sure of the faces, he is in a peck of trouble for fear of cutting those whom he has met by not bowing. In the present confused status it is likewise trying to the Cuban gentleman, for, knowing the American custom, he hesitates to bow for fear of offending American women who may not remember that they have met him.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, April 4th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.
	Shares.		Bid. Asked.
C. C. Water 5%.....	20,000	@ 105 1/2-106 1/4	105 3/4 106 1/2
Hawaiian C. & S. 5%.....	12,000	@ 105	105
Los An. & Pac. Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 102 1/2	102 1/2
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	5,000	@ 103 1/2-105 1/2	103 1/2
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	5,000	@ 115	114 1/2 115 1/2
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	2,000	@ 107 1/2	107 1/2
Oakland Gas 5%.....	17,000	@ 109	108 3/4
Oakland Transit 6%.....	12,000	@ 112 1/2-113 1/4	113 1/2 114 1/4
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	6,000	@ 106	105 1/2 106 1/2
Sierra Ry. of Cal. 6%.....	5,000	@ 115	113 1/2
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%.....	2,000	@ 112	108 3/4
S. P. Branch 6%.....	22,000	@ 126-128 1/2	125 3/4
S. V. Water 6%.....	10,000	@ 114 1/2	114 1/2 115
S. V. Water 4%.....	10,000	@ 104 1/2	104 1/2 104 3/4
S. V. Water 4 3/4.....	7,000	@ 102 1/2	102 1/2 103 1/4

	STOCKS.		Closed.
	Shares.		Bid. Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	670	@ 63-66 1/2	65 95 3/4
Spring Valley Water.....	765	@ 94 1/2-95 1/2	95 1/2 95 3/4
Gas and Electric.			
Equitable Gaslight.....	50	@ 3 1/2	3 1/2 4
Oakland G. L. & H.....	100	@ 46 1/2	46 1/2
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	160	@ 51-52 1/2	51 52 1/2
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	375	@ 51 1/2-52	52 52 1/2
S. F. Gas.....	500	@ 4 1/2	4 1/2 4 3/4
Street R. R.			
Market St.....	140	@ 63-63 1/2	63 1/2 63 3/4
Powders.			
Giant Con.....	385	@ 86 1/2-87 1/2	86 1/2 87 1/2
Sugars.			
Hana P. Co.....	15	@ 9 1/2-9 3/4	9 9 3/4
Honolulu.....	865	@ 84 1/2-88	86 1/2
Hawaiian S. Co.....	3,205	@ 32-32 1/2	32 1/2 32 3/4
Hutchinson.....	1,495	@ 26 1/2-26 3/4	26 1/2 26 3/4
Kilauea S. Co.....	405	@ 21 1/2-21 3/4	21 1/2 21 3/4
MacKawell S. Co.....	670	@ 48 1/2-48 3/4	48 1/2 48 3/4
Onomea S. Co.....	250	@ 27 1/2-28	27 1/2 28 1/4
Pauhaulu S. P. Co.....	1,915	@ 29 1/2-30 1/2	30 1/2 31 1/4
Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers.....	10	@ 119	118 1/2 120
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....	110	@ 102	102 1/2
Oceanic S. Co.....	40	@ 93 1/2-95	94 1/2 97
Pac. C. Borax.....	40	@ 150	150

All stocks in the sugar group have held their own save Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar, which closed one point off from last week's closing—the result of a report that its cane-fields had been injured by a fire to the extent of about \$150,000, but this amount is only a rumor. The exact loss we have been unable to ascertain.

The influence of the new rates are still felt by the water stocks, and a further decline would not be surprising. The market has showed heaviness throughout the week, with a slight reaction at the close. No spurt in price or activity in any stock has been made, a general lack of outside interest has been manifest. The chief buying motive seemed to be the filling of shorts on water and gas stocks and the sustaining of sugars.

The following dividends will be paid this week: April 5th, Onomea Sugar Company, 25 cents; Pacific Lighting Company, 30 cents. April 10th, Giant Consolidated Powder Company, 75 cents; Pacific Gas Improvement Company, 35 cents.

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OFFICERS—President, R. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE LOURRY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GODFREY. Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, D. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street. Deposits, January 1, 1900.....\$26,110,681 Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000 Reserve Fund.....210,067 Contingent Fund.....407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres. LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier. Directors—George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, Geo. Tacheira, E. B. Pond.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000 SURPLUS.....1,000,000 PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.....2,321,212 January 1, 1900.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS:

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Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

WELLS FARGO & CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000 Jno. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager; H. WANDSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst. Cashier; H. L. MILLER, Second Asst. Cashier. Directors—John J. Valentine, Andrew Christensen, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Berrington, Dudley Evans. Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869,451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager. OOLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco, 411 California Street.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Henry Fielding was once asked by Lord Denhigh why he wrote his name "Fielding" instead of "Feilding," as his lordship's family used. "I cao oot tell, my lord," replied the novelist, "except it be that my branch of the family were the first that knew how to spell."

Senator Vest recently sent a newspaper clipping to the secretary to be read to the House. The latter got the wrong side of the clipping, and, instead of an editorial on the money question, began: "Ridiculous! We are giving away these goods at half-price—" "The other side!" cried Mr. Vest.

Bishop Walsham How, like the mothers of Pierre and Thomas in the "Bab Ballads," was "of de-coot size, though not particularly tall." He gives his height as five feet six inches, but on his first visit to Almondbury to preach, the verger came to him in the vestry, and said: "A've put a platform in t' polpit for ye; you'll excuse me, but a little wan looks as if he was io a toob."

When Dr. L. Clark Seelye became president of Smith College he was naturally impressed with the responsibility and possibly with the difficulty of his oew task. As everybody knows, he is a man of perfect piety and free reserve of speech. But one night, in the early weeks of his presidency, he tossed uneasily on his pillow, and his wife heard him murmur io his sleep, "Good God! Seveo hundred girls!"

Charles Bradlaugh, the English free-thinker, nnce engaged io a discussion with a dissenting minister. He insisted that the minister should answer a question by a simple "Yes" or "No," without any circumlocution, asserting that every questioo could be replied io that manner. The reverend gentleman rose, and said: "Mr. Bradlaugh, will you allow me to ask you a questioo oo those terms?" "Certainly," said Bradlaugh. "Theo, may I ask, have you giveo up beating your wife?"

Major Hayford Thorold, second io command of the First Battalion, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, tells a story of his experiences in Matabeleland in 1896, when seot to restore order in a little township called "Gwelo." On arrival there he found the acting commandant (an ex-storekeeper) io a state bordering oo delirium tremens; so he had him locked op. The commandant, however, managed to break out and make his way to the telegraph office, whence he dispatched the following wire: "CHAMBERLAIN, LONDON: Man here oamed Thorold questions my sobriety. Who is Thorold? Wire at ooce to avert bloodshed."

After the decease of the late P. T. Barnum, the "Greatest Show of Earth" cootiooed for a while to use the magic of his name. Once when oearing Hartford it seot free tickets to clergymen there. Among the letters containing tickets was ooe addressed to the Rev. Dr. Joel Hawes, who had died some years before. The letter was sent to Dr. George L. Walker, then the active pastor of the First Church. Oo reading it, Dr. Walker is reported to have said: "A letter from P. T. Barnum to Dr. Hawes! Mr. Barnum is dead and Dr. Hawes is dead. It is evident that they have oot met, yooder."

General Sir Herbert Chermide, who is oow in South Africa, was formerly a consul io Asia Minor. Once, io a weak moment, he seot a couple of beautiful Angora cats as a present to a lady io Constantinople. The lady was so pleased that she asked him to send some more. Sir Herbert gave his oative servant some mooy, and told him to go and buy two or three. Theo came a demand for more cats from the coosul's friends, and he gave his servant more mooy with which to buy cats. This went on for two or three mooths, and the native servant waxed exceediog fat. Ooe morniog, however, the geeral, oo coomog out of the consulate, was surrounded by a host of infuriated veiled women, who besought Mohammed to curse him because he had stoleo all their cats. It appears that the oative servaat had pocketed the mooy for himself, and gone round with a sack and coofiscated every cat io the place.

Alfred Montgomery was a member of the English board of ioternal reveue half a century ago. At one of the sessions of this body, held oo a baking hot day, he was shocked to see the chairman's private secretary come into the board-room with his coat off. As the secretary was leaving the room, Montgomery called him back and said: "Mr. —, if you should find it convenient in this hot weather to take off your trousers, pray do not let any feeliog of respect for the board stand in your way." Ooe day a caooo wrote and asked if he must pay a license duty oo a carriage which was ooly used to take his infirm parishioers to church on Sundays. "What do you say, Montgomery?" said the chairman. "Oh," answered he, "tell the caoon that the board will oot iostio oo the oold people going to church." He complained of havig been bitten at a country house to a certain lord who was not remarkable for his personal cleanliness. "I oever

have been bitten there," said the nobleman. "No," said Montgomery, "even bugs must draw the line somewhere." On another occasion, when his carriage ran away, he called out to the coachman: "Drive into something cheap."

## A Forceful Exhortation.

Mr. James R. Randall, the author of "Maryland, my Maryland," while traveling in Georgia, heard that a negro orator was holding an outdoor meeting at a station a few miles below Augusta, and having oo hour or so at his disposal, and just enough money in his pocket to pay his way to aod from the place io question, he purchased a round-trip ticket and boarded an out-going train.

Upon his arrival at the objective point, the colored brother was about winding up what must have been a judging from his limposso and streaming face—a most fervent address.

"Brethren," he was saying, with gestures suited to his words, "all disher country rouo' here is des full o' souls hung'n'n' an' thirsto' ah fur salvation, an' dey can't git it; an' fur why? Dey cao't git it 'cause dey 'aio't got oo preacher fur to give it to 'em. An' why 'aio't dey got oo preacher fur to give it to 'em? 'Cause dey 'aio't got no kiverio' for he haid while he is givio' of it to 'em; dat's de reason. An' what I wants yon brethren an' sisters to do dis mornin' is to git a kiverin' fur he haid. I wants to see a church right here in disher place whar I'm stan'io'; an' while we's singio' of a hymn, I wants Br'er Jones an' Br'er Thompson an' Br'er Bryerman an' Br'er Hill to pass rouo' de hats, an' I wants you-all to give liberal to disher cause."

There was a movement among the brothers designated, when the proceedings were cut short by an imperious wave of the minister's hand.

"Stop, meh brethreo an' sisters!" he called out. "Stop des one minit, while I tells you dat one t'ing all mo' t'ing, 'cause if I don't tell you dat one t'ing all de res' o' de t'ings whare I is bin tell you will drap th'ough, 'cause dey woo't hab no bottom to hol' 'em. Word come to me dis mornin' dat Colonel Ringgold's chicken-house was rob eight befo' las', an' dat de las' one o' his chickens was tookeo off'n de roos'. An' what I wants to say to you-all is dat disher cause whare I's astio' you-all to give to am a good cause, an' I don't want no bad money to go in it, an' ef dere's any persoo here presen' dis mornio' whare had a hao' io de robbin' o' dat roos', I asses 'im ef he please oot to put nothin' in dat hat, 'cause dat mooy whare he put io might somehow or nother got mix up wid dat chickeo money, an' I don't want to hab nothin' to do wid it."

It is needless to say that every brother and sister in the congregation contributed to the building of the oew church edifice. Mr. Randall's sensations, however, as he explored his empty pockets, must be left to the imagination.—*Harper's Magazine.*

## His Reasnn.

"Yoo are home early."

Mrs. voo Blumer glanced from the clock to her husband io some surprise, as the latter came in, kissed her quietly, sat down, and drummed nervously on the table with his fingers. He bore the air of a man who was not ooly about to go into battle, but who had prepared himself for the worst.

"Yes, I am home early," he said, promptly plunging into his argument, "and I came for a particular purpose. There's a little stag-dioner on for to-night, and I am goiog."

Mrs. voo Blumer broke off somewhat viciously the thread she had been holding between her pretty teeth, as she replied in defensive antipatioo:

"Well, what of it?"

"It's goiog to be ooe of the finest dioners we ever had," said Voo Blumer. "Some of my old friends, whom I haven't seen for a loog time, will be there, and I expect to have a great time. Still, I—"

Mrs. von Blumer's lips came together firmly, and she rose and faced him.

"I koow what you mean," she said, sternly. "Yoo are just giog in for a regular mao's time of it. Yoo will driok too much and come home at almost aoy hour of the morning, and now, like a miserable sneak, you are tryiog to excuse yourself beforehand."

Voo Blumer rose and faced her.

"You are wroog," he said, without a quaver. "I propose, as you say, to go to that dinner, and to hold my end up with the boys if I doo't get home until the church-bells are ringiog. But I dido't take two hours away from a valuable business this afternoon to come home and make any excuses. I am goiog to have a good time to-night, without a cloud oo the horiozo, and I came home early, madam, to listeo to what you have to say io advance, so that to-morrow morning I can take my much-ooeded rest without anoyance or interruptioo."—*Tom Masson in Life.*

## The Ideal Man.

There is much rivalry between the various colleges as to which will produce the ideal man. By this they mean a vigorous, hoost, intellectual man, who will make the world better for having lived. Health will demand first consideration, for upon that depends braio and achievement. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will keep the digestive organs regular and the stomach healthy by curing all stomach disorders. It also prevents malaria, fever and ague. Try it.

## The Debutante.

They put the relics of a hundred years  
Withio her ears;  
And on her silken gown, some rare old lace  
They deftly place;  
They hang a fortune on her throbbing breast,  
An old bequest;  
Aod oo her feet are slippers worn before,  
In days of yore;  
About her arms, the glistening bracelets show,  
Of long ago;  
Beneath a coronet, so old and rare,  
They bind her hair.  
Aod under all this record of past days,  
There softly plays  
A girlish heart, that truly yearns to be  
Forever free;  
And Love is there and beams within her eyes,  
And fervent cries:  
"Ah, heart! our time will surely come at last,  
When this is past;  
The world looks only at the gems you wear;  
Ah, heart! Take care!"  
—*Montrose J. Moses in Life.*

## Prospective Mothers.

Preparatory Hints; Bathing; Clothing; Habits; Fresh Air; Second Summer, etc., are some of the subjects treated in "Babies," a book for young mothers sent free by Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N. Y., who make Gail Borden Eagle Brand.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS  
(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.VVO  
Scotch Whisky

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—AND—

## PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU

Tonrs and tickets, hotel accommodations, etc. Superior arrangements for all classes of travel.

## THOS. COOK &amp; SON,

621 Market Street, San Francisco.



S. S. Moana sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, Apr. 18, at 8 p. m.  
S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, May 3, 2 p. m.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros., Cn., Agts., 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., April 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, May 1, change to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10 A. M., April 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, May 1, and every fifth day thereafter.  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., Apr. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, May 1, and every fifth day thereafter.  
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., Apr. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, May 4, and every fourth day thereafter.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., Apr. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, May 1, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.  
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M.  
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.  
Ticket Office at New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel)  
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St. S. F.

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## CARRYING UNITED STATES MAIL

## FOR NOME DIRECT:

From San Francisco.....S. S. PORTLAND.....April 30, 1900  
From Seattle.....S. S. DORA.....April 30, 1900  
From San Francisco.....S. S. RAINIER.....May 10, 1900

## FOR NOME, ST. MICHAEL, AND ALL OTHER POINTS:

From San Francisco.....S. S. ST. PAUL, May 26th  
A STEAMER WILL BE DISPATCHED EVERY FORTNIGHT THEREAFTER.

## FOR JUNEAU, SITKA, PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND, COOK'S INLET, KODIAK, AND ALL INTERMEDIATE POINTS:

From Seattle.....S. S. BERTHA, commencing April 8th  
AND MONTHLY THEREAFTER.

For new folders, maps, and further particulars as to freight and passage, apply to ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY, 310 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
For Seattle sailings apply to CAPT. JAS. CARROLL, Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Wa.

## The Woman in Red

is the emblem of the perfect silver polish and is found on the label of every box of



Look for it when buying. Its merits—not found in others—have made it famous around the world. The statement of some dealers that others are "just the same," or "just as good," is false. It's unlike all others.

All good grocers and druggists sell it.  
Box, postpaid, 15 cts. in stamps.

The Electro Silico Company,  
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OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.  
FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1900.  
Doric (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Apr. 17  
Coptic (Via Honolulu).....Friday, May 11  
Gaelic (Via Honolulu).....Wednesday, June 6  
Doric (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, June 30  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND  
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Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
1900.  
Nippon Maru.....Wednesday, April 25  
America Maru.....Saturday, May 19  
Hongkong Maru.....Thursday, June 14  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## International Navigation Co.'s Lines

## AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.  
New York.....April 18 | St. Louis.....May 2  
St. Paul.....April 23 | New York.....May 9

## RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.  
Westernland.....April 18 | Noordland.....May 2  
Kensington.....April 25 | Friesland.....May 9

## EMPIRE LINE.

To Alaska and Cold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



## SOCIETY.

## Miss Hager's Engagement.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Emilie Hager to Mr. Walter Leonard Dean. No date has yet been set for the marriage, but it will doubtless take place in the near future.

Miss Hager is the eldest daughter of the late Mrs. John S. Hager. The family has from early days been one of the most prominent in San Francisco society, and she has herself for some years been a leader of the younger generation. She is a sister of Mr. Frank S. Hicks and Mr. William B. Hicks, of Los Angeles, and of the Misses Alice and Ethyl Hager.

Mr. Dean is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, and is associated with his father in the conduct of mining properties. He is a member of the Pacific-Union Club.

## The Belknap-Averill Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Julia Averill to Lieutenant Reginald R. Belknap, U. S. N., took place at Trinity Episcopal Church at eleven o'clock on Saturday morning, March 31st. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. John Ford Nichols, D. D., Bishop of California, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Clappett, rector of Trinity. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Alice Averill, and Miss Eleanor Davidson, of Berkeley. Mr. G. F. Moale was the best man, and the ushers were Lieutenant Ridley McLean, U. S. N., Lieutenant John D. Beuret, U. S. N., Lieutenant J. R. McDonald, U. S. N., Paymaster H. L. Robbins, U. S. N., and Paymaster L. C. Carr, U. S. N.

The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Chester Averill, of Berkshire County, Mass., and is a niece of the late Justice Stephen J. Field, of the United States Supreme Court, and of Mrs. William Asburner, with whom she has lived in this city for several years past. The groom is the son of Rear-Admiral George E. Belknap, U. S. N., and is flag-secretary to Admiral Remy, U. S. N.

In the afternoon, after the ceremony, Lieutenant and Mrs. Belknap sailed on the Japanese liner *Hongkong Maru* for Manila.

## San Mateo Hunt Club.

The last drag hunt of the season of the San Mateo Hunt Club took place on Saturday, March 31st, at three o'clock in the afternoon. The meet was at Mr. Francis Carolan's place, "The Crossways," at Burlingame, and a goodly field turned out. Among those mounted for the hunt were Miss Whitney and Miss Marie Wells, Mr. E. D. Beylard, Mr. Charles N. Dunphy, Lieutenant John P. Hains, U. S. A., Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. Peter D. Martin, Mr. J. J. Moore, Mr. George Parsons, Mr. R. M. Tobin, and Mr. C. E. Whitney, a majority of them being in "pink." There were a number of people present in carriages to see the meet, among them Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Ignace Jan Paderewski, Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Mrs. W. H. Dunphy, Mrs. Duncan Hayne, Mrs. Robert T. Hayne, Mrs. George H. Howard, Mrs. Payson, Mrs. Schmiedell, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. C. Spivalo, Mrs. C. E. Whitney, Miss Payson, Miss Spivalo, Herr Gorlitz, and Mr. C. de Guigné.

The run was a stiff one of twenty miles to Uncle Tom's Cabin, and there were a couple of falls, but no injuries were sustained.

The season is over now, and there will be no regular meets until November, though the hounds, now in kennel, will be taken out occasionally if opportunity offers. Within the next month the club will have its pack housed in its own kennels.

## Notes and Gossip.

Miss Clarisse Sheldon and Mr. Edward T. Houghton were married by the Rev. W. H. Moreland, D. D., Episcopal Bishop of the Northern Diocese of California, at four o'clock on Wednesday, April 4th. The ceremony, which took place at the home of the bride's uncle, Mr. Hippolyte Dutard, was performed in the presence of only relatives and a few intimate friends. After a brief wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Houghton will reside at 3004 Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rodman Shreve have issued invitations for the marriage of their sister, Miss Elizabeth Lawton Shreve, to Mr. Robert Gay Hooker, at St. Luke's Church at noon on Wednesday, April 18th.

Mrs. Jessie Bowie-Detrick has issued invitations for a eucharistic party which she will give at her home on Jackson Street, on Monday afternoon, April 16th.

A sale of home-made candy, cake, and Easter-eggs will be held by the young ladies of St. Luke's Church, in the Sunday-School rooms of the church, on Saturday, April 14th, Easter eve, from two o'clock till six. The sale will be in aid of the church building fund. The following young ladies will assist at the various tables: Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Cole, Miss Margaret Cole, Miss Florence Stone, Miss Thérèse Morgan, Misses Field, Miss Florence Davis, Miss Simpson, and Miss Helen Gibbs.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Brander gave a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young on Tuesday evening in their apartment at the California Hotel. Those at the table were Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Brander, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs.

Sands W. Forman, Miss Minnie Hennessy, Count Vladimir Artsimovich, Mr. Frederick A. Greenwood, and Mr. Maxwell McNutt.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson recently entertained at dinner at their home on Pine Street Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Moody, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Small, Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Miss Minnie B. Houghton, Mr. Francis Carolan, Mr. R. G. Hooker, and Mr. Lansing Mizner.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker recently gave a theatre-party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Munn, of New York. After attending the performance at the Columbia Theatre, a supper was enjoyed at the Palace Hotel. The others present were Miss Florence E. Ives, Miss Marie Voorhies, Mr. Percy King, and Mr. William McLaine.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard recently entertained at dinner at their home Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Dr. and Mrs. James W. Keeney, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Whitney, Mrs. Jessie Bowie-Detrick, and Mr. Allen St. John Bowie.

Miss Cora Smedberg gave a tea recently in honor of Miss Annie Wheeler, daughter of General Joseph Wheeler.

Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall gave a card-party at her home, 1879 Jackson Street, on Friday afternoon, April 6th.

Mr. Frederick A. Greenwood entertained Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee and Miss Katharine May Dillon at his cottage in Belvedere last week.

An attempt was made in Brussels on Wednesday last to assassinate the Prince of Wales, who, with the princess, was on his way to Denmark to attend the birthday celebration of King Christian, father of the princess. As the train was leaving the station, a youth jumped on the foot-board of the carriage occupied by the prince, and fired two shots at him from a revolver. The youth's aim was bad, and both shots missed. The police quickly seized the young man, who gave his name as Jean Baptiste Spido, and said he was an apprentice and sixteen years old. The crowd attempted to lynch a man who was mistaken for the would-be assassin. The prince, who was perfectly calm throughout the excitement, asked if the man who had done the shooting had been arrested. When he learned that he had, the prince resumed his journey. While there is no proof that the attempt on the life of the prince was deliberately plotted, it seems to have been the outcome of the anti-British fever which has possessed the people of Belgium, as well as those of Continental countries generally, since the outbreak of the war with the Boers. The assailant appeared to be respectable and intelligent. In reply to questions put to him by the magistrate, he replied: "I wanted to rid the world of one of the authors of the crime in the Transvaal. I have done my duty. I regret nothing."

Uelzen on the Lüneburg heath in Prussia has magistrates who combine firmness with mildness. They have just issued this notice: "Whereas lately again many complaints have come in about the length of time guests remain sitting in several taverns, and particularly wives have again and again complained that their husbands have been thereby led to keep drinking till morning in these taverns, we see ourselves compelled to call to mind the regulations about the hour of closing and to point to the fact that the police authorities have been notified to keep a sharp eye on having the regulations obeyed strictly. We especially call the attention of tavern-keepers, in their own interest, to the fact that repeated punishment for permitting guests to remain beyond the police hour may result in the loss of their licenses."

Nearly fifty years ago Longfellow visited the Ojibway tribe of Indians, in the land of Hiawatha, on the shores of Lake Superior, and was the guest of the chief Bukwujinene. Recently, Wabunosa, the grandson of the chief, and Kabaoosa, his nephew, visited the home of Longfellow, in Cambridge, Mass., and were the guests of the poet's daughters, Mrs. Dana, Mrs. Thorpe, and Miss Longfellow. Kabaoosa sang two Indian songs for his hostesses, one a love-song and the other a war-song which his grandfather had composed after the victory which his tribe, as allies of the British, gained over another tribe, allied with the colonists, at the Battle of Queenstown Heights in the War of 1812.

Lafayette dollars have been selling in New York at \$2.50 and \$3. This is from 50 cents to \$1 above the price set by the Lafayette memorial commission. Less than 10,000 of these coins out of the 50,000 issued are now available for purchasers on this side of the water, as 10,000 are to be sent to Paris for sale at the exposition. Over 30,000 have been sold, of which a very small portion has been secured by collectors in New York. The demand for the coins is brisk, and the present supply will be rapidly exhausted.

## A Mammoth Wine House.

The skilled methods and immense facilities of J. Calvet & Co. in securing and caring for choice Bordeaux and Burgundy wines have commended their selections to connoisseurs in Europe and America.

## MAGAZINE VERSE.

## The Groves of Pan.

Take my hand, and we will stroll  
To the foot of yonder knoll,  
Down a valley, through a brake,  
By a lily-mantled lake,  
O'er a meadow Eden-fair,  
(Pegasus is pastured there!)  
Up a little wooded slope,  
Then a wicket-gate we open;  
In this dew your finger dip,  
And unseen we then shall slip  
Down this willow-bowered wynd,  
Through this coppice, fir-confined.  
Now step softly as you can:  
We have reached the Groves of Pan!

Oh, the beauty of the breeze  
In the leafy laurel-trees,  
And the rhymes when down the glade  
Branch and bough are zephyr-swayed!  
List the rhythmic, quiet call  
Of the woodland waterfall,  
And the strophe of the streams—  
Melody adrift in dreams!  
From a covert, cool and dim,  
Floats an elfin morning hymn.  
Hark! Three nymphs in dalliance met  
Trill a tuneless triolet.  
Hush! A dryad and a faun  
Sing a duo to the dawn.

Now comes Pan, his syrinx set  
To a joyous canzonet,  
All his court, a jocund train,  
Joining in the glad refrain;  
Every insect, bee, and bird  
In the perfect cadence heard;  
Every tree in every grove  
Bowing at the name of Jove!  
To some sylvan temple bound  
Moves the train with choral sound;  
On from grove to grove they wend  
Till with dusk and dark they blend.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Let us seek the haunts of man;  
Farewell to the Groves of Pan!  
—Clarence Urmey in April Scribner's Magazine.

## A Prelude.

This is the sound of the Word  
From the waters of sleep,  
The rain soft voice that was heard  
On the face of the deep,  
When the fog was drawn back like a veil, and  
The sentinel tides  
Were given their thresholds to keep.

The South Wind said, "Come forth,"  
And the West Wind said, "Go far!"  
And the silvery sea-folk heard,  
Where their weed tents are,  
From the long slow lift of the blue through  
The Carib keys,  
To the thresh on Sable bar.

This is the Word that went by,  
Over the sun-land and swale,  
The long Aprilian cry,  
Clear, joyous, and hale,  
When the summons went forth to the wild  
shy broods of the air,  
To bid them once more to the trail.

The South Wind said, "Come forth,"  
And the West Wind said, "Be swift!"  
And the fluttering sky-folk heard,  
And the warm dark thrift  
Of the nomad blood revived, and they  
gathered for flight  
By column and pair and drift.

This is the sound of the Word  
From bud sheath and blade,  
When the reeds and the grasses conferred,  
And a gold beam was laid  
At the taciturn doors of the forest, where  
tarried the sun,  
For a sign they should not be dismayed.

The South Wind said, "Come forth,"  
And the West Wind said, "Be glad!"  
The abiding wood-folk heard,  
In their new green clad,  
Sanguine, mist-silver, and rose, while the sap  
in their veins  
Welled up as of old all unsad.

This is the Word that flew  
Over snow marsh and glen,  
When the frost-bound slumberers knew,  
In tree trunk and den,  
Their bidding had come, they questioned not  
whence nor why,—  
They reckoned not whither nor when.

The South Wind said, "Come forth,"  
And the West Wind said, "Be wise!"  
The wintering ground-folk heard,  
Put the dark from their eyes,  
Put the sloth from sinew and thw, to wander  
and dare,—  
Forever the old surmise!

—Bliss Carman in April Harper's Magazine.

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**ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT**  
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# Pears'

To keep the skin clean  
is to wash the excretions  
from it off; the skin takes  
care of itself inside, if not  
blocked outside.

To wash it often and  
clean, without doing any  
sort of violence to it, re-  
quires a most gentle soap,  
a soap with no free al-  
kali in it.

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cleans but not excoriates.

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## SOCIETY.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Assorted will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson will leave for the East and Europe during the latter part of the present month.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin went East last Tuesday. They will sail for Paris in the second week in May.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin left for the East Friday, March 30th. After speeding a few weeks Newport, they will go to Europe, intending to be away some four months.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raoul-Duval (né Tohio) came up from their San Mateo home in the early part of the week, and were guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Henry T. Scott and Mr. Lawrence I. Scott arrived in New York City.

Mrs. George Crocker and the Misses Rutherford will leave New York for Europe in Easter week.

Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley is visiting her parents, General and Mrs. John F. Houghton, at their home in Franklin Street.

Mr. Francis Carolan left for the East on Friday, March 30th. He will join Mrs. Carolan and his sister, Miss Emily Carolan, in New York, and they will soon go to Europe.

Mr. Frederick A. Greenwood has moved over to his cottage in Belvedere for the summer.

Mrs. Nat. T. Messer and Miss Messer had returned to Cairo from a trip up the Nile at latest accounts, and intended coming home by way of the Suez Canal, India, and China.

Mr. Harry M. Gillig has returned to Paris, after a brief visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Bates are installed for the winter in their cottage at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Kellogg, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Golia, Mrs. J. Cal Ewing, and Mrs. D. D. Lowley, of Oakland, visited the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mrs. Ellen Ivers left last Tuesday for Philadelphia, where she will visit her daughter, Mrs. Edward E. Robison.

Dr. George F. Shiels, who has been serving with volunteers in Manila, returned on Sunday, April 8th, on the United States transport *Sheridan*.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott entertained Mr. and Mrs. Ignace J. Paderewski at their country home at San Mateo last week.

Mrs. Emma L. Hunt and Miss Hunt are staying at the Palace Hotel until April 15th, when they start for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Cory, of Fresno, are at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and Miss Hamilton sailed on the *Hongkong Maru* for Hongkong on Saturday, March 31st. They expect to be away three months.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. E. Folger are in Cairo.

Mr. William F. Aldrich will sail on April 16th for Hong Kong, where he has been appointed vice-consul-general to aid his brother-in-law, General Rounseville Wildman.

Mrs. Alfred B. Field and Miss Anne Field called a visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais recently.

Miss Mamie Kohl, who has been speeding the winter in the East, is expected home shortly.

Colonel W. Forsyth came up from Fresno on Tuesday, and is at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hague and Mr. Gordon are among the guests of the California Hotel.

Miss Mary Kip, who accompanied her sister, Mrs. L. Edie, to Manila, six months ago, returned Wednesday, and is with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip, at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. B. F. Runyon spent the early part of the week at Monterey.

Mrs. Charles S. Dickman returned on Wednesday from New York. Mr. Dickman sailed on Saturday, March 17th, for Southampton, on the American steamship *New York*.

Mr. Louis C. Deane returned on Wednesday from his visit to the East.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young leave on Saturday, April 7th, for New York and will soon sail for Europe.

Mr. R. B. Marshall, of Washington, D. C., is at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. A. W. Barrett came up from Los Angeles in the week, and is a guest at the California Hotel.

Mr. Eugene Kelly and Mr. T. H. Kelly were among the American line steamship *New York's* passengers sailing from New York for Southampton Saturday, March 17th.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Otis, of Boston, have been down during the past week, and made a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Among the week's guests at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. C. E. Gibbs, Miss Helen Gibbs, Virginia Gibbs, Mr. C. W. Burgess, Dr. G. Deardorff, Mr. J. H. Hardiog, Mrs. L. Vabacher, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Morgan, of Clatsop, Mrs. G. T. Dunlap, of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. F. L. Dewey, of Potsdam, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ostermao, of Sao José, Mr. Mrs. W. H. H. Dodge, of New York, Mr. E. Seymour, of Cleveland, O., Mr. J. D. Mitchell, of Detroit, Mr. W. T. Guthrie and Miss Guthrie, of Liverpool, Mr. Thomas Burgogne, of Hereford, England, Mrs. F. B. Drake, of Honolulu, and Mrs. G. B. Shaw, of Chicago, Mr. Charles Abbott, of Modesto, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. S. of Pasadena, and Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Simpson, of Proctor, Mass.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. William S. Wallace, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wightman, of New York, Mr. R. D. S. of Pasadena, Mr. Henry Ulke, of Washington, D. C., Mr. S. F. Balliet, of Des Moines, C. E. Holtzman, of Columbus, O., Dr. and

Mrs. J. B. Cutter, from Alcatraz, Mrs. J. J. Bowen, of Portland, Or., Mr. H. A. Kidder, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. McMulleo, of Boston, Mr. H. W. Mosher, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Terry, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. F. Wolverson, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Smith, of Chicago, Mr. W. A. Fortescue, of Pleasanton, Mr. D. B. Bennett, of Yokohama, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Griffin, of Lowell, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. Gideon Fountain and the Misses Fountain, of New Zealand.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral George C. Remey, U. S. N., Rear-Admiral Louis Kempff, U. S. N., Captain Edward T. Strong, U. S. N., Lieutenant Victor Blue, U. S. N., Lieutenant Reginald R. Belknap, U. S. N., Lieutenant John H. Shipley, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Ridley McLean, U. S. N., sailed on the Japanese liner *Hongkong Maru* for Manila, on Saturday, March 31st.

General William Montrose Graham, U. S. A., retired, sailed on Sunday, April 1st, on the United States transport *Grant* for Manila, where he will visit his son.

Commander A. L. Graham, U. S. N., is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant-Commander John A. Norris, U. S. N., and Mrs. Norris arrived from Washington, D. C., on Monday, April 2d, and are guests at the Palace Hotel.

The President has promoted Lieutenant A. F. Fechteler, U. S. N., to the rank of lieutenant-commander. Lieutenant-Commander Fechteler is at present acting as aid to the admiral at Mare Island.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## Two Russian Tone Masters.

Alexander Petschnikoff and Mark Hambourg, who are called, respectively, "the poet of the violin" and "the young Siegfried of the piano," are to give two joint recitals, preceded by an orchestral concert, at the California Theatre during the coming week. On all three occasions they will have the assistance of Aimé Lachaume, the pianist and conductor, who will be remembered as the composer and conductor of the incidental music for the pantomimes in which his wife, Mme. Pilar-Morin, appeared here some months ago.

The first, an orchestral concert, will take place on Monday afternoon, April 16th, when M. Hambourg will play a Rubinstein concerto and the "Rhapsodie Hongroise," and M. Petschnikoff will play concertos by Tchaikowski and Mendelssohn. The second, on Wednesday afternoon, will be a recital, with selections by Schumann, Sarasate, Chopin, and others on the programme, and at the third, on Friday afternoon, M. Hambourg will play the "Appassionata Sonata" and, in duet with M. Lachaume, Saint-Saëns's "Danse Macabre," and M. Petschnikoff will play a Grieg sonata with the piano, a Wieniawski concerto, and some dances.

## Concert at the Art Institute.

A promenade-concert was given at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, under the direction of Henry Heyman, on Thursday evening, April 5th. Mr. Heyman's orchestra had the assistance of Mme. Elizabeth Regioa Mowry, dramatic soprano; William J. O'Brien, tenor; Maurice Rose, violinist; and Emil Cruells, organist and accompanist, in presenting the following programme:

Organ overture, "Rosamunde," Schubert, Emil Cruells; song, "Say Not Farewell," Millard, William J. O'Brien; violin, "Legende," Wieniawski, Maurice Rose; ballata, "Il Guarany," Gomez, Mme. Elizabeth Regioa Mowry; organ, (a) "Angelus," Wareing, (b) "Canzooetta," Godard, Emil Cruells; song, "May Morning," Denza, William J. O'Brien; violin, nocturne, op. 9, No. 2, Chopin-Wilhelm, Maurice Rose; aria, "Mon Cœur s'Ouvre" ("Samsouo Dalilah"), Saint-Saëns, Mme. Elizabeth Regioa Mowry; organ, "Marche Heroique," Clark, Emil Cruells.

## Paderewski's Last Recitals.

Ignace Jao Paderewski, the famous Polish pianist, gave a recital at the California Theatre on Monday afternoon, April 2d, which was very largely attended. He presented the following programme:

Cromatiche fantasia and fugue, Bach; sonata, op. 111, Beethoven; sonata, op. 11, F-sharp minor, Schumann; nocturne, G-major, op. 37, No. 2; étude, G-flat, op. 25, No. 9; prelude, A-flat, op. 28, No. 17; berceuse; valse, op. 34, Chopin; nocturne, Paderewski; "Rhapsodie Hongroise," No. 2, Liszt.

Paderewski's last recital in this city during his present visit will be given at the California Theatre on Sunday evening, April 8th, when the programme will be made up of requested numbers.

The accommodations at the Tavern of Tamalpais, just under the summit of the mountain, are excellent. From the veranda one can get a charming panoramic view of the surrounding country.

London journals say that the leading Japanese newspapers cordially endorse the emperor's message to Queen Victoria congratulating her on the British successes in South Africa.

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## Golf Notes.

The second couple of matches in the home-and-home contest between the San Francisco and Oakland Golf Clubs will be played on the Oakland links on Saturday, April 7th, and the return match on the Presidio links will follow on April 14th. Each team is composed of eight men, and they play 18 holes, match play.

In the first couple of contests the San Francisco team won 27 up at the Presidio and 5 up at Oakland, giving them the first set by 32 up. If the San Franciscans win in the coming set, they will take the trophy cup, but if the Oaklanders win a majority of holes in the two matches, a third match on some neutral course will be necessary to decide.

No further set events are scheduled for the present season at the Presidio or in Oakland.

The Sao Rafael Golf Club has secured the services of George Smith, formerly of the Midlothian Golf Club of Chicago, to take the place of T. W. Tetley, a manager of the club's links and instructor in the game. He is a brother of Willie Smith, the open and Western champion, and is himself a famous golf player. He will arrive on Monday, April 9th.

On Saturday, March 30th, the new eighteen-hole course at San Rafael, which has been much changed since Washington's birthday, was opened. The course is 5,600 yards in length, and is one of the longest in the country. The shorter course of nine holes was 3,000 yards in length, so the opening of the eighteen-hole course nearly doubles the extent of playing distance available.

The club institutes a new competition on Monday, April 9th. Throughout the month of April a record will be kept of the scores of members who desire to contest for the trophy, and at the end of the month the player who has made the lowest score over the links will be declared the winner.

## Easter Weddings.

But little change in the style of invitations is manifest this year, except in shape. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, show what is now in vogue, and assure the same high excellence of workmanship as heretofore.

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Ladies' Tan Oxfords, Full Assortment, all shades, from \$2.00  
Men's Tan Shoes, Box and Russia \$3.00  
Men's Tan or Black Oxfords, \$4.00, \$5.00  
Calf or Vici Kid \$4.00, \$5.00

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*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmina, Vacaville, Runsey, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P
*8.30 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*5.15 P
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	*Milton, Oakdale, Sonoma, Carthers, Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*11.45 A
*9.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*7.45 P
*9.00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*9.45 A
*9.00 A	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles.....	*12.15 P
*10.00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	*6.45 P
*11.00 A	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*6.45 P
*12.00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*4.15 P
*11.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*2.45 P
*3.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*18.00 P
*3.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*5.45 P
*4.00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*9.15 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	*10.45 A
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	Sunset Limited—El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	*10.45 A
*5.30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*12.15 P
*5.30 P	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*8.45 A
*5.30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	*6.45 P
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*7.45 A
*6.30 P	Vallejo.....	*12.15 P
*6.30 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*9.45 A
*6.30 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*4.15 P
*7.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	*19.55 P
*8.05 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.15 A

## COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge), (Foot of Market Street.)

*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*5.50 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	*9.20 A
*6.15 P	Hunters' Excursion, San José and Way Stations.....	*17.20 P

## CREEK ROUTE FERRY

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—	
*7.15	9.00 11.00 A. M., 11.00 2.00 13.00
*4.00	15.00 6.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—	*6.00 8.00
*10.00 A. M.	12.00 1.00 12.00 3.00 14.00 5.00 P. M.

## COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge), (Third and Townsend Streets.)

*16.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*16.30 P
*7.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.36 A
*13.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*19.00 A
*5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.35 A
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*18.00 A
*6.15 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P

\* For Morning. \* For Afternoon.  
\* Daily. \* Sunday excepted. \* Sunday only.  
\* Tuesdays and Fridays. \* Thursdays and Sundays.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"That little boy seems as busy as a bee."  
"Yes, he has hives."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"Yes, I found the editor in." "How did he strike you?" "He did it so quickly I don't know."  
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

She'd find it: "Doctor, my wife has lost her voice; what can I do about it?" "Go home late some night."—*Collier's Weekly.*

Ill-timed departure: *The one*—"Yes, sir, he died owing nobody." *The other*—"What an unfortunate time to expire."—*Indianapolis Press.*

*Lady*—"Why, you naughty boy. I never heard such language since the day I was born." *Small boy*—"Yes, mum. I s'pose dere was a good deal o' cussin' de day you wuz born."—*Pick Me Up.*

Ideals realized: *Rev. Dr. Joyner*—"And so you two are making life one grand, sweet song?" *Rattles*—"Yes, doctor, a reg'lar opera; with frantic calls for the author when the baby cries."—*Brooklyn Life.*

Accidental poisoning: *First bookworm*—"What is the matter, old fellow; not feeling well?" *Second bookworm*—"I swallowed a mouthful of the New York Choinal by mistake, and it's given me the jaundice."—*Life.*

*Housekeeper*—"I don't believe you ever did a stroke of work in your life." *Tramp*—"I was six years in one place, mum." *Housekeeper*—"Indeed! How did you happen to leave?" *Tramp*—"I was pardoned out, mum!"—*New York Weekly.*

*Democrat*—"Of course Bryan is our choice for President. That's settled; but we're on the look-out yet for some one to run for Vice-President." *Republican*—"Why not Aguinaldo? Think how well trained he must be."—*Philadelphia Press.*

The clergyman's little boy was spending the afternoon with the bishop's children. "At the rectory," he said, "we've got a hen that lays an egg every day." "Pooh!" said Master Bishop, "my father lays a foundation stone once a week."—*London Globe.*

*Bunco-steerer*—"Excuse me, sir, but your face is familiar!" *Farmer Greene*—"Yew probably seen it in the Connecticut Farmer for last July, whar I wuz a-standin' beside my prize Holstein bull in a photygraft! I kinder thought I'd be recognized when I got to New York."—*Puck.*

His majesty's natural history: "A man with a bill!" announced the court chamberlain. The king was visibly startled. "He must be a bird!" exclaimed his majesty, thinking of the rigorous necessities he had taken to prevent creditors approaching the royal person.—*Detroit Journal.*

The wires were crossed: *Hotel man* (who thinks he is calling down his butcher)—"Say, I am shy a heart and a liver, eight ribs, and a shoulder. Now, I want 'em right away." *Railway office* (which has been connected by mistake)—"Sorry, sir, but the wreck has been cleared up."—*Baltimore American.*

*Lady*—"I want to put in this 'ad.' for a servant-girl. It will go in three lines won't it?" *Clerk* (after rapid computation)—"No, madam. It's three lines, and three words over. We'll have to charge you for four lines, but you can put in four more words if you wish." *Lady* (suddenly inspired)—"Ah, just the thing. Say 'police station opposite corner.'"—*Philadelphia Press.*

A paralyzed audience: When the curtain had fallen on the last act, the multitude mobbed the manager of the show. "Where," they hoarsely clamored, "is the one continuous laugh which you advertised?" "Search me!" protested the manager. "Ah, possibly it is on us!" exclaimed the multitude, starting violently, and regarding each other suspiciously, while sickening doubts gnawed at their hearts.—*Detroit Journal.*

A prediction: The hoary old witch approached the superstitious Napoleon. "Great son," she cackled, scratching four points in the dust with her stick, "all is not bright in thy path of destiny; a rival star rises—rises—rises far above that of thy own." "Speak, hag!" growled the great dictator; "how shall this rival sting?" "He will elbow thee from thy place in the magazines of future generations." "And his name, hag?" "Oliver Cromwell."—*Chicago News.*

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any one who was told four years ago that a change of our tariff laws in the interest of protection would be detrimental to internal prosperity, and to any one who was informed at that time a tariff contemplating more than incidental protection would destroy our foreign commerce, the latest obtainable results of the Dingley tariff law and its workings must appear with peculiarly convincing force, providing, of course, the supposititious personage is not, for partisan reasons, unwilling to be convinced. The statistical records for February, which have been published, contain some very pointed action arguments. While there has been a substantial

increase in the volume of imports, showing prosperity at home and plenty of means with which to indulge in foreign luxuries, it is also apparent that the Dingley tariff has been so wisely drawn that the importations are largely of non-competitive articles, and that those articles which are competitive have been so far eliminated from the imports that commodities made at home are used by Americans to a larger extent than ever before. The natural result of such a condition is to bring about a vast increase in our domestic trade, accompanied by general employment of labor, higher wages, and general prosperity. Our domestic manufactures, which we were proud to point out in 1890 as amounting to about \$9,000,000,000, have now, it is estimated, for 1899, increased to \$12,000,000,000.

The beneficial effect of the present tariff is no less prominent when one turns to the figures of foreign commerce. The average exports for the month of February, 1900, amount to \$5,000,000 a day for every business day in the month, or a total for the month of \$119,765,762, which breaks the record of any previous February in our history by more than twenty-five per cent. It is still more gratifying to learn that while exports have thus immensely increased, the excess of exports over imports for February is larger than that of any other February by fifty per cent., except that of February, 1898, which is exceeded by twenty-five per cent. This little table of imports and exports for the month named will be convenient for comparison:

February—	Imports.	Exports.
1893.....	\$72,702,238	\$ 59,931,984
1894.....	48,725,094	65,175,331
1895.....	38,315,981	55,982,734
1896.....	62,478,116	77,701,994
1897.....	59,237,377	79,821,086
1898.....	53,074,649	94,417,453
1899.....	60,258,452	93,837,151
1900.....	68,774,150	119,765,762

It will be seen that the excess of exports amounts to \$50,991,612, notwithstanding the fact that February is always a month of unusually large importations, and the fact that last February exhibits larger importations than any similar month since 1893. This makes of the figures a most remarkable record, which no free-trade argument can undo. Average February exports for the previous ten years have been \$76,000,000 per month, with which one may compare the record of last February, which exceeds the average by more than \$43,000,000. At the same time, the average February imports for ten years previous have been \$61,000,000, and the average excess of exports over imports for the month during the same period is \$15,000,000. The excess of last February is nearly \$51,000,000. The total exports for eight months of the fiscal year, ending with February, amount to \$919,873,086, which is \$75,000,000 greater than for the same period of the previous year. The same ratio will give an increase of \$100,000,000 this year over last, and indicates that our total foreign commerce will exceed the sum of \$2,000,000,000 for the year which will close on June 30th. The following table shows the imports and exports for the first eight months of each fiscal year since 1893:

Eight months ending with February—	Imports.	Exports.
1893.....	\$557,073,919	\$586,873,360
1894.....	420,276,457	638,826,851
1895.....	466,233,616	557,885,668
1896.....	541,194,833	602,666,873
1897.....	422,515,394	734,998,213
1898.....	393,691,179	813,284,860
1899.....	427,203,833	843,433,266
1900.....	555,069,617	919,873,086

As an encouragement of manufacture, the Dingley tariff has proved its exceptional value. Since 1886 our exportation of manufactured goods increased—counting only to June, 1899—more than \$200,000,000 in value. Of that increase about \$92,000,000 belongs to the decade from 1886 to the end of 1896, while the larger sum of more than \$110,000,000 has been added during the three full years in which the Dingley tariff has been operative. The figures are: for 1896, \$228,571,178; for 1897, \$277,285,391; for 1898, \$290,697,354; and for 1899, \$338,667,794. Our total exports, which now amount to \$1,227,000,000 in value, are practically equal to those of the United Kingdom, our greatest competitor. The United States had already gained

the position of being the largest exporter of agricultural products and raw material, and now, with the enormous increase in our manufactured exportations, thanks to the Dingley law, we are nearly at the point of becoming the greatest commercial nation of the world.

It is time to congratulate the Republican party on the unexampled success of its great protective measure. By no other party would the system have been inaugurated; by no other means could we have gained the proud position we occupy. If a campaign issue is demanded, here is one ready to hand and of such vital importance to every voter that it can not be gainsaid or avoided. With such results before their eyes it is impossible that the American people should vote to return to the condition of ruined households, mortgaged farms, closed factories, and idle workmen which prevailed in the early 'nineties, which was the direct effect of the system for which the Democrats were responsible, and which that party would blindly restore if given the authority. This is issue enough for the coming conflict of hallots, and one beside which all others sink into insignificance.

The preliminary work of this year's political campaign is now well under way. The State League of Republican Clubs will hold its biennial convention at Los Angeles on April 27th; the convention to select delegates to the Republican National Convention will be held at Sacramento on May 15th. The Republican State Central Committee met in this city on Saturday last, and adopted the call for the State convention. Sacramento and Santa Cruz were the only two contestants for the honor, and the prize went to the former city. The call as originally prepared by the executive committee provided for one delegate for each three hundred votes cast for Governor Gage, one for each fraction of one hundred and fifty or more, and one for each assembly district. It was pointed out that some assembly districts are composed of two counties, and, in such cases, one county would be excluded under the call. To meet this difficulty it was provided that in such cases each county or fraction of a county composing the assembly district should have one delegate. This provides for a convention of five hundred and eighty-seven delegates. An effort was made to direct that primary elections should be held in this city, but the final decision was in favor of leaving the method of selecting delegates to the local organizations. One of the members of the committee had a plan for selecting and organizing county and State committees. He proposed that a State Central Committee-man should be elected by the voters at the primaries in each county, the committee men so selected to organize by electing a chairman, and the latter, with the consent of the committee, to select the executive committee. In the same manner he proposed that the county committees should be chosen by the voters at the primaries in each assembly district. This would bring the control of the party and the management of the campaign nearer to the people, but the whole subject was referred to the State convention as coming more properly within its province.

The convention of the State League of Republican Clubs is almost of equal importance with the regular party convention. The purpose of the latter is to provide for the official management of the campaign, and to select candidates for office; the purpose of the former is to insure their election. It organizes the voters of the party throughout the State into clubs, each club being at all times in close touch with the central body. The organization insures harmony of action throughout the whole body of the voters, and also provides for bringing to the polls those lukewarm or negligent Republicans who otherwise would not vote. This work is more than important—it is essential to success. Again, the organization is representative of the party, and not of any clique or faction of the party. It is generally conceded that California is normally a Republican State. In the coming election there is more reason than ever why its vote should appear in the Republican column. The people on the farms and in the cities have tasted the pleas-



ures of prosperity under the Republican administration during the last three years. The development of Pacific Coast commerce, until it promises in the future to rival that of the Atlantic, has been under Republican auspices. That this development shall continue and fulfill its promise depends upon Republican success this year. The clubs throughout the State have been showing commendable energy in selecting delegates to the convention and furthering its purposes; it should be the aim of every Republican voter to second the efforts of the clubs.

Local interest in the Philippine commission that is about to sail to Manila for the purpose of establishing civil government in the islands naturally centres around Professor Bernard Moses, of the California University, more than about any other individual commissioner. His appointment was a recognition of the deep interest that California and all of the Pacific Coast have in the development of these Pacific possessions. Since his appointment, Professor Moses has naturally refused to give any expression of his views on the subject; as an official whose duty it will be to assist in formulating plans for the new government, it would clearly be improper for him to do so. The public need not be at a loss to know what his general ideas on the subject are, however, for he published them in the *University Chronicle* a few months ago.

On the general question of the acquisition of the islands, Professor Moses is an expansionist. He bases his support of the policy on moral rather than commercial grounds. He believes it to be a duty of the more advanced nations to uplift those that are less advanced, and in response to the usual objection—who is to decide which are the more advanced?—he presents achieved results as the test. "When a nation rises by military or political achievements to greater political importance among nations of the world, members of foreign nations instinctively ascribe to its learning, literature, and general culture a new and increased importance." While it may be true that we have little to learn from the Orient, the Orient has much to learn from us. Charity, a proper recognition of human worth, regard for woman, a determination to let justice rule, political liberty—these are among the achievements of our civilization that might be engrafted upon the Oriental civilization, and in this uplifting of the Filipinos he finds the justification of our intrusion upon their life. The fact that wherever any branch of the English people has established itself hitherto, a higher and progressive form of civilization has been instituted, gives ground for the hope that the Philippine Islands will ultimately derive benefit from being brought under the sovereignty of the United States.

As to the details of the form of government, Professor Moses naturally has nothing to say. He expresses his views on the broader principles, however, and these will be startling to many. One of the important items of advantage to the Filipinos, he holds, will consist in the fact that ultimately, if they justify the most hopeful thoughts concerning them, they shall have a part in a great federal government, with such limitations of suffrage as may be found expedient. Under the sovereignty of the United States the way is open for them to become self-governing communities, and, if their development shall justify it, to become, through representatives, participants in the larger affairs of the national government. This is certainly a more hopeful view than many hold; but, with the expressed limitations, it would be a desirable outcome of existing conditions.

Though not limited to the Philippine problem, his views upon expansion are interesting. According to him, in view of the present tendency to enlarge the dominion of certain modern states, the principle of federal organization seems to be the most effective and the most fruitful political principle of the present age. It enables the weak to share in the advantages of power. It stimulates the less advanced of the communities thus linked together to aspire to the standard of the higher. It provides a way by which the dependency may rise to independence without revolution. In order to bring our influence to bear upon Hawaii and the Philippines it is not necessary that we should follow England as an ultimate model; on the contrary, if we make wise use of our means and our opportunities, England may find it advisable before long, in impressing upon her varied possessions the ideas of unity and nationality, to adopt the principle of federation, and follow the lead of the federal republic of the United States.

England's war with the Boers brought the quick and ready assistance of her colonies. Predictions that the opportunity would be seized for assertions of independence, and possibly for active movements to this end, have all come to naught. Instead of being disrupted, Great Britain has been drawn into closer relations with the distant peoples who with eager

loyalty look upon her as the mother country. This much, friend and foe of England alike must concede.

One peculiar phase of the matter is the changed attitude of the English and the Irish, and the promise that the Irish question shall be swept on a wave of good-fellowship clear out of politics. Since the Dublins, the Inniskillings, the Connaught Rangers, and other Hibernian regiments have fought so valiantly across the veldt and up the kopjes of South Africa, their blood mingling with the blood of England's best, and the dead heroes finding a common grave, the shamrock is no longer the emblem of dissension. Now it is cheered by any subject of the queen. Victoria herself has visited Ireland, and been received with every evidence of respect and affection, the few who have sought to make evil capital of the occasion merely bringing themselves into contempt. Ireland has acquired a new status; the wearing of the green will not again be rated as an offense.

But as to Australia and Canada, the offers of help were accepted not without hesitancy. There was a lurking fear of demand for a *quid pro quo*, purely commercial in character it is true, but likely to prove embarrassing. Had there been more troops available, it is probable that the offers would have been declined with gracious thanks. While the offers may have been actuated by chivalric generosity, their acceptance creates an obligation. If, later, the colonies should suggest a preference for their own products in the English markets, they might resent a refusal; nor cheerfully acquiesce in the maintenance of absolute free trade. The *London Times*, adverting to this subject, expresses the belief that no such suggestion will be made, but the very mention of it shows a feeling of disquiet. The cabinet does not take so hopeful a view, but some of its members think that making the preference mutual will offset any disadvantage to England that might arise. England would profit very little directly by such an arrangement, and indirectly would suffer much. So far as the arrangement militated against any other nation, the United States would be the loser. This would injure England, inasmuch as the United States is now a good customer, but deprived of the power to sell would, in equal measure, be deprived of the power to buy.

Canada and Australia do not seem to occupy similar points of view. In the former there is an inclination to seek parliamentary representation, and in the latter nothing of the kind obtains; the sentiment being, indeed, quite the opposite. The Australians seem to realize that with such representation they would be out-voted, and, in the face of a hostile majority, helpless. In time of war they would have no option as to the furnishing of troops, but could be ordered to supply their quota. Compliance with this order would be compulsory, and constitute no means wherewith to make a demonstration of loyalty. Now the Australians, purely volunteers in the service of her majesty, have a right to consider that they have bestowed a favor, that they might have withheld this, and that their response raises them to a dignity that, formulating a request for some reciprocal favor, could not be disregarded.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, of Canada, whom the *London Mail* characterizes as "one of the master speakers of the empire," addressing himself to the English nation, recently said: "If you want us to help you, call us into your councils," and the *Mail* hopes that some day as a representative of Canada Sir Wilfrid shall be seen in a "truly imperial parliament sitting at Westminster."

All these facts show that the future of the colonies, as the war has a bearing in shaping them, belongs as yet wholly to the realm of surmise. There may be no change, and there may be changes most radical and of broad import.

Probably there is no direction in which the people of this country view with greater complacency the expenditure of public money than they do that which goes to the building up of the navy. The necessity for maintaining a navy having some decent proportion to the sea power of other nations has been demonstrated by the trial of war; and, before this, had been widely recognized.

The naval appropriation of the present session of Congress will be \$18,000,000 larger than any that has preceded it, but the great sum to be made available will not all be for actual additions to the number of ships now afloat. About \$2,000,000 will be required for structures at the naval academy, dry docks will absorb another sum of magnitude, \$12,000,000 must be applied to completion of vessels now in the hands of builders, and in the end there will be left for absolutely new ships \$22,620,000, meaning a substantial increase in the strength of this arm of the service.

There have been authorized two 14,000-ton battle-ships, each to cost, exclusive of armor and armament, \$3,600,000. These, with the first-class battle-ships now under construction or in commission, will give the navy seventeen such ships. The new ones will be 500 tons heavier than those for which contracts were let last year. The relative size is

shown by the fact that the tonnage of the *Iowa* is 11,340 and that of the *Indiana* 10,288, the latter being in this respect identical with the *Massachusetts* and *Oregon*.

Much importance is being laid upon the armored cruiser, a swift, stanch type of craft, fit for fighting or for speed. The three specified in the current measure are to have a capacity of 22 knots, tonnage of 8,000, and each will cost \$4,000,000, or \$400,000 more than a battleship. There are to be three unarmored cruisers, with the comparatively light tonnage of 6,000, the cost being set at \$1,114,000. The usefulness of both kinds of cruisers has been demonstrated, for, during the trouble with Spain, the *Harvard*, *Yale*, and *St. Paul* did excellent work as scouts, while their lightness rendered flight an easy matter, and placed the heavier pursuer at a disadvantage. The new armored cruisers will be of more tonnage, and much faster than the *Brooklyn* or *New York*, the only vessels of this general character in the navy, the lack representing a notable deficiency. With the armored cruisers now in the stocks or specified in the current measure, the navy will have eight instead of two of these effective fighting machines, and be more nearly on a plane with the navies of the world.

While the board of supervisors has shown an inclination to make the purchase or construction of a municipal water-system the first step in the establishment of city ownership of public utilities, it has been actively investigating other questions along the same line. On Monday last the public utilities committee presented its report on the construction of a municipal electric lighting plant. The total cost of the permanent work is placed at \$242,000, and the annual cost of lighting public buildings and streets at \$193,136. The cost of public lighting at present is \$323,000, leaving a profit each year of \$129,864. The committee expresses its belief that it would be wise to install this plant immediately. "While bond issues for millions are urged for other public utilities that will take years in acquiring," they say, "this great improvement, appealing to every citizen every night of the year, can be established during the coming year."

As a business proposition the plan proposed by the committee is a good one. The money could be raised as a part of the annual tax levy without inconvenience, but whether raised in this manner or by the issue of bonds it is fair to charge interest against the system at the rate of three per cent., at which rate bonds could be floated. On this basis the annual charge would be only \$7,260. It is usual to allow five per cent. annually for repairs and deterioration of plant, and this would add \$12,100 to the expense of the system. Setting these two amounts off against the profit of \$129,864, figured on the cost of operating, there would remain \$110,500 to be applied to a sinking fund. At this rate the plant would very soon pay for itself, and the figures indicate that the city is now paying far too much for its electric lighting.

Before any positive steps are taken in the matter, however, it would be well to consider it from a broader point of view. In order to light the streets it will be necessary to string wires in all parts of the city and to construct conduit or erect poles. Were this system used for commercial purposes, the expense would be very slightly increased. A larger outlay for the establishment of a central plant would be required; but, if there is so large a profit in the city furnishing its own electricity, there should be a proportionate profit in furnishing it for private use. This profit might be turned into the treasury, thereby reducing taxation, or, preferably, it might be offset by a reduction of rates to consumers. Another consideration is as to the advisability of furnishing electricity for power as well as for lighting. The size and expense of the plant is determined by the largest amount of electricity required to be furnished at any one time. For lighting purposes this period of maximum use would be for three hours each day, or from seven to ten o'clock in the evening. During the remainder of the time a part of the plant would be lying idle; during fourteen hours all of it would be idle and earning nothing. The demand for power would be during these fourteen hours, and thus the maximum utility would be secured. The factors should be taken into consideration.

There is need in the United States for money for the development of resources for the employment of labor, and while the country is prosperous, expanding from its own vitality the aid of foreign capital is never to be despised. The advantage of enlisting funds from abroad is two-fold, for industries get the direct benefit of increased expenditure and the foreign capitalist feels a friendly interest in the welfare of the place where his investments have been made.

M. Leroy Beaulieu was not writing idly when in 1895 recorded this prophecy: "So soon as the capitalists, small and great, of Europe, shall know that the United States have definitely adopted the gold standard, and relegated silver

WHAT ENGLAND  
MAY EXPECT OF  
HER COLONIES.

EUROPEAN CAPITAL  
ACCEPTS THE  
INVITATION.



subordinate rôle, the savings of Western Europe will flow toward that country."

A similar view was held by enough people in the United States to cause the adoption of the gold standard. The respect that this would be done had immediate effect. The expressions of sentiment in favor of a gold standard were accepted by Europe as an invitation to capital, while the crystallization of this sentiment into statutory enactment must of necessity heighten and fix the confidence of foreign investors. The result so far has been all that the proponents of the gold standard had hoped. With the silver question out of the way, a scarecrow has vanished from the field of commerce from which its flapping vacuity had been wont to frighten the timorous dollar.

On one recent day foreign purchases of stocks at New York reached seventy thousand shares, and for the week including this day amounted to several hundred thousand, and its movement, destined to be of vast importance, has just begun. As money grows easier in London, where there is so much of it available, it naturally seeks the country offering big and certain interest, and in these respects there is no other country to be compared with America. Growth here has been rapid but healthy. The inherent wealth, needing only the touch of energy, is stupendous. Climatic conditions are all favorable. There is no dread of famine nor devastating flood. The country is so large that there is hardly limit to be placed upon its productive capacity in any of countless different manifestations. These facts render investment in American securities safe and remunerative; the securities rest on a sound base.

The railroad mileage of the United States is two hundred thousand, and all the well-managed lines are prosperous, many of them paying dividends with the certainty of a government bond. Yet, within a few years, with the natural increase of population, manufacture, and cultivation, there will be business for double the present mileage. The construction of railroads offers an opportunity to capitalists. Mines also afford a chance fraught with even greater possibilities. What the mineral lands of the West may bring forth, no man can conjecture, but that they have been but in small part exploited, is unquestioned. While silver was being purchased by the government, Colorado, for instance, had no one to dig gold, but was busy with the white metal. Gold, as saved incidentally, as it happened to be in combination. Now Colorado has gone to the head of the list as a gold-producing State, and this year will exceed its own best record heretofore.

The demand for manufactures daily becomes more marked, particularly in the West, which, in view of the opening Orient, has a scope never before available. Raw material grown on the Pacific Coast is now shipped East, turning as the finished article. There appears no reason why this should be permitted to continue. The lack of capital may readily be overcome, for as confidence begets confidence, local enterprise will call to its assistance "the wings of Western Europe," of which M. Beaulieu wrote in 1895. That Republican legislation is responsible for the marked betterment no thoughtful person will attempt to deny. It has been directed to rehabilitating the United States in the respect of the financial world, and has succeeded. It has brought prosperity, and can afford to ask a foreign capitalist to promote and share.

Now that a law establishing in this country a financial system based on a gold standard has been placed upon the statute-books, it is of considerable moment that sufficient time should elapse to give the system a fair demonstration before it could be overthrown by any party devoted to the theories of free silver or bimetalism. The election of Bryan as President would not be as important in that respect as would change in the complexion of Congress. The majority of Republicans in the House is only about fourteen over all position, while in the Senate there is a clear majority of Democrats. It will therefore be easier to maintain control in the latter body, and it may be considered the stronghold of the party.

There are now in the Senate fifty-four Republicans, including Stewart and Jones of Nevada, twenty-seven Democrats, five Populists, and two Independents. Thirty Senatorial terms will expire in March, 1901, and among them are seventeen Republicans. They are Wolcott of Colorado, Joseph of Idaho, Cullom of Illinois, Gear of Iowa, Baker of Kansas, Frye of Maine, Hoar of Massachusetts, McMillan of Michigan, Nelson of Minnesota, Carter of Montana, Thurston of Nebraska, Chandler of New Hampshire, Sewall of New Jersey, McBridge of Oregon, Wetmore of Rhode Island, Elkins of West Virginia, and Warren of Wyoming. Even Democrats will go out at the same time. They are Morgan of Alabama, Berry of Arkansas, Kenney of Delaware, Bacon of Georgia, Lindsay of Kentucky, Caffrey of Louisiana, Tillman of South Carolina, Turley of Tennessee,

Chilton of Texas, Martin of Virginia, and Sullivan of Mississippi.

In a full Senate of ninety members, the majority being forty-six, the Republican control can not be overthrown in the next Congress unless the opposition secures that number of seats. The senators who will replace those named will be chosen by legislatures to be elected this year. It will be noticed that the Democratic terms expiring are all those of Southern States with the exception of Delaware. There is consequently little hope of making Republican gains. If the Democrats obtain a bare majority they will have to capture twelve Republican seats. Looking over the list of States where Republican vacancies occur, it would seem that their only chance of success would be in case of a veritable political revolution, and the signs are not right for one this year. To say nothing of the general conditions of the other States of the group it is only necessary to observe that the cataclysm would need to be severe enough to sweep the six States of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Iowa, and West Virginia from their Republican moorings. As that is beyond all probability, and the next batch of thirty terms will not expire until 1903, there is a practical certainty that the gold standard will remain where it is for at least five or six years.

From time to time reports of the wonderful performances of Mrs. Piper, the spiritualistic or trance medium, have found their way into the columns of the press, and so unusual have they been that some of her followers have even suggested that, through her agency, the time is not far distant when actual knowledge of the world inhabited by disembodied spirits may be gained by those in this world of material existence. Spiritualism has been discredited by the number of charlatans who have secured the money of the gullible in its name, but Mrs. Piper's performances have been such as to lead the Society of Psychical Research to make a close study of them. This study has been continued for eleven years, principally under the direction of Professors James, of Harvard, and Hyslop, of Columbia. In a recent number of an Eastern publication the latter presents his reasons for believing that there is no connection between these performances and telepathy, or thought transference between the sitter and the medium.

The communications are all received in the light of day, and under the most perfect conditions to prevent fraud that science can suggest. Mrs. Piper is wholly unconscious—this has been proved by the most thorough medical tests. The incidents, or communications, are written by the medium's hand in full sight and upon pads furnished by the experimenter. The questions are directed not to Mrs. Piper's hearing but to her hand, held near the speaker's mouth. It is usual for those who refuse to accept the spiritistic theory as to the origin of the communications, which are usually the relation of incidents in the lives of deceased relatives or friends, to attribute them to mind reading on the part of the medium. When the incidents are not actually present in the mind of the sitter, these unbelievers refer the phenomena to memory reading. It is to these objections that Professor Hyslop addresses himself. As eliminating the possibility of telepathy, he cites two classes of experiences. In one class he remained in New York while a friend conducted the experiments for him in Boston. One illustration will suffice to show the result. He sent an inquiry regarding the relations of his father, then dead, and a former neighbor, with a view to learning the cause of their alienation. The answers referred to philosophical discussions, in which this neighbor had not indulged, and, at a later sitting, to a school conducted by him in the West. To Dr. Hyslop these answers seemed wholly irrelevant and confused. Later, however, he learned that his father had another friend of the same name as the neighbor, with whom he frequently corresponded on theological subjects, and who conducted a school in Kansas. All the answers corresponded with his father's relations with the second friend. This incident also illustrates the second class of cases—those communications regarding which Dr. Hyslop was entirely ignorant at the time, but which proved to be absolutely correct upon investigation. In all he received twenty-five or thirty communications, representing facts of which he had never had any previous knowledge. As he says, it is impossible to attribute such phenomena to either thought reading or memory reading.

There is one characteristic in the instances cited by Dr. Hyslop that is usually found in all spiritistic communications—their utter triviality. He realizes this objection, but answers it by saying that personal identity can be established in no other way. Experiments conducted by him showed that intelligent men when left to their own devices spontaneously chose trivial incidents to establish their identity. Grant this, and yet it answers only one-half of the objection. After the identity has been established, might they not in-

dulge in some more serious conversations? Intelligent men do not pass their whole lives in establishing their identity. In its last analysis, the prejudice—not mental reservation—against spiritualism most strongly fixed in the minds of a majority of unbelievers is a reluctance to believe that this life is merely a preparation for a state of innecility. Professor Hyslop and his associates are undoubtedly doing a good work in attempting to penetrate the mystery that surrounds these phenomena, but they would gain more converts by insisting that their disembodied friends should sometimes lapse into intellectual conversation.

The papers throughout the United States seem to be unanimous in agreeing that Admiral Dewey's announcement that he is a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination has not greatly complicated the political situation. The following extracts from representative journals of both the Democratic and Republican parties will prove interesting.

The New York Times (Democratic), considers his announcement as a remedy and correction of what promises to be "an uninteresting and predetermined Presidential campaign":

"We must remember that almost without exception the gentlemen of both parties who have ridiculed the candidacy of Admiral Dewey have motives of the strongest nature for wishing him in Jericho rather than in the Presidential field. Mark Hanna and those who share with him the responsibilities of Republican management would never forgive the Democrats if they nominated anybody but Bryan. They can not rid themselves of the belief that it is a piece of confounded impudence for an admiral or for anybody to disturb at this moment arrangements with which they were perfectly satisfied. As for the Bryanites, they feel as King John did when the message came that Richard of the Lion Heart was out of jail and preparing to make a frightful lot of trouble for him. What can they say except that the whole thing is preposterous? And meanwhile the wisest of them quake inwardly."

The New York Tribune (Republican) agrees with the Times in this respect, saying:

"Admiral Dewey has the right to aspire to be President. There is nothing in the law which disbars him because of that 'stroke of good business in Manila Bay.' If he does no more than stir up what promised to be the most lamentably inopportune 'cut-and-dried' campaign in our history he deserves the profound gratitude of his country. And something more may come of it—who knows?"

The Springfield Republican (Independent) thinks the first response to Dewey's candidacy would go to show this:

"The admiral is too late, and he doesn't represent anything in particular. It is too strenuous a year for the success of such a venture as that. Such is the cold, hard truth regarding this new candidacy, as time is likely to further prove it. The newspapers already sense this, and the people as well. There is lots of dissatisfaction with the existing convention outlook on both sides, but the demand is for positive and masterful leadership. Nothing else will fill the bill. There are principles to be defended and mistakes to be corrected."

The Philadelphia Record (Independent Democratic) remarks:

"McKinley and Bryan appear to have mortgages on the nominations of their respective parties. The chance for a third candidate at this stage of the game is one in a thousand. There might be a groundswell to overturn the plans of the politicians, as in the case of Zachary Taylor—or, to come later down, as in the case of Grover Cleveland—but it is not probable even with the popularity of Dewey as the inciting cause."

The Chicago Tribune (Republican) says the substitution of Dewey for Bryan would give the Republican party all it wanted to do to win a victory:

"The former would make a poor President if elected. He would, no doubt, 'execute the laws of Congress.' He would also execute the will of a few men, and they objectionable men, who would have his confidence. He had had no civil training when he said frankly last year he was not fit to be President. He has had no civil training since then. He is vain but not wiser. As has been said, his nomination would be an abandonment of the Democratic doctrines of 1896. Nevertheless, he would be a serious opponent."

The Cleveland Plain Dealer (Democratic) believes the nomination of George Dewey at Kansas City might offer a solution of the present perplexities of the Democratic party:

"A sponge could then be drawn across the slate and the record of past differences wiped out. Whether the platform were merely half a dozen lines from the Declaration of Independence and a few words from the constitution, or a recapitulation of all the planks of the Chicago platform of 1896, with a score of brand-new resolutions added, would be of little consequence. 'George Dewey, of Manila Bay,' would practically be both candidate and platform, as 'U. S. Grant, of Appomattox,' was in 1863."

Says the Nebraska State Journal (Republican):

"There is a woman at the bottom of the Dewey candidacy for the Presidency, of course, but in case it develops that some Eastern and Southern Democrats are also involved, the air of the entire country will be surcharged with new political electricity. It does not seem possible for even Admiral Dewey to prevent the nomination of Colonel Bryan, but he can and doubtless will give the colonel's friends the scare of their lives."

The New Orleans Times-Democrat (Independent Democratic), which claimed that the administration was afraid of Dewey, remarks:

"The Gold Democrats of the East have left no stone unturned in their resolve to depose Mr. Bryan from his unquestioned leadership of the opposition. The popularity and power of the Nebraskan have loomed larger and larger, with the lapse of time. The henchmen of Wall Street have sent up one *ballon d'essai* after another, to no purpose; and they now seek to captivate the popular fancy, in order that the control of the classes over the masses may be buttressed, for all time to come. The scheme is as old as the world. Time and again has freedom met its death, from the sword of the military hero. George Dewey covered the American arms with glory on the memorable May Day, and he should be content to rest on his laurels."



## AN AVENGING RESCUE.

The Story of a Fateful Stampede in a Mexican Valley.

In those good old days when the Apache was yet lord of the Mexican Sierra Madre, I was commissary clerk in a grading outfit that was engaged in building a railroad in the State of Chihuahua. While this position was one that gave me constant opportunity for the study of mulishness, there having been three hundred mules in the outfit, it was not one calculated to make me familiar with feminine nature, a grader's camp being no place for a woman; nevertheless, it was while so employed that my personal observation brought me to the conclusion that there is no creature more whimsical than a woman, unless it be a mule.

Chihuahua was a wild bit of country in those days, an uninhabited desert of bare mountains and hills, and waterless valleys and plains for the greater part; as for that matter, it is still so, but the Apaches are not there now, and Apaches are—well, there is nothing with which to compare an Apache—unless to the devil, of whose characteristics I have only a bearsay knowledge.

The mules of the outfit were plain, every-day mules, sometimes sensible and tractable, at other times foolish and stubborn, but energetic kickers always. Their leader was not one of their own number, as one would naturally expect, but an old gray mare with a vicious temper—who hated them with all her heart, and who was continually fighting them, ever keeping them well beyond the reach of her heels and teeth—and her they revered, if mules can be said to reverence anything, never offering to return her kicks and bites, and they would have followed her into the very jaws of death. And because of this leadership the old gray was assigned as mount to the man who took the herd out every night to pasture, for with her under the control of an experienced man there was but little danger of the mules being stampeded and run off by the Apaches.

With a few exceptions, the men of the outfit were in keeping with their surroundings. Wild, rough fellows, whose only law was the dictate of the six-shooter held persuasively at "the drop," and the few orders issued by the "boss" of the outfit. Of these, none was wilder or rougher than one who was named Bill Smith. Physically he was a giant, and he was an ideal laborer, but morally he was a weakling, and his great strength, in connection with extraordinary quickness in drawing his gun, giving him unlimited confidence in himself, at the same time inspiring his comrades with fear of him, he became the bully of the camp, though he was not the coward that most bullies are. Among the few who were not of Bill's class was a young Mexican, whose name appeared on the books as Luis Montez, but who was known to the men as "Kid Cook," this nickname having come of his position as cook's assistant, and his smooth, beardless face. He was a quiet fellow of about nineteen years, given to blushing when roughly spoken to, and was as shy and timid as a girl; naturally he associated very little with the other men, and, disliking him because of this, they bullied him continually.

Part of Kid's duty was to help serve at table, and one day, while filling Bill's cup with coffee, some one struck his arm, and some of the hot fluid fell on the bully's hand. With a bellow of rage, Bill sprang to his feet, and, with a sweeping blow, sent Kid staggering down into a corner of the tent, where he stood over him with drawn revolver, threatening to kill him in a dozen different ways if he should so much as bat his eye. Nobody offered to intervene, for all knew that, if left alone, Bill would do the boy no further harm, but if interfered with might shoot him in a spirit of savage willfulness, and that, as he used his gun promiscuously when once started, somebody else would get hurt. Kid wisely made no protest, but lay still and quiet, covering his flaming face with his hands, and, after a while, Bill put up his gun and went back to the table.

Anybody but a bully would have let that end the incident, but Bill seemed unable to forget his scalded hand, and never tired of badgering the timid cook. Kid avoided him as much as possible, but could not escape him at meal-times, when would pour from him a perfect torrent of abuse. Watching Kid at these times I would see that his eyes, usually soft and shy, would fairly blaze with venomous hatred, and knowing something of Mexican nature, and how handy they are with a knife, I came to the conclusion that if I were in Bill's place, I would do one of two things: apologize to Kid and let him alone, or—kill him. I thought of speaking to Bill about it, but meddling in another man's row was unhealthy business in those days, so I ended by keeping silent.

Kid did not disappoint me. One night, as I sat reading in my tent, there came from the outside a sharp exclamation that was followed immediately by the sounds of a struggle, then a piercing scream, and I heard, unmistakably in Bill's voice, "Yer mis'able, sneakin' little kyote! Put er knife in me in th' dark, would yer? Wall, I reckon not! An' now I'll jist give you er taste of it, my little snake-in-th'-grass."

Grabbing up my gun, knowing that nothing short of that would have any weight with Bill, I hurriedly threw open my tent, and the bright light of my lamp flashing out, I saw Kid flat on his back with Bill kneeling on his chest, one hand gripping the boy's throat, and the other, grasping a knife, upraised to strike. In Kid's face there was a look of horror that I will remember as long as I live. The sudden flood of light caused Bill to pause, and then his arm sank slowly to his side, the knife slipping from his hand. "Wall, I'll jist be all over d—d!" he ejaculated, and letting go of Kid's throat he stood up. I could see nothing to justify such a change in his attitude, and I was amazed to see him now reach down and take Kid's hand.

"Git up," he said, gruffly; "I ain't er goin' ter hurt yer—never would a teched yer ef I'd knowed what I know now, an' I'm sorry I done it." He helped Kid to his feet and went on: "Now go back to yer tent; I ain't a-goin' ter

blow on yer, an' I won't bullyrag yer no more—sabe? I'll keep the knife, though, so's yer won't git inter no more mischief with it."

Kid made no answer, and I could not see his face, but I did see his hands suddenly clench as he went away into the darkness. Having watched him out of sight, Bill walked off without even a glance in my direction. I was greatly puzzled by what had occurred, and my curiosity being roused, I determined to find Bill the next morning and get him to tell me what it was that had caused his sudden change toward Kid; but that day was Sunday, and he left camp at daybreak on an antelope hunt, so I did not see him. Turning the affair over in my mind that morning, I came to the conclusion that Bill's heart was too large for his judgment, and that Kid would yet avenge himself; and I was not wrong, though he did it in a way that I could not have expected.

Our camp was pitched on a low hill that rose island-like in the midst of a grassy valley. On the west this valley was bounded by a range of rugged mountains that came down to within a mile of camp, and on the east by a chain of high hills; to the north and south, where the railroad came in and went out, the grassy level stretched away farther than the eye could reach. To economize in feed it was the custom to pasture the mules in this valley whenever they were not at work, on Sundays and at night, and they went out as usual on the day following Kid's attempt to knife Bill, though not under charge of the night herder, he and the old gray mare having to remain in camp to rest and sleep. When the gong sounded for supper, about an hour before sunset, the herd was in plain view from camp, and not over half a mile away, so the herder galloped in to his supper, leaving them unguarded until the night herder should go out and take them.

As we were in the Apache country, it was a very foolish thing for him to do. He had scarcely unsaddled his horse and gone into the grub-tent, when shrill yells and whoops, mingled with the thunder of pounding hoofs coming from the valley brought every man running out. Watching their opportunity from their lurking-place in the mountains, a band of half-naked Apaches had slipped into the herd, and running about among the mules, lashing and striking, were trying to stampede them. They would have succeeded, mules being mortally afraid of Indians, but that the night herder, preparing to go on duty, had brought the old gray mare to the grub-tent to wait while he ate his supper, where she stood in plain sight from the valley. The mules were running away southward when the leading ones spied her, and, making a wide detour to avoid the Apaches who were following as fast as their legs could carry them, the entire herd came galloping in.

Yelling with rage and disappointment, the Apaches turned to go back to the mountains, when a white man rode out from the rocks before them and started across the valley toward camp. By his horse, which we recognized, we knew him to be Bill Smith. The Apaches opened fire the moment they saw him, and, changing his course so as to avoid them, he as promptly spurred his horse into a gallop, and we thought he had got safely out of range, when the animal suddenly went down, falling on Bill, stunning, and pinning him to the ground. Instantly a yell of exultation went up from the Apaches, and they dashed toward him, racing with one another for his scalp. While the men occasionally killed one of their number themselves, it was quite another thing to see one butchered by the Apaches, and they groaned with horror, for they could do nothing but stand idly looking on.

Kid had run out of the tent with the others, and was standing near me when Bill went down. In the excitement of that moment I lost sight of him, and, when I saw him again, he had leaped astride the old gray mare, and, digging his heels in her flanks, started at a furious gallop toward the Apaches. At this another groan went up, for it seemed that the boy was only riding to his death. A moment later we saw three hundred pairs of long ears cocked toward the old gray, three hundred shaved tails flew upward, and the ground quivered beneath the pounding of twelve hundred hoofs as the mules dashed away after their leader. Soon they overtook her, and, ranging themselves behind and at her sides, bore down in solid phalanx upon the Apaches, racing along as though for their lives.

Oh, what a howl of delight went up from the men when they saw through Kid's design! The Apaches heard it, and, looking behind them, saw their peril. As one man they halted and fired into the mules, then scattered on the run, the greater number making for the mountains, the others still holding their course toward Bill—his scalp was too great a prize to be lightly given up. Stretched out flat on the old gray's back, Kid rode straight for these, and presently they dropped their rifles and ran for their lives, but it was too late. One after another they disappeared in a mass of switching tails and flashing heels, to go down under the herd, trampled and crushed into a bloody pulp of flesh and bone. When the last of them had fallen, Kid reined in, and, getting off his horse, started, staggering, toward Bill, but before going far he fell limply to the ground.

We saw this while running across the valley, for the moment we understood what Kid was doing every man in camp had started at the top of his speed for Bill. Those of us that went to where Kid lay, found him insensible and bleeding profusely from a ragged tear where an Apache bullet had ploughed through his shoulder. Quickly I took him in my arms, and tearing open his shirt to better see the wound, I made a startling discovery—Kid was a woman.

Bill soon recovered sufficiently to ride the old gray back to camp, but we had to carry Kid, and never was babe held with tenderer care by a mother. When she regained consciousness she sent away all but the "boss" and me, and told us all about herself. Her right name was Luisa Montez. She was born and reared on a ranch back in the mountains, where the Apaches had killed her parents. Without friends or relatives, compelled to earn her own living in a land where women are not supposed to do anything of the kind,

she wandered up to Paso del Norte, and was almost starved when it occurred to her to pass herself as a man, and she was given a job in our outfit.

When we left her, Bill went in and had a long talk. What passed between them we never knew, but he immediately took charge of her, and, as carefully as a woman could have done, nursed her until she was sound and well again; and the next thing anybody knew she took him, unresisting, back to civilization and married him.

Ten years afterwards I ran across Bill in Santa Fé and he was a changed man. His overbearing manner was gone, leaving in its place the very spirit of meekness, and he was prosperous, owning a small grading outfit of his own. Kid and the children were well and bappy, he told me.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1900. BOURDON WILSON.

## FROM AFRICA.

What's the word from Africa? Krüger strikes at last. Now he's where we wanted him for ten years past. Watch us while we do him up. Progress rules to-day. Boers, get a move on you! Don't block the way!

Rude men, gross men, men averse to soap. Bigots and ignorant; far too dull to cope Equally with Englishmen trained to modern skill. Now's our chance to show them how—aye, and so we will!

What's the news from Africa? Kimberley's shut in. And Mafeking and Ladysmith. Still we're sure to win! But dining at Pretoria this coming Christmas Day Is not so likely as it seemed, with Joubert in the way.

Rude men, gross men, obstinate as mules; Fighters with a most uncivil disregard of rules; Churlish farmers, ready though, when summons comes, to die To prove their right to dwell in dirt, each freeman in his sty.

What's the news from Africa? Things are getting hot. Methuen's crazy! Wauchope's killed! Gatacre's gone to pot! They've captured regiments of hussars. At every rifle crack A smokeless message speeds to drape a British home in black.

Help! help! help! there, and send it mighty quick! Sort your generals, you at home, and let us have the pick! Rush in more of everything! God help us if we lose! We're up against as grim a crowd as ever stood in shoes.

Up rose Britain's might at that. Up rose Britain's hair. Where are Bobs and Kitchener? Quick! They're wanted there! Off, you ornamental chaps! Now show what you're for! Sixty thousand not enough? Send twice as many more!

Rude men, gross men! Heavens! how they shoot! Gentle with our wounded, too; not so wholly brute As not to be the masters of the game of war they play. And play it in a singularly self-respectful way!

What's the news from Africa? All the world inquires. Canada—her sons are there—stands listening at the wires. Lo Australia anxious, too! And India just as much, While British drums beat round the world defiance to the Dutch.

Defiance to the laggard Dutch, too far behind the time To understand the ever-modern estimate of crime, Which deems it sin in Heaven's sight and folly before man To question right of Might to grab whosoever land it can.

What's the news from Africa? The tide begins to turn. Brains at last make crushing numbers harvest what they earn. Rhodes is out of Kimberley; Ladysmith's relieved. So is London. Roberts did it. Chamberlain's reprieved.

Cronje's at St. Helena; Krüger's in the field—Tough old boy—and still the cry is "Boers never yield! Yield they must, though; odds too great; yield and pay the bill."

So many pounds for so much blood that England had to spill!

Boers? How about them now? Dirty? Rude? Uncouth? More like models, nowadays, for hopeful British youth. Teachers of their pedagogues. Training men to try To prod the erring gently lest he smite them on the eye.

Softly with them, Britons now! Softly as may be! You know them better than you did; you do, and so do we. Men who fight as Boers fight—surely they are worth Freedom, and a title clear to some poor roods of earth. —Edward S. Martin in Collier's Weekly.

Once upon a time fasting in Lent was general, and sewing for charity and playing cards for fun would not have been considered sufficiently pious observances of the season. Before the Reformation no meat was allowed to be sold at all in England on fast days. For about a fourth part of the year the butchers' shops were closed by law, and that the most rigid law and the most sternly enforced of the whole code. Some relaxation was introduced with the Reformation, but throughout the whole reign of Elizabeth the butchers' shops were still closed in Lent. James tried to enforce the law of fasting, which the Puritans were ostentatiously beginning to neglect. The working classes finally threw off the observance altogether, and have never since resumed it; while the butchers, having begun to keep the shops open in Lent and on Fridays, continued to do so. One thing is quite obvious—that, for the rich man, who with salmon, cod, turbot, red mullet, and other noble fish with rich sauces, fasting was never any great privation while for the poor man fasting meant dried fish, stale he rings, and salt cod. It meant insufficient nourishment; meant work imperfectly carried on; it meant skin disease and even leprosy. The continued quarrels of the Londoners with the fish-mongers prove the misery of Lenten fare dried fish.

Private postal companies, analogous to our express and telegraph corporations, do most of the business in China. They use no stamps, and it is necessary to prepay on about a third of the postage, as the rest is collected from the recipient. Chinese stamps are reckoned in *candarin*, approximately equivalent to cents, with the Mexican dollar; the basis. The first imperial set was made in Japan, and proved unsatisfactory; the current set came from England in 1898. Some stamps, notably those of Tientsin, were issued without authority, merely to sell to collectors. The was no other demand for them; they never carried a letter and they have been officially repudiated.



## REWARDING OUR HEROES.

What We Have Done for the Naval Officers Who Won Our Victories at Manila and Santiago—The Illogical Results of the Personnel Bill.

Park Benjamin contributes an interesting article to the independent entitled "Naval Rewards—After Two Wars," in which he strongly contrasts the steady process of England's distribution of military promotions, ribbons and orders, to her officers in South Africa with the meagre rewards meted out to the naval heroes of our last two wars. "Less than two years ago," he remarks, "we had a war of our own on hands; not with a couple of little African republics, but with a great maritime nation having a navy reputed to rank fifth in the scale of power, and generally regarded as superior to our own. Nevertheless, it was wiped out of existence in about a hundred days. How England could have rewarded the men who did this may be inferred from the current report that in return for their distinguished services during the existing war in South Africa, Lord Roberts is to be given a dukedom, Lord Kitchener an earldom, and that General Buller is to be raised to the peerage." How we have recognized the heroes of the Civil War and our recent war with Spain, he shows in the following extracts:

"To Admiral Dewey we gave the greatest reward which could be bestowed, while still keeping him a naval officer, and recognized his aptness by advancing them in their grades a few numbers each, the junior captain, the late Commander E. P. Wood, receiving ten numbers, and the others less. The effect of this was to reduce the officers whose heads they passed. The necessity of devising some means of reward, which while recompensing one person shall not punish a number of others, has frequently been urged upon Congress, but up to the present time none has been adopted. For their gallantry at the battle of Santiago the flag officers were recommended for advancement, and they were even given new places on the Naval Register, which appeared in January, 1899. The question of their reward, however, became entangled with the unfortunate Sampson-Schley controversy, with which it has absolutely nothing to do. In vain Admiral Sampson has earnestly appealed for simple justice for the men who fought under his command. The disregard of his wishes has been to him a source of regret, and has even acted to retard his recuperation after the severe strains and trials of the Santiago campaign."

The Naval Register of 1899 showed Admiral Sampson fourth on the list of rear-admirals, and preceding Admiral Schley. The Naval Register of 1900 shows him tenth on the same list, and two numbers below Schley, which was his normal position; or, in other words, he is in the same place that he would have been had there been no war:

"The only persons of all those who served under him who received advancement (some three numbers) are Rear-Admiral Higginson (and that came about by what might be called Congressional accident, and continues despite Admiral Higginson's self-abnegating request that he be restored to his original place) and Captain B. F. McCalla, who has just been reinstated by the President in the relative position which he held some years ago by sentence of court-martial. Admiral Sampson is now on duty at the Boston Navy Yard, as its commandant, a regular promotion for his grade, and one carrying with it no special honor, or special privilege, and a great deal of very hard work. Admiral Schley has been sent to South America to command the South Atlantic fleet, which consists of the made-over *Chicago* and two small cruisers."

The captains who made themselves famous at Santiago are all doing routine work, more or less prosaic:

"Captain Evans, of the *Jowa*, is a member of the board of inspection and survey. Captain Taylor, of the *Indiana*, is on the board which is considering coaling stations. Captain Cook, of the *Brooklyn*, a member of the examining and retiring board. Captain Clark, of the *Oregon*, is attached to the League Island Navy Yard. Captain Chadwick, of the *New York*, is waiting orders, and Rear-Admiral Philip, who commanded the *Texas*, is now commanding the New York Navy Yard. These officers, having completed in due routine their sea service periods during the war, became entitled to shore billets as a matter of course at fifteen per cent. less pay than they could have received had they remained at sea. None of them has received any recognition for his war achievements. In fact, Captain Clark, whose magnificent handling of the *Oregon* in her famous voyage around Cape Horn and during her even more famous rush after the *Colon* in the Battle of Santiago, finds himself two numbers lower than he would have been had there never been any war."

The only instance of any indirect reward is that given to Commander Richard Wainwright, the captain of the *Gloucester* in the Santiago fight, whose attack on two powerful torpedo-boats with an old wooden yacht was, in the opinion of many, the most gallant and daring act of the war. Mr. Benjamin says:

"Any other government but our own would immediately have given him high rank (for, being about fifty years of age, he is quite old enough to warrant it), and besides would have presented him with a money grant to say the value of one of the torpedo-boats which he smashed—sufficient to maintain him in comfort for the rest of his life. Since the Commander Wainwright has been in the Naval Academy in charge of the old hulk *Santee*—the cadets' guinea-pig—the *Gloucester*, and some of the practice-ships. It was reported that his inclinations were toward the office of judge-advocate-general of the navy, of which the term of the present incumbent expires in June. He had already served in a subordinate position in that branch of the navy Department, and had seized the opportunity while doing so to attend a law school in Washington and to become a member of the bar. To the surprise of every one cognizant of the facts, and of himself most of all, Commander Wainwright was recently appointed to the superintendency of the Naval Academy—an office unexpectedly created by Rear-Admiral McNair because of impaired health. That Commander Wainwright will make a most admirable superintendent does not admit of any doubt. In so far as he may serve as an example to the cadets, it is difficult to suggest any one more completely suited. Whether, if reward was the object, it might not have been better to give him the position which he wanted, that of judge-advocate-general, which carries with it promotion in rank to that of captain and advanced pay, may for many reasons be questioned. The superintendency of the Naval Academy does not even convey temporary increased rank, as does that of the Military Academy, and although the incumbent has a furnished house and his servants free, the position is one which entails considerable expenditure for entertaining, especially when a committee of Congress takes it into its head to go to Annapolis on a junketing expedition. A tax of this kind on the slender pay of a commander is apt to be a severe one."

This sums up all that we have done for the naval officers who directly won our recent victories. To others we have been rather more liberal:

"The Personnel bill of March, 1899, combined the engineer corps of the navy with the line; in other words, it destroyed a highly educated body of officers, which had been in existence for something over twenty years. It required the sailor officers to become engineers, and the engineers to become sailor officers. As the engineer officers took their places in the line through their seniority, some of them who had entered the service from civil life, and had never been trained in any-

wise for any service but that of engine constructors and engine drivers, became full-fledged naval captains. That is to say, they became full-fledged captains in name. The makers of the law providentially remembering the expense of battle-ships and cruisers, not to mention the danger which we would be in if we lost any of the few which we have, considerably refrained from empowering them to exercise actual command afloat. The law said, however, that if they had served in the Civil War, they could be retired with the next higher grade. Thereupon an entirely new crop of rear-admirals was provided for, to be made out of people who never stood even a deck-watch in their lives, and who had never commanded so much as a rowboat. But, nevertheless, they are to be borne on the same list with men who won their admiral's stars after long and faithful service of half a century and over, and who have commanded their squadrons in every sea."

And that is not all, declares Mr. Benjamin; this same law increases the pay of the officers of the navy to assimilate it to that of the officers of corresponding grades in the army:

"It was never intended originally by the framers of the measure to except from its provisions the men who had served their country faithfully through long life-times and who had borne the brunt of battle, and who had passed by the action of law into honorable retirement. Look at the consequence. The engineers who have become retired rear-admirals are receiving more pay by several hundred dollars a year than the (shall we say genuine?) rear-admirals already mentioned. They are not receiving more pay, but they are outranking the naval officers of the line who retired as commodores on reaching the age limit while in that grade. And observe they are getting their positions not because of special service, but because of seniority. The engineer officer who managed the engines of the *Oregon*, for example, is not among them and has had no reward."

These anomalous conditions, however, are not solely incident to the engineers:

"Others equally remarkable follow, and will apparently hereafter follow the advancement of line officers under the same law. There are some officers who were midshipmen for a short time during the Civil War who have now become rear-admirals on the retired list, and these not only outrank men who held command position almost before they were born, but also get more pay. Of course, if a man drops out of a career before reaching the top he can not complain if other and younger men continuing on the same road pass beyond him, and finally retire in a higher situation. But this is not the case here. Neither the officers younger in the same branch nor belonging to a totally different branch of the profession get their places by reason of the orderly march of events; but rather because of the ill-considered law which Congress foisted on the country. It has simply given the navy two retired lists, distinguished only by a date. Have we ever done anything much more illogical than this? It is idle to say that these latter-day promotions are not in the nature of a reward. That is exactly what they are. For having been in the navy in a subordinate position, in a war which ended thirty-five years ago, we are advancing men not merely in numbers but in grades. We are making them into rear-admirals—the highest rank which a naval officer can reach without special legislation—for that precise reason, and this in the case of the engineers when their previous occupation renders their assumption of the title incongruous, for they can not answer the question what squadron they ever commanded without embarrassment, nor can they wear their uniform without explaining it. . . . Bills have recently been introduced to right the injustice of all this—but their passage is said to be problematical."

Such is the existing condition of affairs in the way of naval rewards. Mr. Benjamin adds:

"It may be stated that in the case of Admiral Dewey we have shown what we can do, and in the case of all the others who took part in the war of 1898 and the fine old fighters of the war of 1861 we have shown what we won't do. Shortly after the Battle of Santiago the officials of the Navy Department discussed the giving of medals to those who took part in that action, and by grace of Congress some were presented to the officers and men who were in the Battle of Manila. So far as I have been able to discover, they rest mainly in bottom drawers. The Santiago medals, if given, will doubtless be entombed in similar receptacles. I have heard the opinions of most of the Santiago people on the subject, and I have yet to find one who is enthusiastically desirous of thus relieving the government of some of the surplus silver in the treasury vaults. They don't want to start numismatic collections."

In conclusion, Mr. Benjamin says: "The Navy Department is urging action upon Congress, and has transmitted to it two bills, one of which provides for the restoration to their former grades of officers who were displaced in numerical order by the promotion of their comrades who took part in the Battle of Manila; and the other empowers the Navy Department to confer the 'honor medal' in return for exceptional and meritorious service in the line of duty. As neither of these measures adequately meets the existing conditions, the problem of naval rewards may be regarded as still remaining unsolved. Any person wishing to attempt it may send his views to Congress, where they will be received probably without thanks."

A short time ago Professor Dewar exhibited before the Royal Institution two samples of liquid air in glass tubes; one was made from air which had been washed to purify it from dust, soot, carbonic acid, and other impurities. This, when condensed, was a pale-blue liquid; the other sample was made by condensing the air of the lecture-room in which the audience was assembled, and was an opaque, blackish fluid, resembling soup in appearance. It would appear as if condensed samples of air might afford an easy means for comparing different kinds of contamination. The *American Architect* suggests that it would not be difficult to provide a novel but a highly efficient kind of ventilation in military hospitals and other places where the natural air supply is bad and the necessity for a better one very pressing. As the process would also cool and dry the air, it might serve an additional purpose in tropical countries. The paper goes on to state that it would not be "wholly impracticable to ship to yellow-fever hospitals in Havana supplies of New Hampshire air bottled, so to speak, on the spot, and delivered cool and fresh to the patients." This can never be accomplished, however, until some means have been provided for transporting liquid air to considerable distances without enormous losses caused by its return to its former state.

The sale of Flying Fox, king of the late Duke of Westminster's racing-stable, for nearly \$200,000 draws attention to the fact that only four horses have ever been sold for more than \$100,000 each. The first of these was the American trotting stallion *Axtell*, which sold at the height of his fame for \$105,000; then *Arion*, also an American trotter, that sold for \$125,000 to its present owner; and *Ormonde*, also of the Duke of Westminster's stud and now owned in this country, that brought \$150,000 after a Derby victory. *Ormonde's* grandson, *Flying Fox*, now brings the phenomenal price of \$191,600.

## NEWSPAPER GOSSIP.

Hearst to Start a New Magazine in New York—Profits of the Metropolitan Papers—An American Daily to Be Printed in Paris.

R. H. Russell, the publisher, is quoted as saying that William R. Hearst will launch his new venture, *The New Magazine*, in the merry month of May, and Mr. Russell is presumably in a position to know, for it is generally understood that he is to be associated with Mr. Hearst in the enterprise. There have been, however, no authoritative announcements of the concern made as yet, and, beyond the fact that F. L. H. Nohle will be on the editorial staff, nothing definite is known.

Perhaps it is Mr. Hearst's idea to enter the ten-cent magazine field. He could scarcely be expected to start a rival to *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and the *Century*. A periodical of that class requires many months of preliminary work which could not have been done without more or less publicity being given the project. Moreover, Mr. Hearst has thus far shown preference not for high literature but for quick returns. He can scarcely be contemplating a war on *Munsey's*, *McClure's*, and the *Cosmopolitan*, for such a venture would also require long preliminary negotiation and, moreover, the field is very crowded as it is. No, I think *The New Magazine* will be some cheap, rather flashy affair like *Vanity Fair* and *Broadway*. They are cheaply got out, containing quantities of pictures of women of the stage and matinee-girls' heroes, accompanied by a light smattering of reading matter of a kind calculated to appeal to tenderloin habits. It seems to me that Mr. Hearst's venture will be something in this line, with a news, rather than a cheap theatrical, flavor.

Nohle, by the way, is well known in your city, I imagine, as he lived there several years. He was a classmate of Hearst in Harvard, and has since faithfully followed the young Napoleon of the press. When Hearst took on the *San Francisco Examiner*, Nohle accompanied him to the West and occupied in turn several editorial desks there. Then when Hearst bought the *Journal*, Nohle came here with him, and has since been filling comfortable berths on the *Journal* and *Evening Journal*. He is a clever and hard-working fellow, and the new enterprise will at least not be dull under his direction.

Such a magazine as I imagine Hearst has projected would not need any great amount of capital, and, indeed, I doubt that Mr. Hearst has much spare money to put into it. There is so much bluff about the way his newspaper properties are handled that it is impossible to form any just estimate as to whether the *Journal* and *Evening Journal* pay or not. The general opinion among newspaper men is that they are not yet doing more than covering expenses, if they do that. The other papers' profits can be more closely estimated. The *Herald* remains the best newspaper property in New York, having a balance on the right side for the past year of about \$900,000. Next to this the knowing ones place the *World*, which they credit with netting Joseph Pulitzer \$170,000. The *Tribune* is estimated to have given Whitelaw Reid an income of \$45,000, and the *Sun*, in spite of the boycott against it, which is still maintained by many hundreds of labor men, is supposed to have cleared \$84,000. The *Times*, also, is credited with having enjoyed a good year. Under Henry J. Raymond it was a great property, but its prestige and its profits fell away under the Jones régime, and the erection of the Times Building severely crippled it. Adolph Ochs, however, has been bringing it to the front during his administration as publisher.

His latest scheme is a good one. It is to publish a Paris edition of the *Times*, on the exposition grounds, throughout the time that it is open. It will not be a flimsy affair like the Paris edition of the *Herald*, which is a four or eight-page sheet of the size, typography, and general make-up of the French dailies. It will be a veritable Paris edition of the New York *Times*, giving the news of the world and of the United States, with, of course, a good deal of space devoted to exposition affairs.

George W. Ochs, brother of Adolph Ochs and himself the publisher of one of the best Southern papers, the *Chattanooga Times*, is to be in charge, and he has already gone to Paris to arrange for the new paper. An exclusive concession for the publication of a newspaper on the grounds has been secured, and it is to be located in the American annex to the Liberal Arts Building. The paper will be given free to visitors, but as it will be the only paper printed on the grounds, thousands of copies will be distributed and the advertising should bring in a very considerable revenue.

There are also two hits of newspaper news concerning the Harper publications which may interest you. One is the fact that Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster has been succeeded as the editor of the *Bazar* by Miss Elizabeth G. Jordan. The latter comes from the West—Milwaukee, I believe—and has made quite a record in the few years she has been in New York. She began as a *World* reporter, and did such clever work that she was soon given an editorial position. She also wrote a volume of newspaper stories, "In the City Room," which was a success, and drew the attention of the magazine people to her, with the result that she is now in full charge of the *Bazar*. The other item is the publication from the Harpers' house of a magazine, *Golf*, of which Van Tassel Sutphen is the editor. It is doubtless intended as an offset to the reorganized *Outing*. Caspar Whitney's department of amateur sports in *Harper's Weekly* hooded its circulation to a marked extent, and his withdrawal last December, to take hold of *Outing*, must have been felt by the Harpers. The announcement that he would also start a new weekly, devoted to amateur sports, doubtless seemed to them a threatened assault on a field they had regarded as peculiarly their own, and hence the acquisition of *Golf*, to forestall the projected weekly.

NEW YORK, April 4, 1900.

FLANELL.



## PARIS ABLOOM IN SUNSHINE.

First Sunday of the Season of Buds and Balm Breezes—Everybody in the Open-Air, Glad to the Edge of Folly—Exposition Arrivals in Motley.

"Wherever else you may be when spring comes, you want to be in the country; if you are in Paris in the spring, that's just where you want to be."

Ungrammatical, if you like, or at least inelegant, but remarkably true, this pronouncement of a charming young *Américaine* who was promenading her Lenten-mauve gown among the alleys of the Champs-Élysées last Sunday—the third Sunday of March. That was the day that spring came to Paris this year—the exposition spring. All the city felt the impulse of the luscious day, and all the city was a-laugh in the sun. Who could be dismal on this exquisite Sunday, the day of the visible, gay-coming of spring? A sky of a perfect, soft-toned blue—such a sky as I have seen over the Parthenon in May, when the ridiculously modern waiters serve you little cups of Turkish coffee under the rosy-brown pillars of the Temple of Zeus. An air warm and caressing and fragrant; an air that seemed to have perfumed itself over far woods of fresh, gummy green buds. A mellow sunlight brightening the sprouting grass and the white marble statues of the public gardens, and making the fountain-jets gleam and glow. And out in the gardens and along the splendid quays, and on the broad waterway through the exposition grounds—all the world of Paris. Absolutely everybody, it seemed—everybody who had a horse and trap, or a bicycle, or an automobile, or a sparkling brougham, or four cents to pay his boat-money up the Seine, or three cents to pay his "imperiale" on an omnibus, or a sound pair of legs to promenade upon for nothing. And everybody glad almost to folly's edge; Paris had grown young in the sunlight—one would have said the whole city was waltzing with glee. It was laughter, laughter all the way—sunlight, laughter, love, and gay dresses.

Women in Paris are still keeping Lent, of course; but they keep it after the manner of Paris women. That is to say, they wear the penitential colors, silver-grays, and mauves, and ecclesiastical purple—sometimes even they plunge into black—but, and it is a very big "but," they wear the garb of repentance with a difference. Perhaps the meaning were clearer did one say "with a ribbon," or, better still, with many a ribbon, with many a gay touch woven into the solemn foundation in such a way that while penitence is not shirked, gaiety also has its due. Certainly they were very gay in their Lenten costumes, the fair dames of many lands who smiled brightly upon the crowd from their carriages and from the seats under the budding trees on this Sunday which brought the exposition spring to Paris. And the Paris populace, which despite all its revolutionism and socialism and anarchy can not resist a pretty face or a tasteful robe, the good Paris plebs laughed back right merrily. So all the world was gay and good; it was a joyous sight.

The exposition spring; yes, for the approach of the exposition gave a curious character to the joy of the day. At the moment of my writing, it seems quite certain (I have recently tramped all through the exposition grounds) that the great show will not be ready for the opening till at least a month later than the day originally fixed. But the fame of the exposition has gone forth into many lands whither the news of its delay has not penetrated. Every week Paris fills more and more with rigidly "exposition-visitors," representatives of almost every country under the sun. These are people of all degrees of wealth and all grades in social standing. Grandees and grand dukes, and even a sprinkling of little kings have come, and with them an army of servants and other hangers-on. And there has come, too, an extraordinary assortment of folk of the very humblest pretensions, weird adventurers who in lonely hamlets of far-away lands have heard that Paris in 1900 is, in some vague way, to be the Eldorado of the peddler, the happy hunting-ground of the very poor.

In and out amid the genuine Parisian crowd, making spring-frolic on this Sunday, patrolled hundreds of strange, exotic personages, very picturesque, rather amazed, very insistent, striving to sell the most extraordinary things. Indians (of the British-Indian variety), Japanese, Persians, Syrians, Arabs, Turks, Armenians, Greeks, Jews from all countries (Jews all the time, very much so; but differing in costume and in lingo); turbaned creatures, befezzed creatures, white-gowned beings, red-gowned, green-gowned; the motliest, strangest crew that ever was seen outside of an Arabian-Night's dream. All kinds of strange products they were selling or trying to sell—boxes of curious makes, in curious woods, or in curiously wrought metals; extreme oriental dolls; jewels of more than doubtful water and worth; swords, daggers, walking-canes; carpets of gorgeous hue; candies that looked like instant-execution warrants.

Clustered round a superb four-in-hand, drawn by magnificent Arab horses, I saw under the trees in the Champs-Élysées a small crowd of East Indians salaaming to the ground before a gorgeously dressed, be-turbaned East Indian—a native prince, I suppose, from his magnificence and pomp. He had scattered money into the bronze palms, and had refused the equivalent in carpets and perfume-boxes. It was a picturesque bit of the Far East, and there was something very pleasant in the humanness of the thing. The gorgeous creature had been touched to find in modern Paris that little knot of bronze men of his own land; his heart had gone back to the East; "he wept as he remembered Zion," and he comforted his poor countrymen with princely largess. Others felt the scene as I felt it, and when the Arab horses tugged for the departure, the crowd gave a brave send-off—not, I like to think, to the prince and his Eastern pomp, but to the man who, in a strange land, had let his heart be touched for his countrymen.

I do not think many Americans have yet come to Paris to play these little side-trades; perhaps there will not be many of them at all. But wherever one goes now in Paris one

sees sturdy, keen-eyed, independent-looking American men and stately American women, visitors with much gold in their pockets and a genuinely native lavishness in spending it—wherever they see their money's worth at the end of the bargain.

Said a native Parisian to me the other day: "I have been studying you Americans lately; I have been doing business with a good many, and this is my final opinion, that, take them for all in all, they are the most sensible people that has yet been invented." And he gave me his reasons. The American, it appears, enjoys in Paris the reputation of being at once the most acutely business-like and the most utterly lavish of human beings. They spend colossal in Paris; but they see to it that, either in material value or in the prestige of their purchase, they get square with the vendor down to the very last cent. An American woman will buy at Worth's establishment (and at Worth's prices) a robe which a Russian princess can not allow herself; but she will insist on knowing exactly why she is paying the sum agreed upon. What proportion of the cost is represented by the material? What proportion by the laces and embroidery? What by the privilege of being dressed at the most distinguished dress-designer's in the world? And so on, all through. American money pours by the barrel into Paris, but the American sees that he is not cheated more than it behooveth to be cheated. And of this class of carefully lavish visitors Paris is getting fuller and fuller every week. You can keep track of their coming in the streets, in the *cafés*, in the theatres. Especially you can observe it in the neighborhood of the Parc Monceau, where the luxurious flats, built much on the American plan, echo with American talk. And if you watch the carriages and automobiles that roll or whirl past you, thence down to the Place de la Concorde and the eternal Champs-Élysées, you will continually see faces, figures, types that will set your heart thumping; for the moment it is a spring noon-time on Fifth Avenue or Van Ness Avenue.

Many times on Sunday—the joyous Sunday that brought the exposition spring to Paris—I passed through this not unwelcome moment of oblivion. The whole American colony was out for the day, the "steady crowd" and the newcomers alike. And—as far as the women, at any rate, were concerned—the American contingent was not the least distinguished section of the world of the well-to-do. They looked happy and wholesome and alive. They seemed to find it wholly delightful to be rich, and American, and in Paris in the exposition spring. STEPHEN MACKENNA.

PARIS, March 19, 1900.

## THE HOLY MARVEL OF EASTER DAY.

"You have heard, my boy, of the One who died,  
Crowned with keen thorns and crucified;  
And how Joseph the wealthy—whom God reward—  
Cared for the corpse of the martyred Lord,  
And piously tombed it within the rock,  
And closed the gate with a mighty block.

"Now, close by the tomb, a fair tree grew,  
With pendulous leaves and blossoms of blue;  
And deep in the green tree's shadowy breast  
A beautiful singing-bird on her nest,  
That was bordered with mosses like malachite,  
And held four eggs of an ivory white.

"Now when the bird from her dim recess  
Beheld the Lord in his burial dress,  
And looked on the heavenly face so pale,  
And the dear feet pierced by the cruel nail,  
Her heart now broke with a sudden pang,  
And out of the depth of her sorrow she sang.

"All night long, till the moon was up,  
She sat and sang in her moss-wreathed cup  
A song of sorrow, as wild and shrill  
As the homeless wind when it roams the hill;  
So full of tears, so loud and long,  
That the grief of the world seemed turned to song.

"But soon there came, through the weeping night,  
A glimmering angel, clothed in white;  
And he rolled the stone from the tomb away,  
Where the Lord of the earth and the heavens lay;  
And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom,  
And in living lustre came from the tomb.

"Now the bird that sat in the heart of the tree  
Beheld the celestial mystery,  
And its heart was filled with a sweet delight,  
And it poured a song on the throbbing night;  
Notes climbing notes, still higher, higher,  
They shoot to heaven like spears of fire.

"When the glittering white-robed angel heard  
The sorrowing song of that grieving bird,  
And heard the following chant of mirth,  
That hailed Christ risen from the earth,  
He said, 'Sweet bird, he forever blest—  
Thyself, thy eggs, and thy moss-wreathed nest.'

"And ever, my boy, since that blessed night,  
When death bowed down the Lord of light,  
The eggs of that sweet bird change their hue,  
And burn with red, and gold, and blue;  
Reminding mankind, in their simple way,  
Of the holy marvel of Easter Day."—Fitz James O'Brien.

Very few houses in Uruguay are provided with stoves for heating purposes. No chimneys or fire-places are provided, as a rule, one house recently built at a cost of fourteen thousand dollars having for its only chimney a stovepipe from the kitchen. Cattle graze in the open all the year round, but during the winter season, from April to October, the dampness is conducive to the spread of pulmonary troubles. Only one dealer in Montevideo sells beating-stoves, and these are of American make. Oil stoves find some favor, as coal sells at from ten to fourteen dollars per ton.

The distinction hitherto accorded to George Stephenson as the father of English railways is now disputed. It is claimed that William James, of Warwickshire, began railway plans as far back as 1799; made surveys in Lancashire in 1802; in 1819-1820, projected a line from Stratford-on-Avon to Moreton-on-the-Marsh, a part of which was actually built; and in 1821 organized the first railway company in England, the Liverpool and Manchester.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Baron Christiani, who in June last was sentenced to four years' imprisonment for striking President Loubet, at Auteuil, has been pardoned.

Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, the oldest flag-officer in the British Navy list, is traveling in North Borneo at the age of ninety-two years. He saw service in Borneo waters when a young man, chasing pirates, and published his "Expedition to Borneo, with Rajah Brooke's Journal," in 1847.

Mrs. Henry N. Couden is the only person, outside of members of Congress, who is allowed in the Speaker's lobby while the House is in session. Her husband, the Rev. Mr. Couden, chaplain of the House, is blind. He is brought to the House daily by Mrs. Couden and remains until she comes for him.

Southern senators are almost proverbially long-lived, and attention is called to the fact that Senator Vest, of Missouri, is seventy years old; Senator Cockerill, of the same State, sixty-six; Senator Morgan, of Alabama, seventy-six; Senator Bacon, of Georgia, sixty-one; Senator Bate, nearly seventy-five; and Senator Pettus, of Alabama, seventy-nine.

D. K. Pearsons, of Chicago, declining an invitation to serve on the Dewey reception committee in that city, wrote: "I am eighty years old, and I sleep after dinner. One day in the Dewey celebration might make me sick ten days. If I were younger I would go in for a jolly day. Old men must be kept quiet. I want to live to be one hundred years old."

General Botha, the successor of General Joubert as commander-in-chief of the Boer army, is said to be the ablest of the younger soldiers developed by this war on the Boer side. He is scarcely forty. It was Botha who commanded the Boers in the successful opposition to Buller's flanking movement on the upper Tugela, and who personally directed the victorious battle of Spion Kop.

Archduke Otto of Austria, between whom and the succession to the Austrian throne only the very precarious life of Archduke Franz Ferdinand stands, has been involved in another disgraceful affair. While drunk he tried to kiss a respectable girl at a Vienna ball, and had his face slapped by the girl's father. The emperor bundled him out of Vienna and then found out that he had run up \$1,250,000 of debts.

The Republican candidate for member of Congress from Utah, at the special election to fill the vacancy caused by the exclusion of Brigham H. Roberts from the Fifty-Sixth House, is J. T. Hammond, present secretary of State in Utah, whose term as such expires on December 31st of this year. The salary of the secretary of State, it is interesting to know, is the same as that of the governor—two thousand dollars—whereas a member of Congress receives five thousand dollars.

Prominent among the forty-eight young women who were recently graduated from the law class of the University of New York was Miss Katherine Reed, daughter of the former Speaker, Thomas B. Reed. Only a few of the graduates intend to devote their time to the practice of the law, having taken the course simply to gain an understanding of it, and of this majority Miss Reed is a member. During her residence in Washington Miss Reed was the almost constant companion of her father and accompanied him on most of his walks and outings as well as to social functions.

The youngest Hohenzollern, the son of Prince Henry—Emperor William's brother, who recently returned from China, where he was in command of the German Asiatic naval station for nearly two years—was christened the other day as Heinrich Viktor Friedrich. His godparents included the emperor and empress, the Queen of England, the Empress Frederick, Princess Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe, the Grand Duke Ernst Ludwig of Hesse, the Grand Duchess Victoria of Russia, Prince and Princess Sergius Alexandrovitch of Russia, and Prince Friedrich Leopold of Prussia, also the city of Hamburg, represented by the mayor, and the man-of-war *Deutschland*, represented by its commanding officer, Captain von Müller.

The much-talked-of Mrs. "Jack" Gardner, Boston's unique social leader, has been showing her Beacon Street house and its treasures to the public at an entrance fee of two dollars in the mornings, and three dollars in the afternoons, for the benefit of the Industrial School for Cripples and Deformed Children. The event has excited tremendous interest in Boston and throughout Eastern Massachusetts and has been described at length in the Boston dailies. On the opening day Mrs. Gardner stood at the entrance of her drawing-room and greeted those of the visitors whom she knew, remarking, "I have no money to give to charity now; I have given it all away, but if I can help by showing my treasures, I am only too glad to do so."

The Duke of Norfolk's resignation of the postmaster generalship for a quite subordinate post at the front has caused a sensation in England. It is said he is influenced by several reasons. In the first place, he has felt more keenly the pro-Boer tendencies of the Vatican, and, as the first Roman Catholic in England, he desired to show that he was a patriot first and a Roman Catholic after. Then he has been bitterly disappointed in his earnest desire to do good work in the post-office. Here he has struggled in vain with the hide-bound "red tapeism" of the permanent official who have thwarted his attempts for reform and advancement by the quiet, bland, and effective obstruction of which they are past masters. Thus hurt in his strong religious feelings, foiled in his desire for a useful career, afflicted by the death of his sister, and always melancholy on account of the idiocy of his only son, the premier duke of England has gone to the front.



## A LIFE OF THACKERAY.

The Tragedy of His Married Life—How "Vanity Fair" Was Written and Received by the Public—His Unfortunate Quarrel with Edmund Yates—The Part Dickens Played.

Though it is more than five-and-thirty years since his death, until the recent appearance of "The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray," by Lewis Melville, there has never been published a life of the famous author of "Vanity Fair" which has had any pretensions to finality. Mr. Theodore Taylor's book, "Thackeray, the Humorist and the Man of Letters," was admittedly only a stop-gap biography; the volume contributed eight years ago to the "Great Writers Series" by Mr. Herman Merivale and Mr. Frank Marzials can scarcely be regarded as much more than outlining the novelist's career; while Mrs. Ritchie's interesting Biographical Introductions are little more than fragments of a full life. No member of Thackeray's family has come forward as a chronicler. There is a popular rumor to account for the unusual silence. Thackeray, so the story runs, some years before his death, was so disgusted with an unduly fulsome biography he was reading that he laid down the volume, saying to his daughters, "Let there be none of this when I go." They interpreted this remark literally, with the result that neither the members of his family nor his intimate friends have attempted to compile an "official" biography.

For this reason we should feel especially grateful to Mr. Melville for his sympathetic work, which certainly fills a great void in the literary history of the century. He has found a wealth of available material, not only in Thackeray's own writings and letters, but in the many books and magazine articles written by nearly every one who knew him. The scope of his two bulky illustrated volumes is so great that it would be impossible to cover even the main points of the novelist's life in our limited space, therefore we shall confine our extracts to a few mooted points in Thackeray's career, notably his social status before and after he "arrived," his tardy recognition as a great writer, his conduct in the Yates incident, and his attitude toward Dickens.

Mr. Melville says that in spite of Anthony Trollope's contrary belief, he thinks that Thackeray's university career did him an immense amount of good:

Enough has been said of the course of his studies to show that, without being carried to any great depths, he obtained a good general knowledge of many things which proved to be of great use to him in after life. Indeed, Thackeray himself never underrated the value of a classical education; and once when "Edithen" Kinglake was laughing at the five or six years' enforced composition in Latin to which he had been subjected at Eton, he said to him, "It has made you what you are." But another great benefit was derived from Thackeray's stay at Cambridge, for (as Mr. Richmond Ritchie has pointed out) "Cambridge fixed his social status. Though afterwards he was to consort with Bohemians and other strange acquaintances into which a man is forced by adversity, he was never a Bohemian, and always faithful to the traditions of the class in which he was born and bred." There can be no question as to the truth of this; it is beyond all cavil or argument. The university life gave the lad the ballast necessary to carry him safely through his troubles by imbuing him with a liking for the society of his equals, and a great dislike to everything that smacked of vulgarity.

On August 20, 1836, Thackeray married Isabella Gethen Creagh Shawe, daughter of Colonel Matthew Shawe, to whom he lost his heart when he heard her sing one day at his grandmother's:

He was five-and-twenty now, but entirely dependent upon his salary as Paris correspondent of the *Constitutionnel*. He was not afraid of the future, and would never admit the imprudence of the step he had taken. In 1839 he told Mrs. Brookfield how much he admired a friend of his after "he flung up his fellow and tutorship at Cambridge in order to marry on nothing a year"; and twenty years after his marriage he wrote to Mr. Syngé, who was then about to commit matrimony: "I married at your age with £400, paid by a newspaper which failed six months afterward, and always love to hear of a young fellow testing his fortune bravely in that way. . . . though my marriage was a wreck, as you know, I would do it again, for behold, love is the crown and completion of all earthly goods."

When his third child, Harriet Marion—afterward Mrs. Leslie Stephen—was born in May, 1840, his wife became very ill:

The illness eventually affected her mind, and Thackeray, who regarded this as only a natural sequence of the illness, which would pass away in time, when her health was restored, threw all business aside, sent his children to their grandparents at Paris, and for many months traveled with his wife from watering-place to watering-place, as the doctors as a last resource had recommended, hoping against hope that the cloud on her intellect would dissolve. . . . At last he was compelled to realize the truth—that his poor wife would never recover sufficiently to undertake the duties of a mother and a wife. She was unable to manage her life, though she took interest in any pleasant things around her, especially in music; but it was essential that she should be properly cared for, and, with this object, she was placed with Mr. and Mrs. Thompson at Leigh, in Essex. She outlived her husband by so many years that it was with a shock, having already been dead to the world for nearly forty years, that the announcement of her death, in January, 1894, at the age of seventy-five, was read. She was interred in the same grave at Kensal Green Cemetery as her husband.

Mr. Melville has collected a wealth of material hearing on "Vanity Fair," Thackeray's masterpiece, of which he said when he began to write, "I wonder whether this will take, the publishers accept it, and the world read it":

The earlier numbers failed to attract attention, and even the advisability of stopping its publication was mooted; but fortunately, later in the year, the sale increasing with great strides, the success of the venture was assured. . . . People in 1847 were accustomed to buy their fiction in green-covered monthly parts, which overflowed with exaggerated humor and extravagant pathos; or in pink-covered numbers, containing brilliantly inaccurate and thoroughly enjoyable descriptions of Irish or army life; and not unnaturally they did not at first take kindly to the less exciting, though far more intellectual and artistic sketches of English society, that were offered in the yellow wrappers. Yet even during the time of the greatest success of "Vanity Fair," only about six thousand copies of a number were sold, while the circulation of the parts of Dickens's novels was frequently as much as twenty or twenty-five thousand.

The general belief which exists that "Vanity Fair" was hawked round the town and offered and rejected here, there, and everywhere, before Messrs. Bradbury & Evans brought it out in twenty monthly numbers of *Punch*, Mr. Melville says is erroneous. He bases his conclusion on the following statement of Mr. Vizetelly, who saw a great deal of Thackeray about this time:

"The hawking about of 'Vanity Fair' of course presupposed that the manuscript was complete, and was submitted in this state to the half-score fools who declined it with thanks, but I'm positive that, when arrangements were made with Messrs. Bradbury & Evans for the publication of the work, with no further knowledge on their part of its nature than could be gleaned from Mr. Thackeray during a brief interview, nothing beyond number one was written. I have no doubt whatever that the publishers of 'Vanity Fair' bought it—like most works by known authors are purchased—solely on its writer's then reputation, which his 'Snobs in England' in *Punch* had greatly extended." And then Mr. Vizetelly supports his statement by adding the following passage: "One afternoon, when Thackeray called in Peterborough Court, (at Vizetelly's offices), he had a small, brown-paper parcel with him, and opened it to show me his two careful drawings for the page plates to the first number of 'Vanity Fair.' Tied up with them was the manuscript of the earlier part of the book, of which he had several times spoken to me, referring to the quaint character that Chiswick Mall—within a stone's throw of which I was then living—still retained. His present intention, he told me, was to see Bradbury & Evans, and offer the work to them. . . . In little more than half an hour Thackeray again made his appearance, and, with a beaming face, gleefully informed me that he had settled the business. 'Bradbury & Evans,' he said, 'accepted so readily that I am deuced sorry that I didn't ask them for another tenner. I am certain they would have given it. He then explained that he named fifty guineas per part, including the two sheets of letter-press, a couple of etchings, and the initials at the commencement of the chapters. He reckoned the text, I remember, at no more than five-and-twenty shillings a page, the two etchings at six guineas each, while, as for the few initials at the beginning of the chapters, he threw those in. Such was Mr. Thackeray's own estimate of his commercial value as an author and engraver. A. O. 1845. I know perfectly well that after the publication commenced much of the remainder of the work was written under pressure and from the printer, and not infrequently the first installment of 'copy' needed to fill the customary thirty-two pages was penned while the printer's boy was waiting in the hall at Young Street."

Before "Vanity Fair" was finished Thackeray had become a personage, and was in his proper place, as one of the foremost men of the day:

He became a lion, and remained a lion till the end of his life. He went everywhere, and saw everything. "There is no more dangerous or stupefying position for a man in life than to be a cock of small society," he has written. "It prevents his ideas from growing, it renders him intolerably conceited. A twopenny-halfpenny Cæsar, a Brummagem dandy, coterie philosopher or wit, is pretty sure to be an ass; and, in fine, I lay it down as an axiom that it is good for a man to live where he can meet his betters, intellectual and social." He followed his own advice and went everywhere—Holland House, Sir Robert Peel's, Devonshire House, Lord Lansdowne's, Royal Academy, banquets, Lady Waldegrave's, Rothschild's, etc., to balls, dinners, and receptions, indiscriminately. He liked society; he felt quite at home in it, and, as a well-bred gentleman, liked to meet his peers; but he never became conceited or vain, and to the end of his life was amused in his quiet way at the idea of being a great man.

While Thackeray may have wasted too much time in this way, he considered that society was useful and necessary to him:

"A social painter must be of the world which he depicts, and native to the manners he portrays," Thackeray wrote, when comparing the accuracy of Leech's drawings with the many mistakes of Gilray's. "If I don't go out and mingle in society, I can't write," he once wrote to Mr. Beddingfield's mother; and this was true enough, for just as Dickens portrays the lower classes, so was Thackeray the novelist of the higher classes. Even in his letters are numerous references to the use to which he put his social opportunities. He makes a speech at the Library Fund Dinner at which he breaks down. "Of what I said I have not the smallest idea," he wrote; "the discomfiture will make a good chapter for 'Pendennis';" or, he goes to a "Sybarite repast," where he "saw a chapter or two of 'Pendennis' in some of them" (the guests); and so on.

Fitzgerald at first seems to have noticed no change in him after his artistic and social success:

"I have seen Thackeray three or four times," he wrote. "He is just the same. All the world admires 'Vanity Fair,' and the author is courted by dukes and duchesses and wits of both sexes." But in the following year he remarked: "Thackeray is in such a great world that I am afraid of him; he gets tired of me, and we are content to regard each other at a distance." But though, as the years passed, the friends saw less of each other, their love never diminished.

Of the Yates incident, the only one in Thackeray's life which his true friends may see some reason to regret, Mr. Melville has much of interest to say. Thackeray and Yates were both members of the Garrick Club. They were both literary men, though the younger man had not yet "arrived," and they seem to have been on terms of friendship, if we may judge from a letter written by Thackeray in 1855 and reproduced in this book. Less than three years later, Yates was appointed the editor of *Town Talk*, and, having written a pen-and-ink sketch of Dickens which was a success, he followed it with a portrait of Thackeray, in which he accused the novelist of flattering the aristocracy in England, but of making in the United States George Washington the idol of his worship. A want of heart was also imputed to all the novelist's writings. Thackeray, who was at all times acutely sensitive to criticism, was made intensely angry and indignant by this article. He hated "personal" journalism, and in Yates's case the offense was unpardonable:

It was (or so it seemed to Thackeray) a gratuitous insult from a fellow-clubman to whom he had held out the hand of friendship. There was no call for such an article, and in the midst of his wrath he wrote to the author. From the tone of Thackeray's letter it is evident how bitterly he resented this so-called "personal" portrait; and in strong terms he pointed out to Yates that to make journalistic use of private conversations in the club, "where, before you were born, I believe, I and other gentlemen have been in the habit of talking, without any idea that our conversation would supply paragraphs for professional vendors of 'Literary Talk,'" was indefensible. The letter was severe, but it was, in some measure, deserved; and in writing it, the veteran was only avenging himself for the insults offered him by the young man of seven-and-twenty.

Yates, however, was no coward:

He immediately wrote a reply, in which, while urging that he had not meant all that Thackeray had read in his article, he reminded him of similar misdemeanors committed against fellow-clubmen in his youth—against Dr. Lardner and Sir Bulwer Lytton as Doctor Athanasius Lardner and Mistaw Edward Lytton Bulwag in the "Yellow-plush Papers"; against Mr. Stephen Price, Mr. Wyndham Smith, and Captain Granby Calcroft, in the "Book of Snobs"; and, above all, in later days, against Mr. Andrew Ardeedekne as Foker in "Pendennis." Had this letter been sent, it is almost certain that Thackeray would have let the matter drop. It is impossible to see what else he could have done. But, most unfortunately, Yates showed the letter to Dickens, who, thinking it too flippant, drafted another, which was neither dignified nor wise for a man who, after all, was the offender. At the time it was believed (and the belief has not yet been refuted) that Dickens conducted the affair in a spirit distinctly hostile to Thackeray.

Anyway, Thackeray took the strange step of sending the correspondence to the committee of the Garrick Club, with the following letter:

"GENTLEMEN: The accompanying letters have passed between me and Mr. Edmund Yates, another member of the Garrick Club. "Rather than have any further personal controversy with him, I

have thought it best to submit our correspondence to you, with a copy of the newspaper which has been the cause of our difference.

"I think I may fairly appeal to the committee of the Garrick Club to decide whether the complaints I have against Mr. Yates are not well founded, and whether the practice of publishing such articles as that which I inclose will not be fatal to the comfort of the club, and is not intolerable in a society of gentlemen.

"Your obedient servant, WILLIAM THACKERAY."

Yates protested that the committee was incompetent to enter into the matter, since there was no mention of the club in the article:

The objection, however, was overruled, on the ground that "the practice of publishing such articles, being reflections by one member of the club against another, would be fatal to the comfort of the club, and intolerable in a society of gentlemen"; and it was decided that the offender should apologize to Thackeray or retire from the club, else the matter would have to be submitted at a specially summoned general meeting. Yates, after consulting Dickens, John Forster, W. Wills, and Albert Smith, determined to appeal to the general meeting.

This was summoned for July 10th, and while neither Thackeray nor Yates was present, the latter sent a letter to be read, in which he expressed his willingness to apologize "for any unpleasant feeling that I may have awakened in the club by the publication of the unfortunate article"; but he added that he considered Thackeray had placed it out of his power to apologize to him. In spite of all the efforts of Dickens and Wilkie Collins, backed by Robert Bell, Samuel Lover, Palgrave Simpson, Sir James Ferguson, and others, the resolution to support the committee was carried by seventy against forty-six. Yates was allowed until July 20th to apologize, and then, no communication being received from him, the secretary of the club wrote to inform him that the committee had erased his name from the list of members.

Some months later Dickens wrote to Thackeray offering his services as a mediator, but Thackeray refused the offer, stating that the matter was entirely out of his hands and placed in those of the club committee. Unfortunately, the feud did not end at once:

Thackeray, it was said, made veiled allusions to the journalist in "The Virginians." Yates, too, fed the flame by sarcastic references to his opponent in the "Lounger" column of the *Illustrated Times*, until, in the issue of January 29, 1859, he brought about a crisis by writing a spiteful travesty of "Bouillabaisse." . . . Mr. Vizetelly, the editor of the *Illustrated Times*, had stood by Yates, in spite of pressure from friends of Thackeray, and had declared that as long as the great novelist continued his uncomplimentary allusions to his contributor, so long should his contributor have the opportunity of replying in the columns of his paper; and he pointed out how manifestly unfair it would be to close the only ground open to him to respond to the attacks. But the verses brought matters to a head. Half a dozen of the most valued members of Mr. Vizetelly's staff threatened to resign in a body unless the offending versifier were dismissed. However, owing, no doubt, to the editor's tact, this extreme measure was averted; and Yates continued to write his column week by week, but without references to Thackeray, who, in his turn, never again alluded to the journalist in his novels.

Edmund Yates soon saw the silliness and bad taste of the offending article, and when the *Cornhill Magazine* was established, sent to the editor, without remark, a poem, which he hoped would be regarded as an olive-branch:

It was, however, returned by a secretary, with the curt remark that he was "desired by Mr. Thackeray to return the inclosed." Yates, however, nobly revenged himself years later, when, on Thackeray's death, he wrote a beautiful obituary notice. It was always his impression that, after the first, Thackeray was more angry with Dickens than with him, and that the affair, much to his detriment, was made a trial of strength between the two novelists. Mr. Jeaffreson supports this opinion by declaring that Thackeray said to him, "You must not think, young man, that I am quarreling with Mr. Yates. I am hitting the man behind him!"

This unfortunate quarrel has led to much speculation as to whether any real friendship had existed between the two great rivals:

Thackeray never lost an opportunity of paying graceful tribute to Dickens in his books or in his lectures; and his private correspondence is full of remarks testifying to his appreciation of his rival's work. . . . Thackeray admitted that Dickens was not a deep thinker, but, he said, "he has a clear and bright-eyed intelligence, which is better than philosophy. I think he is equal to Fielding and Smollett—at any rate, to Smollett. He is not such a scholar as Fielding was." Perhaps it was for this reason that Dickens underrated Thackeray, whose literary culture was far wider. He was not a discerning critic, and read little and thought less of his rival's later work.

"He" (Dickens) "can't forgive me for my success with 'Vanity Fair,' as if there were not room in the world for both of us." And another time: "Dickens is making ten thousand a year. He is very angry at me for saying so; but I will say it, for it is true. He doesn't like me. He knows that my books are a protest against him—that if the one set are true, the other must be false. But 'Pickwick' is an exception; it is a capital book. It is like a glass of good English ale." I do not think in his heart Thackeray had much doubt as to which set of books was right, neither do I think, if jealousy existed between the two men, it was on his side. A man with fewer jealousies and animosities has rarely lived. Yet I think he admired the author rather than the man. "Genial? Yes," he said of him; "but frank"—a twinkle came over the spectacles—"well, frank as an oyster."

In spite of the fame they brought him, it can not be said that Thackeray's novels were a pecuniary success, compared with Scott's or Dickens's, or even George Eliot's. The latter received, it will be remembered, seven thousand pounds for "Middlemarch," and ten thousand pounds for "Daniel Deronda." Thackeray, as we have seen, got one thousand guineas for "Vanity Fair." For "Esmond," Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., paid him twelve hundred and fifty pounds. What he received for "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," and "The Virginians," the author of this biography does not tell us. For "Lovel, the Widower," "The Adventures of Philip," and "Dennis Duval" (posthumously published), which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, the publishers paid fifty dollars a page, as they did for all his contributions to that periodical. For editing the *Cornhill*, the first number of which appeared in May, 1860, he received two thousand pounds a year, but he resigned the position in April, 1862. Taine, in his "Notes on England," mentions that Thackeray, at the height of his success, estimated his yearly earnings at forty-eight hundred pounds.

Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, two volumes, \$7.50.

A striking coincidence was the death at Elmira, N. Y., and Hartford, Conn., on March 14th, of the two oldest surviving members of the famous Beecher family—the one, Mrs. Mary Foote Beecher Perkins, at the age of ninety-four, and the other, Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, at the age of eighty-one years. Of sturdy fibre mentally and physically, many of the numerous children of Rev. Lyman Beecher lived to extreme old age. The family originally numbered fifteen children, of whom, however, several died in early life. With the single exception of Isabella Beecher Hooker, Hartford, all have passed away.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Tolstoy Expounds Himself.

Tolstoy has always had a purpose in his novels, but he has never been so didactic as in "Resurrection," which has just been translated by Mrs. Louise Maude and is now published in this country. It is an exposition of the author's views on the brotherhood of man, the immorality of many existing political conditions, and the true Christianity which he extracts from the New Testament. It is practical in this as well as theoretical, for the author's royalties are to go to the assistance of the Russian Doukhobors who are now emigrating to Canada to escape persecution at the hands of the Tsar's government.

Though the book fills more than five hundred pages, its story may be briefly told: Prince Dmitri Ivanovich Nekhludoff, as a lad, fell in love with his aunt's protégée, Katusha, but, returning to their country home after a few years of the gay life of a young officer, he betrays her. Ten years later he serves on a jury that tries her, now a public woman, for murder. By an oversight, he is not acquitted of the crime, of which she is undoubtedly innocent, and Nekhludoff devotes himself to securing the repeal, or at least a mitigation of the judgment against her. In this task he comes in contact with the corruption that permeates all Russian officialdom, and, journeying with her to Siberia, he witnesses the inhuman treatment to which the convicts and exiles are subjected. He would atone to Katusha by marrying her, but she still loves him and will not mar his life by uniting it to hers. In the end she presumably marries another suitor, leaving Nekhludoff free to carry out his schemes for the bettering of his fellow-men.

In the first part of the story, up to Katusha's sentence, Tolstoy's literary art is at its highest. The picture of the young Russian aristocrat, stifling the fine nature within him into conformity with the lax morals of his class, is vividly drawn. It may be autobiographical, for it is known that Tolstoy in his youth led the life of a gay young officer of the imperial army, and, while the incidents are imagined, the re-awakening of the young man's soul and his struggles toward the light unquestionably set forth the story of Tolstoy's own metamorphosis. From the imposition of the sentence the story changes from one of external incident to a record of spiritual growth. Nekhludoff's efforts to save Katusha bring him into intimate relations with political and criminal prisoners of all kinds, and the suffering and injustice he sees sets him to pondering on the meaning of these things and their remedy. Thus are brought out all Tolstoy's present doctrines—the harmfulness of our present systems of law and punishment, the injustice of private ownership of land, the tyranny of formal religion, and many other matters.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## A Little Poem in Prose.

As pretty and poetical a love-story as has been written in many a long day is "The Queen's Garden," by Mrs. M. E. M. Davis. It is short to make a whole book of—less than one hundred and fifty pages in large type—but its tender charm will cling in the memory long after many a more pretentious book is forgotten.

The "queen's garden" is a beautiful old court in the French quarter in New Orleans, whither comes Noel Lepeyre at the invitation of her brother's sister. Her father had left his home in anger, but he had often told his child of the queen's garden in which La Reine Margot had strayed with the prince who came by Claude's Way. Noel arrives when her aunt is stricken with yellow fever, and, wandering alone in the old garden, she fits together the story of La Reine Margot and her dying aunt. More than this, a lover comes to her "by Claude's Way," climbing down the wisteria-vine at night, and the romance of "the queen's garden" is re-told for her.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

## "Historical Tales from Shakespeare."

Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, who dedicates his latest volume, "Historical Tales from Shakespeare," to "Algernon Charles Swinburne, who with the nearest claim among living men to approach Shakespeare confidently has with the best rights set them the example of reverent and humble study," thus carefully explains in his preface his purpose and method as it differs from the work of Charles and Mary Lamb. He writes:

"Although in the following pages I have chosen those plays, or most of them, which Charles and Mary Lamb omitted from their 'Tales from Shakespeare,' and although I have taken a title very like theirs, my attempt has not been to round off or tag a conclusion to their inimitable work. They, as wise judges of what their book should be, found that a certain class of play lay outside their purpose. It is just these plays—the historical ones—which, with a different purpose, are here cast into narrative form."

With regard to his method of writing, the author continues:

"I started, in my reverence for Charles and Mary Lamb, with some thought of tying myself by their rule of diction, and admitting no word which had not at least a warrant somewhere in Shakespeare. But soon found, first, that the difference of design balked my pen, and often in an irritating manner;

and, second, that although I might hope to ape their example with success enough to deceive many, yet in my heart I was conscious how far short the attempt must fall of that natural, easy grace which was theirs alike by genius and by years of loving familiarity with Shakespeare. Every man whose lot it is to write a great deal discovers his own manner, and does his best in that. So I resolved to use my own, and trust to telling the tales as simply and straightforwardly as I could. Now, for my purpose it was necessary to be continually breaking up the rhythm of Shakespeare's majestic lines, and reducing them to ordinary prose; and there remains an apology to make to the critics who, with Shakespeare's lines in their memory, find this hard to tolerate. I ask them to remember that these stories are not intended for grown-up persons who know Shakespeare more or less by heart, but for children to whom their first reading of him is a pleasure to come."

Among the plays used in Mr. Quiller-Couch's volume are "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," "King John," "King Richard the Second," "King Henry the Fourth," "King Henry the Fifth," "King Henry the Sixth," and "King Richard the Third."

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mark Twain is expected to return to America this month, but he will not go back to his Hartford home to live.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser, the author of "The Splendid Porsenna," "Palladia," and other clever novels, and of a collection of delightful letters from Japan, is about to bring out a new story, which she calls "Mama's Mutiny."

The dramatization of "David Harum," made by Mr. and Mrs. Ripley Hitchcock, received its first presentation in Rochester this week, with William H. Crane in the title rôle.

"Currita, Countess of Albornoz," is the title of the translation of a satirical Spanish novel, announced for early publication. The author, Luis Coloma, is a priest, and his book is said to have had a great success in the Spanish society whose follies he has lashed unmercifully.

"The Lunatic at Large" is the title of an original and entertaining novel by J. Storer Clouston, which will be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co.

George Meredith's brilliant novel, "The Egoist," has been arranged for the stage, and the dialogue of the play, drawn from the story, has been revised and partially rewritten by Meredith himself.

The twenty-sixth edition of "Richard Carvel" is announced. It is now in its three-hundred-and-fortieth thousand.

Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" will be included in the two next forthcoming volumes of the Hawthorth edition of the works of the sisters Brontë. Although this edition of the "Life" will not contain the important passages concerning Patrick Bramwell Brontë, the brother, that were suppressed from the first edition of the work, Clement K. Shorter, who has supervised the revision, has contributed introductory matter and extensive notes. The editor has also given the names of many persons heretofore denoted by initials.

Arthur Coslett Smith, author of a volume of short stories, "The Monk and the Dancer," which will be published soon, is a son of Judge Smith, of Canandaigua, N. Y., and a brother of Emily James Smith Putnam, who has been for several years dean of Barnard College, New York City.

The Macmillan Company will shortly have ready Professor W. H. Crosshaw's new book, "The Interpretation of Literature."

Berlin now has a school for women librarians. One of its two courses of instruction lasts six months, and is for the training of librarians for the ordinary public libraries, while the other, of three years, prepares the students to take their places at the heads of scientific libraries.

In the April number of *Golf*, which is now the official bulletin of the United States Golf Association, there are a number of entertaining contributions which will be read with interest by all devotees of the game. Among others may be mentioned "The New Lakewood Links," by the editor, Van Tassel Sutphen; "The Revised Rules of Golf," by Laurence Curtis; "The Late Lieutenant F. G. Tait," by Dr. J. G. McPherson; "Vardon's Southern Trip"; and verse by John Kendrick Bangs, Francis Bowler Keene, Frank I. Bonnelle, and Abbott Foster.

Mudie's famous circulating library in London has recently come face to face with a new and puzzling problem that may affect all librarians. It has been fined five hundred dollars for circulating a book containing libelous matter. A book on Emin Pasha, recently translated from the German, contained a statement reflecting both upon the honesty and the sobriety of Ernest Vitzetelly, who is most widely known as the translator of Zola's works into English. Mr. Vitzetelly first secured a verdict against the publishers, with damages of five hundred dollars, and then repeated the process with equal success against the Mudie Select Library. The defendants pleaded that they could not be expected to read the five thousand new books that

were annually offered to them; that they had at once canceled the offensive page when they learned of the libel; and that this was the first time an action of this kind had been brought against them. These pleas had no force with the court, however, and British librarians are now wondering what they can do to protect themselves. The London *Literary World* suggests that they get a noted accident insurance company to insure them against libel suits.

## John Ruskin.

Last of the Seers, and rarest, and most gracious,  
Are the eyes dim that saw so subtly true?  
Or is their vision vaster and most spacious,  
Piercing to truths and beauties strange and new?  
Master of speech, doth silence now surround thee,  
Are the lips mute that spoke so full and clear?  
Or have the suave-voiced Sages, greeting, crowned thee  
Their laureled peer?

Who shall declare? This know we, and this only,  
His vibrant voice we shall not hear again  
Soaring like mighty music, sad and lonely,  
High o'er our vulgar hoirs and babblings vain—  
Silent in pulseless peace the poet slumbers  
Who spoke such lovely things as few have sung,  
And taught to move, in amplest, loftiest numbers,  
Our English tongue.

Beauty's high priest, he saw his Goddess lurking  
Where common eyes passed ignorantly by;  
He traced her touch in Nature's tiniest working,  
In Art proclaimed her sole supremacy;  
In Life he longed to see her worship regnant,  
Thoughts fair and free and manners fine and fit;  
He plead her cause in paradoxes pregnant  
And exquisite.

Mourn by his bier what'er earth holds of fairest—  
Birds of the air—he loved your burnished wings,  
Flowers of the field, the humblest and the rarest,  
Shells of the sea—he read your murmurings;  
Streams, lakes, and moorlands, Down, and Fell, and  
Grampian,  
"The Springs of Wandle" and "The Banks of  
Tay,"

Mourn, for your faithful friend and fearless champion  
Hath passed away.

Weep, Venice, for your lost, your life-long lover,  
From Chioggia to Torcello's lone lagoon—  
Let clouds your radiant Alpine rampart cover  
And mists of mourning veil your jeweled noon.  
What brightest lustre of the name Venetian  
Hath not his magic made more lustrous yet?  
Answer, Carpaccio, Giannelli, Titian,  
And Tintoret!

Last of the Seers, thy doctrine and thy presage  
Were too austere to fascinate the throng;  
Our wiser sons shall read and say, "His message  
Was beautifully right and nobly wrong."  
On rushing wings the Future comes to meet thee,  
Till—who can say?—in larger, calmer years,  
A lovelier England may make haste to greet thee  
First of her Seers.

—Westminster Gazette.

Rudyard Kipling has been making himself very popular among the wounded at the Rondebosch hospital. An officer's wife writes of him there: "He settled among all in the tent, just like an old familiar friend. As such the soldiers quickly recognized him, and in a second all tongues were loosed. The fact is that, while he did not know them individually before, Kipling has spoken with them all in a sense for years through the power of his writing. Yes, and he has thought with them, felt with them, knowing all they cared for and wanted to a T; in a word, he loves them all alike, and they know it in a minute before even he has as much as crossed words with them. So when they talk to him there is no shyness or suspicion, no picking or choosing of their words, nothing withheld. They just prattle away as hard as ever they can, and Kipling rattles, too, appreciating their humor to the full, and throwing in a dash of his own incomparable wit and sparkle occasionally, which they are just as quick as any one to see and recognize. He fairly convulsed them once or twice, and the whole camp resounded with their laughter and his. 'I 'aven't laughed so much, sister, not since I came to South Afriker,' said one Twelfth Lancers corporal afterward. 'I think if 'e'd stayed much longer I should have been ill again.'"

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Man of His Age and an Anachronism.

The troublous time of the Huguenot wars, when the little Kingdom of Navarre was in danger of being ground between the upper and nether millstones of Catherine de Medici and Spain, is the period which Hamilton Drummond has chosen as a setting for his historical romance, "A Man of His Age," and he makes good use of the adventurous material affords. His story is one of fighting and intrigue, in which a few brave figures, men and women, move in vivid scenes against a rich historical background.

The "man of his age" is Blaise de Bernauld, a gentleman who is richer in fame and qualities than in worldly goods. He has fought the Spaniard in Florida and served with distinction under the great admiral Coligny, and when the story opens he is enjoying a few months of idleness with his wife and infant son. But his rest is not for long, for the misadventures of Catherine de Medici are sowing sedition among the people of Navarre and Béarn, and he is soon summoned by Queen Jeanne of Navarre to aid her with the strength of his sword and the wisdom of his counsel.

Traveling to court, he and his wife and Henry de Cressenay, a young noble who has attached himself to Bernauld, fall in with a beautiful young woman, to whom Henry loses his heart at once. She is a spy sent by Queen Catherine, and, when Bernauld has left them, she leads Mme. de Bernauld and Cressenay into a trap. They are taken captive by a bravo, one La Hake, who is seeking to kill Bernauld and to force the latter's wife to reveal her husband's whereabouts. La Hake murders her child in cold blood. The story then settles down to a protracted feud between Bernauld and La Hake, the one striving to serve his queen and country, and nourishing a healthy hatred of the other, who is a brave and skillful soldier and utterly without scruple. Their exploits are quite up to the standard of the cloak-and-dagger type.

But if Blaise de Bernauld is a "man of his age," young Cressenay is a distinct anachronism. He regards with a philosophic calm the man who has killed his father, who proves to be this same La Hake, deeming him merely the instrument of a cause, and his love for and trust in Catherine's fairy are in nowise lessened when he learns how she has lured him and Mme. de Bernauld into La Hake's trap, nor later when she betrays Queen Jeanne's confidence and nearly delivers young Prince Henry of Navarre into the hands of his arch-enemy, Catherine de Medici. Not to put too fine a point on it, Cressenay is a blind young ass.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

## New Educational Works.

"American Public Schools" is the title of the latest volume from the pen of John Swett, of San Francisco, and it is an exemplification of his practical interest in education, his devotion to system and progressive methods, and his especial care for details. The first part of the work is devoted to the history of the public schools of the United States, and it treats the important movements and incidents with admirable brevity and clearness. The second division of the book is given up to applied pedagogics, and the study of methods in the school-room and in preparation is of interest and of value. The work will commend itself to teachers everywhere. Price, \$1.00.

Reuben Post Halleck's "History of English Literature" is a notable effort in a field that has attracted many critics and book-makers, but his work will not suffer by comparison with any of similar purpose and scope. It is well planned and ably written, displaying not only a thorough knowledge of the subject, but a just appreciation of literary values. The numerous portraits are an attractive feature. Price, \$1.25.

In "Old Norse Stories," Sarah Powers Bradish has retold for young readers many of the myths and legends of Northern Europe. The rendering is fairly well done, though the tales from prose sources lack the strength and beauty of those taken on rhymed versions. Price, 45 cents.

A new and revised edition of Edward M. Lanister's "Manual of English History" has been brought out. The additions concerning the Venezuela and South African troubles hardly justify the work. Price, \$1.00.

Published by the American Book Company, New York.

## Universal History, Biography, and Geography.

A reference work which represents a vast amount of labor and research, and which will prove invaluable to students, readers, and writers, is the "Cyclopedia of Classified Dates," by Charles E. Little. The plan of the work is more comprehensive than that of any on similar lines, and the arrangement is so systematic and complete in detail that it can not fail to impress one who gives the plume only superficial examination.

The facts catalogued and arranged chronologically over all notable events in the arts and sciences, in military and naval history, in the church, in literature and education, politics and society, with many others that are grouped under the heading "miscellaneous." The classification is, first, by countries, then by the topics named, year by year. Births and

deaths of eminent people are given in tables of yearly gathering, and this method makes the striking incidents of contemporary arrival and departure more easily recognized.

Admirable as is the method on which the information was compiled, it is in the completeness and simplicity of its index that the perfect arrangement of the work is most readily perceived. Events even of the least importance are here set down in the long list of references by page and column, and no study or patient search is required to discover their place in the bulky volume. There are nearly fifteen hundred broad pages, of which the index fills no less than three hundred, and conciseness of expression, with full statement of necessary detail, is the aim and the attainment throughout.

The author had the assistance of such eminent specialists as Professors John D. Prince, Horace C. Wait, and William Clarke, and Mr. Frank H. Vitzetelly, in his labor, and the result is a work that will long remain a monument to their ability.

Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York; price, \$10.00.

## New Publications.

"The Bravest of Them All" is a story of Scotland and Scottish heroes of to-day, by Mrs. Edwin Hobler. It will please youthful readers, and some of older growth. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Practical suggestions concerning a trip from New York to Paris are included in "Harper's Guide to Paris and the Exposition of 1900." Maps, diagrams, and lists of French phrases are additional features of value. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00.

The story of an Irish coachman who turns out to be heir to a grand estate and other treasures, and an Australian heiress who is proud but can not deny the attractions and worth of the man who drives the horses, is told in "Terence," Mrs. B. M. Croker's latest novel. Published by F. M. Buckles & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Volume six of the library edition of Edward Everett Hale's works contains "A New England Boyhood," and "Bits of Autobiography." To many of the genial author's admirers the book will be the most valued of the set, for its personal interest and varied reminiscences. Published by Little, Brown & Co. Boston; price, \$1.50.

Edmund C. Stedman and Thomas L. Stedman are the editors of "The Complete Pocket Guide to Europe," and this fact carries weight. The little volume is actually readable, and, beyond that, seems eminently suited to its purpose. Its study of details is impressive. A supplement is devoted to the Paris Exposition of 1900. Published by William R. Jenkins, New York.

Musical interests and themes play no small part in "The Harp of Life," a story by Elizabeth Godfrey, which is located at Blankenstadt, and has for its characters a number of singers and players in the court opera. It is of more than ordinary strength in conception and execution, and some of the people met in its pages will not be forgotten easily. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Two new volumes have appeared in the beautiful Shenandoah edition of Frank R. Stockton's novels and stories, the seventh and eighth. The first of these contains "The House of Martha," which to many readers is the most delightful of the author's works, and the second, "Pomona's Travels," which continues the record of that naive young person who enlivened "Rudder Grange." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The sub-title of Dr. Thomson Jay Hudson's latest work, "The Divine Pedigree of Man," indicates his position and arguments, as it reads, "The Testimony of Evolution and Psychology to the Fatherhood of God." The work is seriously and ponderously positive, even if not logical, and yet in its concluding chapter it has some distinctly humorous touches. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

A novelist who searches out an abiding-place in a locality of mean streets, for the purpose of securing atmosphere and effects for a story, and who has some experiences that not only affect his nature to his lasting regret but also teach him some new truths, is the central figure in Walter Leon Sawyer's novel, "A Local Habitation." The incidental studies of low life are well done, but the hero is not the only one disappointed at the end. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Professor Joseph Le Conte offers in his latest work, "Outlines of the Comparative Physiology and Morphology of Animals," some new and interesting studies in a field that is still fresh. The likenesses and differences of action as well as structure found in the animal kingdom are described with the brevity and simplicity that come of scientific knowledge and the ability to instruct, and yet in a style that attracts and with a progressive method that is inspiring. Among the many recent books on zoölogy and biology this volume can not well be disregarded. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

## SOME AMERICAN HUMORISTS.

John Kendrick Bangs does not agree with the many pessimists who declare that American humor is at a low ebb, and in an article in the April Book Buyer marshals a long array of literary lights who are "writing well along humorous lines," and whose output is "conspicuous not only for its bulk, but for its strength, its freshness, and its variety." We quote only what he has to say of the four most notable—Oliver Herford, Carolyn Wells, Gelett Burgess, and Peter F. Dunne:

"If I dealt in them I should be perfectly willing to place all my eggs in Mr. Oliver Herford's basket, for he possesses every qualification of the truest humorist of the intellectual type. He is unconventional, but never vulgar; his fun is undiluted by malice and he therefore exudes happiness. He has the graceful touch of the epigrammatist and the soul of a poet, and when he sharpens the blade of his rapier to cut off some deserving head with his satire, he does it with the genial *sang froid* of a Cyrano de Bergerac, who composes a ballade while sticking his adversary. It is customary to call Mr. Herford quaint, but the adjective is not nice enough in its significance to be wholly apt. He is fanciful rather; whimsical, but, as it seems to me, always true to nature—not to nature as it takes outward and visible form to most of us, but to the nature that is full of delightful surprises, and which now and then brings forth a clairvoyant to reveal them to us.

"Then there comes to mind another strenuous candidate for the laurels of the American humorist who has done, is doing, and is sure still to do good work—Miss Carolyn Wells. Mr. Herford has illustrated so much of Miss Wells's work that in dwelling upon the virtues of Mr. Herford, Miss Wells's name projects itself into the line of vision. To my taste the poems of this young woman are delicious, and while their author is in no sense an imitator, they reveal many of the qualities which lend charm to Mr. Herford's verses. Often, too, beneath a mask that suggests frivolity there is a deep significance in them that takes hold upon the heart of the philosopher. The little foibles of man and woman-kind are set forth with the kindest touch, and he must indeed be steeled against appreciation of what is fine and tender and true who can not see at a glance the delightful humor that pervades the whole structure of Miss Wells's verses, which, with a modest simplicity, she labels 'Jingles.'

"A third humorist of whom I am not quite so sure, but who should be mentioned here, is Mr. Gelett Burgess. Since the early days of the *Lark* I must confess that Mr. Burgess has not found much favor in my eyes as a writer of humor, but he is too young as yet to have lost his powers, and I propose to continue to read all that he writes in the confident hope of some day finding him again at his best. Possibly the superlatively high standard of cleverness which Mr. Burgess set for himself in the first two or three issues of the *Lark* is responsible for his later falling away, but I do not think this is where the trouble lies. I suspect that Mr. Burgess has not been content to be Burgess, and has been led into aspiring for the laurels of others. I have known instances of clever story writers who have deliberately chosen to throw away their own gifts to seek after the distinction which time has given and is gradually taking away from Henry James, preferring to be dilutions rather than original essences, and I can not help thinking at times that somebody may have told Mr. Burgess that he had in him some of the qualities of the man of Vailima. It is a positive crime to tell a young and budding author fairy-tales of this order, and I trust I am mistaken in believing that Mr. Burgess has been the victim of so unjustifiable a flight of fancy. If there is anything more distressing than a modern novel by James it is a serious imitation thereof; if there is any more futile quest for a young author of to-day than a share in the laurels of Robert Louis Stevenson, I do not know what it is, unless it be Mr. Le Gallienne's ambition to succeed to the estate of Omar Khayyam. But, as I have said, Mr. Burgess is not so far along in his career that his case is a hopeless one, and I venture the assertion that when once more he assumes the robes of Burgess himself he will do work which will confound his enemies, who are few, and delight his well-wishers, who are many.

"Not to have read the ineffable Mr. Dooley's sage reflections and comments on life is not to have lived. If Mr. Dunne were our sole refuge there would still be little reason for despondency, for his humor is a precipitate; it is humor boiled down until that which remains is the pure, undiluted essence of humor; it becomes a mass of scintillating crystals in so small a compass and so bewilderingly many that each new reading of the resulting books reveals mirth-provoking qualities not previously discovered. Some chronic dyspeptic has stated that Mr. Dooley is Irish humor, not American. The same person would be equally justified in denying Thackeray to English letters because he was born in Calcutta. Mr. Dooley is no more of Erin than Thackeray is of Hindoostan, and in his own way is as wholly American as was old Hosea Biglow himself. There is nothing exotic about Mr. Dooley, save possibly his brogue, and even that has become so thoroughly a part of our American tongue that in some quarters it is recognized as an essential feature of official utterance."

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The popular conception of an editor, as gleaned from newspaper skits and sketches, is that of a sort of human volcano, spitting forth fiery desolation on the ardent, hopeful wooers of the literary muse around him. Floods of molten scorn, blighting oburgation, volleys of red-hot vituperation, are supposed to pour forth in a cataclysmal stream from the editorial mouth. The only way to appease this insatiable combination of man and furnace is to ply its ever-yawning crater with manuscripts written with pyrotechnic brilliancy and incredible speed, and which, when printed, accurately fit a given space to a letter. Even when the upheaval is over, and the quaking area around it has resumed its normal calm, the smoke of the explosion still lingers; slight sulphurous fumes of excretion wait themselves toward the remaining occupants of the overwhelmed district, and the editor takes it out on his secretary or his office-boy.

But the literary editor and critic who is the hero of "A Bachelor's Romance" is made of much milder stuff. He oburgates nobody. The severest word that falls from his mouth is "Get out!" When he unwittingly hurts the feelings of members of his staff, he pats them on the shoulder and calls them "My hoy." He has a rather trying commission on hand, too—that of determining who is to be the winner of a ten-thousand-dollar prize for the best short story in a literary competition set in progress by his paper. They certainly did things with most uncommon liberality on the *Review*, considering that it was not a haughty yellow daily hursting with gold and general prosperity. There is probably not a purely literary journal, or one at least which aims to be, within the length and breadth of the United States but would consider itself offering a prize beyond the dreams of avarice if it set the figure at one-quarter of the sum so lavishly paid by the *Review* for its prize story. The famous ten-thousand-dollar New York *Herald* prize won by Julian Hawthorne some four years ago, with his rubbishy story, "A Fool by Nature," and which stirred up quite an avaricious excitement in the literary world, was given as a reward for the best complete novel. Who one thinks how worthless a piece of literary workmanship the prize novel was, and how absolutely indifferent the reading world is to its existence to-day, one's imagination swoons at thought of the unrewarded mass.

"A Bachelor's Romance," however, hears the marks of its feminine authorship in several other impracticabilities, and also in a sentimentality that becomes at times a trifle cloying; notably so in the conception of the bachelor editor aforesaid. He is a regular woman's hero in being both unreal and stupidly, monotonously, spiritlessly good. He has, in the nerve-straining occupation of getting out his department in a weekly journal, acquired nothing, at least in Mr. Neill's hands, of the brisk, snappy decision of manner which is inevitably gained by a mao who has filled capably, and for a long term, such a position of authority over those around him. Neither has he gained the knowledge of human nature which such a position gives him. David Holmes displays the dull stupidity of a doddering old owl who is courted by a lively young wren, when fresh, charming, country-bred Sylvia falls in love with him, and throws herself openly, innocently, and ingenuously at his head. Apparently, in his successful literary career, he has not been chased to cover by the agile and tireless lion-hunter, and paraded at society entertainments. His cheek is unshaven; his trousers too short; his bearing in a drawing-room as awkward as that of a farm-hand. He makes an evening call upon his sister, a wealthy society woman, who trails through her gorgeous reception-rooms in a stunning *decouleté* gown, in his business-suit, sporting tan shoes, and fails to remove his hat until after he has greeted the ladies—an unaccountable breach, even in one's tradesman.

Altogether, the mild, over-spectated David makes one just a little too impatient to be very much in sympathy with him. It is rather hard to say whether it is the fault of the authoress or the actor, but we are inclined to think that they will have to halve the blame. Probably Sol Smith Russell lit up with a sly, sudden shaft of humor here and there, the monotonous goodness of David's character, and made him less of a prig, more of a man, and rather lovable, but if Mr. Neill has a humorous side, it was not brought out in this *role*. He deserves commendation for the care and conscientiousness with which the part was presented, but the restraint suggested constraint, and we shall have reason to be surprised and disappointed if we do not see Mr. Neill filling other *roles* with more ease and sincerity than he displayed in this.

His company, so far as can be judged from the present production, is very fairly equipped with players. Miss Julia Dean, who assumes the part of the country-bred ward of the recluse *littérateur*, is, in especial, quite a charming little *ingenue* in her fresh, unaffected girlishness. Her slim, little figure carried the school-girl toilets of the hudding country maid with simple, natural grace, and if she was occasionally a little swamped by the over-honeyed sentiment of her more serious scenes, it was not her fault. A certain directness and sincerity is a pleasant trait that she possesses, and she had a line or so which brought out agreeably this side of her personality and afforded us a momentary titillation of liking and enjoyment.

Ethyde Chapman, billed as "a widow of the world," had the slightest of *roles*, but one which she managed to make of a high decorative value. She has a soft, agreeable, distinct voice, which always carries out with success its owner's intentions, and a pair of fetching eyes, which absorb, with unflinching coquetry, the bewitched glances of the particular male under fire. Miss Chapman piled up her masses of fluffy blonde hair into the latest and toulest of pompadours, with a whole family of rats to distend its golden splendors, hung her slight figure with begilded, helroidered, he-stiffened, hetrained gorgeousoess, and streamed around the dusty confines of her brother's editorial den with some approximation to the air of the *haute monde*.

Then there was Aunt Clementia, who is a virago with a heart, although she remains stonily inextinguishable to the twenty-year-old constancy of Martin, David Holmes's secretary. Poor Aunt Clem, how sorry we felt for her in her rages! It is a dreadful destiny staring all actresses pitilessly in the face, that of becoming the viragoes of the stage. Just as Old Time begins to seam their voices with cracks, and that delicate human instrument needs a lighter task, they must step gracefully hack from the stage centre, and become scolding mothers-in-law, shrieking, hectoring, unloved, elderly wives, and shrill-voiced furies generally. It is an ugly conception of feminine old age that seems to appear in every play we see nowadays. Willie Collier used it in "Mr. Smooth," but he had in Helen Reimer a very clever actress with so much of natural humor in her composition that she made it a comedy success. Lillian Andrews as Aunt Clem did her duty nobly by throwing all the voice in her to her part, but before she got through with the old lady's highest and noisiest fit of rage, she had smashed it to flinders.

There were several young men floating around, and the authoress showed the usual respect for tradition by supplying each man with a mate. Of the men in the company, Mr. Howard, who plays the scapegrace brother of David Holmes, seemed to rank next to Mr. Neill in importance. He is rather an agreeable actor, and wears his evening clothes as if he had been used to the elegances of life. That is a detail, but one worth noting in these days, when we are accustomed to see recruits from the shovely declaiming chivalry on the stage, in the shoddiest of English and with a pronounced south of Market accent. There is something mildly, although unintentionally, amusing in the redundancy with which Gerald peppers his discourse with assertions to the effect that he is a sad dog, with no good in him. When a man is a sad dog, he is generally either beautifully unconscious of the fact, or tries to make the rest of the world so; and when a youth goes around earnestly assuring everybody that he is a thoroughly abandoned case, we can not help suspecting that he is in reality the most respectable of men, with a harmless admiration for the glitter of vice at a safe distance.

There were several pretty and rather unacknowledged situations in the play, and the rural atmosphere in which the last act transpired was very becoming both mentally and materially to everybody but the literary hero. David, who looks thirty, is presumably forty, speaks of himself as if he were sixty, and consorts with broken-down citizens of seventy or eighty, makes a freak entrance with two freak old men in the last act, as exasperatingly, goodly good as ever. He has, in spite of his tender affection for Sylvia, got her into a nice pickle by pushing her into the arms of another suitor, and now the full strength of the company is called on to untangle the knot; everybody nods, winks, gesticulates, and all but shoves David into the position of wooer; even Aunt Clem takes a hand, until he finally wins the sweet girl prize that he has shown so little enterprise in claiming.

The general tone of the play, harring the fact that the authoress has a tendency to get her wings rather dragged by the syrup of sentiment, is fresh and wholesome; rather quiet, but with a sufficiently sustained thread of interest to keep one's attention pleasantly alive.

One would say, from the size, attention, and demonstrations of the audience, that they are quite ready to enjoy another season of work by a stock company in conventional plays—a good sign in these days of hash programmes, when plays, if they are comedies, are liable to suddenly swing into farce, and farce to violently somersault into vaudeville. The list of plays which the company is to produce looks very promising, containing as it does quite a number which have been identified with the careers of such men as Goodwin, Sothern, and Mansfield.

JOSEFITA.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## An Easter Bonnet Ode.

Thou bonnet!  
Embodiment of feminine delight,  
This is thy day.  
Thou art  
It!  
Thou canst elongate necks,  
And in a trice thou  
Turnest blue, black, brown, or any  
Old colored eyes to  
Green!  
Every woman owes a debt of  
Gratitude to thee,  
And a man  
Is in luck if he don't  
Owe more than a  
Fifty-dollar debt to his wife's  
Milliner.  
Thou art a bird!  
A daisy—yca, a whole  
Flower garden!  
Thou art  
On top of everything,  
And therefore thou art in  
High feather, and  
Man,  
Proud man,  
Is naught beside thee—  
Yet thou  
Shalt be a  
Social outcast in that thou  
Wert too gay  
And therefore got thyself  
Talked about—  
Aod thou shalt be  
Laughed at!  
Scorned!  
Belittled!  
Blasphemed, and  
Everlastingly cut up,  
Torn asunder,  
And cast aside  
By summer!

—Colorado Springs Gazette.

## A Ballade of Easter.

On Sunday will the avenue  
Bloom like a rose in summer's heat;  
On Sunday will gay hats and new  
Shine, like a rainbow, in the street.  
Feather and how and plume complete  
Will top fair Femina's array.  
Mine be the joy to ever meet  
This witching show on Easter day.  
  
St. Swithin, grant the skies be blue  
And earth unsullied 'neath their feet,  
So may the gowns of many a hue  
Each for their wearer's charm compete.  
Happy the man who, trim and neat,  
May stand adorning on his way,  
And lift his polished tile to greet  
This witching show on Easter day.  
  
And, when the service loog is through,  
May I be first to reach her seat,  
And have a nod and smile from Prue,  
And join the march of the *élite*.  
Oh, maidens fine and fair retreat,  
Despite your rare apparel gay!  
Not one can shine beside my sweet,  
This witching show on Easter day.

## L'ENVOI.

Oh, century, outworn, effete,  
So bored with everything! Oh, say,  
Does it not make your old heart beat,  
This witching show on Easter day?  
—Theodosia Pickering Garrison in the Bazar.

## Spring.

Hurrah!  
Bing! Bing!  
For the odes of spring.  
Come, haste to the altar, your votives bring,  
While songsters carol and rhymesters sing.  
There's ink to sling  
In an endless string,  
Aod verse galore for our offering.  
For wing  
And king  
And ring  
And sting  
Glide into the lines with an easy swing.  
And the rhythmic jing.  
Le of any old thing  
In the way of a "pome" we're allowed to fling,  
So long as our couplets shall end in "ing."  
So, now,  
Ding! Ding!  
Let our voices ming-  
Le in one harmonious song of spring.  
—Chicago Tribune.

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Eye-Glasses

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Gorgeous Production Next Monday of Frank Daniels's  
Great Comic Opera,

--- THE WIZARD OF THE NILE ---  
All the Favorites in the Cast. Enlarged Chorus, Or-  
chestra, and Ballet. Brilliant Scenery and Effects.  
Popular Prices—25c and 50c. Telephone, Bush 9.

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H. West's

--- BIG MINSTREL JUBILEE ---  
The Greatest Offering in Years. It's a Hit From Begin-  
ning to End.

Special Prices—\$1.00, 75c, 50c, 35c, 25c.

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**California THE POPULAR HOUSE**

Week Commencing Sunday April 15th. Matinees Thurs-  
day and Saturday. A Hit That Rings True. Mr.  
James Neill and Company in

--- A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE ---  
Will Be Continued a Second Week, Until April 21st.  
Children Under Seven Not Admitted.

## CALIFORNIA THEATRE-Extra

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Afternoons, April 16th,  
18th, and 20th. An Event That Will Live in Music  
History. The Two Great Russians in Joint Recitals  
Petrovich, the Poet of the Violin. Ham-  
bourg, the Young Siegfried of the Piano. Assisted by  
Emil Lauchman, the Distinguished French Pianist  
and Composer. Orchestra of Sixty Pieces, Monday  
Afternoon. Reserved Seats—50c, \$1.00, \$.50, and \$2.00.

## Crepheum

Mlle. Marzella; Guitano; Falke & Simon; A. C.  
Duncan; Bellman & Moore; Bobby Gaylor; Em-  
pire Comedy Four; De Forrests; and  
St Stehbins.

Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs at  
Box seats, 50c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and  
Sunday.

## Western Turf Association

## TANFORAN PARK

Sixth Meeting, April 9th to 20th, inclusive.

Six high-class running races every week day,  
rain or shine, beginning at 1:30 P. M.

The ideal winter race track of America. Patrons sit  
directly from the railroad cars into a superb grand stand  
glass-enclosed, where comfortably housed in had wealth  
they can enjoy an unobstructed view of the races.

Trains leave Third and Townsend Streets at 9:00, 10:00,  
and 11:30 A. M., and 12:15, 12:35, 12:50, and 1:25 P. M.,  
turning immediately after last race and at 4:45 P. M. See  
in rear cars reserved for women and their escorts. 1.  
Smoking. Valencia Street ten minutes later.  
San José and way stations. Arrive at San Bruno  
12:45 P. M. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 P. M.

Rates: San Francisco to Tanforan and return, inclu-  
ding admission to track, \$1.25.  
W. J. MARTIN, Pres. F. H. GREEN, Sec'y and Mgr.

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SCENIC RAILWAY. (Via Sausalito Ferry)

Leave San Francisco, commencing October 1, 1899.

WEEK DAYS—9:30 A. M. and 1:45 P. M.

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No Night Trips.

Steam-heated, closed car on all trains.

ROUND TRIP from San Francisco, \$1.4

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Fare, Round Trip, 25c. Children, 15c., i

cluding Admission to Grounds.

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1:00, and 4 P. M. Returning, leave El Campo, 11:45, 3:

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**A Plate of Clear Soup**

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

## "The Wizard of the Nile."

The long-delayed production of Frank Daniels's great comic-opera success, "The Wizard of the Nile," will be given at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday evening, and inasmuch as it is far superior to "The Idol's Eye" from a musical standpoint, and is to be given a lavish setting, it will doubtless enjoy a prosperous run. The cast will include Ferris Hartman as Kibosh, the false wizard, who is supposed to make the Nile rise and in consequence wins the hand of the king's daughter as a prize; Alf C. Wheelan, who will sing his original rôle of the King of Egypt, a part even more ludicrous than his "Hoot Mon"; Tom Greene as Parmigan, the lover of the king's daughter; William Schuster as Cheops, the royal weather prophet, who can not make the Nile rise; Annie Myers as the apprentice of the wizard; Helen Merrill as Cleopatra, the king's daughter; and Frances Temple Graham as the king's wife.

## The West Minstrels.

On Monday evening William H. West's big minstrel show enters on the second and last week of its engagement at the Columbia Theatre. In the old-time minstrel first part of the programme a number of catchy new songs are introduced, including "Your Money's No Good," by Carroll Johnson, who wears some stunning costumes; "The Bird in the Gilded Cage" and "The Blue and the Gray," by Richard José; "I've Got Chicken on the Brain," by Fred Warren; and several bass selections by John P. Rodgers. The specialty hits were scored by the Luken Brothers, in novel acrobatic feats, and the three Marvels, musical comedians. The concluding feature, "The Charge of San Juan Hill," is a brilliant spectacle, winding up with the tableau, "Admiral Dewey at Peace."

Ward and Vokes follow in their new musical farce review, "The Floor Walker," which is said to embrace about twenty excellent specialties, catchy music enough to stock a comic opera, and a wealth of bright dialogue.

## Second Week of "A Bachelor's Romance."

The Neill Company have been drawing excellent houses in Martha Morton's clever comedy, "A Bachelor's Romance," and as a result the management has wisely decided to continue it another week. James Neill as David Holmes, the editor of the *Review*; Julia Dean as Sylvia, the country-bred ward of the reclusive *littérateur*; Edythe Chapman as David's sister; Lilian Andrews as Aunt Clementina; and Mr. Howard as the editor's scapegrace brother, all appear to advantage, and will doubtless prove great favorites as the season advances and they are given opportunities to show their versatility. The scenery and stage management are excellent, and some of the women's costumes, notably those of Edythe Chapman, are gorgeous creations.

## The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

Among the new-comers at the Orpheum next week will be Mlle. Marzella, who has a troupe of performing birds said to be able to do almost everything but speak; the Guitanos, grotesque acrobats and pantomimists; Falke and Semon, musical comedians; A. O. Duncan, the ventriloquist; and Bellman and Moore, singing and dancing comedians. Those retained from this week's bill are the inimitable Bobby Gaylor, who has a budget of racy stories and rollicking songs; the Empire Comedy Four—Harvey, Cooley, Wilbur, and Fuller—whose sketch, "Only a Joke," gives them an admirable opportunity to introduce some excellent musical selections and quiet humor; the De Forrests, whose dancing is graceful and unique; and Si Stebbins, the monologist and sleight-of-hand performer, whose card-tricks are enthusiastically received by the audience.

## Salvini's Triumph in Russia.

Writing to a New York friend from his home in Italy, Tommaso Salvini, the famous tragedian, now seventy-two years old, thus describes his remarkable success in St. Petersburg:

"This morning I arrived home from my trip to Russia, and found lying on my desk your desired letter, to which I reply first of all those which have been received. Not, however, as you would have me reply, with many details, since I lack the time; but I will merely give you the important details. I will begin by saying that while staying in the house of Prince W—, whose guest I was, I had occasion to make the acquaintance of a large part of the *dile* society of that country. In the first place, the uncle of the emperor, Grand Duke Vladimir, and with him princes and princesses, who were invited to a reception given by the prince in my honor. After the first evening of 'Otello' the public seemed to have gone mad. The calls before the curtain were innumerable. At last the whole imperial company came upon the stage, and the oldest of the actors, M. Davidoff, made a speech in my honor, of which I did not understand a single word; but it was followed up with the gift of a beautiful crown and gold and silver. I had to make a speech in reply, and this time it was they who did not understand. Another crown of silver was given to me one evening when I recited a poem at the Hall of Nobles for the benefit of the fund for sick poets and writers.

"The second performance of 'Otello' the emperor and empress were present, although they were obliged to attend a ball which it was impossible for them to miss. At the end of the third act they sum-

moned me to their box and were exceedingly gracious to me, making me tell the whole history of my career and expressing their keen regret that they were obliged to leave the theatre. The Grand Duke Constantine, however, remained (cousin of the emperor), and he was the last to leave the box, applauding more than the others. He, too, wanted to speak to me, in order to invite me the next day to the Court Theatre, where he was to give a performance of 'Hamlet,' translated by himself. He also wanted some advice from me, and I was not sparing of it.

"At twenty-nine degrees below zero the public waited for me outside of the theatre, and at two o'clock in the morning they escorted me back to the palace, I in my carriage and they on foot, through several inches of snow, and howling like so many mad dogs. When I left the city there were at the station as many as two hundred and ninety-nine persons begging for my autograph. When I reached Trieste, my son Gustavo begged me to give with him two performances, 'Oreste' and 'Otello.' An immense triumph, fabulous success, exaggerated applause! I am to return to Russia the twenty-ninth of April, and what is more, to Moscow, for the director of the Imperial Theatre begged, in the name of all the artists (!) that Moscow should not be deprived of the great honor of having me perform with them. Shall I tell you the truth? They seemed to me to have all gone mad. And do you know, they are to give me three thousand francs for each performance, and all my expenses paid, coming and going! I should never have believed that I should end my career with so much glory. And to think that these journeys, so long and so wearisome, instead of injuring my health, seem to have stimulated and improved it. Unless, of course, some unforeseen stroke should all of a sudden shatter this rugged oak which still puts forth leaves and branches. . . . It is better not to say anything about myself; henceforth I am out of the course, and it is better to clear a course for my son, who deserves to have it strewn with roses.

"T. SALVINI."

## James A. Herne on the Drama.

"It is a very difficult matter to criticize one's contemporaries, and to do so fairly, except in the most general terms," said James A. Herne in a recent interview. "I will say, however, I find that the old stock actor, who received his training in all sorts of rôles and a great variety of plays, if he has only kept up with the times, is far ahead of the modern actor, who only too frequently knows only one line of parts or specialties. But the old timer, who still lingers amid memories of the 'palmy days' of the drama, and dreams only of their return, forgetful of the fact that half a century of progress has left them irrevocably behind, is the worst actor of all. 'Let the dead past bury the dead, act in the living present,' is the best possible advice for such men.

"Personally, I have tried to keep abreast of the times in other matters besides those relating strictly to my profession. While that is first in my thoughts always, I find that a man who devotes himself solely to one occupation to the exclusion of other interests soon becomes narrow-minded and stereotyped. Thus the actor or playwright who lives entirely in the mimic world, only emerging from it for his meals, and fills in the intervals between his stage appearances by talking 'shop' to members of his tribe, soon forgets the great, busy, progressive world around him, and in course of time ceases to be a true reflector of life. The average actor knows little about politics, still less about the vital questions of sociology and political economy, which should be studied by all intelligent men.

"I have never written a play without a purpose in view, and this has led me into the study of subjects which are not ordinarily discussed on the stage. I do not believe in obviously 'pointing the moral to adorn the tale,' but I like to think that there is something in every play I write which people will take home with them and think over—something that, aside from the passing amusement of the play, will help to make them wiser and happier men and women. Therefore, I draw my subjects by choice from common, every-day life. I know that people, as a rule, prefer to get outside their own often dreary lives into the realms of romance, where the ordinary laws of nature do not hold good; but such spectacles seem to me insidiously harmful, since they lead us to hope that the laws of God may be dodged by us as easily as the dramatist does it. This is false philosophy, and it seems to me, harmful. Therefore, I have always felt that in locating my plays amid the commonplaces of life, describing characters and conditions as they actually exist, and bringing about a rational yet pleasant conclusion to the story, when that is possible, I am doing my best possible work.

"Every man does best that work in which his heart lies. I never was fitted for the romantic rôles of the old dramas, although I have played many of them in my time. Still, my choice was strong character parts, such as are found in the dramatizations of Dickens's novels, which first gave me my insight into every-day life and character. Of course, I realize now that Dickens is often superficial and theatrical, but the pathos of Peggotty, the droll humor of Captain Cuttle, and the fierce animal passion of Bill Sikes first appealed to my youthful mind and started me on my studies of humanity.

"And if Dickens made me an actor, Henry George made me a thinker. I had the honor and pleasure of knowing that great man intimately for a number of years. There never was a man of higher or more unselfish purposes than Henry George.

Even when he ran for mayor of New York, and would have been elected if he had lived, it was not with the slightest idea of personal aggrandizement, but because he believed that at the head of the city government he could ameliorate the conditions of many of his fellow-citizens. Henry George first persuaded me to look deeper than the mere surface phenomena of life, and to study out motives and results. He made me a student rather than a mere imitator of humanity, and for that I shall always thank him.

"In my home life I endeavor to get as far away from the stage as possible, and, by the interesting discussion of affairs of the day with my family, to freshen my mind and to improve my dramatic work. For 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' certainly all play and nothing outside of it makes a dull actor in the course of time. Therefore, I say, the old experienced actor who has kept abreast of the progress of the world, has an immense advantage over the neophyte; but the old-style, conventional actor is incorrigible, and must certainly go to the wall in the keen competition of the day. I am an optimist. I believe the stage is progressing and getting nearer to nature and the truth every day. Ten years ago I found difficulty in getting a hearing for a naturalistic play; nowadays I have no trouble in booking such a play, even before it has been produced."

## COMMUNICATIONS.

## Britons and Boers.

HANFORD, CAL., March 4, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: No doubt Mr. Schuyler B. Jackson, of New Jersey, is able to take care of himself in his discussion with you about the respective merits of the British and Boer contentions, but Mr. Jackson lives a long way off, and so I can not help offering one or two remarks on your answer to one of his questions in your issue of April 2d.

His question, No. 8, is: "Have the Boers kept the promises made . . . after Majuba Hill regarding the treatment of the English Outlanders?" You answer: "They have, for they promised civil and not political equality." The meaning of the word "for" as used here does not seem quite clear. Does it follow that because the Boers have not given political equality, that therefore they have given civil equality? You do not say this, although you imply it. As a matter of fact, the relations of the British and Boer Governments during the past fourteen years or so have chiefly consisted of a series of futile British remonstrances against civil outrages committed by the Boer Government or its police on the Outlanders. After so many years of useless remonstrance, the British Government demanded the franchise for the unfranchised two-thirds of the white population of the Transvaal, as being the most efficient means of securing that civil equality which the promises of Mr. Krüger, "that godly man," and the remonstrances of the British Government had so far failed to bring about.

I suppose that only brainless busybodies, in any country, want the franchise for its own sake, like misers want money, and that other people want the franchise only as a means of securing civil equality and liberty. I am, sirs, your obedient servant,

S. C. S. HAMMOND.

## An Appreciative Subscriber.

HYTHE, COLCHESTER, ENGLAND,

March 25, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I beg to inclose subscription for your paper and New York *Life*, coupled. I have been derelict in forwarding the sum, in time to fit in with the expiration of my present term, which expires March 27th, but I must put up with the loss. I shall feel obliged if you will alter the address from the Lyric Club, London, to F. E. Macmahon, Colchester, England. Some of the members of the former have so great a fondness for the *Argonaut* that I have several times found myself short of the pleasure it usually affords me. The change in the address will compensate for past losses. The first thirty years of my life, spent in the city of Brooklyn, gave me sufficient knowledge of the American press to cross the continent in search of a rational American paper. I am casting no stone at the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, but I pass it by, solely because of its plethora of matter. To a Brooklynite, long resident in London, most of its pages are dull and uninteresting.

Strange to say, the local matter in the *Argonaut* is read by me as religiously as any other—merely, I presume, because it is treated differently. Not quite so much of the "parish pump" about it.

Very truly, F. E. MACMAHON.

At Tanforan Park to-day (Saturday) the main event will be the Western Stakes, a sweepstakes for two-year-olds (foals of 1898). The purse is for \$1,500 and the distance five furlongs, and as there are some sixty-seven entries there will doubtless be a large field. An excellent list of races has been arranged for next week.

The big ferry-boat *Ukiah* carried several thousand pleasure-seekers to and from El Campo last Sunday. El Campo's attractions for those seeking a pleasant Sunday outing are growing in public appreciation. Picnic-parties are welcomed and entertained.

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## VANITY FAIR.

It has seldom happened that there have been so many young ladies connected with the official circle at Washington as during this administration, and this is particularly true in regard to the Cabinet families (writes Abby G. Baker in the *Bazar*). Since Mr. McKinley's inauguration there have been more than twenty young lady daughters in these families alone, and at present there are ten. The first Secretary of State, the Hon. John Sherman, had no young lady daughters, nor did his successor, Judge Day; the present incumbent of the Jeffersonian chair, Mr. John Hay, has two very charming ones—Miss Hay and Miss Alice. Miss Hay is following in the literary footsteps of her distinguished father, and is already quite widely known by her interesting book of poems, which she published last year. Her talent is an inherited one, and it has always been natural for her to write in verse. Miss Alice Hay, therefore, often laughingly declares that her sister has all of the "gifts" of the family, but those who know her best do not agree with her in this. She is quite as bright and as great a social favorite as Miss Hay, and both of them are of great assistance to their mother in making the home of the Secretary of State the leading one of the official circle. The Secretary of the Treasury is one of the three original members of the McKinley Cabinet. He and Mrs. Gage have no unmarried daughters, although their beautiful home on Massachusetts Avenue is almost always filled with a gay house-party of young people. Secretary Alger's daughter was married during his tenure of the War Office, the wedding being one of the most brilliant social events of years. The present Secretary and Mrs. Root have one young lady daughter, a tall, graceful girl, with clear, olive skin and dark, expressive eyes. Miss Root has thoroughly enjoyed this her first season in Washington, and is very popular. She is an end-of-the-century girl in her devotion to out-of-door sports, an excellent horsewoman, and very much at home on the golf-links and tennis-court. She is, besides, an accomplished musician. Like his predecessor, Justice McKenna, the present Attorney-General, Judge Griggs, has two young lady daughters. Miss Griggs came out in society last winter, and Miss Leila was to have been formally introduced this season, but owing to the long illness and subsequent death of Mrs. Griggs's mother, this event had to be omitted, and Miss Leila came out without any formality. Miss Long, the eldest daughter of the Secretary of the Navy, has been a student at Johns Hopkins for several years, and does not care for society, while her sister, Miss Helen, who took a prominent position socially during the first of the administration, is now in poor health, and has gone to Colorado for a change of climate. Secretary Hitchcock, who succeeded Secretary Bliss in the Interior Department, has two attractive daughters. Miss Wilson, the daughter of the Secretary of the Agricultural Department, is her father's hostess, and has made his home a brilliant social centre of the capital.

"No man or woman capable of observation has ever left America without adding some new tribute to her boundless hospitality," says Clement Scott, in a farewell article in the *New York Herald*, after a stay of six months in the metropolis. "That is taken for granted. But it is the manner in which the hospitality is offered that charms me, and here let me add that the delightful American women play even a more important part than the men. Society in America becomes a real thing and a charm owing to the natural gifts, the remarkable cleverness, and, if I may so express it, the open-hearted adaptability of the brilliant American women. The average English woman is invariably cold and on the defensive; the average American woman is genially aggressive. The English woman wants to hold you at arm's length; the American woman wants to fascinate you. Let me draw two pictures. I am asked out to a dinner-party in England. The preliminary ten or fifteen minutes in the reception-room constitute a miniature purgatory. No one is at ease, and neither host nor hostess attempts to counteract the difficulty. We all glare at one another as if we were wild beasts, and long for the voice of the butler to announce dinner. Such things as geniality or general conversation would be regarded as 'bad form,' the *mot d'ordre* of vulgaritarians. I am introduced to a lady, whose name I can not catch, so formal and *sotto voce* is the introduction made, as my dinner companion. As a rule, she glares at me as if some offense had been committed. She looks me up and down as if I had accidentally trodden on her gown. From the Greenland of the drawing-room we descend to the Lapland of the dining-room. Your companion never dreams of putting you at your ease, or assisting you in the art of conversation, and when she does it is frequently to display some appalling piece of 'wrong information.' Such a companion, the daughter of a general officer, to whom I was introduced in England, did not know exact where the Cape was, and thought that the Boers were Catholics, and it was a religious war with England. It is difficult to thaw such a next-door neighbor as that. The soup finds her an icicle, the fish discovers her to be cold and clammy, the *cordons* absolutely congeal her, the roast and game warm her up a bit, but the ices relegate her

into her normal condition. 'Woe to the man at such a party who breaks away from this pale, bloodless, and fish-like companion and bursts impulsively into general conversation. If he discusses with enthusiasm some subjects that he has studied, he is stared at with that well-known 'vacant British stare,' as if he had suddenly emerged from the backwoods or the Cannibal Islands. When you get back to the drawing-room your dinner companion does not know you!"

Here is Mr. Scott's picture of an American dinner-party: "You are no sooner ushered into the reception-room than you feel at home in half a second. Conversation is general and animated. Your hostess is genial, gracious, and an artist in the difficult ceremony of introduction. The room and the atmosphere beam with friendliness. Introduced to your dinner companion she is determined that you and your partner shall be friends at once. You have not to make conversation. She makes it for you. If you know anything she will drag it out of you in double-quick time, and you have some difficulty in holding your own against her readiness, wit, and sly cynicism. She can discuss everything, and knows something about all she discusses, but without pedantry or affectation. She has the art of appearing to like you and be interested in you, whether she is or not. This may be humbug, but it is delightful humbug all the same. The elements of flirtation are never to be despised by man or woman of any age. This social art is generally ignored in England, and that is why American women are so supremely popular. And what is the consequence? You go home from a dinner-party in England tired and bored to death, or wander off to your club to try to forget it all. You go home from an American dinner-party exhilarated, a little proud of yourself, and saying sincerely: 'It has been a jolly and delightful evening.' At least, that is what I have felt whenever I have been honored with an invitation in New York."

According to the *New York Sun*, a down-town tailor who charges large prices for his clothes has profited by the system of the misfit clothing stores this winter, and on the strength of it he has had work enough to keep his employees busy all winter. "Just after the holidays," he said, in explaining his scheme, "my business is usually dull. I had a lot of good hands whom I didn't want to discharge, and I thought I would employ them in making up overcoats that would fit the average man and take my chances of disposing of them. I have a lot of regular customers who did not get new overcoats this year. I had the measurements of a number of such men in mind when I had the coats cut out. When one was finished I dropped a note to a man whom I knew it would fit, telling him that I had a misfit coat which I thought would suit him. He came round promptly and bought it for sixty-five dollars. I would have made him the same coat to order early in the season for seventy dollars, but that wouldn't have pleased him half so much as getting a misfit that just fitted him. Men are just as fond of bargains as women. I could afford to sell the clothes which I made in this way cheaper than if they had been made to order during the rush season. The men worked on them between regular jobs. Nearly all the clothes which I have thus far manufactured on speculation I have sold for good prices. Men who wouldn't order a coat have bought coats which they thought were misfits, but which, in reality, were made after their own measurements. Each of these customers has felt that I was doing him a favor in notifying him of the misfit."

Among the changes wrought in New York of late years, there is one which promises to make that city in still another way a rival of Paris and London (remarks the *New York Times*). Foreigners have never been able to understand why it was considered by society bad form to walk in Central Park; a magnificent garden in the heart of the fashionable district, and one which is far more attractive than Hyde or St. James's Park, and yet society turned the cold shoulder upon it. London's most picturesque feature in the full season is the church parade, where, in Hyde Park, after church hours and before luncheon, society turns out en masse. The London people still go to the church on Sunday, and many of those in the very "exclusive" New York sets go to the country instead, but still there are enough who remain in town to make a very respectable church parade. Now that society is massing in the Sixtieth, Seventieth, and Eightieth Streets, on the east side, the park has become a possibility on Sundays after church, and there in the short walk between the Fifty-Ninth or plaza entrance and that at Fifth Avenue and East Seventy-Second Street, one may meet society. Each Sunday during a short hour just after noon this promenade is crowded, and seems to grow in popularity. It may be a passing fad, but it has the prestige and hall-mark of an English custom.

During the last few months card-parties have become a very popular amusement in Vienna, and it is said that many society ladies have lost a good deal more money at poker and other games than they could well afford. Their husbands remonstrated with them, and certain eloquent divines labored hard to convince them of the error of their

ways, but all their efforts were unavailing and the ladies continued to play as recklessly as ever. A few weeks ago the matter was brought to the attention of the police in a letter which informed them that a young count had lost a very large sum of money while playing poker at a club frequented by ladies, and as a result a stringent order was issued prohibiting card-playing in all clubs. Furthermore, the chief of police invited some very well known ladies to call on him, and when they appeared he very politely but firmly informed them that the authorities could not sanction such high play as was carried on constantly in their salons. The ladies indignantly denied that there was ever any gambling in their houses, but the chief replied by showing them a list of those who were their constant companions at the card-tables, as well as a complete statement of the sums which had been lost and won there during the last few weeks. Utterly dumfounded, the ladies returned home, with one thought uppermost in their minds, that they would not rest until they discovered who had betrayed them. Consequently, they went to work with a will, and they soon learned, much to their surprise and chagrin, that it was their own husbands who had requested the police to put a stop to their fascinating games of poker.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, April 12th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

BONDS.		Closed.	
Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
C. C. Water 5%.....	10,000 @ 106	105 3/4	
Hawaiian C. & S. 5%.....	6,000 @ 105 3/4-105 3/4	105 3/4	106
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	50,000 @ 103 1/2-104	104	
N. R. of Cal. 6%.....	6,000 @ 114		
Oakland Transit 6%.....	10,000 @ 114 1/4	113 3/4	114 1/4
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	18,000 @ 105-106 1/4	106	
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	10,000 @ 116	116 1/4	
S. P. Branch 6%.....	1,000 @ 126 1/2	125 3/4	127 1/2
S. V. Water 6%.....	1,000 @ 114 1/4	114 1/4	114 3/4
S. V. Water 4%.....	21,000 @ 104	103 3/4	
S. V. Water 4% jds.....	42,000 @ 102	102	
STOCKS.		Closed.	
Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	470 @ 64 1/4-65 1/4	64 1/4	65
Spring Valley Water.....	135 @ 95-95 3/4	95 3/4	96
Gas and Electric.			
Equitable Gaslight.....	125 @ 3 1/4-3 3/4	3 1/4	3 3/4
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	1,110 @ 50 3/4-52	51	51 1/4
S. F. Gas.....	940 @ 4 1/2		
Banks.			
Cal. S. D. & T. Co.....	50 @ 103 1/4	103	105
Street R. & T.			
Market St.....	245 @ 63 1/4-63 3/4	63 1/4	
Powders.			
Giant Con.....	220 @ 83-84 1/4	83 1/4	84 1/4
Vigorit.....	560 @ 3 1/4-3 3/4	3 1/4	3 3/4
Sugars.			
Hana P. Co.....	165 @ 9 1/2-10	9 1/2	9 3/4
Hawaiian.....	535 @ 86 1/2-89		
Honolulu S. Co.....	1,130 @ 32 1/4-34	33 1/4	34
Hutchinson.....	1,165 @ 26 1/4-26 1/2	26 1/2	26 1/2
Kilauea S. Co.....	650 @ 22	22	22 1/4
Makaweli S. Co.....	2,440 @ 48 1/4-48 3/4	48 1/4	49
Onomea S. Co.....	185 @ 27 1/4-28 1/4	28 1/4	29
Paauhau S. P. Co.....	2,320 @ 31-32 1/4	32 1/4	32 1/2
Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers.....	40 @ 118 1/4	118 1/4	119 1/4
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....	80 @ 102-103	103	

During the past week the market has been in the financial doldrums. The sugar manipulators, having a head of steam on, forged their favorites a little ahead. There has not been so general a quietness on the street for quite a long time.

The Contra Costa Water Company's election, the uncertainty as to the legality of the rates established in Alameda, the advertising that the public utilities committee of our board of supervisors is getting, together with rumors concerning an opposition works, has caused a feeling of uncertainty to prevail among speculators and investors regarding water, gas, and powder stocks. The longs not knowing whether it is better to sell or hold, and buyers hesitating, doubtful as to whether stocks will not go lower. A little money, backed by good generalship, would at this time cause either a spurt or a break in most of the stocks, as the market seems (volume of sugars) to be left to itself. A moderate volume of business was done in bonds, and prices were well held.

The Contra Costa Water Company held their annual election in their office in San Francisco on April 9th, and elected the following as their board of directors: J. K. T. Watkinson, William J. Dingee, A. W. Rose, George A. Pope, E. J. McCutcheon, William G. Henshaw, and Charles C. Bemis. On the fifteenth Contra Costa will pay a dividend of 40 cents; Oakland Gas, Light, and Heat Company, 25 cents; Kilauea Sugar Company, 25 cents; and Makaweli Sugar Company, 25 cents.

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Reserve Fund.....210,067  
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CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000  
SURPLUS.....1,000,000  
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.....2,321,212  
January 1, 1900.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When Artemus Ward was to lecture in a little place in the Far West, a blizzard came up, and consequently the audience was small. "After my lecture," said Artemus, "I ventured to suggest to the chairman of the committee that the elements having been against me that evening, I might repeat my talk later on in the season. After conferring with his fellow-committeemen, the chairman came back and said to me: 'We haven't any objection at all to your repeating your lecture, but the feeling is that you had better repeat it in some other town.'"

When Dr. Alexander, the first Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, arrived at Jaffa, the Greeks on the shore, whose language is the *lingua franca* of debased Italian commonly spoken in Syria, were duly impressed by the episcopal shovel-hat and knee-breeches, and cried out in admiration: "Vescovo! Vescovo!" (bishop). Mrs. Alexander followed. The Greeks were puzzled, but being informed that she was the bishop's wife, rose to the occasion with a shout of "Vescova! Vescova!" This made the next step easier, so that when a little procession of four or five children followed their mother up the beach, the Greeks threw up their hands in wonder and delight and screamed out, "Vescovini! Vescovini!"

A commissioner representing the American art section of a certain exposition was to arrive in Paris a while ago to arrange with the American painters and sculptors resident there for their contributions. Wishing to be brisk and businesslike, he wrote ahead to several artists stating that he would be in Paris on a certain day, and at a certain hotel, and naming an hour at which he hoped each man would call upon him. On his schedule for the day was the name of McNeil Whistler and the hour "4:30 precisely." The note he received is worthy of the author of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies": "DEAR SIR: I have received your letter announcing that you will arrive in Paris on the —th. I congratulate you. I have never been able, and never shall be able, to be anywhere at '4:30 precisely.' Yours most faithfully, J. McN. WHISTLER."

The president of a manufacturing firm in Chicago has two letters from a man in Michigan. The first set forth that the writer had settled upon a piece of land that had "rite smart pin timbur on it"; that his neighbors, with the exception of "sum french Canucks at the nort end of the lak," had also "rite smart" of timber, and would hail the advent of a "sormil" with delight. "How mutch woud a smol sormil cost? N. B. if a frenchman name Ike Lamortto rites you to ask about this hese no gud and a ded beat of the first water." The firm wrote back to inform their correspondent that a small sawmill such as he seemed to want would cost about three hundred dollars. A catalogue was inclosed, which would give him an idea of the plant, and the firm hoped to be favored with his order. The firm had no idea that its letter would give serious offense. There was no doubt, however, that the Michigan man was quite annoyed. He wrote: "You must tak me for a — fool. If i had three hundred dollars what in — wud I want a sormil for?"

Many years ago, when President Krüger was in England, he was approached concerning some concession, railway or otherwise, by a business man in London. The negotiations lasted for some time. One evening the Londoner, who was staying at the same hotel, having spent many hours with Mr. Krüger and his companion, went to bed much exhausted, and feeling he had not got quite all he wanted. Next morning he arose at nine o'clock, and went along the corridor to Mr. Krüger's bedroom. To his astonishment it was empty, and all the luggage was gone. "Oh, sir," said the chambermaid, "Mr. Krüger and his friend left at six this morning." Then, with a giggle of amused reminiscence, the girl added: "They was a queer couple, sir, and no mistake. When 'e passed your door, sir, Mr. Krüger, 'e started dancin' right outside your door, sir, 'e and his friend. They didn't know as any one saw them, sir, but Bessie and I see them, unbeknown, from the top of the stairs. Then they went down-stairs, sir, fairly splittin' their sides with laughin', though they didn't say a word."

J. K., or "Tiny," Waterman, who died in South Africa two years ago, was known in St. Louis, his home city, as a young man who never got the "hot end" of any proposition. Some friends once invited him to their shooting club at Kings Lake, near St. Louis, and the first afternoon they stationed Tiny in a ducking tank, or sink box, where they well knew ducks had never been seen. He took the joke good naturedly, and that night at dinner he pulled a shell out of his pocket and tossed it on the table with the remark that he "thought he had put all of his shells away." Most naturally, one of the diners cut the shell open with his pocket-knife, disclosing the contents. Tiny seemed astounded at the number of "bullets," as he called them, and asked how many were in a shell. Of course no one

could enlighten him, so he said: "If you fellows who are hunters really don't know, it seems to me that it is a good hettig proposition." "Good scheme," exclaimed one of his hosts; "let's make it a dollar each as to who guesses nearest to the actual number in the shell." "As there is only one bet in this proposition," Tiny suggested, "let's make it five dollars a corner," which was agreed to. Each one wrote on the table-cloth his guess as to the number contained in the shell, and when the pellets were counted it was found that Tiny had guessed the exact number. He accordingly gathered in the thirty dollars, and when he had it safely bestowed, he casually inquired: "What do you fellows think I was doing in that blamed tank all afternoon?"

## DROPPING INTO POETRY.

From the Sublime to the Ridiculous.

"If you please, sir," said the young lady, timidly, as the exchange editor handed her a chair, "I have composed a few verses, or partially composed them, and I have thought you might help me finish them and then print them."

She was a handsome creature, with beautiful blue eyes, and a crowning glory as yellow as golden-roads. There was an expectant look on her face, a hopefulness that appealed to the holiest emotions; and the exchange editor made up his mind not to crush the longing of that pure heart, if he never struck another lick.

"May I show you the poetry?" continued the ripe, red mouth. "You will see that I couldn't get the last lines of the verses; and if you would please be so kind as to help me—"

Help her! Though he had never even read a line of poetry, the exchange editor felt the spirit of the divine art flood his soul, as he yielded to the bewildering music. Help her! Well, he should smile.

"The first verse runs like this," she went on, taking courage from his eyes:

"How softly sweet the autumn air  
The dying woodland fills,  
And Nature turns from restful care—"

"To anti-hilious pills!" added the exchange editor, with a jerk. "Just the thing. It rhymes, and it's so. You take anybody now. All the people you meet are—"

"I suppose you know best," interrupted the young girl. "I hadn't thought of it in that way, but you have a better idea of such things. Now the second verse is more like this:

"The dove-eyed kine upon the moor  
Look tender, meek, and sad,  
While from the valley comes the roar—"

"Of the mateless liver-pad!" roared the exchange editor. "There you get it. That finishes the second so as to match with the first. It combines the fashions with poetry, and carries the idea right home to the fireside. If I only had your ability in starting a verse, with my genius in winding it up, I'd quit the shears and open up in the poetry business to-morrow."

"Think so?" asked the fair young lady. "It don't strike me as keeping up the theme."

"You don't want to. You want to break the theme here and there. The reader likes it better. Oh, yes. Where you keep up the theme it gets monotonous."

"Perhaps that's so," rejoined the beauty, brightening up. "I didn't think of that. Now I'll read the third verse:

"How sadly droops the dying day,  
As night springs from the glen,  
And moaning twilight seems to say—"

"The old man's drunk again" wouldn't do, would it?" asked the exchange editor. "Somebody else wrote that, and we might be accused of plagiarism. We must have this thing original. Suppose we say, now just suppose we say, 'Why did I spout my Ben?'"

"Is that new?" inquired the sweet, rosy lips. "At least, I never heard it before. I don't know what it means."

"New? 'Deed it's new. 'Ben' is the Presbyterian name for overcoat, and 'spout' means to hook. 'Why did I spout my Ben?' means, 'Why did I shove my topper?' That's just what twilight would think of first, you know. Oh, don't be afraid; that's just immense."

"Well, I'll leave it to you," said the glorious girl, with a smile that pinned the exchange editor's heart to his spine. "This is the fourth verse:

"The merry milkmaid's somhre song  
Reechoes from the rocks,  
As silently she trips along—"

"With holes in both her socks," by Jove!" cried the exchange editor. "You see—"

"Oh, no, no!" remonstrated the blushing maiden. "Not that."

"Certainly," protested the exchange editor, warming up. "Nine to four she's got 'em; and you get fidelity to fact, with a wealth of poetical expression. The worst of poetry generally is, you can't state things just as they are. It ain't like prose. But here we've busted all the established notions, and put up an actual existence with a veil of genuine poetry over it. I think that's the best idea we've struck yet."

"I don't seem to look at it as you do, but of course

you are the best judge. Pa thought I ought to say:

"As silently she trips along  
In autumn's yellow tracks."

Wouldn't that do?"

"Do! Just look at it. Does 'tracks' rhyme to 'rocks'? Not in this paper it don't. Besides, when you say 'tracks' and 'rocks' you give the impression of some fellow heaving things at another fellow who's scratching for safety. 'Socks,' on the other hand, rhymes with the 'rocks,' and beautifies them, while it touches up the milkmaid, and by describing her condition shows her to be a child of the very nature you are showing up."

"I think you are right," said the sweet angel. "I'll tell pa where he was wrong. This is the way the fifth verse runs:

"And, close behind, the farmer's boy  
Trills forth his simple tunes,  
And slips beside the maiden coy—"

"And splits his pantaloons"; done it myself; know just exactly how it is. Why, bless your heart, you—"

Snip, snip, snip. Paste, paste, paste. But it is with a saddened heart that he snips and pastes among his exchanges now. The beautiful vision that for a moment dawned upon him has left but the recollection in his heart of one sunbeam in his life, quenched by the shower of tears with which she denounced him as a "nasty brute" and went out from him forever.—Ex.

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Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1900. Doria (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Apr. 17

Coptic (Via Honolulu).....Friday, May 11

Gaelic (Via Honolulu).....Wednesday, June 6

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Nippon Maru.....Wednesday, April 25

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Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.: For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., April 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, May 1, change to company's steamers at Seattle. For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10 A. M., April 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, May 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Enreka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., Apr. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, May 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., Apr. 7, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, May 4, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., Apr. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, May 1, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.

For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

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## SOCIETY.

## An Easter Fair.

An Easter fair will be held by the Golden Circle of the King's Daughters on Saturday afternoon, from three o'clock until six, at the residence of Mrs. W. F. McNutt, at 2511 Pacific Avenue, and in the evening, beginning at eight-thirty o'clock, there will be tableaux. Fancy articles, flowers, and the like will be sold during the afternoon, when no admission fee will be charged; in the evening each person admitted will be charged fifty cents. The proceeds are to be devoted to the care of two incurables in whom the circle is interested and to the Children's Hospital.

The patronesses of the affair are Mrs. William Montrose Graham, Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury, Mrs. Reilly, Mrs. Burrage, Mrs. Mary Hooper Jouett, Mrs. Philip Van H. Lansdale, Miss Ethel Lincoln, the Misses McNutt, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Pillsbury, Miss Sophie Coleman, Miss Katharine Forbes, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Spiers, and the Misses Barber.

## Notes and Gossip.

The marriage of Miss Emilie Hager to Mr. Walter Leonard Dean will be celebrated at the home of the bride-elect, on Franklin and Sacramento Streets, at four o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, April 24th.

The wedding of Miss Harriet W. Kittredge and Mr. Frank F. Baldwin, of Honolulu, will take place on Thursday evening, April 26th, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kittredge, in Oakland.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Mollie Thomas, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas, of 2614 Pacific Avenue, to Mr. Latham McMullen, son of Mrs. Thurlow McMullen, of 2200 California Street. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

Mrs. Margaret Nelson McMahon, daughter of Captain Charles Nelson, was married to Mr.

Eugene A. Bresse on Saturday, April 7th, at the First Presbyterian Church. The ceremony was performed at high noon by the Rev. Mr. Gutbrie.

Mrs. Walter E. Dean will give a reception on Tuesday, April 17th, at her apartment in the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Emily Hager, whose engagement to her son, Mr. Walter L. Dean, was recently announced.

Miss Helen Hopkins will give a luncheon on Friday, April 20th, in honor of Miss Helen Thomas, who is to be married on the following Wednesday.

The patronesses of the Berkeley Cotillion Club announce that the next meeting will take place at Hearst Hall on Wednesday evening, April 18th.

Miss Helen Hopkins gave a dinner at her home at California and Laguna Streets recently, in honor of Miss Mary Scott. Those at table were Miss Hopkins, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Edna Hopkins, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Therese Morgan, Mr. Bert Cadwalader, Mr. Robert M. Eyre, Mr. Frederick W. McNear, Mr. Harry Poett, Mr. A. C. Taylor, and Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr.

Miss Ruth McNutt gave a luncheon in honor of Miss Helen Thomas last week at her home on Pacific Avenue. The other guests were Miss Cadwalader, Miss Hamilton, Miss Mary Josselyn, Miss Therese Morgan, Miss Adelaide Murphy, Miss Edith Preston, and Miss Mollie Thomas.

Mr. Henry Heyman gave a dinner in honor of Mr. Ignace Jan Paderewski, the famous pianist, during his recent visit here. It took place in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club, and covers were laid for ten.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant gave a luncheon in honor of Mr. D. O. Mills and Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of New York, at the Pacific-Union Club on Wednesday, April 11th. The others at table were Mr. William Alvord, Mr. Charles B. Bishop, Mr. Joseph A. Donohoe, Mr. Charles P. Eells, Judge John Garber, Mr. Christian de Guigné, Mr. Collis P. Huntington, Mr. H. E. Huntington, Mr. Charles Webb Howard, Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt, Mr. Robert F. Morrow, Professor Bernard Moses,

Mr. E. B. Pond, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. Irving M. Scott, Mr. Claus Spreckels, Mr. Frank J. Symmes, and Mr. Russell J. Wilson.

The annual election of officers of the Bohemian Club took place last Tuesday, and the following-named officers, whose terms were about to expire, were all reelected: President, Mr. Vanderlynn Stow; vice-president, Mr. W. G. Stafford; secretary, Mr. Thomas M. Pennell; treasurer, Mr. Howard C. Houghton; directors for two years, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. W. B. Hopkins, Mr. J. R. Howell, and Mr. Thomas Rickard.

## ART NOTES.

## Miss Prather's Miniatures.

An exhibition that will attract much attention is to be held at Vickery's on the afternoons of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, April 18th, 19th, and 20th, when Miss Laura Prather will show a number of the miniatures she has painted during the past year.

Some few of them are reproduced from photographs and daguerreotypes, such as the portrait of Mrs. Irving M. Scott as a young girl and that of Mrs. C. C. Webb, but the greater number are done from life. Among the larger miniatures are portraits of Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mrs. Reginald K. Smith, Mrs. Edward G. Lukens, Mrs. Johnson, of Oakland, and Mrs. Thompson. One of Miss Mary Scott is considered Miss Prather's best work thus far, but it will not be shown with the others, as Mrs. Scott took it East with her a few days ago. Among the smaller ones are five little portraits mounted as pins and surrounded by brilliants, the subjects being the children of Mrs. W. H. Talbot, Mrs. T. B. Coghill, Mrs. Orrick, Mrs. Edward Palmer, and Mrs. W. R. Davis. The portrait of Mrs. Davis's son, copied from a pastel, is a marvel of fine technique, though the pose is a bit stiff.

Two pictures have been added to the collection in the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art through the gift of Mr. Collis P. Huntington. One is a still life by William Harnett, from Mr. Huntington's private gallery in New York, and the other is a summer landscape by Julian Rix.

## Golf and Tennis Notes.

The first half of the second match in the home-and-home contest between the San Francisco and Oakland Golf Clubs was played on the Oakland club's course on Saturday afternoon, April 2d, resulting in victory for the San Francisco team by 7 up. The record of the play is as follows:

Mr. John Lawson, San Francisco, defeated Mr. E. R. Folger, Oakland, 2 up; Mr. Charles P. Hubbard, O., defeated Mr. S. L. Abbott, Jr., S. F., 1 up; Mr. W. P. Johnson, O., defeated Mr. Harry B. Goodwin, S. F., 2 up; Mr. F. S. Stratton, O., defeated Mr. J. W. Byrne, S. F., 1 up; Mr. E. J. McCutchen, S. F., defeated Mr. Harry E. Knowles, O., 4 up; Mr. R. H. Gaylord, S. F., defeated Mr. R. M. Fitzgerald, O., 5 up; Mr. Charles Page, S. F., defeated Mr. G. D. Greenwood, O., 2 up; and Mr. Harry Smith, O., defeated Mr. H. D. Pillsbury, S. F. (by default), 2 up.

The second half will be played on Saturday afternoon, April 14th, on the Presidio links. If the San Francisco team is victorious they will win the challenge cup. If the Oakland team wins, however, by more than 7 up, another match on a neutral course will be necessary to decide.

The fourth doubles tournament for the Directors' Cup of the California Lawn Tennis Club was played on their courts on Sunday, April 8th. Ten teams entered, and the victors were Weihe and Roth. The record of the play is as follows:

J. A. Code and Merle Johnson (handicap 30) defeated Richard Erskine and Douglas Grant, 7-5, 6-2; Harry Weihe and Mr. Roth (handicap 6-3) defeated Paul Jones and Arthur Watson, 6-3, 6-1; Code and Johnson (handicap 30) defeated Percy Kahn and Alan Owen, 9-11, 7-5, 6-1; R. N. Whitney and Werner Stauff defeated H. W. Crowell and W. B. Collier, Jr., 6-4, 6-3; C. B. Root and Ralph Bliven defeated Mr. Mayhew and Mr. Kuehn, 6-1, 6-3; Weihe and Roth defeated Code and Johnson, 6-1, 6-3; Whitney and Stauff defeated Root and Bliven, 7-5, 3-6, 6-2; and Weihe and Roth defeated Whitney and Stauff, 6-2, default.

## The May Bench Show.

Entries in the coming bench show of the San Francisco Kennel Club, which is to be held at the Pavilion on May 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th, are already so numerous that the success of the show is assured. Since the premium list has been issued, the demand for copies has been unprecedented locally and from many points throughout the State. While the well-known breeds of large and small dogs are being looked after by their own particular fancies, and will have a strong showing in the regular classes, the club has introduced what promises to be a popular innovation—classes for "trick dogs." For this competition, breed, size, color, or age will have no bearing, precocity and intelligence being the principal qualifications to be considered. The showing in this respect should be a good one, for there are many dogs in this city that are remarkably clever in performing a variety of surprising and amusing tricks.

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## The Argonaut in Paris

Persons visiting the Exposition at Paris, and desiring copies of the Argonaut during their stay in that city, may obtain the same at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera. It will also be found on tables of the reading rooms at the Southern Pacific headquarters, 29 Boulevard des Italiens. The Argonaut will be sent direct from this office to those sending us their subscriptions.

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## SOCIETY.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker and the Misses Sutherland will sail from New York for Europe on April 25th, intending to remain abroad for several months.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs will probably pass the Newport season with her sister, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr. Mrs. Oelrichs is to return with Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt from Europe to Newport early in June.

Mr. John W. Mackay arrived in town on Tuesday for a brief visit.

Miss Anna Scott, daughter of Colonel R. N. Scott, U. S. A., of Washington, D. C., will next week be the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Kittle, at her home at Pacific Avenue and Steiner Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Mitchell (formerly Mrs. George Ladd) are located in Paris for the season.

Mrs. George Davis Boyd, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Allen Lewis, in Portland, Or., is expected to return next Thursday.

Miss Annie Wheeler, who has been visiting Mrs. Peter Galpin, has left for Washington, D. C., where he will join her father, General Joseph Wheeler.

Mrs. David D. Coltoe and Mrs. Henry McLeao Martin have taken an *hôtel* in Paris for the summer.

Mr. John E. Agar arrived from New York a few days ago, and is at the California Hotel.

Mr. Rutherford Corbio, of Washington, D. C., is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ferguson and Miss N. M. Palmer, of Wellington, New Zealand, are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. Hugo Toland sailed for England on the American liner *St. Paul* on Wednesday, April 4th.

Mr. R. E. Jack, of San Luis Obispo, was a guest at the Palace Hotel in the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott arrived in New York on Sunday, April 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson have returned from their wedding trip and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Wheeler were among the recent visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Graves sailed from New York for Southampton on April 4th on the American liner *St. Paul*.

Mr. William C. Ralston is in New York City.

Mrs. Blair and Miss Jeanie Blair are again occupying their home at 1315 Van Ness Avenue, where they will receive on Thursdays.

Mrs. James Robinson enjoyed a visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Lang, who have been visiting Mrs. Lang's mother, Mrs. Sam Bell McKee, in Oakland, will soon return to their home in Portland, Or.

Mr. Addison Mizner has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, at her country-place, "Stag's Leap," in Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker made a trip to the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan will leave for Santa Cruz next week to spend the summer at Phelan Park.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Miss Marion Huntington, and Miss Ella M. Bender went to Southern California on Saturday, April 7th. Mrs. Huntington and her daughter will spend a couple of weeks at Santa Barbara, and Miss Bender will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George G. Carr in Los Angeles.

Mr. John F. Carrere and Miss Carrere, of Sacramento, are guests at the California Hotel.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Mary Scott left for Europe last Tuesday.

Mrs. William E. Miles and Mr. Ellis Miles, of Oakland, have gone to Berlin, Wis. They will return about July 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Miss Hazel King, and Miss Valentine started on Thursday for Colorado and other places in the southern part of the State.

Miss Marie Zane, who has been traveling abroad for the past two years with Mrs. Tomasito Ooatvia and later with Mrs. Joho A. Darling, has returned to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy have moved into their new home, 2400 Broadway.

Mrs. John Reichman and Miss Reichman came up from Fresno early in the week, and are at the California Hotel.

Mr. W. R. Haile, of Washington, D. C., is a guest at the California Hotel.

Mr. J. M. Wilmans came down from Newmarket on Thursday, and is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Among the week's visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. Purcell Rowe, Mr. A. G. Towne, Mr. W. A. Bissell, Mr. Charles Nelson, Mrs. E. A. Bresse, Mr. J. F. Larkin, Mr. G. W. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Collins, Mrs. D. D. Stubbs, Mrs. William Morris, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Sloane and Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Sherman, of New York, Mrs. B. F. Paioe, of Boston, Mrs. J. F. McBride and Mrs. C. F. Jones, of Chicago, Mr. Stephen C. Clarke, of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Sterne and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Katz, of Rochester, and Mr. F. J. Kellogg, of Topeka.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Gardner, of Napa, Mr. J. J. Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. J. Rhodes, and Mr. William Isbister, of Sydney, Mr. E. S. Meers and Mrs. Forbes, of London, Mr. and Mrs. E. Robertson and Mrs. Staples, of Auckland, Mr. A. Jandorf, of Chicago, Mr. A. M. Buckman, of Cleveland, Mr. L. N. Burrio and Mr. E. Seawell, of Santa Rosa, Mrs. E. A. Coult and Mrs. F. W. Johnson, of Marysville, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ruse, of Victor, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Gorrell, of Chicago, Mr. F. G. Munzer, of Bakersfield, Mr. J. A. Sutherland, of Rochester, Mrs. J. G. Scott, of Agnews, Mrs. L. W. Benbaugh, of San Diego, Mr.

and Mrs. E. J. Fowler, of Campo Seco, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Munkhouse, of Los Gatos, and Mr. and Mrs. H. Rissland, of Victoria, B. C.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General William R. Shafter, U. S. A., returned on Tuesday from a visit to Bakersfield.

The battleship *Iowa*, Captain Caspar F. Goodrich, U. S. N., arrived in port from Monterey on Monday, April 9th, after a four-months' cruise down the coast. She will remain here about three weeks and then go to Puget Sound.

Lieutenant-Commander George H. Peters, U. S. N., is now executive officer of the *Iowa*, succeeding Lieutenant-Commander William H. Turner, U. S. N., who has been ordered to Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant Edward Eherle, U. S. N., who recently completed a three years' cruise on the *Oregon*, has been appointed aide to Commander Wainwright, U. S. N., the new superintendent of the United States Naval Academy.

Lieutenant C. N. Offley, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Iowa*, and ordered to the *Marblehead*.

Captain George W. Van Deusen, Seventh Artillery, U. S. A., has been ordered to join his battery at Fort Totten, N. Y.

Captain George W. Melver, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Melver have arrived from Fort Brady. Captain Melver has been ordered with his company to Alaska. Mrs. Melver will spend the summer with her father and mother, Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, in San Rafael, where they have taken the Sidney V. Smith cottage.

Captain J. E. Mahoney, U. S. M. C., is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant Huoter B. Nelson, Twenty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., having been relieved from temporary duty at the Presidio, has rejoined his company at Vancouver Barracks.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## Petchnikoff and Hambourg.

Three interesting musical events will take place at the California Theatre next week, when Alexander Petchnikoff, a Russian violinist, and Mark Hambourg, a Russian pianist, will make their first appearances in San Francisco. With them, as pianist and conductor, will be Aimé Lachauve.

On Monday afternoon they will be heard in an orchestral concert. The programme will begin with Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" overture, and during the afternoon Hambourg will be heard in a Rubinstein *concerto* and Liszt's second Hungarian rhapsody, and Petchnikoff will play a Tchaikowsky *concerto* and a solo. This introductory concert will be followed by two joint recitals, on Wednesday and Friday afternoons. Excellent programmes have been selected for both occasions, the final number of the second recital being Saint-Saëns' "Danse Macabre" on two pianos, by Hambourg and Lachauve.

## Concert at the Art Institute.

A promenade concert was given under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art last Thursday evening. The soloists of the occasion were Mrs. G. Cadenasso, mezzo soprano; G. Cadenasso, tenor; Jabish Clement, violinist; Miss Ada Clement, pianist and accompanist; and Emil Cruells, organist. The programme presented was as follows:

Overture, "La Dame Blanche," Boieldieu, Emil Cruells; "L'Addio," Nicolai, Mr. and Mrs. G. Cadenasso; sonata, op. 13, "Moderato ooo moto," Rubinstein, Jabish Clement and Miss Clement; "Angels' Serenade" (violin obligato, Mr. Clement), Braga, Mrs. G. Cadenasso; (a) "Coo Amore," Beaumoot, (b) "Prayer," Meyerbeer, Emil Cruells; arioso, "Pagliacci," Leoncavallo, G. Cadenasso; "Preislied" ("Meistersinger"), Wagner-Wilhelm, Jabish Clement; "Uoa Notta a Venezia," Arditi, Mr. and Mrs. G. Cadenasso; "March," Handel, Emil Cruells.

Sir William McCormac and several other London surgeons who volunteered for service in South Africa are drawing pay at the rate of twenty-five thousand dollars a year apiece. Though that sum may not recoup them for what they would earn in London, it is far in excess of any salary hitherto paid to any army medical officer.

To a number of our oldest and largest universities (according to the *Independent*), in the college circle, a teacher is never addressed or spoke of as "president" or "professor," but only as plain "mister." It is "Mr. Eliot," "Mr. Hadley," not "President" Eliot or Hadley.

## Nothing Superior

to the selection of choice Bordeaux and Burgundy wines by J. Calvet & Co. is found in Europe or America, and the most fastidious connoisseurs and first-class hotels and restaurants approve of them.

This is the most delightful time of the year to visit the Tavern of Tamalpais, for now that spring has set in, Mill Valley and the surrounding country are clothed in verdure. The panoramic view from the summit of the mountain and the veranda of the Tavern are incomparable.

—LADIES' "KNOX" STRAW DUES JUST arrived. Korn the Hatter, 726 Market St., sole agent.

## The Shoppers.

How come the shoppers  
Down Lexington Street?  
The plain and the pretty,  
The large and the petite,  
With baskets and bundles  
And packages small—  
Some of them, also,  
With nothing at all.  
The meek and the proud  
In one rushing crowd,  
Come walking and talking,  
And chaffing and laughing,  
And scowling and growling,  
And slipping and tripping,  
And jerking and smirking,  
And gouging and scrouging.  
Thus onward they're filing:  
Now frowning, now smiling;  
Now angrily tossing  
Their heads at the crossing.

Now greeting a friend,  
With accents most sweet,  
They talk without end  
And blockade the street.

Then on in the swirl  
Go matron and girl  
With hurry and flurry  
Aod flurry aod worry,  
Now asking the time,  
Now speeding a dime.  
Now angrily glaring  
At some one whose rush  
Has caused a swift tearing  
Of skirts in the crush.

Now stumbling and grumbling,  
Now gushing and blushing,  
Now jumbling aod mumbering,  
Now flushing and hushing,  
Now glowing aod blowing  
Of bargains that pleased,  
Now wincing and mincing  
On feet that are squeezed.

Now they wonder  
At the blunder  
Of some foolish  
Mao, who, mulish,  
Wants to rush through this crush.

Now looking at laces,  
Or powder for faces,  
Or fancy shoes,  
Or pateo glue,  
At fiddles,  
And griddles,  
At hats  
And mats,  
And dresses,  
False tresses,  
And shoes and slippers,  
Queensware and dippers.

To quietly say, when turning away,  
"Well, really, I am just looking to-day."  
Then on they are gone,  
With faces oow wan,  
Resisting and twisting,  
Aod bumping and jumping,  
And tripping and slipping,  
And trampling and hurting,  
Aod—whisper it—flirting.

And trying and buying aod sighing and guying,  
And bossing aod tossing and crossing and saucing,  
Retreating and meeting and greeting and treating,  
And whirling and twirling and curling and purling,  
And flashing and clashing and dashing and mashing,  
And chattering and flatterer and spatterer,  
Aod fluttering aod muttering and stuttering,  
Till at last they come smiling out of the snarls  
And find themselves safely once more upon Charles.

—Josh Wink in Baltimore American.

Gentry's Dog and Punny Show.

A rare treat is in store for the children of this city, for, beginning this (Saturday) afternoon, Professor Gentry's noted company of educated cats, dogs, ponies, moosekeys, and elephants will begin a two weeks' engagement at Central Park.

Every part of their magnificent outfit is said to bear the stamp of progressiveness and prosperity, and the performance of these little dumb brute actors will be almost entirely new from that of last year.

Inside as well as outside the show is dressed and staged in the richest possible manner, and with the prices of admission—children to cents, adults 25 cents—within the reach of all. No one should miss it, as it is an extraordinary and educating entertainment, representing the highest possible development of animal intelligence. There will be two performances a day—in the afternoon at 3 o'clock and in the evening at 8:30.

— "HAWAIIAN BLUE," THE NEW STATIONERY, is very appropriate for Easter, but it is of a delicate shade which promises to be popular for some time to come. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, have this displayed in a charming variety of new shapes.

A Thoroughly Reliable Establishment

To buy precious stones, pearls, fine jewelry, and silverware. A. Hirschman, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).



And now the sun never sets on  
Columbia's domain—nor on the consumers of

## The Old Government Whisky

who inhabit nearly all parts of the globe.

The highest grade, purest, wholesomest liquor ever put on the general market.

"Bottled in Bond"—100% proof.  
"Special Reserve," Bottled at Distillery—90% proof.

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For nearly a quarter of a century these hotels have been the recognized headquarters for tourists and travelers visiting San Francisco.

Their popularity has been acquired by reason of their unique location (being accessible to wholesale and shopping districts and amusement centres), the peculiar excellence of cuisine and service, and moderate prices.

The Grill rooms for ladies and gentlemen have an international reputation, and the recently added Supper Room is now recognized as the place to obtain after-theatre refreshments.

## - SPECIAL SALE - FOR ONE WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, APRIL 16th.

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Like this for \$3.50.

Four Styles of Ladies' Tan Lace Turns, Vesting or Cloth Tops. New Coin Toes, Concave Heels, regularly.....\$3.50

—ALSO—  
Misses' and Children's Tan Goat Button Shoes. Regular.....\$1.75  
Sizes, 11-2.....\$1.10  
Sizes, 8-10......95  
Misses' Kangaroo Button Shoes. Regular.....\$2.00  
Sizes, 11-2......95



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Liquor, Morphine, and Tobacco  
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Adopted by the U. S. Government.

Mrs. Stubb—"John, would you refer to a gun as feminine?" Mr. Stubb—"I should think not, Maria!" Mrs. Stubb—"And why not?" Mr. Stubb—"Because guns can be silenced."—Chicago News.

## MILDER THAN EVER ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT CLEAR HAVANA CIGARS





### SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, (PACIFIC SYSTEM.) Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO. (Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE	From February 26, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A.	Benicia, Suisun, Eureka, Vacaville, Ramsey, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P.
*7.00 A.	Shasta Express—Davis, Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P.
*7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P.
*8.30 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*5.15 P.
*8.30 A.	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P.
*8.30 A.	*Milton, Oakdale, Sonoma, Carsters, Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*4.15 P.
*9.00 A.	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P.
*9.00 A.	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*9.45 A.
*9.00 A.	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*12.15 P.
*9.00 A.	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles.....	*6.45 P.
*10.00 A.	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	*6.45 P.
*11.00 A.	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P.
*12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*8.00 P.
*1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*8.00 P.
*3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P.
*4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A.
*4.00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10.45 A.
*4.30 P.	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	*7.15 P.
*5.00 P.	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Sausalito for Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.....	*10.45 A.
45.00 P.	Sunset Limited—El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	*10.45 A.
*5.30 P.	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*12.15 P.
*5.30 P.	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deering, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*8.45 A.
*5.30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	*6.45 P.
*6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*7.45 A.
*6.30 P.	Vallejo.....	*12.15 P.
*6.30 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago, and East.....	*9.45 A.
*6.30 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*4.15 P.
17.00 P.	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	19.55 P.
*8.05 P.	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.15 A.

### COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge), (Foot of Market Street.)

*8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*5.50 P.
12.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A.
*4.15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	*9.30 A.
6.15 P.	Hunters' Excursion, San José and Way Stations.....	17.20 P.

### CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—	
7.15	9.00 11.00 14.00 17.00 19.00 21.00 23.00 25.00
4.00	15.00 16.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—	*6.00 8.00
10.00 A. M.	12.00 1.00 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 P. M.

### COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge), (Third and Townsend Streets.)

*6.10 A.	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*6.30 P.
*6.10 A.	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P.
*9.00 A.	San José and Principal Way Stations, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P.
*10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A.
*11.30 A.	San José and Principal Way Stations, San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.36 A.
13.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P.
14.15 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A.
15.00 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.00 A.
15.30 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.35 A.
16.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*18.00 A.
6.15 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P.

\* For Morning. \* For Afternoon.  
\* Daily. \* Sunday excepted. \* Saturday only.  
a Tuesdays and Fridays. c Thursdays and Sundays.  
The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Infant—"Papa, what does *décolleté* mean?"  
Papa—"It's a French word, my boy, and means—oh, practically nothing."—*Town Topics*.

Stranger (to eminent financier)—"Why do you call that man at the bar 'the microbe'?" Eminent financier—"Because he's 'in everything.'"—*Punch*.

O'Flaherty—"Is your son working now, Pat?"  
Pat—"Shure, an' he's got a job in a powder-mill with good prospects uv gittin' a rise."—*Norristown Herald*.

Logan—"Your wife isn't holding as many pink teas as she used to." Rittenhouse—"No. She's got a little pink tease now that takes all her time to hold."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"This is the seventh time you've been before me," said the magistrate. "Yes," replied the culprit; "it's strange how some men hold on to office."—*Philadelphia North American*.

Regrets: *Commissionaire*—"Would you like a four-wheeler or a 'ansom, sir?" *Convivial party* (indistinctly)—"Ver' mub oblige—but—reely don't think I could take 'ny more!"—*Punch*.

Tutor—"You know, of course, that in Christian countries such as ours a man is only allowed one wife. Now, what is that state of things called?" Pupil—"I know. Monotony!"—*Punch*.

A condition, not a theory: *Politician*—"The question is, what shall we do with our new possessions?" *Younghub*—"I'll tell you what I do with mine; I walk the floor nights with it."—*Collier's Weekly*.

Second nature: *She*—"Why does that piano sound first loud and then soft when Miss Wilson plays it?" *He*—"Well, you see, she is learning to ride a bike, and uses both pedals for force of habit."—*Tit-Bits*.

Hoax—"Those two fellows should make fine soldiers. They are always fighting tooth and nail." *Joax*—"They don't look it." *Hoax*—"Nevertheless, one is a dentist and the other a chiropodist."—*Philadelphia Record*.

*O'Hoohan*—"Phwat is a phrysintymint, annyhow?" *O'Lafferty*—"Th' soime as if O'd shrike an' miss yerz th' foorst toime—thin yerz wad hav' a phrysintymint that onlis y'd move y'd git hit th' next toime."—*Ohio State Journal*.

Thinking of "Faust": *Mephisto* (to latest arrival in hades)—"Well, what do you think of me?" *The arrival* (a patron of the opera)—"To tell the truth, you don't come up to my expectations; you ought to see Edouard de Reszké in the part."—*Puck*.

"I suppose you see some funny things about here?" said the visitor to Niagara. "Indeed, we do," replied the guide; "why, only yesterday there was a Kentucky colonel here, and as soon as he saw the rapids he wanted to shoot 'em."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

*Publisher*—"There is one bad break in your novel. You tell of a tremendous snow-storm that your hero encountered in the tropics. As a matter of fact, they never have any snow there." *Writer*—"Yes; that is the reason I made so much of the circumstance, don't you see?"—*Boston Transcript*.

*Teacher*—"Willie, can you tell us what this spells: 'R-e-f-r-i-g-e-r-a-t-o-r'?" *Willie Starvem* (the landlady's son)—"Um-m. Why, er—er—" *Teacher*—"Come; what does your mother put the cold meat and vegetables and things in?" *Willie Starvem* (brightening)—"Hash!"—*Philadelphia Press*.

Couldn't lose her: *He* (describing his journeyings)—"Then, leaving Gibraltar, I made my way to Australia, and from there I went to the diamond mines in South Africa, where I made my fortune. Then—do you follow me, Miss Crynkley?" *She* (with a vivid blush)—"To the world's end, Mr. Rocksworthy."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Glittering dream: "In my visions of the future," exclaimed the enthusiast, "I see the Philippine Islands, inhabited by a civilized and enlightened people, a bright star in our flag, and represented in our Congress by statesmen native to the soil and speaking our common language." "And think," said Senator Grabbit, yearningly, "what a graft they will have in the way of mileage!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

By watching for dangerous symptoms, and by giving Steedman's Soothing Powders at the right time, save your baby from fits or convulsions during teething.

Praise in disguise: *Criticus*—"Those last epigrams of yours were all stolen, old boy." *Cynicus* (grasping his hand)—"Oh, thank, thank you! I didn't dream they were as good as that!"—*Judge*.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED TO Spring Valley Building. Office hours, 9 to 5.

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### SEASON OF 1899-1900

## SUNSET LIMITED

Initial Trip, Friday, December 15

L.V. San Francisco.....	5.00 P.M.	Tues. & Fri.
L.V. Fresno.....	10.23 P.M.	" "
A.R. Los Angeles.....	7.45 A.M.	Wed. & Sat.
L.V. Los Angeles.....	8.00 A.M.	" "
A.R. El Paso.....	7.12 A.M.	Thurs. & Sun.
L.V. El Paso.....	9.25 A.M.	" "
A.R. New Orleans.....	7.45 P.M.	Fri. & Mon.
A.R. Washington.....	6.42 A.M.	Sun. & Wed.
A.R. New York.....	12.43 P.M.	" "

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By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office:  
Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail.....	\$7.00
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
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The Argonaut and Harper's Weekly for One Year, by Mail.....	6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Bazar for One Year, by Mail.....	6.70
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) for One Year, by Mail.....	4.50
The Argonaut and the Thrice-a-Week N. Y. World (Democratic) for One Year, by Mail.....	4.25
The Argonaut, the Weekly Tribune, and the Weekly World for One Year, by Mail.....	5.25
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The Argonaut and the Review of Reviews for One Year, by Mail.....	5.75
The Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	5.20
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# The Argonaut.

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Recently, at Philadelphia, Secretary Gage of the Treasury gave an address which, under the title "Business Vicissitudes—Looking Backward," was a portrayal of the financial situation, a review of financial history, and a glimpse, most encouraging, into the future. The Secretary expressed confidence in the beneficent effect of legislation, and the exhibit of figures he made in sustaining his arguments afforded an impressive lesson. His statements were the conclusions of a clear-headed financier, in touch with every interest affecting the monetary welfare of the country. They were, without specific intention, a rebuke to Bryanism. That the era of sound money means

prosperity, not calamity, and that the "Crime of '73" was in reality a blessing, were facts made plain by Mr. Gage.

The Secretary spoke of the greenback craze, with its violent fluctuations, and of the perils of silver inflation, comparing them with the stability assured by the adoption of an unquestioned gold standard. Enlarging upon the act of 1873, when the gold dollar was named as the standard of value, he said that but for the taking of this course, and at that time, "there is no room for doubt that, after climbing the hill to specie payments in 1879, we should have repeated, through the effect of silver as our standard money, the losses and crosses which marked the depreciation of our paper money from 1864 to 1879. It is very certain that if the coinage act of 1873 had been delayed five, or even three years, it would never have been adopted. . . . Depression and reaction will come as the natural result of overtrading, speculation, and injudicious credit. These causes no doubt contributed to produce the panic of 1893, but they were intensely aggravated by the silver question, so called. . . . Constantly in peril, our domestic money of account has nevertheless been steadily maintained by the public credit on an even parity with the world standard. The act of Congress which, by the approval of the President, became the law on March 14th, sets at rest this disturbing question of the standard. Unless the credit of the government shall utterly fail, the assurance is absolute that for at least six years we are safe from change. The business man may now know that his goods, sold on four months' credit, will be paid for in money equal in value to that represented in the goods sold. The foundation of credit and commerce is at last secure. All kinds of money are equal in value with one another and all alike are as good as gold."

From this point Mr. Gage dealt with actual figures, demonstrating the stimulating influence of a stable currency upon the volume of commercial transactions. In exploiting conditions as they prevail now, as they were thirty years ago, and the oscillations marking the interval, a steady betterment was shown. In the little more than a quarter of a century population has increased 100 per cent. During the same time expenditures for education have increased 227 per cent.; post-office receipts, 280; railroad mileage, 253; product of cotton, 300; product of finished silk, 1,825; steel manufactures, 12,893; export of manufactures, 396; and the export values of all foreign commerce, 212. These are only a few among the many items that could be employed, as Mr. Gage employed them, in setting forth the prosperity of the country. Nevertheless, it did not appear to him that all problems had been settled, and he asserted, in view of the discordant elements constantly introduced by politicians, and the false arguments advanced by the ignorant or selfish, that in the field of production and exchange economic principles must be recognized and obeyed. To understand them and to promulgate knowledge concerning them he conceived to be the duty of business men, resting upon them, as he conceived it, "with solemn force."

The address was received with profound attention by the dignified body to which it was delivered, and has since been commented on as one of the ablest and most instructive ever heard from an authority so unimpeachable. It embraced the belief of the gold-standard men of either party, and gave them substantial basis for the faith that is in them.

The Puerto Rico bill finally passed on last week was promptly signed by the President, and is now a law which will go into effect on May 1st. The measure provides both a civil government for the island and the means to support it. On the tariff side the bill establishes the same rate of duties on goods from foreign countries entering Puerto Rico as are levied on the same goods entering the United States, with the exception of coffee, which comes free into this country but is to pay a duty of five cents per pound when entering Puerto Rico. Scientific, literary, and artistic works and English-printed books and pamphlets will be duty free. The section of the bill covering the exchange of products and manufactures between the United States and the island

was passed as amended in the Senate. The general arrangement is that all merchandise imported from Puerto Rico into the United States and all merchandise imported by Puerto Rico from the United States will pay at the port of entry fifteen per cent. of the duties levied by the Dingley law, besides the internal revenue taxes on the same in force at the time in the country of importation. This general provision is modified, in the interest of Puerto Rico, by making all necessities in the way of food supplies, and all articles included in the existing executive orders of the President, free of duty when imported by Puerto Rico from the United States. Besides foodstuffs this provision permits implements, school furniture, books, medicines, and some other necessities to be imported by Puerto Ricans from this country without the payment of duties. The tariff feature of the bill is limited to two years in operation, and may be discontinued at any time after the proper island revenues have been established, by a formal notification of the fact by the Puerto Rican government, to be followed by a proclamation to that effect by the President of the United States.

The civil government provided by the act also goes into effect on May 1st, and is similar in its features to those accorded our own Territories. The capital will be San Juan. Spanish subjects who have not elected to preserve their allegiance to Spain will be regarded as citizens of Puerto Rico. All laws of the islands are to remain in force except as already altered by military orders or by this act. The old law forbidding marriage among the clergy is repealed. Puerto Rican vessels will be nationalized and accorded the benefits of our coasting laws. The coinage will be gradually changed to that of the United States. All property acquired from Spain will be administered by the island government, except such as is usually controlled by the United States in its Territories. The governor will hold office for four years and will be an appointee of the President, and his powers will be the same as a governor of a Territory. His executive council—consisting of a secretary, attorney-general, treasurer, auditor, and commissioners of interior and education, and five other persons—will be named by the President with consent of the Senate. The legislature will be in two branches—the upper branch of which will be the executive council, five of whose members must be natives of Puerto Rico. The lower branch is to be a house of delegates consisting of thirty-five members, five of whom will be chosen bi-annually from each of the seven districts into which the island has been divided. Judicial power remains in the courts already established. A chief justice, associate justices, and a marshal will be appointed by the President, and inferior judges by the governor of the island. United States courts will be established as in other Territories. Next November the Puerto Ricans will elect a commissioner to represent them at Washington.

The measure just passed has experienced vigorous opposition in both Houses of Congress, and its passage, followed by its study by the public, will allay much of the excitement over its provisions which has been caused by the effort to drag the subject into partisan politics. Two contentions have been advanced by the Democrats, supported by a few Republicans. One was that the acquirement of Puerto Rico under the Paris treaty made the island an integral portion of the United States and its people citizens of the republic, to whom uniform laws must extend under the constitution, as of right belong to continental States or Territories. The other was that the Republican majority in Congress was bent on oppressing the poor and helpless inhabitants of the new possession.

The bill itself refutes both contentions. Puerto Rico is subject to the constitutional provision which empowers Congress "to dispose of, and make all needful rules and regulations concerning the territory belonging to the United States." The island population is one million, one-third of which consists of negroes or mulattoes. Nine-tenths of the whole population can neither read nor write, and eight-tenths are living in dire poverty on wages never exceeding thr



cents a day. They are not fitted for citizenship in an enlightened, self-governed republic, and so far as Congress is concerned, the present bill decides that they can be given a free and liberal self-government without imperiling the institutions of the nation. It also decides in advance, by implication, that nine millions of people in our Oriental possessions can constitutionally be accorded a similar treatment—a treatment which will be wisest for ourselves, and both just and generous to them. Neither is the measure oppressive. Under Spanish rule they were taxed both on imports and exports. Nor was that all. They suffered under taxes on loading and unloading freight, on embarkation and disembarkation of passengers, on incomes, and various other direct taxes, including the *octroi* and *consumo* taxes. These have now generally been abolished, and in their place is the present schedule, giving them free foodstuffs and necessities, a practically open door to the best market of the world, and lighter taxes than our other territories, when we consider that they are free from the internal taxation which the Spanish war has placed upon us. Puerto Rico is to be congratulated, not commiserated.

The showing made in the investigation of Senator Clark, of Montana, is certainly extraordinary. Even in a body where there are other men suspected of having secured election by means not wholly free from taint, there has never been a showing of bribery and attempted bribery on so extensive a scale. The case is rendered the more peculiar because of the demonstration that the opposition, not for the purpose of electing somebody else, but merely with the object of defeating Clark, spent money almost as freely, and did it in a manner equally corrupt. However, the tactics of the hostile faction are without the purview of the Senate, and can not serve to mitigate the Clark offending.

Against Clark five points were urged, these being that he had purchased the votes of fifteen members of the Montana legislature; that nine others were offered but declined money to the aggregate of \$175,000; that \$100,000 was offered the attorney-general to dismiss a suit against Attorney Wellcome, this having grown out of the senatorial contest; that a supreme court justice was offered a similar amount to dismiss the same case; and the last charge was a general one of bribery.

The details of this shameful business might well be omitted but for the justice of branding the salable statesmen. Certain sums, as shown to a moral certainty, were paid to the following persons:

To the committee of three acting in Clark's interest.	\$136,500
To sundry persons	2,890
To Representative Day	5,000
To Representative Fine	5,000
To William McDermott	5,000
To John B. Wellcome	5,000
To Senator D. G. Warner	7,500
To Senator McLaughlin	16,500
To Senator Whiteside	5,000
To Senator Myers	10,000
To Senator Clark, of Madison	10,000
Total	\$207,890

This is no inconsiderable amount, but yet, as made strongly apparent, if not actually proved, it lacks \$105,500 of being the total paid by Clark for the distinction of going to the Senate. The investigation dragged on for weeks, although the country would have been glad had it come to an abrupt end at the establishing of the first instance of corruption. When a senator buys his seat, the principle violated is violated not in accordance with the price he pays. He is more reprehensible in large expenditure only because this involves the degradation of a greater number of men. With a single charge established, the honor of the Senate demands administration of quick and condign rebuke, and the size of the Clark expense account should have no effect in hastening or retarding action.

The gentleman from Montana appears not to accept with grace the inevitable result of his own course. He hopes for a vindication if forced out of the Senate, and to be sent back purged and warranted pure. Some of his adherents propose to conduct a technical fight for his retention. If successful, they will make clear that no statutory penalty attaches to bribery, and that the Senate has an element to whom the knowledge and presence of corruption is not objectionable.

Growers of fruit in California have learned that only through cooperation can they conserve their own interests. Finding that the result of their labors was the enriching of middlemen and carriers, they formed themselves into an association which is powerful enough to dictate its own terms, and assure a reasonable profit. More it does not seek. While to the combination of raisin-growers the term "trust" has been applied, it has created no prejudice against the concern, nor turned it away from its laudable purpose, which is nothing more than a decent self-protection.

The prune-growers of the North-West, including Oregon,

Washington, and Idaho, have adopted similar measures of relief. As the outgrowth of a convention held in Portland during March, at which the situation was fully discussed, they have organized what is essentially a prune trust, although it has as its dignified title "The Cured Fruit Association of the Pacific North-West." The plan of the association is simple, and is nothing more than a systematic effort to place the deciduous fruit industry upon a paying basis. The growers realize that they have had little to do with the fixing of prices, and it is this evil they propose to correct. According to the terms to which members subscribe, the regulations are to be of no effect until seventy-five per cent. of the growers shall have acquiesced in the arrangement, or rather, growers producing seventy-five per cent. of the output. In this respect no difficulty is anticipated, as there was a large attendance at the convention, and, except for some minor details, practical unanimity of opinion, with three-fourths of the fruit product under direct control, the orchardists believe they will have no trouble in fixing prices. They have provided for every emergency—for the scheme includes the items of warehouses and insurance of the crops stored.

In controlling the trust, interests are to be common, the man owning ten acres to have equal voice with the owner of a thousand. Each member pledges himself to raise the fruit at his own expense, and turn it over to the association. From that moment it passes out of his personal control. It must be cured up to a standard satisfactory to the official inspector of the association. Grading will be carefully attended to, and the fruit when finally sold will bear the brand, not of the producer, but of the association of which he is a member. The association will establish agencies, is empowered to borrow money, to act as factor, and, in fact, is given absolute power. It is to be governed by a board of fifteen, fairly representing the three States interested. Members are to receive credit not only for the quantity but the quality contributed to the general stock.

There appears no reason why the plan should not be a success, nor why it should work any injustice to the consumer, as it is not based on greed, but on correct business principles. However, having taken up the California idea to this extent, it might be well to look to this State for an example of how not to do in other respects. California prunes sent to France, and far superior to the French prune, have arrived there in so bad a condition from faulty packing as to create an unfavorable impression, either as to the intrinsic value of the fruit or the honesty of dealers. Such procedure as this is short-sighted, and ought to be avoided, not only by Californian shippers, but by those of the North-West. There can be no demand for fruit that does not keep strictly to the standard claimed for it. In promoting the interests of orchardists, honesty is not only the best policy but the only sane one.

It is difficult for those who have had no direct experience in gathering statistics to realize how much work is involved in taking the census of this country. The population of the United States now numbers about seventy-five million people, and as each one will be asked about twenty questions, this branch of the work will include the answers to one and one-half billion questions. The agricultural division will send out eight million schedules, and for manufactures, industry, and vital statistics there will be as many more. After all this information has been collected the returns must be classified and tabulated for publication. To perform this work a vast army of clerks will be organized in Washington, and it is expected that eight volumes of vital statistics will be ready for distribution within two years, although heretofore six or seven years have been consumed in the work of tabulation and publication.

The information that is to be secured this year is not so extensive as it has been in former census enumerations, and this will enable the bureau to secure greater accuracy in the statistics that are included. There is one branch of the work contemplated, however, that might better have been excluded. The statistics of mortality, disease, and death can have little value considering the conditions under which they will be collected. When these figures are gathered only once in ten years, there is no opportunity to determine whether the year covered is normal or exceptional. In such investigations the figures should cover a number of successive years in order to have any real value. Again, the accuracy of the figures will depend wholly upon the memory of those who answer the questions. On June 1st they are expected to remember all the deaths that have happened within a year. Continuous records alone have value in the collection of vital statistics. The time and money might better be employed in other and more profitable investigations.

The collection of the census statistics this year involves some new and interesting problems, not the least of which is the enumeration in Alaska. Two men have the superintendence of this branch of the work. The districts have

been subdivided into enumeration sections, and on June 1st the enumerators will start out from St. Michaels, traveling, some by sleighs drawn by dogs, some by canoes, some by steamboats, some on horseback, and some on foot. They will travel up the rivers and into every little creek, visiting every settlement in the Territory. In Hawaii, also, there will be difficulties to be overcome, it being necessary for the enumerators to visit a mass of small islands by boat. Puerto Rico and Cuba are not to be included. The census of these islands is now being taken under the direction of the War Department, and while the results may be published with the volumes of the regular census, the census bureau has nothing to do with the collection of the statistics.

The policy by which the organization of the census bureau must be built up from the beginning every ten years is a very short-sighted one. It is a waste of time in getting the bureau into working order, and it eliminates the possibility of securing experienced and well-trained clerks. The establishment of a permanent census bureau, that should divide the work into ten parts, the statistics of one division being collected each year, has been advocated for a long time, and will ultimately be adopted. When this is done the statistics will be more accurate, and the information will reach the public before sufficient time has elapsed for it to lose much of its value.

There is to be at Montgomery, Ala., in May of this year, an interstate conference devoted to consideration of the negro problem, particularly as it affects the interests of the South. This leaves the problem as broad as ever, for certainly the South must be affected by every phase of the complex and vexing question. It is fortunate that studied attention is given the subject in the section where the negro has his home, and to which he is best adapted, despite speculative attempts to lure him to new fields.

There have been many conferences heretofore, but they have represented, usually, the line of thought that the negro is down-trodden, and that the only method of betterment was to give him all the privilege of intelligence, but not always the means of acquiring the intelligence. The theorist has exploited his humane but futile beliefs, and meanwhile the clash of races has continued. It is felt that the time has come for the South to begin the task of working out its own salvation, and to this end the best minds, men of affairs, students of economic problems, will address themselves.

For convenience in consideration, the work to be taken up has been divided in advance, under several heads. The first is as to the franchise, and the following questions are to be answered: Should the franchise be limited by law? If so, how? In this connection will be discussed limitations based on education and on property-holdings.

The second theme will be the "Negro in Relation to Education." This has been placed under several heads, as its importance demands. It embraces the value of industrial training, weighs the wisdom of making this the only form available, and the part sustained by the industrially educated negro to the untrained white laborer. The needs of the white population in this regard will not be overlooked. The advantages and disadvantages to the South of the negro as a laborer will be presented.

"The Negro in Relation to Religion" is another subject concerning which there will be opportunity for extended debate. Under this head divisions are numerous, and seem to cover the entire ground. The aim is to ascertain the prevailing standard, both of the colored clergy and the church attendants, the amount of money expended, the purpose and results of the expenditure, the comparative conditions prevailing now and in ante-bellum days. There will be an effort to ascertain the most hopeful line of progress in this direction.

Lastly, is to be taken up the subject of "The Negro in Relation to the Social Order." This will involve discussion of the permanency of the negro as an element in social life, questions of "equality," the policy of lynching, its influence on whites and blacks, the promotion of the security of the home.

This all bears directly on the weal of the South. Considering without prejudice or heat, the people of the South are, more than any other, capable of dealing with them.

There appears to be a determination on the part of members of the House of Representatives to force the passage of the Nicaragua Canal bill without regard to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, and without waiting for the report of the commission on the various canal routes which is now being prepared. One hundred and fifty members of the House are reported to have signed a petition to the Speaker asking the adoption of a rule bringing up the bill for discussion on May 1st, and while this number is not sufficient to guarantee the passage of the bill, it is sufficiently large to demand recognition. It is doubtful, however, whether it would be wise to press the bill to passage at the present time. It would

NORTHERN FRUIT-GROWERS FOLLOW AN EXAMPLE.



he far better to have the question of neutralization settled before any active steps looking to construction are taken, and this involves the settlement of a number of minor questions. It is the opinion of a majority of people in this country that a canal built with United States capital should be fortified with United States guns. Such fortification would be absolutely necessary should this country be involved in a war with any foreign nation, and the fact that it was so fortified would act as a restraint upon foreign countries inclined to commit overt acts.

There are difficulties in the way of building fortifications at the present time, however, that can not be ignored. Great Britain would certainly regard it as an unfriendly act should the provisions of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty be ignored, for, whatever may be the opinion held in this country, Great Britain regards that treaty as still in force. There are many questions of dispute with Canada that have been brought almost to the point of adjustment through the friendly attitude of England toward this country. Should that attitude be changed to one of unfriendliness, these questions would become an endless source of friction. The countries of Continental Europe have treaties with Nicaragua guaranteeing the neutrality of the canal, and these treaties could not be ignored without giving serious offense to those countries. Finally, the Governments of Nicaragua and Costa Rica are not sufficiently stable to guarantee the safety of the canal. A few months ago Nicaragua was in the throes of a revolution; to-day there are rumors of war between that country and Costa Rica. Disturbances in these Central American countries are of almost continual occurrence.

The simplest method of settling all these problems would seem to be by annexation. The subject is being discussed in Washington, and is reported to have the support of a number of leading citizens of Nicaragua. Were Nicaragua a part of the United States the canal would cease to be a subject of international discussion. The canal, when constructed, would be a part of the domestic waters of the United States, and foreign countries would have no more voice in its control than they now have in the control of the Erie Canal in New York State. After annexation this country would succeed to the rights and duties of Nicaragua under treaties made by the latter; but, under the circumstances, European countries would hardly object to the abrogation of those provisions guaranteeing neutrality. There would be no objection to granting all foreign nations equal rights to the use of the canal when this country is not at war, but when built by this country the canal should form part of the coast defenses of the United States.

indications are not lacking that the rift in the Democratic party, which appeared in 1896, has not been closed, notwithstanding all the tentative efforts to bring the two factions into harmony for the coming campaign. The trouble is that the trife is not so much to win in an election this year, as it is to gain the control of the organization of the party for future use. Since 1896 the silver wing has been in complete possession of the party machinery, and it does not propose to bate a jot of its authority even in the interest of harmony at the polls. Harmony seems further off than ever. The Bryanites know that they would be promptly shelved if the Gold Democrats controlled the convention at Kansas City, and the latter expect just as little from the Bryanites. Efforts have been made in some quarters to induce Bryan to run on a platform free from any silver plank, and without others of the objectionable enunciations made at Chicago. Efforts have also been made to induce Gold Democrats to turn in and support Bryan regardless of platforms, because no one else can win, and on the theory that even if President he could not injure the gold standard under the law. Both attempts have signally failed.

There are mutterings now in the air which forebode further factional strife. Chairman Jones, in the interest of the silver faction, has issued a proclamation by which he proposes to coerce Democratic State conventions into instructing all delegates to Kansas City for Bryan. On the other hand, the Gold Democrats are sending out circulars, particularly through the Southern States, urging the party to oppose Bryan in the convention, and at least to send their delegates there uninstructed, the object—to rescue the organization from Bryanism—being too plain to admit of any doubt. The Dewey boom no doubt has its root in the me desire. It is most natural that it should be so. The old Democratic party is sadly altered, and there are hundreds of thousands of old-line Democrats who have no party home.

The Democratic party of to-day is the personal following of Mr. Bryan, who, like the dog in the manger, will prevent any one else from winning if he can not win for himself. A man whom the Gold Democrats can trust could not be elected, even if he could gain the nomination at Kansas

City. He would get votes which Bryan could never poll, but he would lose more votes of Democrats who will have no one but Bryan. Neither Cleveland, Olney, nor Dewey could secure the Bryan vote. The party has become populist. It will follow no leader but one who advocates a debased system of currency, and who has socialistic tendencies. The Gold Democrats can get no grip on their party machinery, and if they could it would do them no good this year, for they could not hold the Bryan vote, which would drift back to the old camp of Populism, and swell the middle-of-the-road wing of that party. The efforts of the Gold Democrats is more likely to insure Bryan's nomination than to defeat it. It will breed bitterness against the minority, and make the majority faction more determined to win. Bryan is still the logical candidate.

Supervisor Maguire has introduced and is pushing with every appearance of sincerity an ordinance providing that street-railway companies shall charge only two and one-half cents for passage on the cars when a seat is not furnished. The purpose of the ordinance is most praiseworthy. Everybody has experienced the fact that during the busy hours of the day the street-car accommodations are wholly inadequate. People are compelled to stand up, hanging on to the straps inside or to the stanchions outside. There have been a number of cases where this has resulted in injury to the passenger; only a few weeks ago a man was killed as a result of this overcrowding. It is not right that one who submits to this inconvenience should be charged the same price for passage that is paid by those who are accommodated with seats. From this point of view, the ordinance proposed by Supervisor Maguire is proper, but it is not likely to achieve the result aimed at. The trouble is that it will be impossible to enforce the ordinance, and the supervisors should be capable of realizing this. Suppose a passenger boards a crowded car and is compelled to stand up. He pays a fare of two and one-half cents, but after he has traveled several blocks a sufficient number of people have left the car to give him an opportunity to sit down. Is he required then to pay another fare? Or, take the other case, where a man has secured a seat and paid for it. A lady enters the car, and he gives up his seat to her. Is he then entitled to a rebate under the ordinance? The duties that would devolve upon the conductors under such circumstances would be impossible of performance. The remedy lies in demanding increased accommodations, rather than along the lines of the proposed ordinance. The travel along the Kearny Street line is probably greater than that on any other line in the city. The railway company has solved the problem on that line by running "trailers," to double the accommodations. It is undesirable that the frequency of cars on Market Street should be increased; the inconvenience and danger to foot-passengers on that street is already sufficient. But, by adding trailers, the difficulty could be met, at least for the present.

It is cause for surprise that franchises have existed so long without being regarded as a proper subject for taxation. That the privilege to exercise certain functions of government granted for convenience to quasi-public corporations is a valuable concession has always been recognized, but it remained for this city to realize that franchises are proper subjects for taxation, and to derive from this source a fair share of the money needed to carry on the municipal government. The example thus set has been followed in New York, and the enactment of the Ford law, one year ago, provided that municipal franchises should be assessed at their market value. Recently the State board announced its assessments, and the amount of intangible property that has hitherto escaped assessment is surprising. Twelve corporations in New York City that were formerly assessed for a total of \$70,918,000, now pay taxes on a valuation of \$260,573,000. In other words, nearly three-quarters of the property of these corporations has heretofore escaped paying its share of the burdens of government. Nor has the increase been made up by improper or exorbitant assessments. It is purely a business proposition that the value of the franchise of a corporation is to be determined by the difference between the value of the tangible property and the market price of the stock. The Metropolitan Street Railway system has heretofore paid taxes on a valuation of \$5,000,000. This year the assessment is on \$60,000,000, making the valuation of the franchise for purposes of taxation \$55,000,000. But the stock is selling on the market for \$150,000,000, so that on a fair estimate at least one-half of the property still escapes taxation. Such companies have received privileges of great value from the people, in most cases without making any compensation; it is only just that they should be compelled to contribute a fair share of the expenses of government.

## CALIFORNIA AND FLORIDA.

Their Climates and Natural Attractions—Florida's Artificial Attractions—Her Hotels—Her Railways—Her Steamships—Her Thousands of Visitors—Her Advertising.

Few Californians visit Florida. Little is known in the Golden State of the Palmetto State. Yet the two are in a way rivals. There is really no natural rivalry between them, for California is immeasurably the superior in every way. But there is an artificial rivalry—a rivalry as to which should attract the most pleasure-seekers—and in that Florida has much the best of it.

The fact that in California little is known and nothing is printed concerning Florida may justify the publishing of some fugitive notes made by a Californian visiting there. It may be premised that I went there with a mind free from prejudice, for I knew nothing about the Palmetto State. I had once passed through one corner of it on a railway journey, but that was all. My surprise therefore was great on finding how few were the natural attractions of Florida. My surprise was greater on finding how numerous were the artificial attractions.

At the risk of offending Floridians I may say that it seems to me impossible that a flat country can be beautiful. Florida is nothing but a flat, sandy peninsula between gulf and ocean. At its highest point, the peninsula's backbone could scarcely be called a low range of sand-hills. Much of the State is water. Lakes there are, brackish and fresh; salt-water lagoons; estuaries and sluggish rivers which are half arms of the sea and half fresh-water streams; and there are winding bayous innumerable, countless swamps, and the vast, partially explored tract known as "The Everglades." There is, of course, an abundance of vegetation, including moss-draped oak-trees and a great deal of pine forest, much of which is rapidly disappearing. For the chief industry in Florida appears to be the saw-mill industry, and one can not but wonder what Florida will do when all her trees are cut down and sawed up—as will soon be the case. Aside from trees there is a variety of shrubbery throughout the State, and almost anything tropical or semi-tropical will grow there. That is, it will grow until the frost hites it, which it often does. For in the gardens of the great hotels the shrubbery is protected during frosty nights in winter by tree-tents. When the plants are very delicate the tents are often warmed with lamps burning throughout the night. This would make some Southern California gardeners smile. We have frosts in Southern California, but nothing like the Florida ones. I have known the temperature there to fall this winter from seventy degrees to below freezing point in a few hours.

These precautions against frost taken by the hotel gardeners shows what they think of the climate. This hint would make an intending orange-grove purchaser pause.

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It is the hotel and railway companies that have made Florida so successful as a winter resort. There is little in the State itself to bring people there, except the severity of the northern winters. Even the Florida food-supply seems to be poor. Nearly all the fruit, meats, and game in the hotels are brought from the north. Fish, however, is plentiful in Florida. But, like much of the fish in other semi-tropical waters, it is rather coarse in flavor. So primitive was the food-supply of Florida before the hotel epoch that even so common and indispensable a commodity as milk was lacking, and the great hotels were forced to establish their own dairies. Prior to that I presume the Floridians used condensed milk.

There are two great hotel systems operating in Florida, known as "The Florida East Coast Hotel Company" and "The Florida Gulf Coast Hotel Company." Both were begun by millionaires. The first of these, the east coast system, is owned by H. M. Flagler, one of the Standard Oil millionaires. He is one of those men who, like Andrew Carnegie, has so large an income that he does not know what to do with it. Nearly twenty years ago he spent some winters in St. Augustine, and, impressed with its climatic advantages, determined to build a hotel there. He builded better than he knew. Before he got through he built three hotels there. To bring people from the North comfortably, he was obliged to build a railway also. Then he had to start a steamship line to serve as a feeder to his railway. As his territory was soon invaded by competitors, he had to build other hotels clear to the southern extremity of the peninsula. Now the Flagler system includes the following hotels:

At Key West.....	The Hotel Key West.
At Nassau (Bahama Islands).....	The Hotel Royal Victoria.
At Miami.....	The Hotel Royal Palm.
	The Casino.
At Palm Beach.....	The Palm Beach Inn.
	The Hotel Royal Poinciana.
	The Casino.
At Ormond.....	The Hotel Ormond.
At St. Augustine.....	The Hotel Alcazar.
	The Hotel Ponce de Leon.
	The Hotel Cordova.
	The Casino.

Flagler carries people to these hotels over his own line, the Florida East Coast Railway, aggregating nearly five



hundred miles of road. Then he also owns the Florida East Coast Steamship Company, which runs along the Atlantic or east coast of Florida, also sailing to Nassau, Bahama Islands, to Havana, and to Santiago. He recently took the Key West Hotel into his system, and this year has added to it a hotel at Nassau in the Bahamas.

Concerning Mr. Flagler's hotels, the first three, the Ponce de Leon, the Alcazar, and the Cordova, are certainly very beautiful buildings, of which he may well be proud. They are all in the Hispano-Mauresque style of architecture with which we in California are familiar through our old Spanish mission buildings and their modern prototypes, as seen at Palo Alto. But our colonial Spanish architecture in California was from the crude plans of the Spanish friars, wrought into shape by the clumsy hands of their Indian neophytes. It has an air of strength and solidity rather than of grace. But Flagler's Spanish buildings at St. Augustine make a magnificent group. The architects have succeeded in wedding the grace of the Moorish with the strength of the Spanish school. The Ponce de Leon is a stately pile, with many minaret-like towers, domes, and chimneys rising from its red-tiled roof. It has a large patio, or court-yard, with a noble gate-way. The Alcazar facade is distinguished by the two square bell-towers, familiar to us in our California mission buildings. The Cordova has both round and square towers, and is a marvel of elaborate Mauresque ornamentation.

These hotels have been so often described in print that I will say nothing further of their architecture other than to note the fact that they are built of a concrete made of fossil shells found in vast quantities around St. Augustine. The Spaniards used for building purposes a stone called "coquina" formed of these same fossil shells, which the ages had molded into a kind of natural concrete. Some of the old Spanish buildings in St. Augustine were built of this coquina stone. The concrete used in the Flagler hotels resembles it in a measure, and is the most architecturally effective artificial stone I have ever seen. It is a delicate bluish-gray in color, and it fits into the tints of sky and sea and sandy soil most admirably. The cool, gray walls and rich, red-tiled roofs together produce an effect which is most grateful to the eye. How different from the great, staring, wooden caravansaries of the United States generally. The Ponce de Leon was built about 1885. The Del Monte was built about 1881. The Coronado was built about 1889. The Del Monte has since been burned down and rebuilt, and may burn down again. In any event, it will be an old wooden building in another decade. The life of a wooden building is less than thirty years. The Coronado was already showing signs of wear when I was there last, in 1898. But the Ponce de Leon can not burn down. It is almost a monolith. Its walls are solid rock, and it is to-day as beautiful a building as when it was erected years ago.

I wish I could speak as highly of the running of the Flagler hotels as I can about their architecture. But that I can not truthfully do. They are expensive and pretentious, but that is all I can say. The servants are ignorant negroes. Their service is inefficient. The food is often not good, and when it is good it is badly cooked, and when it is properly cooked it is served cold. The Ponce de Leon advertises that its chef is "late of the Brunswick and formerly of Delmonico's." This is doubtless true. But were the immortal Chef Joseph himself to cook at the Ponce what would it avail him if his most admirable plats were served cold? To dine at the Ponce means to sit down in a gorgeous rotunda with a domed ceiling; to have beautiful mural decorations and stained-glass windows confronting you; to see the Spanish-Mauresque plan of the architects wrought out in a hundred cunning ways; to read punning Spanish proverbs in gilded Runic letters upon ceiling and walls; to see the coats of arms of Ponce de Leon and other Spanish explorers faithfully reproduced by cunning artificers; to note the escutcheons of ancient Spanish cities like Toledo and Valladolid interwoven with the mural decorations; to hear a fine stringed band discoursing sweet music for an hour—and to have cold soup, cold fish, cold entrées, cold joint, and cold vegetables brought to you upon cold plates by a thick-skulled, prognathous-jawed African who used to be a cotton-steamer roustabout.

I was surprised at the poor service in these fine hotels. The people who go there are well-to-do—necessarily so, as the prices are not low. Why they should pay high prices for poor service by clumsy negroes I can not comprehend. It does not require a great intellect to be a waiter, but it is too much for the African. When the Palace Hotel in San Francisco had negro chamber-maids, negro bell boys, and negro waiters it was one of the worst hotels in the United States. Like these Florida hotels it was pretentious and bad. Both Ralston and Sharon, its builders, were used to the big hotels of the steamboat era in the West and South-West, and they considered that a hotel was not a hotel without a "negro help." It was not until these archaic ideas were replaced by modern ones, and the Palace bundled out its lazy negroes, that the hotel became the modern one it is now.

Why do the Northern people at these Florida hotels tolerate these wretched darkies? The race is unfit for any duty requiring attentiveness, which is the chief requisite in a domestic servant. On the other hand, they are so fantastic, so vainglorious, and so self-conscious that they are continually posing and peacocking for the benefit of the hotel guests and themselves. There is always at the head of the mob of waiters a head-waiter, who has all the characteristics of a drum-major, without being as useful. So vainglorious is the race that if you request the head-waiter to have something done he will imperatively order his assistant to do it, who will order a waiter to do it, who will order a waiter's

waiter to do it, who will order a scullion to do it, who will probably leave it undone. And all of these African freaks order one another around in tones of command which would be amusing to any one but a hungry man waiting for his dinner. And in the midst of the crash and clatter of plates, of heavily shod waiters' hoofs upon the sounding floors, of crockery falling from waiters' bungling fingers, and of orders yelled to the cooks from the closing kitchen-door, there rises the sound of inter-African conversation. As they meet they exchange scraps of gossip, merry jests, reminiscences of the night before, and the unfortunate guests must perform at their dinners to an obligato of gabbling darkies—sometimes of squabbling darkies. And all this in high-priced, pretentious hotels. Doctors say that conversation at table aids digestion. But I greatly prefer silence to Senegambian conversaciones.

The second great Florida syndicate is the Florida Gulf Coast Hotel Company, generally known as "The Plant System." This includes the following hotels:

At Tampa, Fla. ....	The Tampa Bay Hotel.
At Belleair, Fla. ....	The Hotel Bellevue.
At Winter Park, Fla. ....	The Seminole Hotel.
At Kissimmee, Fla. ....	The Hotel Kissimmee.
At Ocala, Fla. ....	The Ocala House.
At Port Tampa, Fla. ....	The Inn.

A millionaire built up this system also. Millionaire Plant, founder of the Plant Railway system, was forced into the hotel business to feed his railway. During the Spanish war he became so much concerned at the reflections on his railway system, when General Shafter's army made its headquarters at Tampa Bay, that he went down there in the Florida midsummer to straighten out the tangle. He straightened it out, but it finished him. A summer in Florida was fatal to Millionaire Plant. The last I heard of him a young widow was striving to have the court grant her a larger portion of his millions than he had left her in his will.

The Plant system includes the hotels above mentioned; a railway system running as far north as Charleston, S. C., and as far west as Montgomery, Ala.; and a steamship line plying between Port Tampa and Havana, Key West, and Jamaica. The Plant system hotels are enormous structures equipped with all the up-to-date hotel conveniences, and surrounded with beautiful gardens. Unlike the hotels at St. Augustine, however, they are built of wood. This hotel company introduced a building with a swimming-pool and elaborate baths of every description, modeled on the great hydro-therapeutic cures of Europe. This they established in the Casino at Tampa Bay. The rival company was forced to establish a similar institution at St. Augustine on the east coast. Thus both the hotel systems cater not only to those who are mere pleasure-seekers, but also to those who seek to regain lost health by modern physical methods, such as baths, hot air, electricity, etc.

Both East Coast and Gulf Coast systems have a chain of golf links extending down the entire peninsula, and a guest at any one of their hotels can play over any of the other golf courses.

In addition to these two great systems there are hundreds of hotels in Florida kept by individuals. Along the St. Johns River, for example, you find them every mile or two.

While the two rival systems sedulously ignore one another in their advertising matter, the other railway and steamship companies, such as the Clyde Steamship Company, impartially advertise them all. The Clyde Company runs fine steamers from New York to Charleston and Jacksonville, and from Jacksonville it runs well-appointed steamboats up the St. John's River. It connects with both the Plant and East Coast Railways and also the Florida Central and Peninsular and other lines. Its fine steamers sail from New York three times a week and bring thousands of people to Florida who prefer the ocean trip to the railway journey. There are other steamship lines connecting with Florida ports, among them the Mallory and the Southern Pacific's Galveston line.

But for those who do not object to rail travel there is an abundance of routes. Solid vestibule trains run to Florida from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis, and New Orleans, and connections are made to all the smaller cities of the North, the West, and the South. At this season there are six express trains a day between St. Augustine and northern points, two of them being luxurious trains like the Chicago Limited, the Congressional Limited, and the Sunset Limited. These are the Florida Special and the Florida Limited, running over two different routes. Florida is thus brought into quick communication with all that portion of the United States lying east of the Mississippi River. The railway companies advertise the State thoroughly throughout this densely populated territory, and Florida reaps a rich harvest in consequence.

Yet how short is the season! It may be said to begin about the first of January and to terminate about the end of March. This year, for example, the Ponce de Leon did not open until January 16th, and it is to close on April 15th. All of the Plant System Hotels opened about the middle of January, and are to close before the middle of April. Thus it will be seen that the season lasts only two months and a half. Early in April I am told that the weather generally grows so warm that the visitors flee to the north. Yet, with this limited season, with a flat and uninteresting country, with high-priced hotels, not too well kept, and with practically nothing but a high thermometer, Florida's host of health and pleasure-seekers increases every year. And to her these visitors are vital, because, her agricultural products do not amount to much. Her soil is poor and sandy, and as I have said, the climate is uncertain.

For example, the orange industry of the State has never recovered from the cold wave of 1895. In one night it was practically swept out of existence. Hundreds of orange growers have abandoned their groves, and it is estimated that over fifty per cent. of them are deserted. Thrifty real-estate men are now trying to sell them "low down," on the theory that the frost did not hurt the mature trees. But this condition of affairs shows how precarious orange-growing must be in Florida.

Florida's oranges are dearer than those of California, and not so good. Her hotels, too, are not good. I am aware that this may be considered heterodox by people who brag of having "spent a season at the Ponce de Leon," but it is none the less true. The Florida hotels are dear and bad. They are all on the *table-d'hôte* plan and both of the two great hotel companies have practically a minimum rate of six dollars a day for room and board. This at the Ponce gives you a small room without a bath. For a small room with a bath they charge the modest sum of ten dollars a day, and from that up to fifteen and twenty dollars per day. It is to the Ponce de Leon that the old jest can be best applied. A visitor there ruefully remarked that he had been sent to Florida for change and rest, but the landlord got nearly all his change, and the waiters got the rest.

At these hotels, service and cookery are both bad. Compare their rates with those prevailing at similar resorts in some good foreign hotel. The Swiss hotelkeepers are the best. Take a short-season summer hotel, the Schweizerhof at Lucerne for example. It is a handsome building with lifts, electric-lighting, and all conveniences, an excellent restaurant, both *table d'hôte* and *à la carte*, and admirably kept. The minimum rates there are about as follows:

Room.....	6 francs
Light.....	50 centimes
Bath.....	1 franc
Attendance.....	1 franc
Breakfast.....	2 francs
Meat breakfast or <i>déjeuner</i> .....	5 francs
Dinner.....	7 francs
Total.....	22 francs 50 centimes

This is about four dollars and twenty-seven cents—say one-third less than the Florida hotels. Take another: The leading hotel of San Remo, a short-season winter resort, is the Hotel d'Angleterre. The minimum rates there are about as follows:

Room.....	6 lire
Bath.....	1 lira
Light.....	½ lira
Attendance.....	1 lira
Breakfast.....	1½ lire
Meat breakfast or <i>déjeuner</i> .....	3½ lire
Dinner.....	6 lire
Total.....	19½ lire

This is about three dollars and sixty cents—a little more than half the cost of the Florida hotel. Or take another winter resort where the season is shorter than at San Remo, or any point on the Riviera. Let us select one in Egypt, where living is universally admitted to be very expensive. At Sheppard's Hotel, in Cairo, the minimum prices are about as follows:

Room.....	40 piastres
Light.....	3 piastres
Bath.....	5 piastres
Breakfast.....	10 piastres
Luncheon.....	20 piastres
Dinner.....	30 piastres
Total.....	108 piastres

This is about five dollars and forty cents, again less than the tariff of the Florida hotel. Yet no one can deny that the Cairo hotels are the most luxurious in the world.

I expressly refrain from comparing the rates at these Florida hotels with those in large cities. In small resorts like St. Augustine there is merely a nominal charge for ground-rent or interest on value of land. In San Francisco this item is a large one in the Palace Hotel's yearly balance. It is larger still in New York, Paris, and London. Hence the comparisons are confined to similar resorts.

If, then, with poor and high-priced hotels, with almost no natural beauties, and with few attractions save those made by man, Florida can attract scores of thousands of visitors within her borders every year, what could not California do? There is no season limit in California—the season is twelve months long. There is no vain search for climate in California—you can get any kind you want in about twenty-four hours. You can even go from San Francisco in July with fog-horns blowing, raw winds blowing, and the thermometer at fifty, and in forty minutes cross the bay to Ros Valley, in Marin County, where there is bright sunshine and the thermometer at seventy-five. You can get the warm, dry air of the island cities near the desert, like San Bernardino, the warm, humid air of the sea-board cities near the desert, like San Diego, or the cold, dry air of the high Sierra. You can find ever kind of scenery, from the lofty peaks that soar up to the sky around Yosemite, to the limitless leagues of level land in our great interior valleys. You can find mighty rivers rolling placidly to the sea like the Sacramento, and impetuous torrents that hurl themselves over rocky beds and rapids, like the Klamath and the Pitt Rivers. You can find almost every kind of fish that swims, from the fresh-water black-bass and trout to the gigantic Jew fish of the Pacific, fit rival to Florida's Tarpon. You can find almost every kind of bird that flies, from canvas-back duck to a black swan. You can find deer and brown bear and black bear, and if you go far enough you may find a grizzly bear and be sorry that you found him. You can find mountain lakes like Tahoe—or of the most beautiful in the world, to which no Swiss lake is a peer. You can find forests of pine and redwood and the giant sequoias, beside which the scrubby pine forests of

THE FLORIDA EAST COAST HOTELS.

FLORIDA HOTELS ARE POORLY RUN.

IGNORANT NEGRO SERVANTS.

OTHER HOTELS AND TRANSPORTATION COMPANIES.

WHY DOES FLORIDA LEAD CALIFORNIA?



Florida seem like a child's toy tin trees. In short, the seeker for health, for sport, or for climate can find more of it in California than almost anywhere in the world, and why any one should go to Florida when he can go to California is a mystery.

But the solution of the mystery is that Florida is advertised and California is not. The Florida hotel companies, steamship companies, and railway companies deluge the whole country east of the Missouri with advertising matter handsomely printed and illustrated. Yet in all the Eastern periodicals I see but two advertisements of California, one from the Southern Pacific and the other from the Santa Fé. The men at the head of these great corporations care little for passenger business. The money is made in freights. Hence the meagre advertising appropriation given to the passenger departments. This is all the advertising California is getting. Yet if she does not care to advertise her own advantages, I do not see why the railway companies should care to do it for her.

JEROME A. HART.

St. AUGUSTINE, March, 1900.

## FOR THE MADRE DE DIOS.

The Mystery of the Artist's Last Painting at San Lucio.

Henrique Moreño added two glasses of cognac to the many of *tequila* he had drunk already, and flung down his two coins upon the counter. Then he turned to go out of the drinking-house, and, as he did so, caught sight of two colored lithographs, side by side, one of a dancer in pink tights and a sky-blue hallet-skirt, the other of Our Lady of Guadalupe. He shuddered.

He was half-drunk, but had he been wholly so he would have known that they were an offense to the eye. For Henrique was an artist to the tips of his grimy fingers. He shrugged his shoulders. "The actress is had enough," he muttered to himself, "but Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe!" He had a very poor opinion of miraculous art, if this sacred Lady of Guadalupe was the best the powers of heaven could do. He had done better than that himself, when he had been a small boy in the orphan asylum.

At the doorway of the shop he stood with his back to the glaring electric light within, and looked out at the moonlit, narrow street. It was a carnival scene, though this was a most solemn time, the night of Friday in Passion Week, and every *peon* from the city and from the country for miles around was hound for the church of Metzalcingo upon a pilgrimage of special import. The street upon which Henrique stood looking out was the one that led to the church, and it was overflowing with gay men, and women, and children, all pouring along in one direction, and all calling and laughing. Some were afoot, some on horseback—whole families, now and then, on a scrawny little pony covered round neck to croup—some in rickety vehicles of sufficiently modern pattern, and yet others in great, lumbering carts, all of wood, and drawn by oxen yoked by the horns.

A woman passed on the sidewalk in front of him, and turned up her face, half-shrouded in a shawl. The bright light from the room fell full upon it. "Buenas noches, señor," she said, and smiled, and pushed on with the crowd. Henrique swore a sweet and vicious oath. Then he stepped down into the street and started himself for Metzalcingo.

There was a fair in progress in the open square in front of the old church, and hundreds of little gypsy booths, built of ticks and staves and tattered cloths, where all manner of awdry wares were sold, or foods reeking with grease and lilt and onions. The air was thick with the smell of it and with the smoke from the torches. It was picturesque to the last degree, lurid, unearthly. Moreño gave a snarl of satisfaction as he looked at it, and stored the memory way in his mind, after the fashion of the artist, because it might serve in a composition some time. He had painted virgins, and St. Catherines, and the milder saints at first, but of late his tastes were changing. He dreamed of Hell, and Purgatory, and torture scenes, with curious insistence. There was a valuable suggestion for Purgatory in the scene in front of the church. But before he should go to work upon that he must finish the "Madre de Dios." And how was he ever to do that without his thrice-cursed model?

The whole soul of Henrique was in that picture of the crucifixion he was doing for the little church of San Lucio. And it was finished save for one figure, the mother at the foot of the cross. That, indeed, was begun also; but in two weeks it had not advanced. And why? Because the woman who had been his model had not been near his studio, and he had been unable to find her, high or low, in the city. He could not go on without her. Hers was the face that his Mother of Sorrows must have. He had sought for months for one that would suit him, haunting the streets and the churches, peering into the folds of every *rebozo* and lack shawl.

And at last he had found it. The woman had been standing looking up into the old trees in the San Francisco garden, and he had given a low cry when he had seen her. Then he stood still, watching. In truth it was the face of Mater Dolorosa, beside which the one of Guido was inipid. She was not a girl—a woman of thirty years perhaps, all white, half Indian, with the pale face of the one race and all the beauty and lithe grace of the other. And she was sad. "Sad, profoundly sad like that was the look of the Madre de Dios," said the artist to himself, and he smiled with joy as he went up to her.

With the certainty of divine commission worthy of a monk of San Marco, he spoke. It did not occur to him that she could refuse. He was sure that the same heaven high had put this sacred fire in his heart had sent her to him to be the model for his work, for the last of the four great mural paintings which were to make wonderful the interior of the little church of San Lucio, the pious labor of all the life of an unrecognized genius, child of a woman of the people and of some Spanish *caballero*, no doubt, who

had begun that life a castaway upon the steps of the foundling asylum of the Jalisco city.

The woman had lowered her great, dark eyes from the branches of the trees when he had spoken, and had listened respectfully to the words of the man who must be a *señor*, because he was certainly not a *moco*, and wore no blanket. But the patience of the artist was all but exhausted before he could make her understand what it was that he wanted. At last, however, she had consented to go with him to his studio, and he had begun the painting at once, with a sure hand whose untaught skill was one with the mysteries of the moving heavens and of the springing grass.

There were those who said of Henrique Moreño that he was mad. Even the French priest who came often to stand enraptured before the three finished paintings had said once to a compatriot: "He is crazy—the painter—but he is the greatest genius who has ever been born among these foolish, unseeing people. They have these in their city, and not two hundred of them know it. *C'est dommage!*"

But Henrique did not care whether he were crazy or not. He only knew that he must paint, subjects growing always more and more gloomy and terrible. Nothing but that mattered. For two days he worked at his "Mother of Sorrows," but on the third day he stopped suddenly and threw the brush in his model's face. "Why are you so happy, Rosita, you fool?" he cried; "can I paint Nuestra Señora de Dolores when her face is ready to laugh?"

Rosita wiped the paint from her cheek with the corner of her blue drapery and smiled. "*Siento mucho, señor,*" she gurgled, contentedly; "I am sorry. But I am very gay."

"You were sad enough when I found you, the other day."

She shrugged her shoulders. "*Aie!* That day Adolfo had gone away with another woman."

"Who is Adolfo?"

"My husband, señor."

"You are lying! And has he come back to you now?" He called her by a profane name.

"Si, señor." Her face was radiant.

He tried hard to work from it, but it was no use. By evening he had almost spoiled the conception of Nuestra Señora de Dolores.

"Go," he told her, hoarsely; "get out! Come back to me when you are sad again, when Adolfo deserts you for good. It will be soon."

But that had been a fortnight ago and he had not seen her until just now, when she had passed him at the door of the drinking-house—still smiling. In that fortnight he had hardly rested or eaten. He had spent his time in drinking and praying, in raging and cursing before the meaningless face of the mother at the foot of the cross. And now he made his way with the throng under the gateway of the church of Metzalcingo, and pushed on until he stood beside the altar rail. Then he turned and looked back.

His eyes lighted with a flash of inspiration. Here was indeed a scene for Purgatory. The great, shadowy old church was lighted by hundreds upon hundreds of candles, that yet left it dim in the recesses and in the roof. There was a thick, mellow haze of dust in the air, and through it he could see dimly, far back into the outer darkness—with the torches of the fair gleaming beyond—where innumerable, close-packed, moving figures, all on their knees, were coming slowly forward from the *atrio* outside, through the wide doors and across the church to the altar rail. It was weary work, and it showed in the strained faces and fixed eyes. Many of the men had their arms stretched out in the sign of the cross, and most of the women carried a baby with one hand, and a candle with the other. There was no sound but the steady, droning shuffle of the thousands of dragging knees. The multitude, as it poured on up to the altar, was possessed of a dumb spirit, like souls in torment. As one after another reached the rail at last, a priest pressed for an instant a metal crown upon each brow, the sign that all sins were remitted.

But Henrique was not thinking of sins. He was watching for his model, and for the man who had been with her when she passed. And, by and by, he saw them both. They did not see him, for he was on the further side of the church and half-hidden by the dust haze. He stood for a moment, watching Rosita, with wild and burning eyes. Then he made his way back through the pilgrims until he came close behind the man. He dropped on his knees, and crossed himself, and followed. "Adolfo," he whispered.

The man turned his head. "Que cosa?" he asked.

Rosita's gaze was fixed on the goal and she did not heed. "There is a girl—you know who—who waits for you outside in the corner by the big side-door, which is closed. She says, will you come?"

The *peon's* handsome, dark face lighted foolishly. "I will come," he answered.

"I will tell her," said Henrique, and, dropping back, arose and picked his way out of the building.

Then he went himself around to the side of the church. It was in darkness and the blacker for the moonlight beyond. There were great pieces of stone all around, left from repairs and additions that had been going on for decades, and would doubtless linger on forever. Jutting out from the fast-harred side-door was an unfinished wall of masonry some seven or eight feet high. Evidently there had been some intention once of enlarging the doorway or of building on to it, and the workmen had progressed only so far. With the help of smaller blocks piled near it, Henrique scrambled to the top, and stretched himself, like some puma waiting in the night and the shadow.

It seemed a long while. The blood boiled hot in his head. He saw visions of hell before his eyes if he closed them, and he kept whispering to himself. "We will see if she will look so gay any longer. We will see. We will finish the 'Lady of Sorrows.' Not to-morrow, perhaps; that were a little too soon"—he bared his teeth in a grin—"but before long, before long." Then he stopped.

There was a man, muffled to his eyes in a *frazada*, creep-

ing amid the blocks of stone toward him. "Pepita," he whispered as he came near.

There was no answer. He went around the unfinished wall, feeling with his hand against it. "Pepita," he whispered again.

The word ended with a faint scream. He sprang into the air with a "Madre de Dios!" and pitched forward on his face.

"Madre de Dios, exactly, it is for the Mother of God," chuckled Henrique, as he scrambled down and pulled his knife out from between the shoulder blades, where, with the skill of his Spanish father and the strength of his Indian mother he had placed it. "Are you dead, Adolfo? Yes, you are dead." He wiped the knife on the red sash. "Now," he said, with a sigh of satisfaction—"now I can finish my Mother of God. She will want money. In three days she will come back—or four; and this time she will not be so gay."

And so it is that in the little church of San Lucio there is a Crucifixion which, if once you see it, you can never forget, because of the wretched, broken heart which looks out from the face of the woman at the foot of the tree. And so it is, too, that if you visit the old state hospital of Belen, and can obtain permission to see the bare and terrible mad-house therein, they will show you a wild-eyed old man who draws pictures that have no meaning with a stick upon the ground, and tell you that he is Moreño, the artist who painted the Madre de Dios in the church of San Lucio.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1900.

Some people, at least, who are given to drink, may be entitled to more consideration than they are likely to receive from those who are laboring in the cause of temperance. If the deductions of Dr. H. Campbell, as contained in a recent number of the *Lancet*, are correct, a moderate use of stimulants may in some cases be a positive benefit and a protection against excess. Dr. Campbell's contentions are thus abridged by the *Medical Age*:

"The blood normally contains stimulants, and these stimulants exercise a favoring influence on function, and conduce to and may even be a necessary factor in the production of the feeling of well-being, which explains the wide-spread liking in man or beast for stimulating substances. This liking, amounting often to a craving, is the expression of a great physiological principle. When there is perfect health, when the blood is well provided with its proper stimulants and not overcharged with depressants, there is no craving for extraneous stimulants, as alcohol, tea, or coffee. But when it is defective in the one or surcharged with the other, then is felt the desire for the glass of wine or the cup of tea. In order to obviate this desire we should seek to keep the body at the highest level of health. The more perfect the health the more perfect will be the composition of the blood, both in respect to physiological stimulants and deleterious toxins. A blood properly constituted in these and other respects will exercise a gentle stimulant action on the nervous system and induce a condition of mild physiological intoxication which expresses itself in a feeling of well-being and happiness—a condition which can not be bettered."

When a Belgian talks about "Murphies" he does not refer to the succulent tubers that are the mainstay of Ireland (according to the *Chicago Tribune*). He refers to loaves of corn bread. The man who claims the proud eminence of adding a new noun to the French language and a new article of food of diet to the menu of Europeans is no other than the Hon. Charles J. Murphy—*alias* Corn Murphy—the indefatigable American who has been going up and down Europe for the last ten years adjuring the people to eat corn meal and be happy. When he began this missionary work only twenty-four thousand bushels of maize were exported to Europe, and the average European knew no more about corn bread than an Eskimo. Now they are annually importing upward of two million bushels of Indian corn, and are beginning to acknowledge the merits of "*pain Murphy*," or Murphy bread, as the hakers of Brussels call it in their advertisements. Whether Mr. Murphy has wrought the whole of this change or not, he is entitled to all the glory embodied in the new meaning of the word "Murphies."

England has struck off the *Warrior*, the first British iron-clad, from the roll of vessels in active and effective service. The *Warrior* was launched in 1860, and completed the next year. She has armor of four and one-half inches of iron, an armament of thirty-two muzzle-loading guns, and is rated at a speed of fourteen and one-half knots. Till this year she was included in the British navy list of armored battleships, though *Brassey's Annual* excluded her. People in England are wondering whether many more such relics are still included in the effective list.

A commission of medical men from Johns Hopkins University that went to the Philippine Islands to study the diseases of the Orient as illustrated in the archipelago, has made a partial report. The commission is now further studying the material it has collected relating to beriberi, dysentery, malaria, typhoid, leprosy, and the hühonic plague. These are some of the inheritances that come to us with the ownership of the islands, and with which medical men think we shall become more familiar before we have settled the island question.

The authority attached in England to simple custom or usage can not be better illustrated than in the fact that, although the cabinet has existed as the real executive power in the government for more than a century and a half, it is an institution entirely unknown to the law, never having been recognized by any act of Parliament. There is no official announcement of the names of its members, and no official record of its meetings.

Stratford-on-Avon celebrated the relief of Ladysmith by smashing the windows of the shops and houses belonging to sympathizers with the Boers. In Cornwall enthusiasts used tar and feathers on them.



## GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S FUTURE.

He Wants Another Term as Executive of the Empire State—The Machine Against Him—Efforts to Overcome His Aversion to the Vice-Presidential Nomination.

Whether Governor Roosevelt is to be given his choice, a renomination for a second term as executive of the Empire State, or drafted for second place on the national Republican ticket in the approaching campaign, is the question that overshadows all other difficulties in New York politics at this time. There is no doubt concerning the attitude of the party organization in this State. Senator Platt is only too anxious to remove the governor from the field, and no effort will be spared if the object can be attained. The machinery of the organization is under the senator's control, and every manifestation of its power indicates that the governor will be denied the gratification of his desire for a renomination, whether he is drawn into the larger contest or continues steadfast in declining to be President McKinley's running-mate.

Chairman Odell, of the Republican State Committee, is frank in saying that the early conventions to nominate delegates to the State convention will indorse Governor Roosevelt's administration, but that such indorsement will not be followed by a resolution that a second term is desirable. Indeed, he claims that the conventions which are to be held for the purpose of selecting New York's representation in the National Republican Convention at Philadelphia, have nothing to do with State politics. And, further, that State politics are so far removed from national questions that the calling upon Governor Roosevelt to be a candidate for the Vice-Presidency would be out of place in the State convention to be held on April 17th, as that convention has a specific purpose.

So far, Mr. Odell's statements have been verified. The conventions held have indorsed Governor Roosevelt's administration, but have been discreetly non-committal concerning his appearance either as a candidate for renomination as governor, or on the national ticket. There may be no evidence of bad faith in this, yet it is remembered that a Republican State convention, called in September, 1895, for the specific purpose of nominating a State ticket, declared its choice of Hon. Levi P. Morton for the Vice-Presidency, and pledged him the loyal support of New York State Republicans. Should the coming State convention indorse Governor Roosevelt's candidacy for a second term, it would merely voice a popular desire, and the propriety of the act could not be questioned, as it would be following the precedent of 1895, though in reverse order.

Undoubtedly there is general satisfaction among the Republican voters of the State concerning Governor Roosevelt's course during the two years past. He has been frank, independent, and fearless. No vicious legislation has been accomplished with his aid, and although not all the measures which he has favored were successful in passing the legislature, some good laws have resulted from his efforts. He has had no open rupture with Senator Platt or his lieutenants, though relations have been strained at times and victory has perched on opposing sides on different occasions. There is no question that he can bring to his support a larger Republican vote than any other candidate for governor could hope to secure.

Should the plans of those who oppose Governor Roosevelt's renomination be successful, the choice of a candidate would not be difficult. B. B. Odell, Jr., the chairman of the State Republican Committee, could have the nomination if he would accept it, and in the event of his failing to grasp the opportunity it would be passed on to Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff, whose aspirations to a place on the national ticket will have been disposed of before that time.

In spite of any efforts of New York State politicians to shelve him, and notwithstanding his unwavering disinclination to accept the call to a broader field, Governor Roosevelt can not prevent the offer of an issue he would prefer to avoid. A plan to have him second the nomination of McKinley at Philadelphia includes the arrangement for a tumult of enthusiasm at that opportune moment which shall sweep him off his feet and safely into the candidacy for Vice-President. It is hoped that under such circumstances he would not put aside the honor. But the governor looks ahead, and can discover no attractive qualities in the office of president of the Senate. He is a man of action, and the prospect of being held down day after day, and forced to listen to long and prosy speeches, with little opportunity for exertion, is anything but alluring.

However, the governor's own desires in this crisis are not the only subjects of consideration. President McKinley wishes to see his name in the second place, and returns again and again to the presentation of the party's claims upon the younger man. Senator Hanna is not outspoken in the matter, perhaps because Governor Roosevelt has written a letter to him in which the question is dealt with unequivocally and emphatically. Other senators, who are party leaders, do not hesitate to express their opinions, and they believe that the general regard for Governor Roosevelt as a hero of the war, his vigorous Republicanism, and his ability, as well as the loyal support which his State would give him as a candidate for Vice-President, make him the most available man for the place, and that the claims of the party will not be disregarded when the occasion requires a positive decision.

And this notwithstanding the fact that there is no lack of available men for Vice-President in this great and important State. Former Secretary of the Interior Cornelius N. Bliss is being urged by many of his friends to express a willingness to accept the nomination, but the gentleman is constant in his refusal to consider the matter. Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff is avowedly a candidate, and has the indorsement of many of the Republican leaders in the State legislature. Congressman John S. Sherman, of the Utica district, who has long been slated for chairman of the National Republi-

can Convention, is undoubtedly the choice of the party organization of the State for the second place on the ticket, but there is no general expression of confidence in his desire for the honor. It is certain that he stands well with the friends and advisers of President McKinley.

With none of these, however, is there a tithe of the inspiration brought by mention of Governor Roosevelt for the place. All the enthusiasm that a military hero could evoke would be stirred by his appearance. The memories of the charge at San Juan Hill are still fresh in the minds of the people, and no figure of the war with Spain has secured a firmer hold on their regard. Governor Roosevelt, also, is a Boer sympathizer, and this fact would not be received ungratefully by many who are inclined to accept the idea that President McKinley has been too strict in his views of neutrality in the South African struggle. Beyond all, the vigor with which the governor would enter the campaign and maintain the prestige of the great party leaders, can be regarded in no other way than as a most attractive quality. The party will need a speaker who can sweep all before him, and Governor Roosevelt has demonstrated his ability. The President will be unable to give to the campaign the energetic efforts that were so effective four years ago, as the dignity of his position precludes such activity. But with Governor Roosevelt in the field as his representative and a part of the ticket, there would be no lack of the enthusiasm which is such an important element. New York State Republicans are not alone in their hope that the picture will be realized. From every part of the country come evidences of the desire to see it, and it is gratifying to all in the party here, whether in sympathy with Senator Platt's wishes or unfavorable to them. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, April 12, 1900.

## THE MEN THAT LEAD.

Give ear to the song of the sword-girt men who glory in steel and steed,  
The chant of the cunning and cool in fight, the lay of the men that lead.

Gentle and noble and royal are they, but commoner, prince, and lord,  
Hard as the hands of a laboring man are the hands that hold the sword;

Gentle and noble and royal are they, but they can strip to the shirt,  
And take their share with the simple and rude of sweat and travail and dirt;

They have dainty beds in their splendid homes, rich viands, and vintage rare,  
And their lady-loves and their lady-wives are delicate dames and fair;

Yet they munch at a crust of moldy bread, and drink from a stagnant dyke,  
They sleep on the turf while it blows and rains and the foe creeps up to strike,

They feed on the dream of a far-off face while a rival freely woos,—  
And all of these things they do out of love, and only because they choose;

Aye, all of these things they do out of love, because they were formed and fed,  
The sons of such mothers as Sparta trained, the sons of the men that led;

Spartan they in their obstinate valor and Spartan in pride of race,  
And Spartan they in their terrible scorn of the coward's quivering face;

Because they were boys in the schools that forge and weld the best of the breed,  
Brave boys in the schools that are schools for men, hard schools for the men that lead;

Because they are hunters and riders, and rovers of river and heath,  
Because they are swifter than eagle's wings and stronger than lion's teeth;

Because they have names that they dare not dim, and names that they dare excel,  
And the valiant dead have a thousand eyes to watch if they quit them well.

What wonder we follow the sword-girt men? What wonder we rise and run  
From the shop and the slum and the furrow to ride with the six-borse gun,

To shoot with the rifle, to wield the steel, to learn the use of the lance?  
When the trumpets and bugles pipe to us, what wonder we rise and dance,

And follow the leaders, the sword-girt men, and learn to obey from these,  
Who have learned from the day of their birth to do the things that others please;

Who are peers with us in the ancient games that have made our people great;  
Who are kin with us by the chance of blood in this old, free-wedding state;

Whose fathers fast by our fathers of yore, baron and billman and bowman,  
Rapier and musket and pike together, shattered and trampled the foe man,—

What wonder we follow them gladly, madly, and fearlessly and far?  
We would follow them through the fires of Hell because they are what they are,

The gentle and graceful, the wise in war, the first and the most to bleed,—  
Be he white or yellow or brown or black, who follows the men that lead,

His heart shall be as the heart of an oak, his night as the might of ten,  
For the shout of a king is in their camp who follow the sword-girt men.—Frank Taylor in *Pall Mall Gazette*.

The war is giving the soldiers and non-commissioned officers a chance for promotion that only comes once in a generation (remarks the *London Court Journal*.) Many non-commissioned officers and men have got their promotion for gallantry on the battle-field in the present campaign; but few so rapidly as a corporal who witnessed an act of white-flag treachery at Dreifontein. He bayoneted the leader, and as a reward was made a sergeant on the spot.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The birth of a third son to the Duke of York makes the royal line of inheritance so well assured that in all probability the British throne is secured to Queen Victoria's direct descendants for generations to come. A few years ago the position was very different.

Owing to continued ill-health, John Addison Porter, secretary to the President, has tendered his resignation and the President has accepted it, to take effect on May 1st next. George B. Cortelyou, of New York, the present assistant secretary, has been appointed to succeed him.

A story comes from Vatican circles that the Pope was approached recently by a clerical deputation, who implored him to suppress the works of Gabriele d'Annunzio. The Pope is said to have replied: "Leave Gabriele d'Annunzio alone. He, at any rate, is about the only man living who knows how to write Italian."

Charles F. Armstrong, husband of Mme. Melba, the opera-singer, has obtained a divorce in the district court at Galveston, Tex., on the ground of desertion, and by the court's decree the Buena Vista Ranch, in Karnes County, is adjudged his separate property, and he is given the custody of the sixteen-year-old son, George Nesbitt Armstrong.

By the death at Naples of the venerable Prince Colonna in his ninety-first year, Ferdinand Colonna, who married the daughter of Mrs. John W. Mackay, succeeds to the titles of Prince of Stigliano, Prince of Aliano, Marquis Castelnuovo, Lord of Alienello, of San Arcangelo, of Roccanova, of Mellito, and of Guigliano. He becomes a patrician of Rome, Venice, and Naples, and succeeds to the headship of the Neapolitan branch of the Colonna family.

The Duke of Abercorn, who has taken a prominent part in the functions connected with the entertainment of Queen Victoria in Dublin, is the premier peer of Ireland and the possessor of many titles and honors. Except for the Earl of Verulam he is the only member of the English peerage who enjoys peerages in the three kingdoms, England, Ireland, and Scotland. He has four Irish peerages, of which his title of Duke of Abercorn is the chief, two peerages in Great Britain, and seven in Scotland.

A curious question raised in England by the war is the position of President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, as a barrister of the Inner Temple. The *London Chronicle* puts it thus: "When he proclaimed war against the queen, did he *ipso facto* cease to be a member of the Inner Temple? Or must it be proved to the satisfaction of the 'benchers' that Steyn the rebel and Steyn the barrister are one and the same person before they can take action? Or, what is his legal position, anyhow, in this connection?"

The Earl of Yarmouth, it is said, is negotiating for the management of a Newport theatre, to which he plans bringing over an English company, including the Countess of Clancarty, formerly well known in London music-halls at Belle Bilton; Countess Russell, from whom her husband secured a divorce after a sensational trial; and Sir Robert Peel, the grandson of the famous English statesman. The earl made his *début* as a professional actor in New York early this season and has done very creditable work with the Frohman forces.

In the Brussels Chamber of Deputies on April 11th, M. De Smet de Nayer read a communication from King Leopold in which his majesty presented to the nation the whole of his real estate. The king, in his letter, announced that he desired on the occasion of his sixty-fifth birthday (he was born April 9, 1835) to present the country with all his estates, which will contribute to the beauty and charm of the localities where they are situated. He pointed out the necessity for open spaces and gardens near growing cities, for the benefit of hygiene and artistic effects, and expressed the hope that these naturally adorned spaces would not be allowed to deteriorate. A bill has been introduced in the Chamber to permit the country to accept his majesty's offer.

Charles H. Allen, who succeeded Theodore Roosevelt as Assistant Secretary of the Navy and is to be the first civil governor of Puerto Rico, served with President McKinley, and Secretary Long in Congress, and won their esteem. Previous to his election to Congress he was conspicuous in the politics of his native State of Massachusetts. He was a member of both houses of the legislature, and was the Republican candidate for governor of Massachusetts against William E. Russell in 1891. Mr. Allen, despite his activities in the Navy Department, has managed to look after his business interests in Lowell, where he is the president of a manufacturing company and deeply interested in the banking line. It was his wife, Mrs. Caroline F. Allen, who baptized the cruiser *Marblehead*, which was launched in 1892 at Boston.

Some time ago a Chicago man decided to name his infant daughter Eulalia, in honor of the Spanish Infanta. Having done so, he thought it would be the proper thing to inform the princess of the honor he had paid to her. A course of time he received a reply from the Infanta, in which she graciously thanked him, wished her little name sake all happiness, and at the same time desired that he assure of distinguished and profound consideration might be conveyed to the people of Chicago. The letter was beautifully written on superfine paper, with the royal arms of Spain blazoned thereon in colors. It was the direction of the envelope, however, that most excited the admiration of all who beheld it. The address ran: "E. Señor Don William Bilkinson, Metal Lath and Fireproofing, (Estimates furnished). Single and double Expansio Bolts. Tel. Canal 9,230. Factory Blue Island Avenue Offices — Halstead Street, Chicago, North America United States." The secretary had evidently been instructed to leave out none of Don Bilkinson's titles of honor.



## THE VOYAGE OF THE SPRAY.

Captain Joshua Slocum's Experiences as a Circumnavigator of the Globe—A Record of Yankee Grit and Enterprise.

Those who enjoy a plain tale of travel and adventure will find plenty to interest and instruct them in Captain Joshua Slocum's volume, "Sailing Alone Around the World," illustrated by Thomas Fogarty, in which he gives a graphic account of his "single-handed" voyage of forty-six thousand miles in the sloop *Spray*. The good ship was not only commanded and sailed by himself alone, but had been made by his own hands from an antiquated sloop that had lain for seven years high and dry upon the beach at Fairhaven. She measured forty feet long over all, fourteen feet two inches beam, and four feet four inches depth of hold, and was planned to "smash ice," though she never had to do it, her total cost being five hundred and fifty-three dollars and sixty-two cents for material and thirteen months of Captain Slocum's labor.

On the morning of April 24, 1895, she left Boston on her voyage around the world, going north as far as Sable Island. Eighteen days out, Captain Slocum made the Azores, and from there ran through occasional heavy weather to Gibraltar. Shortly after leaving this friendly port, he perceived a pirate felucca following in the wake of the *Spray*. Here is his description of his fortunate escape:

I changed my course; the felucca did the same, both vessels sailing very fast, but the distance growing less and less between them. The *Spray* was doing nobly; she was even more than at her best; but, in spite of all I could do, she would broach now and then. She was carrying too much sail for safety. I must reef or be dismasted and lose all, pirate or no pirate. I must reef, even if I had to grapple with him for my life. I was not long in reefing the mainsail and sweating it up—probably not more than fifteen minutes; but the felucca had in the meantime so shortened the distance between us that I could see the tuft of hair on the heads of the crew—by which, it is said, Mohammed will pull the villains up into heaven—and they were coming on like the wind. From what I could clearly make out now, I felt them to be the sons of generations of pirates, and I saw that they were preparing to strike a blow. The exultation on their faces, however, was changed in a moment to a look of fear and rage. Their craft, with too much sail on, broached to on the crest of a great wave. This one great sea changed the aspect of affairs as suddenly as the flash of a gun. Three minutes later the same wave overtook the *Spray* and shook her in every timber. At the same moment the sheet-stopper parted, and away went the main-boom, broken short at the rigging. Impulsively I sprang to the jib-halyards and downhaul, and instantly hauled the jib down. The head-sail being off, the helm was put hard down, and the sloop came in the wind with a bound. While shivering there, but a moment though it was, I got the mainsail down and secured inboard, broken boom and all. How I got the boom in before the sail was torn I hardly know; but it is a fact that not a stitch of it was broken. The mainsail being secured, I hoisted away the jib, and, without looking round, stepped quickly to the cabin and snatched down my loaded rifle and cartridges at hand; for I made mental calculations that the pirate would by this time have recovered his course and be close aboard, and that when I saw him it would be better for me to be looking at him along the barrel of a gun. The piece was at my shoulder when I peered into the mist, but there was no pirate within a mile. The wave and squall that carried away my boom dismasted the felucca outright. I perceived this thieving crew, some dozen or more of them, struggling to recover their rigging from the sea. Allah blacken their faces!

Soon he reached the Cape Verde Islands, and from there proceeded to Rio Janeiro and down the coast of South America to the Straits of Magellan. En route he had an excellent opportunity to study the sea life:

There was a dolphin that had followed the *Spray* about a thousand miles, and had been content to eat scraps of food thrown overboard from my table; for, having been wounded, it could not dart through the sea to prey on other fishes. I had become accustomed to seeing the dolphin, which I knew by its scars, and missed it whenever it took occasional excursions away from the sloop. One day, after it had been off some hours, it returned in company with three yellowtails, a sort of cousin to the dolphin. This little school kept together, except when in danger and when foraging about the sea. Their lives were often threatened by hungry sharks that came round the vessel, and more than once they had narrow escapes. Their mode of escape interested me greatly, and I passed hours watching them. They would dart away, each in a different direction, so that the wolf of the sea, the shark, pursuing one, would be led away from the others; then after a while they would all return and rendezvous under one side or the other of the sloop. Twice their pursuers were diverted by a tin pan, which I towed astern of the sloop, and which was mistaken for a bright fish; and while turning, in the peculiar way that sharks have when about to devour their prey, I shot them through the head.

Their precarious life seemed to concern the yellowtails very little, if at all. Some of the species Captain Slocum saw huddle together as though they knew they were created for the larger fishes, and wished to give the least possible trouble to their captors:

I have seen, on the other hand, whales swimming in a circle around a school of herrings, and with

mighty exertion "bunching" them together in a whirlpool set in motion by their flukes, and when the small fry were all whirled nicely together, one or the other of the leviathans, lunging through the centre with open jaws, take in a boat-load or so at a single mouthful. Off the Cape of Good Hope I saw schools of sardines or other small fish being treated in this way by great numbers of cavally-fish. There was not the slightest chance of escape for the sardines, while the cavally circled round and round, feeding from the edge of the mass. It was interesting to note how rapidly the small fry disappeared; and though it was repeated before my eyes over and over, I could hardly perceive the capture of a single sardine, so dexterously was it done.

While passing through the Straits of Magellan, he was pursued by savages, who, when they neared the *Spray*, called to him "Yammerschooner! yammerschooner!" which is their begging term; but Captain Slocum was not to be thus easily fooled. He writes:

I was not for letting them know that I was alone, and so I stepped into the cabin, and, passing through the hold, came out at the fore-scuttle, changing my clothes as I went along. That made two men. Then the piece of hawspritch which I had sawed off at Buenos Ayres, and which I had still on board, I arranged forward on the lookout, dressed as a seaman, attaching a line by which I could pull it into motion. That made three of us, and we did not want to "yammerschooner"; but for all that the savages came on faster than before. I saw that, besides four at the paddles in the canoe nearest to me, there were others in the bottom, and that they were shifting hands often. At eighty yards I fired a shot across the bows of the nearest canoe, at which they all stopped, but only for a moment. Seeing that they persisted in coming nearer, I fired the second shot so close to the chap who wanted to "yammerschooner" that he changed his mind quickly enough and bellowed with fear, "Bueno jo via Isla," and, sitting down in his canoe, he rubbed his starboard cat-head for some time. I was thinking of the good port-captain's advice when I pulled the trigger, and must have aimed pretty straight; however, a miss was as good as a mile for Mr. "Black Pedro," as he it was, and no other, a leader in several bloody massacres. He now directed the course of his canoe for the island, and the others followed him. I knew by his Spanish lingo and by his full heard that he was the villain I have named, a renegade mongrel, and the worst murderer in Tierra del Fuego. The authorities had been in search of him for two years. The Fuegians are not bearded.

A few days later when the *Spray* passed Thieves' Bay two canoes put out and followed in her wake, so that night Captain Slocum prepared for them by sprinkling on the deck tacks, which a friend had given him:

Now, it is well known that one can not step on a tack without saying something about it. A pretty good Christian will whistle when he steps on the "commercial end" of a carpet-tack; a savage will howl and claw the air, and that was just what happened that night about twelve o'clock, while I was asleep in the cabin, where the savages thought they "had me," sloop and all. They changed their minds, however, when they stepped on deck, for then they thought that I or somebody else had them. I had no need of a dog; they howled like a pack of hounds. I had hardly use for a gun. They jumped pell-mell, some into their canoes and some into the sea, to cool off, I suppose, and there was a deal of free language over it as they went. I fired the rascals a salute of several guns when I came on deck, to let them know that I was at home, and then I turned in again, feeling sure I should not be disturbed any more by people who left in so great a hurry.

The Fuegians, being cruel, are naturally cowards; they regard a rifle with superstitious fear:

The only real danger one could see that might come from their quarter would be from allowing them to surround one within how-shot, or to anchor within range where they might lie in ambush. As for their coming on deck at night, even had I not put tacks about, I could have cleared them off by shots from my cabin and the hold. I always kept a quantity of ammunition within reach in the hold and in the cabin and in the forepeak, so that retreating to any of these places I could "hold the fort" simply by shooting up through the deck. Perhaps the greatest danger to be apprehended was from the use of fire. Every canoe carries fire; nothing is thought of that, for it is their custom to communicate by smoke-signals. The harmless brand that lies smoldering in the bottom of one of their canoes might be ablaze in one's cabin if he were not on the alert. The port-captain of Sandy Point warned me particularly of this danger. Only a short time before they had fired a Chilean gunboat by throwing brands in through the stern windows of the cabin. The *Spray* had no openings in the cabin or deck, except two scuttles, and these were guarded by fastenings which could not be undone without waking me if I were asleep.

At Port Angosto many ludicrous incidents occurred, the writer says:

When I found myself, for instance, disentangling the sloop's mast from the branches of a tree, after she had drifted three times around a small island, against my will, it seemed more than one's nerves could bear, and I had to speak about it, so I thought, or die of lockjaw, and I apostrophized the *Spray* as an impatient farmer might his horse or his ox. "Didn't you know," cried I—"didn't you know that you couldn't climb a tree?" But the poor old *Spray* had essayed, and successfully, too, nearly everything else in the Strait of Magellan, and my heart softened toward her when I thought of what she had gone through. Moreover, she had discovered an island. On the charts this one that

she had sailed around was traced as a point of land. I named it Alan Eric Island, after a worthy literary friend whom I had met in strange by-places, and I put up a sign, "Keep off the grass," which, as discoverer, was within my rights.

Captain Slocum visited Juan Fernandez, the island where Alexander Selkirk (Robinson Crusoe) lived in complete solitude for four years and four months. One of the most pleasant experiences he had on his whole voyage was a day spent with the children of the little community, who, one and all, went out with him to gather wild fruits:

We found quinces, peaches, and figs, and the children gathered a basket of each. It takes very little to please children, and these little ones, never hearing a word in their lives except Spanish, made the hills ring with mirth at the sounds of words in English. They asked me the names of all manner of things on the island. We came to a wild fig-tree loaded with fruit, of which I gave them the English name. "Figgies, figgies!" they cried, while they picked till their baskets were full. But when I told them that the *cabra* they pointed out was only a goat, they screamed with laughter and rolled on the grass in wild delight to think that a man had come to their island who would call a *cabra* a goat.

When he reached Samoa, he enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, and several native chiefs, but found the punctilious etiquette of the people a little painful:

My most grievous mistake was made on a nag, which, inspired by a bit of good road, must needs break into a smart trot through a village. I was instantly hailed by the chief's deputy, who in an angry voice brought me to a halt. Perceiving that I was in trouble, I made signs for pardon, the safest thing to do, though I did not know what offense I had committed. My interpreter coming up, however, put me right, but not until a long palaver had ensued. The deputy's hail liberally translated was: "Ahoi, there, on the frantic steed. Know you not that it is against the law to ride thus through the village of our fathers?" I made what apologies I could, and offered to dismount and, like my servant, lead my nag by the bridle. This, the interpreter told me, would also be a grievous wrong, and so I again begged for pardon. I was summoned to appear before a chief; but my interpreter, being a wit as well as a bit of a rogue, explained that I was myself something of a chief, and should not be detained, being on a most important mission. In my own behalf I could only say that I was a stranger, but, pleading all this, I knew I still deserved to be roasted, at which the chief showed a fine row of teeth and seemed pleased, but allowed me to pass on.

The *Spray* paid no port charges in Australia or anywhere else on the voyage, except at Pernambuco, till she poked her nose into the custom-house at Melbourne, where she was charged tonnage-dues, in this instance sixpence a ton on the gross:

The collector exacted six shillings and sixpence, taking off nothing for the fraction under thirteen tons, her exact gross being twelve and seventy-hundredths tons. I squared the matter by charging people sixpence each for coming on board, and when this business got dull I caught a shark and charged them sixpence each to look at that. The shark was twelve feet six inches in length, and carried a progeny of twenty-six, not one of them less than two feet in length. A slit of a knife let them out in a canoe full of water, which, changed constantly, kept them alive one whole day. In less than an hour from the time I heard of the ugly brute it was on deck and on exhibition, with rather more than the amount of the *Spray's* tonnage-dues already collected. Then I hired a good Irishman, Tom Howard by name, who knew all about sharks, both on the land and in the sea, and could talk about them, to answer questions and lecture. When I found that I could not keep abreast of the questions, I turned the responsibility over to him. Returning from the bank, where I had been to deposit money early in the day, I found Howard in the midst of a very excited crowd, telling imaginary habits of the fish. It was a good show; the people wished to see it, and it was my wish that they should, but owing to his over-stimulated enthusiasm, I was obliged to let Howard resign. The income from the show and the proceeds of the tallow I had gathered in the Strait of Magellan, the last of which I had disposed of to a German soap-boiler at Samoa, put me in ample funds.

It sounds odd to hear scholars and statesmen say the world is flat; but it is a fact that three Boers of considerable learned ability prepared a work to support that contention. While Captain Slocum was at Durban they came from Pretoria to obtain data from him:

They seemed annoyed when I told them that they could not prove it by my experience. With the advice to call up some ghost of the Dark Ages for research, I went ashore, and left these three wise men poring over the *Spray's* track on a chart of the world, which, however, proved nothing to them, for the chart was on Mercator's projection, and, behold, it was "flat." The next morning I met one of the party in a clergyman's garb, carrying a large Bible, not different from the one I had read, and who tackled me, saying: "If you respect the Word of God you must admit that the world is flat." "If the Word of God stands on a flat world—" I began. "What!" cried he, losing himself in a furious passion, and making as if he would run me through with an *assagai*—"what!" he shouted in astonishment and rage, while I jumped aside to dodge the imaginary weapon. Had this good but misguided fanatic been armed with a real weapon, the crew of the *Spray* would have died a martyr there and then. The next day, seeing him across the street, I bowed and made curves with my hands. He responded with a level, swimming movement of his hands. A pamphlet by these

Transvaal geographers, made up of arguments from sources high and low to prove their theory, was mailed to me before I sailed from Africa on my last stretch round the globe.

At Pretoria he met President Krüger, the Transvaal president:

His excellency received me cordially enough; but my friend, Judge Beyers, the gentleman who presented me, by mentioning incidentally that I was on a voyage around the world, unwittingly gave great offense to the venerable statesman, which we both regretted deeply. Mr. Krüger corrected the judge rather sharply, reminding him that the world is flat. "You don't mean round the world," said the president; "it is impossible! You mean in the world. Impossible!" he said, "impossible!" and not another word did he utter either to the judge or me. The judge looked at me and I looked at the judge, who should have known his ground, so to speak, and Mr. Krüger glowered at us both. My friend the judge seemed embarrassed. I was delighted, for in those days I was fond of fun, and the incident pleased me more than anything else that could have happened. It was a nugget of information quarried out of "Oom Paul," some of whose sayings are famous. Of the English he said, "They took first my coat and then my trousers." He also said, "Dynamite is the corner-stone of the South African Republic." Only unthinking people call President Krüger dull.

From Cape Town, Captain Slocum proceeded to the famous island of St. Helena, where General Cronje and many Boer prisoners are now confined; next to Trinidad Island on the northern coast of South America, and thence home, where the stanch little sloop tied up again at Fairhaven, after an absence of three years and three months. Captain Slocum says the sloop was in a better condition than when she started, and was sound as a nut and tight as the best vessel afloat, while the crew weighed a pound more than on the day of sailing and felt ten years younger than the day he felled the first tree for the construction of the *Spray*.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

Strange and almost weird is the ceremonial which accompanies the burial of Spanish kings. The pantheon, or royal tomb, is at the palace of the Escorial, situated three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and some distance from the capital. Only kings, queens, and mothers of kings are buried there, the coffins of the kings lying on one side, those of the queens on the other. After lying in state for several days in the throne-room in Madrid, an enormous procession is formed, accompanying the body to the Escorial. A halt is made on the way and the corpse rests there for one night. In the morning the lord high chamberlain stands at the side of the coffin and says in loud tones: "Is your majesty pleased to proceed on your journey?" After a short silence the procession moves on and winds up to the grand portal of the palace. These doors are never opened except to admit a royal personage, dead or alive. When the casket containing the remains is at last placed in the vault, the chamberlain unlocks it, and, kneeling down, calls with a loud voice: "Señor! Señor! Señor!" After a solemn pause, he cries again: "His majesty does not reply. Then it is true, the king is dead!" He then locks the coffin, gives the key to the prior of the palace of the Escorial, contains also a large monastery and church), and, taking his staff of office, breaks it in pieces and flings them at the casket. The booming of the guns and the tolling of bells announce to the nation that the king has gone to his final resting-place.

Silk is likely to go up in price, as there is an epidemic among the Italian and French silk-worms. They refuse to eat, and are dying by myriads on their mulberry-leaves.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Won by a Faint-Hearted Perseus.

Robert Buchanan never fails to endow the chief personages of his fiction with the primitive passions, and the heroine whose name adorns the title-page of his latest novel, "Andromeda," while a creature of surpassing beauty, is an impetuous, ardent child of nature. The aristocratic young painter who meets her as she is budding into womanhood and wins her heart is a thoughtless fellow, who hardly establishes himself in the good graces of the reader before the last chapter is reached, though he is neither conceited nor consciously bad. At the best he is a faint-hearted Perseus, while the monster that threatens Andromeda is real and armed with a power seemingly irresistible. The rescue comes without the aid of the hero, and the monster proves at the last to have a man's heart.

Andromeda was a mystery. Born miserably on shipboard, the child of an unknown woman, christened unconventionally with the name of the vessel on the deep sea, adopted by a savage sailor-lad, brought home to be reared and left forlorn, her story was a strange one, and the fact that she was in doubt whether she was wife or widow, while she was still a maid, added a burden of care to the petty miseries of her life and station. Her marriage had been the whim of the sailor who had taken her sixteen years before to his home, and when he sailed away again, leaving his child-bride at the church door, it was with the promise that he would bring her a fortune on his return. Four years had gone by, and the girl had become a woman. Somers, the young artist, comes into her empty life, and in a little time she worships him. He is not unmoved by her beauty and the refinement which she had unconsciously taken on through her friendship with the daughters of the vicar who had given her what education she had; but he scarcely realizes the depth of his feelings until she breaks down at the news of his intended going away, and with a hasty kiss runs away from him into the woods.

There were other entanglements—a cousin, to whom Somers had been engaged for years, and a high-bred mother who could not entertain the thought of her son's marriage to a nameless fisher-girl. But a little sunshine falls upon the path of Andromeda and her artist-lover after a year. From across the sea comes the news that the sailor-husband is dead, and with it a bequest for the girl-wife he left that makes her rich. She comes up to London, the artist is given his freedom by the philosophic cousin, and a joyous ending seems to be at hand, when the sailor comes home from the sea, much older and grayer, and even more ill-visaged, but very much alive and eager to claim his bride. The appeal for aid to the artist, who hesitates, dismayed, the flight of the terror-stricken wife, the pursuit of the husband, now sullen and vengeful, and the final catastrophe follow with speed, and there are many convincing touches in their treatment.

It is not so strong a story as "God and the Man," but it has many attractive features. With all the conventionality of its plot and some of its figures, its situations are striking and there are some good descriptive passages. Andromeda is a true woman, and one could wish her a happier fate than seems reserved for her at the conclusion, though all she has wished for is hers.

Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

## Two Heroes of the War with Spain.

The most glowing fancies of the ultra-expansionist, with the surest faith in the destiny that has marked out the western path of empire, have prompted the making of the volume which Stephen Bonsal entitles "The Golden Horseshoe." Its contents are in the form of a series of letters written by two friends in the American army between December 2, 1898, and June 15, 1899, and the preface declares the correspondence genuine. Notwithstanding the circumstantial statements, the compositions will hardly be accepted as the spontaneous utterances of soldiers who are a part of the scenes described. They are too historical and encyclopedical to be real. Incident and allusion, from the days of Governor Alexander Spotswood, of Virginia, and the White Rajah of Borneo, spot the pages, and the figures of swelling population and extended commerce are reeled off with the readiness and assurance of the newly primed applicant for a civil-service examination. There are some paragraphs of a personal nature, but for the most part the letters are brilliant if studied descriptions of scenes of battle and military visitation, accompanied by every detail of history that could be used to fire the heart of a conqueror or justify the wildest dreams of an amateur empire-builder.

In spite of all this, the book is a good piece of work. Its plan will appeal to even the casual reader, and interest is aroused in the first epistle and sustained to the end, where a letter from a comrade, who has taken no part in the correspondence before, tells of the death of one of the two friends in a skirmish in the Philippines. The gallant officer whose death ends the supposititious record is Captain Herndon of the Twenty-First, who sees service in Cuba, and after recovering from a wound sails on the transport *Sherman* for Manila,

going by way of Suez and touching at Singapore, Hong Kong, and other points. His letters are addressed to and answered by Lieutenant Gill, a comrade at the breaking out of the war, who afterward takes the post of aid to General Davis in Puerto Rico. The two young men were ardent Americans, and their aspirations were creditable, if their arguments were more eloquent than convincing.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The next popular novels to appear upon the stage will be Mr. Hewlett's "Forest Lovers," which is being dramatized in England for Beerbohm Tree, and Miss Johnston's "To Have and To Hold."

Agnes and Egerton Castle's new work, "The Bath Comedy," will not be ready until next month.

Louis Becke, after having written many short stories, has completed his first long novel—his first independent novel, for he has collaborated in one or more. He calls it "Edward Barry, South Sea Pearler," and he takes his sailor hero through countless exciting adventures among the islands of the Pacific.

Charles Major, author of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," has gone to England to arrange for the English dramatic rights of his romance, and also to obtain additional material for an historical novel of English life which he has had in preparation for several years, and which he hopes to place in the hands of his publishers in the early autumn.

D. Appleton & Co. will shortly publish an important novel by J. A. Alsheler entitled "In Circling Camps." This is a romance of the American Civil War. The scene opens in Washington just before the arrival of President Lincoln, whose inauguration is graphically described.

"France Since 1814," by the Baron de Coubertin, is now completed and will be published at once by the Macmillan Company.

William Waldorf Astor's *Pall Mall Magazine* is in the market. It has been excellently edited by Sir Douglas Straight and Lord Frederick Hamilton, with splendid pictures, exquisite specimens of process work, and first-rate literature, but so far it has not been possible to build up a shilling monthly magazine in England on the lines of the first-class magazines in the United States.

A hitherto untranslated novel by Maurus Jokai is to be brought out at once under the title of "A Christian, But a Roman." The scene is laid in the Rome of Domitian and Carus.

Dr. Conan Doyle's new book, "The Green Flag, and Other Stories of War and Sport," contains thirteen stories selected from those published by him in periodicals during the last six years.

William Le Queux has started out on his travels once more from his winter home, in San Remo, Italy. This time he takes his way across Siberia, going as far as Irkutsk, on the new Trans-Siberian Railway, as special correspondent of the London *Daily Mail*, the ultimate object of this journey being Port Arthur. In addition to his correspondence, he intends to write a big illustrated book descriptive of Siberia as it really is. He expects to consume about nine months on his journey. The Czar has issued a special ukase, which will enable him to enter any prison in the Russian Empire at any hour of the day or night.

Those who remember the romance entitled "A Hero in Homespun," by Dr. William E. Barton, will welcome a new book from the same pen to be entitled "Pine Knot," and to be published this month by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

Percy White, the English novelist and journalist who created some disturbance in British and American society seven years ago by writing a satirical novel called "Mr. Bailey-Martin," and whose later book, "The Passionate Pilgrim," was variously criticised, has just written a new novel, which will be brought out under the title of "The West End." It is a tale of English society of the present day, and is said to be very pointed in its characterizations.

The literary sensation of the hour in Europe is a new book by Gabriele d'Annunzio, entitled "Il Fuoco" ("fire" or "passion"), and which is dedicated "To Time and Hope." It deals with recent episodes in his career as a dramatist, his efforts with Eleonora Duse to found a classic theatre near Rome, and the final abandonment of that purpose. Eleonora Duse, Richard Wagner, and the author himself are the most interesting figures in the work, which is filled with prophecies as to the future tendencies of dramatic art, which are all, of course, to be in the direction attempted by the Italian poet. At the end of the novel the dramatist and the actress temporarily separate, because she goes to act among the barbarians in order to bring back money enough to found a theatre on Mt. Janiculus, which is to be dedicated exclusively to plays written by D'Annunzio, who calls himself Stelio Effrena in his book. The action passes in Venice during the last days of Richard Wagner's life, and although the composer appears only a few times in the story, his character is strongly impressed on it. The book is vague and poetic in character, and follows the spirit of the hero's con-

fession, "I can talk only of myself." This is said to be strongly impressed on every page of the long novel, which ends with the death of Richard Wagner.

## WITCH-DOCTOR KIPLING.

A REPLY TO HIS LETTER ON "THE SIN OF WITCHCRAFT."

To Kipling, this: there are who much  
Admire, they say, his rare and rich craft,  
Yet marveled at the double Dutch  
That so obscured "The Sin of Witchcraft";  
Who, having studiously toiled—  
Opus inutile, infandum!—  
Through all its paragraphs, were foiled,  
And failed, they fear, to understand 'em.

Some hints there were of men who spoke  
In words that were, I trust, not meant ill;  
Of men whose notions of a joke  
Were rather practical than gentle;  
Of fly-by-nights, sand-colic, heat,  
Of fyanos smashed as with a pestle;  
Of rooms where playful cyclones meet,  
As cyclones will, to romp and wrestle.

Of loyalty that doesn't pay,  
Pay, pay—it has a money basis;  
Of women who, I grieve to say,  
Flung caps, an act that leaves its traces;  
Of some one who infects the earth,  
And some one's antidote to his bane;  
Of Edmonton, Vancouver, Perth,  
Quebec and Halifax and Brisbane.

Of some one's head whose hoary hair  
Will not, 'tis hoped, avail to save it;  
Of men at home who must not spare,  
But take and read an affidavit;  
Of little tags of journalesque,  
And stray allusions to the Bible,  
And rumors floating on the breeze,  
All mixed in one fantastic libel.

Besides, he threw in Mafeking,  
He threw in dysa, heath, plumbago,  
And stuffed with many a wondrous thing  
His bi-columnar *Times* farrago—  
Until a plain man, bored to death  
The while the solid task he strives at,  
Gives up his reading, gasps for breath,  
And asks in vain what Kipling drives at.

I rather think I can explain—  
I'll clear up Kipling's latest mud-yard.  
I haven't studied quite in vain  
The idiosyncrasies of Rudyard:  
Benignant spectacles on nose  
He's sailed six thousand miles of water  
To howl in dull, confusing prose  
For judgment, vengeance, blood, and slaughter.

Let "rebels" hang from every tree—  
Thus best you may exalt your free land.  
By lending ear to mercy's plea  
You may perhaps offend New Zealand.  
Our colonies with anger burst—  
'Tis Kipling's meaning, so I take it—  
They have a most consuming thirst  
For vengeance, and 'tis ours to slake it.

Strange, is it not, so mild a man  
Should want more blood when war is finished?  
Should do the little best he can  
Lest slaughter be perchance diminished?  
Should deem debased beyond excuse  
That statesman, cursed with willful blindness,  
Who bans the bullet and the noose,  
And strives to do his work by kindness?

No! let the dogs of vengeance go!  
Divide by blood two angry nations,  
Make every Dutchman still your foe  
Through all the coming generations.  
And let the bard—you know his needs—  
In prose that stalks or verse that ambles  
Tell all the listening world your deeds,  
A proud Tyrteus of the shambles!—*Punch.*

"I write stories as another woman does washing—because I need the money to support me," says Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett in the *Bazar*. "But I can not write stories as the other woman does a washing, though editors, many of them, seem to think I should. They send me a topic as they might send their linen to a laundry. They want me to soap it with the success I have had, rinse it well with ink, and send it to them, so many words, on such a day, as they would order their collars and cuffs returned by the laundress. I may need the money they would pay for this sort of work, but I simply can not do it. Story-writing is a woman's labor with me, not a man's; a work of reproduction, not of production merely. It's a creation of life engendered in me, a thought begotten in my heart that must be born, and must have its own time of delivery and a form proper to itself, not a manufactured article turned out by machinery to meet the demands of the book-market."

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Girl Freshmen and Sophomores.

Josephine Dodge Daskam has written, in "Smith College Stories," some of the best sketches of school life that have been brought out in many a day, and the collection as a whole ranks above any volume of a similar character that can easily be called to mind. The girls whose portraits she has drawn are the girls that everybody knows, and with their wonderful resemblances there are some very distinctive individual traits. They are good fellows, too, almost all of them, and long before the ten short stories are finished one sympathizes with them in their perplexities, is exhilarated by the high spirits though exceedingly gentle swing of their wild revels, and finds the picture of that last circle with joined hands singing a good-by chorus rather a touching one.

There are stories of various kinds in the book. The first describes a basket-ball game and the emotions of a freshman substitute called on to take part at a critical juncture. Compared with stories of the foot-ball field, it loses nothing in force and stirring passages, and there are touches of girl and boy nature, and bright descriptive paragraphs that are as vivid as any moving picture could be. The second story is a character study, with a lesson, and it is as well done in its way. The third records an instance where deception was pardonable, though the results were hardly worth the risk. There are some stories that have to do with affairs of the heart, for all students can not put education above all other considerations, but these are told in an unconventional way, and with no trace of sentimentality.

"Smith College Stories" is more than a clever piece of work. The observation, sympathy, humor, and artistic expression of the author are worthy of high praise, and an assurance that more stories from the same pen will be received with pleasure by all to whom they may come.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Clyde Fitch's "Barbara Frietchie."

Those of our readers who are interested in the drama and are desirous of keeping in touch with the latest New York productions—few of which reach San Francisco nowadays until they have lost their drawing power in the East and then are presented by inferior companies—will naturally welcome the publication in book-form of any of the great successes while they are yet in the height of their popularity. The latest to be brought out is "Barbara Frietchie," by Clyde Fitch, in which Julia Marlowe has scored one of the greatest triumphs of her career. Although suggested originally by Whittier's poem, Mr. Fitch's Barbara is purely a creature of his own imagination, and the play is by no means historical. He has endeavored merely to picture in a fictitious story some of the spirit and atmosphere of Frederick, Md., during the Civil War, and he has succeeded admirably.

The plot briefly summarized is this: In the first act Barbara, an ardent little rebel, dismisses her Southern lover, Jack Negly, and promises to become the wife of Captain Trumhull, a Unionist, against her father's command. In act second, Barbara secretly meets her lover at the Lutheran minister's house at Hagerstown, where they are to be married. Before the ceremony can be performed, however, Trumhull is hastily summoned to the field and the minister's house is occupied by Confederate sharpshooters. When, a short time later, one of these men, a Northern deserter, is about to shoot off her lover, against whom he has a personal grudge, she shoots him at the very moment he is ready to fire. In the third act she harbors the captain, mortally wounded, in her father's home, and, after many exciting moments, manages to protect him from the Confederate forces who have retaken Frederick. In the last act, after watching all night at his chamber door, she enters the room to find him dead, just as Stonewall Jackson and the triumphant Confederate forces are passing in the street below. Seizing Captain Trumhull's Union flag she steps out on the balcony and waves the starry banner, despite the stoning and hisses of the populace. When Jack Negly, who is in the passing ranks, spies Barbara, he fires at her, and she falls dead, still clinging to the flag. Whereupon Captain Negly, the father of the jealous lover, promptly orders him to be slain in accordance with Jackson's command, "Who touches a hair of that woman, dies like a dog."

The volume is handsomely printed and contains a colored portrait of Miss Marlowe and twelve photographs of scenes from the play.

Published by the Life Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

## Encyclopedia of Fruits and Flowers.

The first complete survey of our horticultural activities has been attempted in a work the initial plume of which is just from the press. Its title is good introduction and is quoted in full: "Cyclopedia of American Horticulture: Comprising Suggestions for Cultivation of Horticultural Plants, Descriptions of the Species of Fruits, Vegetables, Flowers, and Ornamental Plants Sold in the United States and Canada, Together with Geographical and Biographical Sketches. By L. H. Bailey,

Professor of Horticulture in Cornell University, assisted by Wilhelm Miller, associate editor, and many expert cultivators and botanists. Illustrated with over two thousand original engravings."

The work has been made first-hand, from original sources of information, the botanical matter newly elaborated from the plants themselves, and in all cases specially prepared. In many of the important subjects two authors have contributed, presenting separate branches or different views of culture. Consideration has been at all times from the point of view of the garden and not the herbarium. As an example, it may be said that the horticulture of California is treated in a general article of nearly two pages, by Charles H. Shinn, in which many facts are given that could not have been used by any writer whose acquaintance with the subject was not intimate. Under the head "Chrysanthemums" there are six pages of descriptive matter, well illustrated, a fine full-page engraving presenting the distinctive qualities of the leading varieties. Native American names are given in all cases, as well as the botanical titles, and the arrangement is all that could be desired for ready reference.

This comprehensive index to American horticulture is a worthy achievement for the closing year of the century. The work will be completed in four volumes, and when finished will be a desirable acquisition for all who are engaged in the growth of fruits or flowers for pleasure or profit.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, per volume, \$5.00.

## American Publications and Publishers.

Newspaper publishers and newspaper advertisers know well the value of N. W. Ayer & Son's "American Newspaper Annual," and each issue takes a prominent place in every office where it is received, and occupies that place continuously, when not in use, until the succeeding volume crowds it out. The volume for 1900 has just been issued, and it is remarkable in many ways. None of the features which have made it valuable in the past are missing, and there are a number of improvements that deserve mention. In addition to the carefully revised list of newspapers and periodicals published in the United States and Canada, with all necessary information concerning the publications, there are separate naps of all the States, lists of press and editorial associations, and a vast fund of information of towns and counties not to be found in the gazetteers. The volume is invaluable to all who have interests in the newspaper world.

Published by N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia; price, \$5.00.

## English Writers and Their Works.

Many excellent qualities appear in Professor F. V. N. Painter's "History of English Literature," and the work should be widely appreciated. From Caedmon to Ruskin the great writers of England are reviewed, and the biographical sketches and critical observations are fair if not profound, and given in simple, direct language. The numerous fine portraits and engravings of historic scenes make a strong feature of the work, and a literary map of England, with the birthplaces and homes of many authors marked, is of pleasing interest. The divisions of the work and the summing up of influences and achievements are evidences of Professor Painter's ability and firm grasp of his subject, and the complete index testifies to the care with which he has finished his labor.

Published by Hixley & Ducker, Boston.

## New Publications.

A book for boys that is more exciting than instructive, and hardly up to the author's usual standard, is "Telegraph Tom's Venture," by James Otis. Published by the Werner Company, Akron, O.; price, 75 cents.

Children will find descriptions and pictures full of interest in "Big People and Little People of Other Lands," the latest issue in the Eclectic School Readings Series. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 30 cents.

"The Larger Faith," by James W. Coulter, is a novel with a theological purpose. The story is unpretentious and not uninteresting, and the religious theories are liberal in tone. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00.

Professor Charles Reid Barnes has prepared for schools which can give only a part of the year to botany a simpler text of his earlier work, and offers it under the title "Outlines of Plant Life." The plan of the work and its execution are equally admirable. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Rembrandt" is the title of the second volume in the Riverside Art Series, and the little volume contains, besides a portrait of the painter, fifteen engravings, reproducing his best known works, and an appreciative introduction and interpretation of the pictures. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents.

"Sword and Cross, and Other Poems," by Charles Eugene Banks, is a volume of verse containing some two hundred and sixty closely printed pages. Many of the compositions are of military suggestion, but there is a diversity of subjects and metre in the remainder. There is thought and feeling in

much of the verse, and often a happy turn of words that induces a second reading. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

"The Lute and Lays" is the title of a volume of verse by Charles Stuart Welles, M. D., which does not fulfill its promise. There is little poetry in the book beyond the titles. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

"As Talked in the Sanctum," by Rounseville Wildman, is a volume made up of essays in a conversational form reprinted from the magazine formerly under Mr. Wildman's editorial charge. A small portion of the matter only was worthy of preservation. Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.00.

Many thrilling adventures of the Civil War and the true history of some of the military movements that preceded the charge at Mission Ridge, go to make up "On General Thomas's Staff," by Byron A. Dunn. The book is intended for youthful readers, but will entertain all who are interested in pictures of that time. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

What was probably the last work of Richard Hovey, the young poet whose death occurred a few weeks ago, is "Tallies: A Masque." It is the fourth book in the work which the author had entitled "Launcelot and Guenevere: A Poem in Dramas," and in inspiration, music, and dramatic interest it will rank with his best work. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

## The Last Hours of G. W. Stevens.

W. T. Maud, the special correspondent of the *London Graphic*, who was with G. W. Stevens, the brilliant war-correspondent, through the two campaigns in the Sudan, and who shared with him a house in Ladysmith, has sent to Mrs. Stevens an account of her husband's last hours. The letter is dated Ladysmith, January 18th, three days after Mr. Stevens's death. After explaining that they all thought the danger was past, his temperature having again become normal, Mr. Maud says:

"On Friday, January 12th, his temperature suddenly rose, and hemorrhage set in. Three days later a consultation was held. They told me there was no hope, though they did everything that was possible to save him. When they had gone I returned to the sick-room, sent out the two nurses, and together we passed through the great ordeal. I said: 'The doctors think you are very ill. I will cable home; do you wish to send a message?' 'Yes, write it out and read it to me for my approval,' he replied. I wrote: 'Stevens dangerously ill.' 'Do you mean that I am dying?' he asked. 'They think it very serious,' I answered, for I was afraid. Again, 'Am I dying?' 'Yes!' 'Soon?' 'Soon!' He was looking straight into my eyes. He never flinched. There was no trace of fear in that brave heart. Death had no terrors for him. He dictated the message which I sent to you. . . . After that he turned toward me, saying: 'Well, this is a sideways ending to it all—let us have a drink.' 'Right, old boy; I will open a fresh bottle of champagne,' and I did so. 'But you are not drinking,' he said. 'I made some excuse. All the morning we had been giving teaspoonfuls of it every ten minutes, also brandy and milk. About one o'clock he commenced to rally, and took nourishment so freely that my hopes bounded up again. I left him in the charge of both nurses, and lay down to sleep. They called me an hour later, and I saw at a glance that the end was near. . . . He imagined himself back at Merton Abbey. Dr. Davies was present all the time, but there was nothing more to be done. He was asleep, breathing quite quietly and regularly. At four-thirty in the afternoon he passed away peacefully—so peacefully. There is nothing more to tell—save this, that all through his illness he was so patient, and he fought splendidly against it to the very end."

## A Remarkable Experiment.

Through the month of March a remarkable experiment in the direction of bringing together material for the future use of historians has been in progress at Cambridge (says the *April Book-Buyer*). Every officer of Harvard University has received a circular asking him to keep a complete journal of his life for a month. "Let him imagine," the circular says, "that he is writing without reserve to some friend at a distance who has long been absent from Cambridge, and who has lost touch with the ordinary current of life here, but retains an interest in it all, and let the writer try to call up for his friend's benefit, in detail and as vividly as possible, a picture of what is taking place." Besides the officers, a few representative under-graduates are asked to make similar records.

When the month is done, the journals, sealed by the writers, are to be deposited, together with a number of Cambridge photographs, in a zinc-lined chest, which will be securely fastened by soldering. Not until 1925 is the chest to be opened, and then any individual record may be opened and used only in case its writer has died and the record is needed for authorized biographical purposes. All the journals not so used in 1925 are to remain unopened until 1960. Some of the contributing under-graduates may thus, at the age of fourscore years, find the times of their youth clearly pictured. For sixty years the full value of the undertaking will remain unrealized. But in the history of an institution which will then be nearly three hundred and thirty years old, what is a trifling sixty?

## WOMANLY BEAUTY.

## How to Gain It. How to Retain It.

JOHN V. SHOEMAKER A. M., M. D.,

Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Clinical Medicine and Diseases of the Skin in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia; Physician to the Hospital; Member of the American and British Medical Associations; Fellow of the Medical Society of London, etc.

Is the author of a comprehensive new book entitled:

"HEREDITY, HEALTH, AND PERSONAL BEAUTY."

Here is a partial list of subjects from its Table of Contents:

The General Laws of Health: Physical beauty dependent on their observance—The spendthrift tendency as to health—Imprudence in exercise—City-bred and country-bred—The secret of enjoyable life.

The Source of Beauty in the Fair Sex—Causes chiefly concerned in producing the relative beauty of the fair sex—Men choose the best-favored—Women the sedulous care of enlightened nations—Beauty-producing prevalence of romantic love—The influence of sexual selection.

The Regulative Law of Life and Growth—Evolution—Comparison of theories—History of the discussion.

The Evolution of the American Girl—Dressing for adornment—Dressing of American women—Of foreign women—Modifying fashions to suit forms—Beauty of American women compared with French—Fifty years of fashion—From simplicity to luxury—The Countess of Jersey on improvement in hygienic practices—The female form—Its proportions—Points of elegance—Beauty of the bosom—Warning against quacks—Tight shoes and gloves—Tight-lacing—Blonde and brunette types—The grace of Spanish women—Conditions tending to make American women the handsomest type of the world.

Nature's Evidence of the Law of Life and Growth—The relation between species—Effects of sexual selection upon animals—The courting of birds—Rare case of the female courting the male—Nature's relinquishment of unused organs.

Man's Physical Place in Nature—Educated man and the savage—Likeness to the anthropoid apes—Types of brain conformation.

Food for Health and Beauty—Tastes of nations—Acquirement of taste—Plain cooking—English and French cooking—The palate and digestion—Pleasures of the table contributory to health and beauty.

Clothing in its Relation to Health—Protective, healthful, and agreeable aspects of clothing—The uses of linen—Of wool and cotton—Silk underwear—The climate and the almanac.

Ventilation—Cool Air and Pure Air Distilled—Natural and mechanical ventilation contrasted—How to ventilate for sick and well—Night air—The cellar air—House-tops as resorts.

The Circulation and Digestion—Respiration of the lungs and skin—The higher modes of circulation.

Cosmetic Treatment and Articles—Elegant preparations for the toilet—Recipes for cologne, bandoline, jelly of roses, Japanese potpourri—Recipes for dandruff, hair-dyes, face-powders, hair- tonic, toilet vinegar, and pomades—Five recipes for Florida water—Four for brillianine.

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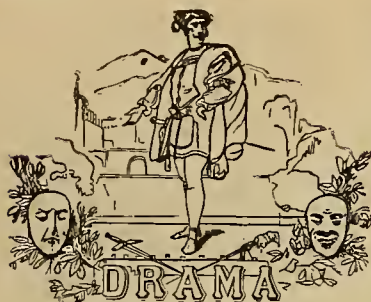
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Negro minstrelsy, as the be-all and the end-all of an entertainment, is gradually but surely approaching extinction. Vaudeville, which has with its trained-animal and acrobatic acts cut pretty deeply into the circus-manager's province and profits, has also stepped upon the long, slinky coat-tail of the "nigger minstrel." He is melodious, amusing, but not beautiful, and men and women alike are fond of seeing clean-limbed, white-skinned, gawgaw-glittering specimens of feminine loveliness on the stage.

William West, however, in his Big Minstrel Jubilee, has striven to atone for the absence of the eternal feminine by much pomp, state, and splendor in his masculine cohorts. The stage is set in tiers, with a pretentious, highly colored background, the trumpets blare out the triumphal march from "Aida," and a group of about two dozen good-looking, chrysanthemum-banged, resplendently attired young men (barring the half-dozen in black face) file in, while two drum-majors perform wonders of dextrous wand-whirling until the goodly company is seated. Thus imposingly is inaugurated an entertainment which, in its perfectly trained, rapidly moving precision is a later and a loftier edition of the old Billy Emerson and Charley Reed minstrel show, in which that nimble-witted par frequently extemporized some of the funniest hits in their scenes under the eye of the audience.

William West's show is in reality vaudeville with a large admixture of the features of minstrelsy. It is a very good show of its kind, too; but one has only to watch the absent-minded faces of the unoccupied members of the troupe, as the comedy scenes are going on, to recognize plainly that they have no expectations of hearing any extemporized fun. Nearly all of them were sunk in abstraction, and one or two seemed to be a victim to confirmed melancholy. It certainly must be a hideous fate for a man to sit pinned to a chair, without hope of escape, every night in the week and every week in the season, and endure the monotonous repetition of a string of jokes that were old when his great-grandmother was sucking the thumb of infancy. Even the smiling, attentive, urbane, cordial Mr. West allowed himself the luxury of sinking occasionally into profound, glassy-eyed reverie, from which he would emerge with the vague, sweet smile of business.

The defect in the mythical scenes of the entertainment is that of being too set, too mechanical. The free, frolicsome element of the unexpected that San Francisco was once used to in its minstrel-loving days is absent, and the dryness and too-smooth monotony of frequent repetition is there.

On the other hand, the vaudeville features, the signal-light drill, the steely-limbed trio in their acrobatic act, the three Marvelles in their eccentric dances, and the fine drill in military evolutions that closed the performance, were all characterized by rapidity, sureness, and general perfection.

To really enjoy a minstrel show one must love a loud, pervasive, cheerful, continual racket. A great many people do, and Mr. West has discovered and aimed at this trait in human nature in getting up his programme. The blare of brass, the crash of drums, the ringing resonance of lusty, young male voices, the clatter of clogs, the glass-scraped wail of Messrs. Waterburys' goblet-music, the boom-pety-boomp of their tin-cylindrical musical contrivance, the swing and rhythm of the tramp of marching soldiers, the crashing explosion of fire-arms, the boom-boom of the rallying drum in the San Juan charge, were some of the component elements in the heterogeneous hash of noises which startled the affrighted ear of the lover of soft sounds.

There are some very good voices among the vocalists, and as male choruses are always enjoyable when the singers are accustomed to ensemble work, this is justly considered by the management as one of the strong points in the organization. The tendency to over-much noise, however, comes in here disagreeably, and young, fresh, and powerful as the voices are, they are hard put to at times to rise above the clang and clamor of metal.

The best comic act was done by Ernest Tenney in his scene with the Waterbury Brothers. Mr. Tenney has a natural little fount of humor on tap, and he also has a faculty for tossing off with an easy, casual air, much as if he were a school-boy playing with a hose, sprays of light, pretty twinkling music from the oboe, and then sliding into a very clever and comical burlesque of melody.

"The Idol's Eye" and "The Wizard of the Nile" are twin operas in their pronounced similarity, both in general features and special detail. Both have an Oriental background, and in both the

music, which is extremely pretty and effective, aims quite successfully in reproducing here and there, in a light, imitative way that *bizarre* and seductive quality which we are accustomed to regard as a characteristic of the music of the remote and mystic East. Not only in musical, but in spectacular and humorous features have the makers of the operas carried out the resemblance. Modern American slang, irreverence, and jocularities disporting themselves amidst the superstition, the rites, the temples and tombs of the past, are features which are to be noted in both operas, and there is also a similarity in the opportunities for picturesque setting and costuming. There is also present in both an absolutely similar conception of what constitutes enormous and side-splitting fun.

Thus, those auditors of "The Idol's Eye" who shrieked with ecstatic enjoyment during all these weeks that Ferris Hartman pulled out Don Somebody's whiskers, may safely be recommended to go and similarly delight in seeing him nightly bite with pleasant savagery the middle finger of Annie Myers's fat little hand, to a melodious accompaniment of yelps from that young lady. And, talking of yelps, how surprising it is that this same little actress can retain such a soft and pretty singing voice, when one recalls the ear-blistering tones which she generally employs in the light and playful badinage of the "tough" rôles she so delights in. It was especially noticeable in the "Starlight" song, which, by the way, is almost a counterfeit of "Fairy Tales" in "The Idol's Eye"—another instance of how faithfully the librettist has copied himself.

Helen Merrill has come back again looking quite pretty enough to represent young Cleopatra in her innocuous maiden days. She spent most of the evening in the embraces of the limelight, but looked fifty per cent. better when she escaped it and relaxed that slight, distressful contraction of the brows. It is not a becoming thing to beauty to face that fierce glare, but imbecile tradition will always have its way, and—who knows?—perhaps the players like it, for it is always the principals on a stage who are dogged by its searching rays. They may liken it in their minds to the fierce white light that beats about a throne, and feel that by the persistence of its presence their own importance is fully established.

Wheeler, something subdued after his "Hoot, Mò!" days, merely filled the letter of his part. Perhaps he had too much physical exercise during the run, or maybe he feels the cares of his business responsibilities, or perhaps even a Tivoli comedian, whose firm nerves can stand almost anything in the line of humor, revolts at the nauseating conception of the egg episode. It certainly strikes one as being far too much like the crucial moment in a fit of seasickness to be anything but unpleasant and dispiriting to look at. At any rate, Hartman had nearly all the fun-making in his own hands, and won a sufficiently large harvest of laughter to make him happy.

The chorus-girls, in the pinkest of tights, the most glittering of head-dresses, and the briefest of skirts, made a very fetching set of Oriental hours, and were well up in their music. Some change has come over the spirit of the Tivoli dream—for certainly the girls sing the pretty choruses of this opera in time and tune. Some of the most blatant screamers have been weeded out, and there is a sufficiently marked improvement in their work to make one look forward with some confidence to their execution during the grand-opera season that we are promised in summer. I should not wonder if Julie Cotte is one of the important factors in the improvement. She is a young woman, with good musical training, who attends strictly to business, and is, with her clear voice and general reliability, a stay and anchor to the flounders. JOSEFITA.

#### Dogs for the Kennel Show.

Among the noted dogs to be shown at the coming hench show of the San Francisco Kennel Club at the Pavilion on May 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th, will be Mrs. Henry Crocker's French bulldogs; James L. Flood's kennels of mastiffs and collies; Mrs. H. B. Hooper's kennel of Irish terriers; Mr. Knowles's two unbeaten huddogs, Conqueror and Commissioner; Herman Scheffauer's St. Lethian's Ruler, and Leon S. Greenbaum's Harry Lacy in the same class; a large exhibit of English and Irish setters and pointers by A. B. Truman, of Elcho Kennels; and E. B. Connelly's St. Bernard, General B., which secured the first prize in the open class at Seattle last week. The entries in the bull-terrier puppy class will be unusually large, among those baving entries being Robert C. Bolton, H. J. Bross, Thomas F. Kennedy, V. Russell, Dr. Rodolph, Water Poppewell, of Glencoe, Cal., and James Lamb and G. W. Broderick, of San José. Competition for the puppy specials will be very keen. In the open class, hull terriers, I. K. James, a recent addition to the membership of the Pacific Bull Terrier Club, will show Banjo, which defeated everything last year. Albert Joseph will exhibit his English champion, Bloomsbury Barrow.

The entries for the bench show will close tomorrow (Sunday, April 22d). The office of the Kennel Club, at 238 Montgomery Street, is being kept open every night until eight o'clock for the benefit of exhibitors. It is not necessary that a dog should have a pedigree to be entered.

#### MUSICAL NOTES.

##### The Petschnikoff-Hamberg Concerts.

Alexander Petschnikoff, the Russian violinist, and Mark Hamberg, the Russian pianist, assisted by Aimé Lachaume, the distinguished French pianist and composer, have been giving a series of delightful musical events at the California Theatre during the past week. The first, an orchestral concert, took place on Monday afternoon, April 16th, when the following programme was presented:

Overture, "Hebriden," op. 26, Mendelssohn, Orchestra; concerto, No. 4, in D-minor, op. 70 (piano and orchestra), Rubinstein, M. Mark Hamberg; suite, op. 46, "Peer Gynt," Grieg, Orchestra; concerto, op. 35, in D-major (violin and orchestra), Tchaikowsky, M. Alexandre Petschnikoff; nocturne, Chopin, Two Studies, Chopin, "Rhapsodie Hongroise," No. 2, Liszt, M. Hamberg; concerto, op. 64, in E-minor (last two movements), Mendelssohn, M. Petschnikoff; "Rakoczy March," from "Damnation of Faust," Berlioz, Orchestra.

The second, a recital, took place on Wednesday afternoon, the programme being as follows:

Sonata, No. 3, in G-major (violin and piano), Grieg, M. Petschnikoff and A. Lachaume; sonata, op. 57, "Appassionata," Beethoven, M. Mark Hamberg; concerto, No. 2, in D-minor, Wieniawski, M. Alexandre Petschnikoff; "Tempo di Ballo," Scarlatti, capriccio, Scarlatti, melodie, Gluck-Sgambatti, variations, Paganini-Brahms, M. Hamberg; melodie, Tchaikowsky, calabrese, Bazzini, M. Petschnikoff; "Danse Macabre" (for two pianos), Saint-Saëns, MM. Hamberg and Lachaume.

Their farewell recital was given on Friday afternoon, when the following programme was presented:

Sonata (piano and violin), Schumann, MM. A. Petschnikoff and A. Lachaume; "Fantasie Appassionata," Vieuxtemps, M. Alexandre Petschnikoff; fantasia ("The Wanderer"), Schubert, M. Mark Hamberg; Zigeunerweisen, Sarasate, M. Petschnikoff; intermezzo in octaves, Leschetizky, Berceuse, Chopin, Gavotte Moderne (G. Schirmer, New York), Hamberg, M. Hamberg; "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn-Liszt, MM. Hamberg and Lachaume.

#### Concert at the Art Institute.

A promenade concert was given under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art last Thursday evening in connection with the opening of the spring exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association and inauguration of the Mary Frances Searles Art Gallery. The soloists of the occasion were Miss Erma Wing, soprano; Miss Paraskova Sandelin, contralto; Dr. J. A. Brown, basso cantante; Mrs. George H. Evans, violinist; and Mr. Emil Cruells, organist and accompanist. The programme presented was as follows:

Organ overture, "Ruy Blas," Mendelssohn, Mr. Emil Cruells; Song, "Israel," Oliver King, Dr. J. A. Brown; aria, "Caro Nome" ("Rigoletto"), Verdi, Miss Erma Wing; violin, romance, op. 40, No. 1, Vieuxtemps, Mrs. George H. Evans; aria, "Dost Thou Know That Sweet Land?" ("Mignon"), Thomas, Miss Paraskova Sandelin; organ, (a) "Pensée Poétique," O. de la Cigna, (b) melody, Schumann, Mr. Emil Cruells; song, "My Little Woman," Osgood, Dr. J. A. Brown; violin, "Brindisi Valse," Alard, Mrs. George H. Evans; air, "Nobil Signor" ("Huguenots"), Meyerbeer, Miss Erma Wing; organ, "Processional Hymn," Haydn, Mr. Emil Cruells; song, "Oh, Promise Me," De Koven, Miss Paraskova Sandelin; organ, "Palestrina March," Hummel, Mr. Emil Cruells.

On Tuesday evening, April 24th, the Loring Club will give the third concert of their twenty-third season at Odd Fellows' Hall. An attractive programme is announced, the most notable number being Max Bruch's famous "Roman Song of Triumph," which will be heard for the first time on this coast. The list of soloists includes Mr. Clarence Wendell, Mr. J. F. Veaco, and Mr. H. E. Medley.

The Saturday Morning String Orchestra announces its final concert of the season Monday evening, April 30th, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall. Miss Jean Mary Hush (concert-mistress) and Miss Dorothy Goodsell (soprano) will be the soloists, and Mrs. Nathan Landsberger, harpist.

"Oh, Mae, did you see Mrs. Giddie's hat?" "Why, of course I did; she sat only five pews back of me."—Life.

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Special Performance, Thursday Afternoon, "Captain Swift." Get Seats Early. No Advance in Prices.

**Opheum**

Digby Bell; Mildred Stoller; Rae & Brosche; Mlle. Proto; Marzella; Guitanos; Falke & Semon; A. O. Duncan; and Bellman & Moore.

Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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## "TRYING IT ON THE DOG."

How New York Theatrical Managers Test the Popularity of a New Play—Clever Ways of the Press Agent.

In an entertaining article in the New York *Evening Post*, B. J. Hendrick explains in detail what is meant by that piquant phrase, "trying it on the dog," an important and indispensable part of the American drama of the present time. The "dog" is a small town, conveniently located near New York, with good theatrical facilities and some though not acute theatrical taste, which the manager selects for the trial performance of a new play. The first presentation of a play in a "dog" town is a great opportunity for that resourceful person, the press agent. It is, indeed, the highest test of his talents. It is his duty to rouse the expectation of the public weeks before the play appears; and no circus is more liberally advertised. He is faced with difficulties at the outset. One of his hardest tasks is, for example, to conceal from the "dog" the fact that he is a dog.

Arriving in the town a month or six weeks before the rest of the show, he at once visits all the newspapers, establishes friendly relations with all the editors and reporters, and begins the campaign by signing a number of liberal advertising contracts. He leaves behind a variety of type-written effusions, each marked with the date of its intended appearance, and each rehearsing in detail the artistic and spectacular charms of the forthcoming play. These slips are very comprehensive in their information; the readers of the daily press are given details of everything, from an outline of the plot, a description of the scenery and costumes, to biographical sketches of the chief performers and touching anecdotes of their private and professional lives. The authors of the play and the energetic manager under whose auspices it is to be produced, are done to a turn. The press agent is so impartial that he does not even overlook himself, and occasional paragraphs concerning "Jack Levey, the popular representative of the 'Madame Kiki' Company, which will play at the Bon-Ton Theatre the week of April 10th, was in town again to-day," etc., will insist on intruding themselves in the public prints, frequently accompanied by pictures of that genial gentleman.

Mr. Levey leaves behind him, after his first visit, an immense quantity of "notices" and illustrations of this sort. He keeps the papers supplied by mail with additional facts as they develop; and a week or two before the company is to sweep into the town he appears again. This time he makes things "hum." He doubles his advertising space in the daily papers; and about the same time, for some mysterious reason, his lucubrations in the theatrical columns double in length. The readers are informed of the vast quantities of scenery, specially prepared for the play, of the immense value of the diamonds which the leading lady will wear at the grand *finale*; and illustrations of the crucial points in the extravaganza are given without stint. Mr. Levey leaves no stone unturned. He seeks the personal acquaintance of all the men about town whose influence is likely to be worth cultivating, and gives them royal entertainment. He carries an inexhaustible supply of cigars, and distributes cocktails without regard to expense. The greatest favors are reserved, however, for the influential men on the newspapers. He is a perennial and jovial figure at the newspaper offices, and frequently entertains the city editor at champagne dinners. After this last touching attention his notices are seldom "cut," but appear, day by day, in all their lengthy splendor.

The company always appears in town two or three days in advance of the schedule time, and is distributed, with an eye to economy, throughout the different hotels. They have hardly arrived when the press agent again makes his appearance at the newspaper offices. Miss Lamoureux, who is to play the title-role in "Madame Kiki," he informs the city editor, is stopping at the leading hotel, and would not object to being interviewed. She has some very expensive and exquisite gowns, to say nothing of several fantastic Parisian hats, which an enterprising newspaper surely ought to describe. The thing is no sooner said than done. The "society reporter" is at once dispatched to interview the charming lady, and in the morning a column or so of elaborate description, both of Miss Lamoureux and her gowns and her pet pug, appears in the public prints. The reporters are also permitted to attend the rehearsals and chat with the principals between the acts. They have the rare experience of watching the *coryphées* rehearse their parts in tailor-made gowns, of listening to the perennial disputes between the contralto and the orchestra-leader, and of lending a willing ear to the stage-manager as he curses the chorus-girls.

A day or two before the initial performance the most touching incident occurs. This is the "paper." The paper consists of a large number of small pink slips, each of which can be exchanged at the box-office for two choice orchestra chairs. These slips are distributed by the press agent with judicious lavishness. The newspaper men of course come in for the first consideration. It is a pretty slow reporter who can not obtain a sufficient number of these pink slips to accommodate himself, his family, and his friends. The higher editorial officials, the directors, and the stockholders are usually provided

for in the boxes. The newspaper fraternity, indeed, is unrelenting in its demand upon the affable advance agent. It is not alone, however. The most prominent club men, the leading politicians, and merchants in some mysterious way find themselves in possession of these pink slips. Just how the resourceful press agent manages it no one has yet discovered. He never hawks his free passes from the housepots, nor is the whole town invited in a body to "dead-head" the show. He is far too diplomatic for that. Each recipient of his kindness, so dexterously does he manage the affair, rather gets the impression that he is the only favored one; that he has been judiciously selected as the one person in a thousand to be treated in so generous a fashion. Indeed, the rarest test of the advance agent is the distribution of these free tickets in so deft a manner that every spectator at the show will imagine that the entire audience, himself alone excepted, has paid good money for value received.

One more ceremony—the masterpiece of Mr. Levey's art—and the curtain is rung up for the first act. This is the "dress rehearsal." To this the chief editorial magnates and a number of jolly good fellows are invited. At its conclusion, usually at midnight, the specially hidden guests and the principal actors are escorted into the leading restaurant of the town, where an elaborate banquet, with a plentiful supply of wine, has been prepared. The editors, the actors, and the few selected clubmen have the finest sort of time until the small hours of the morning. There is never any formal toast-programme arranged, but every one is expected to contribute in some way to the general entertainment. Mr. Levey presides, resplendent in evening-dress and diamond-studded shirt-front; and after a few happy introductory words, calls upon each separate guest to do his "stunt." The newspaper men usually tell a story or make a speech, in which the nicest things imaginable are said of the forthcoming play. The theatrical gentlemen sing songs or do a variety of character acts. Frequently the authors themselves are conspicuous figures at this midnight feast, and of course are expected to say a few words of hope and misgiving.

Is it at all surprising, after the consummate art with which the boom has been developed, that "Madame Kiki" is a great success? The house, of course, is packed, and the audience is in the best of humor. In return for the free tickets, every other man attires himself in a dress-suit; more rarely a high hat is detected in the lobby. One lady in every ten appears in evening-dress. The applause is loud and frequent, in spite of the fact that the chorus occasionally fails to reach a high note, and that the calcium-light man sometimes gets his colors mixed. The audience does not even lose its patience at the half-hour waits between the acts; and although the first performance is seldom over until midnight, the thing is usually acclaimed as a great success of art and stagecraft. The morning papers glow with column accounts of "Madame Kiki"; the humblest chorus-girl is given a "stick" all to herself; and the high social standing and discernment of the audience are pointed out at length. The local correspondents of the New York dailies—who are always especially cultivated by the pink-slip artist—telegraph a few approving words for the benefit of their metropolitan readers. As a producer of general good-humor, the experiment of "trying it on the dog" is an unparalleled success.

## STAGE GOSSIP.

"Captain Lettarblair" at the California.

The Neill company, which has made such a pleasant impression in "A Bachelor's Romance" at the California Theatre during the past fortnight, will change their bill to "Captain Lettarblair," by Margaret Merrington, on Sunday night. The play was originally presented by E. H. Sothern and ranks as one of his greatest successes. It contains a well-defined plot and a charming love-story and will be prettily staged. The cast is as follows: Captain Lettarblair Litton, of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, James Neill; Francis Merrivale, Bert Howard; Mr. Seton, of Seton & Cateshy, Robert Morris; Pickney, the dean's secretary, afterward a subaltern in the Fusiliers, George Bloomquest; Torkins, Emmet Shackelford; Fanny Hadden, Edythe Chapman; Polly Messier, Julia Dean; and Hyacinth Messier, Lillian Andrews.

During the remainder of the Neill Company's engagement Thursday matinees will be a special feature, for each week plays not included in the night performances will be given a single performance. For next Thursday Haddon Chambers's powerful drama, "Captain Swift," will be presented.

Ward and Vokes in "The Floor Walkers."

At the Columbia Theatre, on Monday evening, Ward and Vokes and their forty associate fun-makers begin a two weeks' engagement in their new musical farce review, "The Floor Walkers," which is described as "a bodge-podge of nonsense, with catchy music enough to stock a comic opera and all the fun and laughs of which Ward and Vokes are so prolific." It is in two acts, the first taking place in a charity bazaar under the patronage of Mrs. Waldorf Astoria, arranged for the raising of funds with which to build a home for destitute millionaires. Incidental to the action of the first half, the following musical novelties will be introduced: "You're

the Only One," by Lucy Daly, aided by the chorus; an entirely new and original "Conversation Dance," by Ward, Vokes, Lucy Daly, and Margaret Daly Vokes; "I Shall Have to Tell It to Albert, Prince of Wales," by Will West and chorus; "John Dunn," by Messrs. West, Early, Powers, Wixen, Cain, and Thornton; song and dance, by Ward and Vokes; and "Honolulu Queen," by Lucy Daly and the entire company.

The second half occurs in the "Millionaires' Club" on ladies' night. The specialties in this act will include "At the Bottom of the Deep Blue Sea," by John W. Early, assisted by the chorus; the Chicago Ladies' Quartette, Bertha Hollenbeck soprano, Sadie L. Farley mezzo-soprano, M. Josephine Comstock contralto, Alice Merrill Raymond alto, in selections; Ward and Vokes's famous "Percy and Harold" specialty; "I'm Waiting, Honey," by Margaret Daly Vokes and Will West; "Hebrewisms," by George Sidney; and "A Travesty on Something," by Lucy Daly, Margaret Daly Vokes, Ward and Vokes, and West and Sidney.

## Another Tivoli Hit.

Victor Herbert's melodious comic opera, "The Wizard of the Nile," has scored a real hit at the Tivoli Opera House, and it is safe to predict that it will enjoy a long run and possibly rival the record of its successful predecessor, "The Idol's Eye." It is the opera in which that clever little comedian, Frank Daniels, made his *debut* as a comic-opera star, and contains a higher grade of music and more coherent plot than Herbert's other opera. Ferris Hartman as Kibosh, the false wizard who is supposed to make the Nile rise, and in consequence wins the hand of the king's daughter, was every whit as droll as Daniels, and kept the audience in a constant ripple of laughter. Alf C. Wheelan's rôle of Ptolemy is not so broadly humorous as was his Hoot Mon, but it is not his fault but that of the librettist. Annie Myers as the apprentice of the wizard, Helen Merrill as the youthful Cleopatra, Frances Temple Graham as the king's wife, and William Schuster as Cheops, the royal weather prophet, are all deserving of especial praise. The opera is lavishly mounted, and the chorus, in a series of picturesque costumes, make a very fetching set of Oriental hours.

## Digby Bell at the Orpheum.

The most notable new-comer at the Orpheum next week will be Digby Bell, the popular comedian, who was last seen here several years ago with his clever wife, Laura Joyce Bell, when they were starring successfully in Augustus Thomas's delightful play, "The Hoosier Doctor." Mr. Bell has only entered the vaudeville ranks recently, although his wife has been seen on the Orpheum stage on several occasions. His monologue act, consisting of catchy new songs, droll stories, and humorous chats on matters of current interest, is said to offer him excellent opportunities to appear to advantage. The other new entertainers are Mildred Stoller, a *chic* comedienne, who will introduce some new songs; Rae and Brosche in a skit entitled "Too Much Woman"; and Mlle. Proto, the toe-dancer, who scored a big hit in London in the ballet of "The Belle of New York."

Those retained from this week's bill are Mme. Marzella and her trained pigeons, cockatoos, and ravens; the Guitanos, comic acrobats; Falke and Semon, in a musical skit; A. O. Duncan, the up-to-date ventriloquist; and Bellman and Moore, the singing and dancing comedians.

The Tavern of Tamalpais is a charming destination point for those desirous of enjoying a pleasant day's outing. The trip on the Scenic Railway through Mill Valley is a succession of picturesque scenic surprises, while the view of the surrounding country from the summit of the mountain is incomparable.

Last Sunday the favorite hay retreat, El Campo, was visited by thousands. The *Ukiah* carried a big load every trip, and the hills were thronged with pleasure-seekers. The steamer is scheduled for three round-trips every Sunday. Every requisite is provided for the comfort and convenience of guests.

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One mine below, on the same channel, is now paying yearly dividends of over \$150,000, and the gravel is richer as they work up stream in the channel. There is an abundance of fine timber, plenty of water, and dumping ground in the canon to hold all the gravel that will ever be taken out. The mine contains nearly 35,000,000 CUBIC FEET OF GRAVEL to drift, and some of it below has PAID AS MUCH AS \$1,000 PER CUBIC FOOT. The titles are perfect—United States Patent, etc. The estimates to open and develop it are from \$15,000 to \$25,000, which include tunnels, cars, buildings, etc.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Some one recently showed ex-Speaker Reed a copy of a Manila paper in which appeared this paragraph: "The difference between 'Tom' Reed and 'Billy' Mason is that when 'Tom' Reed says he will resign he resigns." "Ah," said Mr. Reed, reflectively, "a great journalist is evidently wasting his talents on the Filipinos."

While the late James H. Beard, father of Dan Beard, the artist, was painting a portrait of Zachary Taylor, he said to him: "Well, general, I suppose you are to be our next President?" "I hope not," grunted the bluff old hero; "no military man has any business in the Presidential chair, but if they offer it to me, I suppose I'll be — fool enough to accept it." And he was.

During a recent session of the Senate (says the Boston Transcript), Mr. Pettigrew, who is a tireless talker, insisted on using the phrase "ad infinitum" with great frequency, pronouncing the longer word with the accent on the second syllable. Finally, one of his associates corrected him, saying: "Give it the long i, senator." Senator Hoar overheard this, and remarked: "The senator is probably making the i short to save the time of the Senate."

A firm in Liverpool, delighted that one of its employees was called upon to join the reserves, volunteered to pay half his wages to his wife in his absence. At the end of the month the woman appeared, and the moiety was given her. "What?" she said; "four pound?" "Yes," replied the senior partner, "that is exactly half; sorry you are not satisfied." "It isn't that I'm not satisfied. Why, for years he has told me he only got sixteen shillings altogether, and—and—if the Boers don't kill him, I will."

Several years after the close of the Civil War a reception was held in Lynchburg, Va., to commemorate some national event (says V. Halsey in Lippincott's Magazine). Many men were there assembled who had fought in the war. Among them was a major of a Massachusetts regiment, who, meeting General Jubal Early, of the Confederate army, cordially greeted him. Pointing to his own decorations, the major said: "Ah, general, you see we have all the crosses now." "Yes," replied the old general; "in olden times they hung thieves on crosses; now they hang crosses on thieves."

As a rule, Joseph Jefferson never guys the members of his company, but Congressman Kahn, who was formerly in his support, tells of one occasion when the venerable actor yielded to the temptation. "The Rivals" was the play and everything proceeded smoothly until the scene was reached in which Falkland, Captain Absolute, and Bob Acres have a wordy altercation. At this point the actor playing Falkland ranted violently, and finally, in a burst of anger, slammed a door as he made his exit. It is part of the business for Captain Absolute to say at this juncture, "Poor Falkland!" He did so, and Mr. Jefferson promptly replied, "The poorest I ever saw!"

James Russell Lowell was a great student of dialect. One day, while in England, he entered a South Shields restaurant, and sat down opposite a barefooted Shields yokel, who had been walking and whose feet were tired. "Waiter," he said, "bring me a steak and fried potatoes." The yokel leaned his elbows upon the table. "Bring me yan tee," he said. "Bring me a cup of coffee and rolls," continued Lowell. "Bring me yan tee," said the yokel. "And, John, you may bring me a boot-jack," said Mr. Lowell. "Bring me yan tee," added the yokel. "Why, what on earth can you want with a boot-jack?" asked Lowell, surprised into asking the question. The retort nearly took away his breath. "Gan-oway, ye fule," said the yokel; "d'ye think I canna eat a boot-jack as well as ye?"

Sir Arthur Sullivan, the English composer of light music, tells this story of an experience he had while traveling on a stage coach in California many years ago: "As we drove up to a mining-camp where we had to get down for refreshments, the driver said: 'They are expecting you here, Mr. Sullivan.' I was much pleased, and when I reached the place I came across a knot of prominent citizens at the whisky store. The foremost of them came up to a big burly man by my side, and said: 'Are you Mr. Sullivan?' The man said 'No!' and pointed to me. The citizen looked at me rather contemptuously, and after awhile said: 'Why, how much do you weigh?' I thought this was a curious method of testing the power of a composer, but I at once answered: 'About one hundred and sixty-two pounds.' 'Well,' said the man, 'that's odd to me, anyhow. Do you mean to say that you gave fits to John S. Blackmore down in Kansas City?' I said: 'No, I did not give him fits.' He then said: 'Well, who are you?' I replied: 'My name is Sullivan.' 'Ain't you John L. Sullivan, the slogger?' I disclaimed all title to that, and told him that I was Arthur Sullivan. 'Oh, Arthur Sullivan,' he said; 'are you the man as put 'Pina-

fore' together?'—rather a gratifying way of describing my composition. I said 'Yes.' 'Well,' returned the citizen, 'I'm sorry you ain't John Sullivan. But, still, I am glad to see you, anyway. Let's have a drink.'"

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## A Refutation.

If love's what makes the world go round,  
The stronger then this force,  
The faster, if my logic's sound,  
The world would turn, of course.

Thus would my love for Mirabel  
Throw all the human race,  
By increased force centrifugal,  
Out headlong into space.

—A. W. Bell in Life.

## The New "Box-Coat."

The lady in the new box-coat,  
Now trippeth down the street,  
She has no curve or crooked line—  
She's straight from head to feet.  
There is no wrinkle any place,  
But prim and plain is she.  
Her arms flap down so limply, too—  
And, say, it puzzles me.  
Now, is she plump, or is she lean?  
Hath she a witching form?  
Does she wear such a coat as that  
For looks—or to keep warm?  
She's comely, as to smiling face,  
But, leave it to a vote,  
And every man would vote against  
That four-sack-looking coat.  
They do not look like other coats,  
Which used to be thought nice.  
Yet one resemblance you will find,  
And that is in the price.  
These coats make you just like cigars,  
Fair Laura, May, and Liz—  
The wrapper never indicates  
Just what the filler is.

—Baltimore American.

## The Sultan of Sulu.

"Go right ahead without me," said the Sultan with a tear.  
"Fix up what government you will. I'll never interfere.

I haven't any time to mingle in such small affairs;  
Domestic complications leave me overwhelmed with cares.

For the harem's in a flurry,  
And they're talking woman's rights;  
I'm in such a state of worry  
That I can not sleep o' nights.

"So leave me unmolested as a theme of harmless mirth;  
You'll hear no Mormon precepts from my corner o' the earth.  
If you want to help your country you must do it all alone.

I can't be patriotic. I have troubles of my own.  
There are many men who borrow  
Trouble in this world of strife.  
But for undiluted sorrow  
Nothing beats a Sultan's life."

—Washington Star.

## To an Elderly Golfer.

A White Ball perches on a Pinch of Earth;  
The Golfer smites for All that he is Worth;  
Not then ensues an Awespiring Drive;  
But a weak Fizzle, proper Food for Mirth.

This is not splitting Rocks, nor felling Trees;  
No bull-like Fury, but deliberate Ease,  
Displays the Adept, while he does his Holes,  
Not in your Nines and Eights, but Fours and Threes.

Sweet is the Click that follows Stroke exact;  
Vile is the Sound whenever Top is smacked;  
With Teeth on Edge the Duffer sees his Flub,  
Cry to the World that Sense and Skill he lacked.

A steady Glare, with all thy Heart and Soul,  
Fix on the Ball, till smitten toward the Goal.  
The Eye that wavers brings a heavy Curse;  
Striking, squint never seldom at the Hole.

Vain is the Pomp of Jacket blazing red;  
Of yellow Shoes to chequered Stockings wed;  
Of shiny Clubs, and parti-colored Hose;  
Of tartan Cap upon an alien Head.

He fares no better who is thus arrayed;  
His Shame is greater when he low is laid,  
By Youth, in shabby Raiment, whose strong Will,  
By Eye and Hand and Club must be obeyed.

Why such a Pother o'er a paltry Game?  
Why trudge long Miles on Miles, and call by Name  
On all your Gods? for nothing but to find,  
That Out and Back in Eight Score Strokes you came?

Better sit snugly in some Quiet Place;  
Forswear the Pastime of the Scottish Race.  
Life is too short to spend it on the Links;  
Ye are not young, and Death speeds on apace.

—Abbott Foster in April Golf.

## The Secrets of Planets Revealed.

The immense telescope which is now in process of construction is expected to bring the moon within a mile's eyesight of this world, and to reveal the secrets of all planets. It may cause a great change in the world's thought as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters does in the physical condition of sufferers from dyspepsia, constipation, liver or kidney troubles. The Bitters strengthen the entire system, and also prevents malarin, fever and ague. Try it.

## UTOPIA UP TO DATE.

"Ah!" said the traveler from Europe, in 2098, as he stepped out of the end of the pneumatic tube through which he had been shot, in seven minutes, from Buda-Pesth to Chicago, "here I am at last in the land of liberty and equality!" He drew a deep breath—for the pneumatic compartment had been close, and immediately a voice at his elbow said sternly, "Here I that isn't allowed!"

"What isn't allowed?" inquired the traveler, nervously, as he surveyed the individual who spoke—a man dressed in dust-brown, ill-fitting garments, with a brass tag hanging around his neck marked "101,725 P."

"Taking so much breath out of the mouths of other people!" returned the policeman—for such he was. "This is the land of equal rights; no approach to monopoly allowed; so take the regular allowance of air and no more!"

The traveler obeyed meekly. "Where can I get a cab?" he asked.

"There are no cabs in Chicago," the policeman answered, coldly. "As all the people can not afford to ride in cabs, and as equality is the basis of life, there are no equipages of any kind, except trolley-cars and wheelbarrows. Where do you want to go?"

"To the best hotel, whatever that may be," returned the European.

"There are no hotels in Chicago, either," said the policeman, more sternly than ever. "The people can not all patronize hotels, so none are allowed. You can go to the municipal lodging-hall, where a bed in the travelers' ward will be allotted you, and the municipal eating-hall will be open at half-past six to-morrow morning for breakfast."

"Is there no private house where I can lodge?" asked the traveler, rather agitated at the prospect opening before him.

"There are no private houses at all in Chicago," said the policeman; "the families are arranged by tens, and live around a court where the heating and lighting and household work are carried on by machinery. The same dinner is cooked all over the city every day at noon," he went on, evidently dilating to his theme, "and just so many garments of similar pattern are washed every week."

"But how can that be?" said the bewildered European. "Suppose that one family has ten children in it, and another only two?"

"All families are equal, and contain four children," returned the instructive policeman. "If one man has ten children, the State takes six of them and distributes them where they are needed."

"But your rich men?" said the traveler.

"We have no rich men," said the policeman. "There can not be any, for there is no private property. Each citizen works eight hours a day, paid in meals, clothes, and trolley-car tickets. Everybody dresses alike, eats alike, and lives alike. The governing officials are chosen by lot every month, and never serve twice. Thus every citizen in the whole State is sure of one term of office."

"Surely your educated classes—"

"We have none," was the policeman's reply. "All children are educated exactly alike. And, as the higher education is not possible for all minds, it is not allowed to any. An aristocracy of brains is, of all ideas, the most hateful to true democracy."

The traveler gasped. "Can I get a drink anywhere?" he said, feebly.

"The State gives each man a drink with his meals," said the impressive policeman. "You show your tag, and that entitles you to one glass of beer."

"But I prefer wine," remonstrated the traveler.

"There is not enough wine for all," said the policeman, "therefore all must drink beer. In a land of perfect equality there is no place whatever for choice or desirable things. For, as you can readily understand, the things that no one especially wants are the only things that everybody can have."

But the traveler did not hear this last bit of wisdom. He had run back wildly into the pneumatic tube, and was already half way back to the inequalities of his unprogressive European existence.—P. Leonard in Life.



## You Can Blame the Girl

when she breaks a dish; but is she to blame if your Silverware is not properly cleaned? The only proper material for cleaning Silver is

## SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

Give her that and she will save your Silver and her time. If she is using any other silver polish, the sooner she "drops it" the better for your Silverware.

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A POOR SHADE-ROLLER  
AND NEVER ABSENT  
FROM A GOOD  
ONE.

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HARTSHORN

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NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG.  
Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1900.  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Friday, May 11  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Wednesday, June 6  
Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, June 30  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Thursday, July 26  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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1900.  
Nippon Maru.....Wednesday, April 25  
America Maru.....Saturday, May 19  
Hongkong Maru.....Thursday, June 14  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.



J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F., for  
Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., April 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, May 1, change to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10 A. M., April 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, May 1, and every fifth day thereafter.  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., Apr. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, May 1, and every fifth day thereafter.  
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., Apr. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, May 4, and every fourth day thereafter.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., Apr. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, May 1, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.  
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M.  
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.  
Ticket Office, New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel)  
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## International Navigation Co.'s Lines

## AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.  
St. Louis.....May 2 | St. Paul.....May 16  
New York.....May 9 | St. Louis.....May 23

## RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.  
Nordland.....May 2 | Southwark.....May 16  
Friesland.....May 9 | Westernland.....May 23

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Tours and tickets, hotel accommodations, etc. Superior arrangements for all classes of travel.

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621 Market Street, San Francisco.



## SOCIETY.

## A Coming Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Marie Emelie Hicks Hager, the eldest daughter of the late Mrs. John S. Hager, to Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, will take place at four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, April 24th, at the residence of the bride, 1815 Gough Street. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. Father Ramm, of St. Mary's Cathedral; the bride's two sisters, the Misses Alice and Ethyl Hager, Miss Helen Dean, and Miss Daisy Van Ness will be the bridesmaids; Mr. J. Downey Harvey will be the best man; and Mr. John E. de Ruyter, Mr. E. M. Greenway, and Mr. Allan St. John Bowie will serve as ushers.

## The Hooker-Shreve Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Lawton Shreve to Mr. Robert Gay Hooker was celebrated at St. Luke's Episcopal Church at high noon on Wednesday, April 18th. The ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. Bishop Nichols, assisted by Rev. Mr. Breck, the acting rector. The bride's brother, Mr. George C. Shreve, gave her into the groom's keeping; the bridesmaids were Miss Minnie Houghton and Miss Anna Gray; Mr. Osgood Hooker, brother of the groom, was best man; and the ushers were Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. Horace Chase, Mr. A. H. Small, and Mr. Frederick S. Moody. This is the first wedding ceremony held in the new church, which has just been completed.

After the services the family and most intimate friends adjourned to the home of the bride, where an elaborate breakfast was served.

## Polo at Santa Barbara.

On Monday, April 16th, over thirty of the Burlingame ponies were shipped to Santa Barbara, where their masters followed in the evening to participate in the winter meet of the Pacific Coast Polo and Pony Racing Association. On Wednesday, April 18th, the Burlingame team, made up of Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, Mr. Charles Raoul-Duval, Mr. Charles N. Dunphy, and Mr. Thomas Driscoll, defeated the local Santa Barbara Polo Club team by a score of three to one. On Thursday the Riverside Club team played Santa Barbara, the former win-

ning by a score of 14 to 2. On Monday the Burlingame team plays Riverside, with a championship cup in sight. The latter part of the week the Burlingame Club is to be the guest of the Riverside players. Mr. Peter D. Martin and Mr. Richard M. Tobin were among those who went south.

Mr. Raoul-Duval has just received a consignment of horses from Glenwood Springs, Colo., comprising fifteen of the best polo ponies seen here for some time.

## Notes and Gossip.

Miss Florence Sharon, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Sharon, of Piedmont, will be married to Mr. Peter C. Allen, the well-known musician, at noon on May 2d at St. Paul's. The bridesmaids will be Miss Blanche Sharon (the bride's sister), Miss Ethel Valentine, Miss Jean Hush, Miss Pauline Fore, Miss Pauline Loshe, Miss Charlotte Laws, and Miss Enid Williams.

Miss Helen Hopkins gave a luncheon on Friday, April 20th, in honor of Miss Helen Thomas. Among those present were Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Therese Morgan, Miss Edna Hopkins, Miss Georgie Hopkins, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Adelaide Murphy, Miss Charlotte Field, Miss Hattie Kimble, and Miss Edith Preston.

Mrs. Walter E. Dean gave a reception on Tuesday, April 17th, at her apartment in the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Emelie Hager. Among those who received were Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Daisy Van Ness, and Miss Helen Dean.

Miss Gertrude Allen gave a luncheon on Monday, April 16th, at her home on Oak and Lake Streets, Oakland, in honor of Miss Florence Sharon and Miss Harriet Kittredge. The others at table were Miss Sadie Hale, Miss Blanche Sharon, Miss Enid Williams, Mrs. Irving Lundborg, Mrs. Oscar Gowing, Miss Grace Baldwin, Miss Pauline Fore, Miss Jean Hush, and Miss Florence Hush.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Marie Louise Parker, to Mr. Gregar Grant Fraser.

Mr. and Mrs. Barrett Fithian and Mr. George Loughborough, who sailed on September 1, 1899, from Santa Barbara, to cross through the South Seas, touching at Apia, Samoa, and Honolulu,

returned to this city on Easter Sunday, April 15th. Mr. Loughborough has improved in health noticeably. Mr. and Mrs. Fithian will spend a few days in town and a month at Santa Barbara, after which they will sail for Europe for a six-months' trip.

Mrs. Beulah Hohhs Jones leaves on Sunday, April 22d, for New York, where she will be married to Count Artsomevitch, in the Greek Church, shortly after her arrival. The count and his bride will then sail for Berlin, where he will represent the Russian Government as consul.

An entertainment for charity given by the Golden Circle of the King's Daughters will take place this (Saturday) afternoon, April 21st, at the residence of Mrs. W. F. McNutt, at 2511 Pacific Avenue, and in the evening, beginning at 8:30 o'clock, there will be tableaux and songs by the Glee Club Quartet of the University of California.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence I. Beveridge, daughter of Mr. John A. Beveridge, to Mr. Percy A. Crump, of the Bank of British Columbia. The wedding will take place next month.

Mr. Henry Heyman gave a dinner in honor of Mr. Alexandre Petschnikoff, Mr. Mark Hambourg, and Mr. Aimé Lauchaux, the distinguished artists, at the Bohemian Club on Saturday evening, April 14th.

Mrs. William Crocker has presented to Grace Episcopal Cathedral an illuminated cross, which is to surmount the tower, and be so arranged that it will be seen at night in all parts of the city at 'the hay. She has endowed it handsomely so that it will be a permanence for many years.

One of the most brilliant receptions of the season was given at Hearst Hall, Berkeley, on Friday evening by Professor and Mrs. Paget in honor of Mr. and Mme. Henri de Regnier. Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst, Count and Countess de Tobriand, Prince and Princess A. Poniatowski, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Crocker, Professor and Mrs. J. Le Conte, President and Mrs. Benjamin I. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hallidie, Judge and Mrs. C. W. Slack, and Mrs. Mary Kincaid assisted the hosts in receiving. Many notable guests were present, among others the officers of the French man-of-war *Le Protet*, which is now in the harbor.

## Golf Notes.

The second half of the second home-and-home tournament over 36 holes, match play, took place on the Presidio links on Saturday, April 14th, between teams representing the San Francisco and Oakland golf clubs. The result was a victory for the city players, 24 up, or, adding the 7 holes to their credit on the Oakland links on the seventh inst., 31 up. The San Francisco team won the first match, 32 up, so their total score for the two matches is 63 up. The trophy offered for the event thus becomes one of the permanent adornments of the living-room of the San Francisco Golf Club-house.

Mr. H. B. Goodwin put up by far the best game of the day, defeating his Oakland opponent, Mr. W. P. Johnson, 9 up, and going over the 18 holes in 89 strokes. Mr. Goodwin lost 2 strokes by becoming stymied in the first round. Mr. John Lawson and Mr. E. R. Folger, the two team leaders, played a close game, in which Mr. Lawson finally won, 4 up. Mr. F. S. Stratton was the only visitor to score a victory, defeating Mr. H. S. Pillsbury, 1 up. Mr. R. M. Fitzgerald and Mr. E. J. McCutchen tied on holes, although the latter made the best medal score. Mr. R. M. Gaylord added a number of holes to his side by scoring 7 up on Mr. G. D. Greenwood.

This match completes the tournament season for both the San Francisco and Oakland Clubs, and from now on golf promises to be quiet in town until after the summer.

In *M. A. P.* (Mainly About People), T. P. O'Connor's London weekly, for March 10th, occurs the following paragraph: "Miss Mabilia Daniell has now made her *debut* on the stage as a professional dancer. For some years she has been well known as an amateur skirt-dancer at charity entertainments. Miss Daniell spent some seasons at Biarritz with her mother, and there acquired her knowledge of Spanish dances. She is first cousin to Mr. James Daniell, who recently married a wealthy San Franciscan widow." The widow referred to is Mrs. Mamie Coghill Hastings, widow of the late Robert Hastings.

The season at the Tavern of Castle Crag and Soda Springs, located in the midst of grand and impressive mountain scenery, which opens on June 15th, promises to be one of the most successful in the history of this popular resort. Already accommodations are being booked far ahead, so those intending to visit the Tavern had better make arrangements in advance. For rates, terms, and other information, address E. B. Pixley, care Pacific Improvement Company, Crocker Building, San Francisco.

The new summer time-table of the Southern Pacific Railway Company was received too late to allow of a change of figures in the time-card on page 16, but will be given next week. A notable feature of the new schedule is the notice of the resumption of the popular Sunday excursions to San José, Santa Cruz, and intermediate stations.

## Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

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In the best part of the town, a well-furnished house with stable, fine garden, lawn, and a beautiful supply of water.

One acre of ground.

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## The Argonaut in Paris

Persons visiting the Exposition at Paris, and desiring copies of the Argonaut during their stay in that city, may obtain the same at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera. It will also be found on tables of the reading rooms at the Southern Pacific head-quarters, 29 Boulevard des Italiens. The Argonaut will be sent direct from this office to those sending us their subscriptions.

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First-class quiet Family Hotel.

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### Absolutely Pure

Made from most highly refined and healthful ingredients.

Assures light, sweet, pure and wholesome food.

Housekeepers must exercise care in buying baking powders, to avoid alum. Alum powders are sold cheap to catch the unwary, but alum is a poison, and its use in food seriously injures health.



## SOCIETY.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements in and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. John Mackay is not expected in London before May. She has had another attack of influenza, and is staying in Monte Carlo for some time longer than she first intended, so as to escape the cold of London in the early spring. Princess Colonna will join her mother in London for at least part of the season, and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay will visit in June.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helena Irwin, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Robinson, of Philadelphia, will sail on New York for Europe early in May. Mrs. Irwin, who accompanied them East, will spend the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Miss Emily Wilson, and Miss Charlotte Wilson leave in a few days for New York, where they will visit a few weeks before sailing for Europe. They expect to travel abroad for several months. In returning they will visit Miss Emily J. Wilson at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., the Miss Masters to complete her education. Mr. and Mrs. Charles McIntosh leave for the east to-day (Saturday) for a trip of three months. Mrs. McIntosh will leave her two children with her sister, Mrs. Andrew D. Martin.

Miss Florence Jesselyn, who has been the guest of Miss Adelaide Murphy for the past two weeks, has returned home. The Jesselyn house at Redwood has been undergoing many changes and great additions.

Miss Frances P. Moore, who has been the guest her sister, Mrs. Edward J. Pringle, Jr., for the last three months, has returned to their country at Gray Rocks, Exeter, Tulare County, where she will entertain several house-parties.

Mr. John Rush Beard and Mr. David Baird are in New York. They are in sail for Southampton on May 12th.

Mrs. Minnie S. Wilson is making some improvements and enlargements in her Burlingame home, "Mid Oaks," and expects to move to the new place about May 1st.

Miss Bessie Ames has arrived in Paris, where she will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Robinson. Mrs. Hiram Blanchard Chase has returned to her country place, "Stag's Leap," for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James F. Ellis are at present in China. They expect to sail for India about the middle of May.

Mrs. William Barnes, Jr., is spending a couple of months with her mother, Mrs. D. M. Delmas, at her country place in Mountain View.

Mr. Robert Oxnard was in New York on Wednesday.

Mrs. Jane Lathrop Stanford made a short visit to her parents in the week, when she presented a beautiful home, at the corner of Eighth and N streets, to Bishop Grace, of the Catholic diocese of Sacramento, and his successors forever, together with an endowment fund of seventy-five thousand dollars. When opened it will be known as "The Lathrop Stanford Children's Home," in memory of her own father, Senator Stanford's parents. Mrs. Stanford, after a few weeks' stay at Palm Alt, will go to Europe to remain abroad a year.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young sail from New York on Wednesday, April 25th, en route to Paris, where they will remain throughout the exposition. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hicks arrived from Los Angeles on Thursday morning, and are the guests of their sister, Miss Emeline Hager.

Miss Jennie Flood and party left last Saturday in private car for a trip East. They anticipate being absent five or six weeks.

Miss Ethel Smith is the guest of the Misses Hammond, of Portland, Or.

Mrs. William Beckman, of Sacramento, is in Paris.

Mrs. Edward A. Belcher is visiting at the home of Mrs. Richard Belcher, in Marysville, and will be absent for several weeks.

Mr. J. G. Fallinshee came up from Chihuahua, Mexico, last week, and is staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip D. Armur, who have been touring in Pasadena since the middle of December, left for Chicago on Thursday with a party of friends, including Mrs. Alice Sloan, Miss Bessie Wallace, and Dr. J. L. Miller. Mrs. P. D. Armur, Jr., her two children, departed a few days earlier.

Mr. and Mrs. Armur expect to sail from New York May 15th, for Naumburg, Germany, where they will spend some time at the baths.

Mr. William F. Herrin and Mr. William Sprule parted for Denver on Monday.

Mr. Henry T. Scott and Mr. Laurence I. Scott are in New York last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Gage and Miss Grace T. Hampton, of Oakland, leave for Los Angeles on Monday, where they will make a short stay. On May 16th they will sail from New York for Europe, and expect to be abroad about six months.

The United States transport Hancock sailed for Manila via Honolulu, Yokohama, and Hong Kong on Tuesday, carrying among other passengers the Philippine commissioners and their families, including Judge and Mrs. William H. Taft, Judge Henry Ide and the Misses Ide, Professor and Mrs. Leonard Moses, Professor and Mrs. Dean C. Worcester and children, and General and Mrs. Luke E. Wright and Miss Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Day, of Honolulu, are at the Palace Hotel.

General and Mrs. J. F. Haughton visited the avens of Tamalpais on Monday.

Mrs. R. P. Flower, of New York, widow of the late Governor Flower, arrived from the East on Monday and is at the California Hotel. She is on a tour of California and is accompanied by Mrs. H.

Johnson, of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Taylor, of Watertown, N. Y.

President David Starr Jordan came up from Palm Alto on Monday and spent a few days at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Grayson Dutton have returned from their trip through Southern California.

Mrs. A. W. Smith, Mrs. W. A. Kimball, Mr. H. C. Nash, Mr. A. O. Luvigny, and Mr. C. D. Marx were up from Stanford University during the week, and stayed at the California Hotel.

Dr. Henry C. Baldwin, of Boston, is making a short stay at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Smith registered at the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mr. H. A. Taussig will leave for Paris on May 12th next.

Mr. A. P. Leslie Comyn, of London, has been staying at the California Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Gregory, of Oakland, enjoyed a visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais recently.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Dr. and Mrs. G. McGowan, of Los Angeles, Mr. L. E. Pinkham, of Honolulu, Mrs. W. J. Owen and Miss Owen, of Danville, Mr. T. S. Lowe, of Pasadena, Mr. E. B. McCowan and Mr. A. H. O'Connor, of Washington, D. C., Miss Kerwin, of St. Paul, Minn., Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Cory, of Fresno, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Fowler, of Ventura, Mr. H. C. Hullinger, of Orville, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Guest, of New York, and Mrs. J. Bauer and Miss A. M. Bower, of Chicago.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. H. N. Jennings, Miss Mary Jennings, Mrs. A. P. Mitchell, and Miss Anna Mitchell, of Orange, N. J., Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Denison, of New York, and Miss Carrie Ide, of Troy, N. Y., Dr. and Mrs. I. D. Alger, of Minneapolis, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Jackson, of New York, Mrs. A. Richard, of Philadelphia, Mr. Charles O. Stearns and Mrs. William B. H. Dowe, of Boston, the Misses Dorothy and Gertrude Ellis, of Ross Valley, Mr. John E. Cushing, of San Rafael, Miss Mary L. Wilcox, Mr. W. C. Stadfeld, Mr. Dennis Hayer, Mr. William Holliday, Mr. H. J. Dodd, Miss A. Carr, and Mr. A. Atkins.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

General William R. Shafter, U. S. A., and his aid, Colonel Eugene T. Wilson, Third Artillery, U. S. A., left for San Diego on an inspection trip early in the week.

Rear-Admiral F. V. McNair, U. S. N., and Mrs. McNair are at Atlantic City for the spring season. Admiral McNair has been in ill-health for some months, never having fully recovered from his severe attack of the grip about a year ago. He was advised to go to Atlantic City for rest and treatment. His many friends in the service will be glad to hear that he is improving rapidly.

A son was born to the wife of Lieutenant G. H. Estes, Jr., Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., at Los Angeles, Cal., March 25th.

Lieutenant Hunter B. Nelson, Twenty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Nelson have been the guests of Captain Henry C. Keene, Jr., U. S. A., and Mrs. Keene at Vancouver Barracks during the week.

Mrs. Henry Lawton, widow of the late General Lawton, was in the city early in the week, the guest of General Shafter. She will leave her Redlands home soon and return to her relatives in Kentucky, where she will reside hereafter.

Rear-Admiral Philip Hichborn, chief constructor, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hichborn, who leave Washington, D. C., on April 28th for California, will remain a month at Mare Island.

Major Henry S. Kilbourne, Medical Department, U. S. A., of New York, was at the Occidental Hotel early in the week.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon Charles P. Kindleberger, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kindleberger have returned from their southern trip.

Captain William L. Kneedler, Medical Department, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kneedler, and Lieutenant Matthew A. Batsna, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., sailed for the Philippine Islands on the United States transport Hancock on Tuesday.

Major Edward B. Moseley, Surgeon Medical Department, U. S. A., who left San Francisco last September after a tour of duty as post-surgeon at the Presidio, has since his arrival in Manila been in command of the Santa Mesa Hospital, a new institution in that city just completed, and capable of containing seven hundred patients. Mrs. Moseley and her two daughters are with him, and are enjoying life in Manila very much in the society of their numerous army and navy friends.

Mrs. Stafford, wife of Captain John Stafford, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., is visiting her mother, Mrs. C. V. S. Gibbs, 760 Post Street.

Lieutenant-Commander J. A. Norris, U. S. N., will be granted a three months' sick leave when he is discharged from Mare Island hospital.

Lieutenant Daniel Van Voorhis, Third Cavalry, U. S. A., son of Congressman Van Voorhis, of Zanesville, O., arrived here early in the week on his way back to the Philippine Islands, and registered at the Palace Hotel. He previously served in the islands as captain of volunteers, but returned home a few months ago to take his examination for a commission in the regular army.

Mrs. Charles F. Williams, widow of Colonel C. F. Williams, U. S. M. C., who has since her departure from Mare Island been residing at 1515 Rhode Island Avenue, Washington, D. C., with her son Charles, expected to leave during the week for Newport, R. I., to be with her daughter, Mrs. Ellicott, wife of Lieutenant J. M. Ellicott, who is on duty at the Naval War College.

Lieutenant B. J. Edger, Jr., assistant-surgeon,

U. S. A., was at the Occidental Hotel a few days ago.

Acting Assistant-Surgeon Alfred J. Pedlar, U. S. A., now at the Presidio, has been granted a leave of absence for twenty days.

Assistant-Surgeon James H. Payne, Jr., U. S. N., registered at the California Hotel during the week.

## The Races.

The delightful spring weather combined with the interesting events arranged by the California Jockey Club for the meeting from April 21st to May 4th, ought to draw crowds of spectators to the Oakland track. The programme for to-day (Saturday) is as follows: First Race—For three-year-olds and upward that have started five or more times and have not won two races this year, five and a half furlongs. Second Race—For three-year-olds and upward, non-winners of a race of five hundred dollars in value at any time, six furlongs. Third Race—For four-year-olds and upward that have started seven or more times and have not won more than one race since December 24, 1899 (selling), one mile and a sixteenth. Fourth Race—For two-year-olds (selling), five furlongs. Fifth Race—A free handicap for three-year-olds and upward, one mile and a sixteenth. Sixth Race—For three-year-olds and upward that have started five or more times at this track and have not won more than three races since July 1, 1899, seven furlongs.

The teachers of the public school department of San Francisco have undertaken the support of the old, sick, and destitute of their number by each contributing monthly a fixed sum. The law provides that certain of the municipal officials shall see to the collection and proper disbursement of this sum, but its slender proportions have steadily shrunk as the number of annuitants increased. The teachers as a body have therefore joined in getting under way a monster May-day festival at Glen Park. A programme is being prepared in various schools, of which the prominent features are fancy drills, marches, and songs by the pupils. The teaching staff of many of the schools are raising by personal contribution a handsome sum to add to the fund which is in such need of increase, and hopes that the public will further their efforts by patronizing an entertainment of so worthy a nature.

Sight-seers who make pilgrimages in Washington during the coming summer will have an opportunity when they go to the Smithsonian Institution to see a small collection of articles of interest which have not been previously on exhibition. Admiral Dewey, realizing that the public is interested in his personal belongings, has placed in the care of the institution a number of the choicest of the articles which have been presented to him and which he has accumulated in various ways before and since his victory at Manila Bay.

The French authorities at Paris have decided that all exhibits at the exposition are to be open to the public on Sundays, and the United States exhibits are, naturally, within this regulation. These exhibits are under cover in buildings erected by the French Government, over which the United States authorities have no control, and therefore they must abide by the rules established. The United States national pavilion is not within this category.

The only California artists who have been honored with having their pictures hung in the Salon of the Société des Artistes Français this year are Miss Marion Hilden and Miss Mabel Deming, both graduates of the Hopkins Institute, who left this city together three years ago to complete their studies in Paris. Miss Hilden is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel P. Hilden, of this city, and Miss Deming is a niece of Mrs. E. B. Crocker.

The Pope recently received eighty American sailors, from the training-ship Dixie, now on a cruise through the Mediterranean, who, after His Holiness left the Sistine chapel, sang "Dixie" with great vigor. This astonished and somewhat scandalized the people present.

## The Novelty of the Season.

Among the many papers which have been placed on the market in search of popular favor, none has met with the success of the new "Fleur-de-Lis" Linen in the "Hawaiian Blue." Messrs. Cropper & Co., the Art Stationers, are the sole agents for this paper, and the many designs of monograms in which this paper can be stamped assure it a high place with the writing public.

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Arrive Salt Lake City . . . 12:10 P. M.  
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Arrive Chicago . . . 7:59 A. M.  
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LEAVE	From February 26, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7:00 A.	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Rumsey, and Sacramento . . .	*7:45 P.
*7:00 A.	Shasta Express—Davis, Willows, Red Bluff, Portland . . .	*7:45 P.
*7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa . . .	*6:15 P.
*8:30 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago . . .	*5:15 P.
*8:30 A.	San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marys- ville, Chico, and Red Bluff . . .	*4:15 P.
*8:30 A.	*Milton, Oakdale, Sonoma, Carthers, Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations . . .	*11:45 A.
*9:00 A.	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville . . .	*7:45 P.
*9:00 A.	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East . . .	*9:45 A.
*9:00 A.	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno . . .	*12:15 P.
*9:00 A.	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles . . .	*6:45 P.
*10:00 A.	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacra- mento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville . . .	*4:15 P.
*12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations . . .	*2:45 P.
*12:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers . . .	*18:00 P.
*3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations . . .	*5:45 P.
*4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa . . .	*9:15 A.
*4:00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville . . .	*10:45 A.
*4:30 P.	Niles, San Jose, and Stockton . . .	*7:15 P.
*5:00 P.	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Sanguis for Santa Bar- bara, and Los Angeles . . .	*10:45 A.
*5:00 P.	Sunset Limited—El Paso, New Or- leans and East . . .	*10:45 A.
*5:30 P.	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno . . .	*12:15 P.
*5:30 P.	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Bar- bara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East . . .	*8:45 A.
*5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, Mojave and East . . .	*6:45 P.
*6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose . . .	*7:45 A.
*6:30 P.	Vallejo . . .	*12:15 P.
*6:30 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago . . .	*9:45 A.
*6:30 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago . . .	*4:15 P.
*7:00 P.	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Sta- tions . . .	*19:55 P.
*8:05 P.	Oregon and California Express, Sacra- mento, Marysville, Redding, Port- land, Puget Sound, and East . . .	*8:15 A.

**COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).  
(Foot of Market Street.)**

*8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Fel- ton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations . . .	*5:50 P.
*12:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations . . .	*10:50 A.
*4:15 P.	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos . . .	*9:20 A.
*12:45 P.	Hunters' Excursion, San Jose and Way Stations . . .	*17:20 P.

**GREEK ROUTE FERRY.**

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—  
\*7:15 . . . 9:00 11:00 A. M., 1:00 2:00 13:00  
\*4:00 . . . 15:00 \*6:00 P. M.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—  
\*6:00 8:00  
10:00 A. M., 12:00 \*1:00 12:00 \*3:00 14:00 \*5:00 P. M.

**COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge).  
(Third and Townsend Streets.)**

*10:10 A.	Ocean View, South San Francisco . . .	*16:30 P.
*7:00 A.	San Jose and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only) . . .	*1:30 P.
*9:00 A.	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations . . .	*4:10 P.
*10:40 A.	San Jose and Way Stations . . .	*6:35 A.
*11:30 A.	San Jose and Way Stations . . .	*7:30 P.
*12:45 P.	San Jose, Redwood, Middle Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove . . .	*11:36 A.
*13:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations . . .	*7:30 P.
*14:15 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations . . .	*9:45 A.
*15:00 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations . . .	*19:00 A.
*5:30 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations . . .	*8:35 A.
*6:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations . . .	*18:00 A.
*12:45 P.	San Jose and Way Stations . . .	*7:30 P.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.  
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**THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.**

The only obstacles: Johnson—"Jackson, how  
would you get into society?" Jackson—"Oh, if I  
felt like it, and had the clothes, and was invited, I'd  
go."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"How would you define a 'crying need'?" asked  
the teacher of the rhetoric class. "A handker-  
chief," replied the solemn young man with the  
wicked eye.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Daub—"I see the custom-house is going to tax  
that picture by Rubens twenty-seven thousand dol-  
lars." Smudge—"Heavens! it must have a fine  
frame!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Has that sporty old widow succumbed to your  
attractions yet?" "No; no such luck. I am afraid  
she is one of the 'Old Guard.'" "How so?" "She  
dyes, but never surrenders."—*Town Topics.*

Evidently holding hands: "Is that young man  
in the parlor with Maude still?" asked her father,  
suddenly looking up from his paper. "Very still,"  
replied her mother.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

Suspicious: The operator—"Yes, gentlemen, the  
phonograph is yet in its infancy." Punkinville citi-  
zen (listening intently to the instrument)—"Then,  
by gum, it talks mighty plain fer an infant!"—*Puck.*

The Arizona editor who divides his spare hours  
between reading Kipling and cleaning his guns has  
just hung this neat placard on the north wall of his  
sanctum: "Don't submit spring poetry, lest we for-  
get."—*Chicago News.*

An education: Mickey—"What yer doin', mudder?  
Lookin' at de advertisements?" Mrs. Mulcahey—"Yis; if it wasn't for roidin' in the kyars,  
O'd niver know there was half as many things to  
ate an' drink."—*Puck.*

Strategy in the pulpit: "How did you gather  
such a large congregation of old and middle-aged  
people?" asked the young minister of the old one.  
"I advertised a sermon to the young," was the lat-  
ter's reply.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Those political editorials: Hewitt—"When I was  
away I was so cold nights that I used newspapers.  
Did you know that newspapers would keep anybody  
warm?" Jewett—"Certainly; I read a paper that  
keeps me warm all the time."—*Bazar.*

Smith—"Congressman Dobson says his life is  
an open book!" Jones—"Hal ha! Why, Dob-  
son's life is a regular Sunday newspaper with a  
comic supplement, a sheet of nigger music, a donkey  
puzzle, an art calendar, ten columns of 'jobs  
wanted,' and a 'loving cup' subscription for Dob-  
son!"—*Puck.*

The day after: Mrs. Mixer—"Tell me the  
worst, doctor. Is my husband's condition serious?"  
Doctor—"There is no cause for alarm, madam; he  
is now out of danger, although suffering acutely  
from enlargement of the cerebral glands." Mrs.  
Mixer—"But, doctor, how do you suppose it was  
brought on?" Doctor—"On a tray, probably."—*Chicago News.*

"Ah!" sighed the long-haired passenger, "how  
little we know of the future and what it has in store  
for us." "That's right," rejoined the man with the  
auburn whiskers in the seat opposite; "little did I  
think some thirty years ago when I carved my  
initials on the rude desk in the country school-  
house that I would some day grow up and fail to  
become famous."—*Chicago News.*

A young gentleman took his little sister with him  
while calling the other evening at a house where he  
is a regular visitor. The little girl made herself  
quite at home, and showed great fondness for one of  
the young ladies, hugging her heartily. "How very  
affectionate she is!" said the lady of the house.  
"Yes; so like her brother," responded the young  
lady, unthinkingly.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Meandering Mike heaved a deep sigh. "What's  
de matter?" asked his companion. "I were jes'  
tinkin' about bad roads an' de wonders o' science,"  
was the answer; "dis earth is spinnin' roun' faster'n  
a railway train behind time." "Well, we ain't fell  
off yet." "No; but t'ink o' what a convenience it  
'ud be if we could have some place to grab onto  
while de territory slid under our feet until de place  
we wanted to go to come along!"—*Washington  
Star.*

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time, save your baby from fits or convulsions during  
teething.

Quericus—"Let me see; the married men all  
bave better halves, don't they?" Cynicus—"Yes."  
Quericus—"Then what do de bachelors have?"  
Cynicus—"Better quarters."—*Tit-Bits.*

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There are several conditions this year which cause the question of the selection of a Vice-Presidential candidate to transcend that of the Presidency in popular interest if not in partisan importance. We refer, of course, to the situation on the Republican side of the fence. Public interest just now concerns itself with the lesser office, because the renomination of McKinley for President is practically conceded everywhere, while the question of who shall be his running mate not only remains unanswered, but is really becoming quite a puzzle for party managers to solve between this and the June convention.

There are good reasons for a very careful choice of the second name on the ticket this year. After the fierce light of four years' administration, which always invites

criticism and makes enemies, McKinley is not as strong a candidate personally as he was four years ago. The issue which in 1896 was so threatening that it drove numbers of Democrats into the Republican fold, is considered no longer dangerous, and our temporary allies in the fight against Bryanism are seeking excuses to return to their party allegiance. On the other hand, Western Republicans who were lured away by silver are getting back into the party traces. It will therefore be harder for Republicans to hold what they won four years ago in the East than it will to make gains in the West. But a glance at the electoral college shows the vastly greater importance of carrying Eastern than Western States. The vote of New York alone is equal to that of the nine Pacific Coast and Mountain States of the Far West. It may, also, easily turn out that New York will prove to be the pivotal State in the coming campaign. There has been considerable talk of a Western candidate for the Vice-Presidency, but it has already become apparent that an available name does not present itself from the country farther West than Iowa. Allison and Dolliver, of the latter State, have both been mentioned, but their weakness lies in the fact that Iowa is as certainly Republican as any State in the Union, and no favorite son of hers would bring a new State into line or clinch the vote of a doubtful State. Because of the supreme advantage of carrying New York, as well as because of his immense popularity with the masses both East and West, no other name has been received with such general favor as that of Governor Roosevelt, of New York. Unquestionably nothing stands in the way of his nomination by acclamation on the first ballot except the attitude of the gentleman himself.

It is pretty generally understood that Governor Roosevelt has positively declined to permit his name to be used, and there is much reason to believe that he will stand by that decision. Governor Roosevelt is a natural leader of men, and would be wholly out of place as a figure-head such as the Vice-Presidential office has come to be. Rightly or wrongly, it has come to be an accepted fact that the Vice-Presidency is not a stepping-stone to the Presidency, except in case of a vacancy caused by some unforeseen disability of the President. Governor Roosevelt is to-day the strongest personality in view as a candidate on the Republican ticket for President in 1904. He has a perfect right to keep that possibility in view, and he knows that he is more likely to step from the gubernatorial mansion in Albany into the White House than from the presiding chair of the Senate. He has probably looked back over the list of Vice-Presidents and discovered that in a century only seven men who held the office of Vice-President ever became President, and that four of those succeeded to the office on the death of the President. He may also have noticed that no man has been elected President who had been Vice-President since Martin Van Buren, in 1833—sixty-seven years ago. Is it any wonder that the office is no longer sought by men of Presidential calibre?

There is, therefore, every reason why Governor Roosevelt should prefer a renomination to his present office, and in view of the fact that he has a stronger hold on the independent vote of his State than any other man that could be named, it is most probable that he will receive that renomination in spite of the half-concealed antagonism of the Platt machine. Not a small item of his strength in that respect is the acknowledgment that his candidacy for governor will have a decided influence for good upon the national ticket in New York. Governor Roosevelt is going to the national convention as a delegate-at-large from New York, and, it is said, will make a speech nominating or seconding the nomination of McKinley. If he does, he will need all his determination to resist the enthusiasm which will tend to sweep him off his feet and make him a Vice-Presidential candidate in spite of himself. If he does resist it, the office will go to some one who is at present a very dark horse indeed.

Of those whose names have been considered, the most probable are Congressman Sherman of New York, Secretary Long of the Navy, or Secretary Root of the War De-

partment. In any event, it will be wisest to select a man who can carry the important electoral vote of New York. The problem thus presented—granting Colonel Roosevelt's definite refusal—is not a particularly simple one, and will require great care and good judgment. If a New York man with undoubted strength in his own State does not prove to be available, it would seem to be good politics in selecting a Vice-Presidential candidate to choose a man whose name gives promise of carrying one or more of the States which, like Indiana, are proverbially doubtful. We do not pretend to be able to name such a man with certainty, but we have faith to believe that the wisdom of the party which has solved far greater problems will be equal to the occasion when it meets in the persons of its representatives in convention at Philadelphia.

There has been not a little criticism of the charter of this city on the ground that it is responsible for the deficit that has been found in the municipal funds. The Merchants' Association has therefore performed a distinct service in appointing a special committee to investigate the matter and report its findings. The report of such a committee, composed as it is of prominent business men and tax-payers, would naturally have more weight than would any official report that might be open to a suspicion of prejudice. The committee, composed of Frank J. Symmes, A. S. Baldwin, and Charles Bundschu, declare as the result of their investigations that the charter is in no way responsible for the deficit. That instrument provides that the annual tax levy shall be limited to one dollar on each one hundred dollars of valuation, but this levy does not include payments for the maintenance and improvement of public parks and squares, or the money raised to pay interest on bonded indebtedness and for sinking funds. The last tax levy was within the dollar limit, but it included appropriations of \$214,000 for Golden Gate Park, \$13,400 for the maintenance and improvement of other small parks and squares, \$15,000 for interest on park improvement bonds, \$10,400 for sinking fund to pay these bonds, and \$127,000 for salaries for the month of June during the preceding fiscal year. All of these appropriations are not properly included in the dollar limit under the charter, and they would account for nearly \$380,000, or more than the entire deficit.

Turning next to the actual figures of the deficit, the committee find that when the charter went into effect and the present city officials took office they were confronted by a deficit of \$139,281.11. This deficit was mainly due to the deficiency in the appropriation for election expenses. The two bond elections of last December cost an aggregate of \$124,539.37, while the appropriation amounted to \$66,500, leaving a deficiency of \$58,000. The appropriation for the board of health amounted to \$46,960, and all but \$400 of this sum had been expended during the first six months of the fiscal year and before the present board went into office. The appropriation for stenographers in the criminal departments of the superior court was \$13,200, while the actual expenditures during the first half of the fiscal year were \$23,425—an excess of ten thousand dollars. The sum of \$10,000 was appropriated for furniture, and before the present officials took office \$11,557 had been appropriated on this account. It is clear, therefore, that the present condition of the city's funds is not properly a charge against the provisions of the new charter relating to taxation.

The remedy proposed by the committee is a reduction of expenses in the department of public works, the board of health, and street lighting. By turning off the street lights on every alternate night a saving of \$43,000 would be effected. By reducing those salaries not fixed by the charter—twenty-five per cent. for four months—\$13,300 more could be saved. A reduction of \$30,000 in the appropriation for the board of public works is proposed; \$8,000 reduction in the appropriation for the sustenance of prisoners, \$20,000 by having the streets go unswept for two days in the week, \$10,000 on poll-tax collections, \$15,000 on the appropriation for the board of health, \$10,000 on the Treas-



adero Gulch fund, and \$15,000 as a result of litigation decided in favor of the city. With all of these savings, however, there will still remain a deficit of \$47,361, and the only proposal that the committee makes in order to overcome this is a voluntary reduction of salaries on the part of city officials.

In the meantime, the auditor has prepared his estimate of the expenses of the city government for next year—the first complete year under the charter. The total amount of money required, according to the estimate of Auditor Wells, is \$5,694,700. This is slightly less than \$400,000 in excess of the appropriations for last year. Of this total, \$1,842,968 is provided for under the direct requirements of the charter, and \$1,049,200 by the requirements of the State law. This leaves nearly one-half of the total levy that has been added by the action of the board of supervisors. The amount provided for by the charter is, with the exception of some small sums, for the payment of salaries, and many more salaries are required by the acts passed by the supervisors. It is unfortunate that this increase of taxation should have been found necessary. The board of freeholders, in framing the charter, exercised the utmost care in cutting down the number of subordinate employees. It has been claimed that the government would be run at much less expense than under the consolidation act. If this claim is not sustained, one of the strongest arguments in favor of the adoption of the charter will be defeated.

Confusion in relation to the government of new possessions was to have been expected, but that there should be difficulty in fixing, at this late day, the status of Alaska, comes as a surprise. Recent debate in the Senate was of a character demonstrating not alone the necessity for a definite policy, but that partisan feeling concerning the subject had risen to a degree of warmth not likely to abate until the reaching of a definite conclusion.

The main point of disagreement appears to be that portion of the Alaska civil-code bill pertaining to the mining laws. Hansbrough had proposed an amendment touching the rights of locators of claims. Stewart of Nevada, Teller of Colorado, and Nelson of Minnesota, all spoke against this amendment, Teller denouncing it with especial vigor. Stewart devoted three hours to analysis of the mining laws as affecting aliens' rights in the Alaskan gold-fields, pleading that they be not changed. He spoke in defense of Swedes, Norwegians, and Laplanders who, in good faith, had entered claims in the Nome district. The result of the Hansbrough amendment would be to dispossess all these.

Nelson pointed out what he deemed to be the injustice involved. When interrupted by Hansbrough with a statement from a document of the Law and Order League of the Cape Nome district, setting forth that the people Nelson declared to be the locators were really not rightly so termed, Nelson pronounced this league to be an organization formed to jump claims belonging to honest prospectors. An attempt had been made to drive these prospectors away, and the league would have accomplished the purpose except for the intervention of the military. Angered at the intervention that had baffled its design, the league had asked that the commander of the troops be removed. This proposition he regarded as an endeavor to fortify claim-jumpers, a pitch of assumption to which they never before had attained.

It was Senator Carter, of Montana, who came to the defense of the amendment, making an appeal that the American miner should have the first right upon mining land belonging to the United States. He charged Teller and others with trying to change the mining laws, and this charge provoked a quick and spirited retort from the Colorado senator, who avowed that Hansbrough and Carter were protecting the "scalawags, scoundrels, and blackmailers" who were making a business of jumping claims. Senator Teller added that these blackmailers and thieves had, since mining began in this country, been the curse of every mining camp. "They are among the worst scoundrels that ever went unchanged," added the Coloradan. Had his mind harked back to the rushing days of Leadville, it would have recalled that they have not invariably gone unchanged.

The civil code to be made applicable to Alaska is for the most part devoid of complexity, nor are there unprecedented issues to be met, save in a few details. The part to be played by the military has excited some debate, but by all odds it is the Hansbrough amendment that has given rise to contention and caused delay. Sentiment, so far as developed, is against the amendment, and the senators who have voiced their objections are men that on the peculiar questions involved may be regarded as authorities. Senator Nelson is not like the others, a practical miner, nor a mining lawyer, but he stands for an intelligent constituency of Scandinavians, many of whose countrymen have braved the perils of the Far North, have staked their claims, and are now, through Hansbrough and Carter and at the behest of

a league concerning whose motives there is accusation of fraudulent intent, threatened with eviction.

Up to the first of the present month there had been under the provisions of the new currency bill 532 applications for bank charters. These were, for the most part, for banks of less capital than \$50,000, adapted to small towns or sparsely settled communities. Many were from institutions now existing under State charters, but desirous of the standing implied by the different conditions. More than anything else, was sought the privilege of note issues, directly affecting the welfare of the region where the bank of issue does business, supplying a needed currency, and at the same time indicating the presence of a reasonable amount of available cash and commercial prosperity.

The geographical grouping of the applications for charters is not without interest. From the States of the West and North-West came 145; from thirteen of the South, 92; from four Central States, 77; from nine New England and Middle States, 74; from five South-Western States and Territories, 32; and from three Pacific Coast States, 12. It will be observed that the Central West and North-West were the first to seize upon the advantageous terms made available. This shows not only that the lack of a ready currency had been felt, but that there is a demand for money, which is in itself a cheering and hopeful sign.

From Iowa came the greatest proportion of applications. That State is one in which the average intelligence and the average per capita circulation is high. The people, as a rule, are well to do. It is not a place of financial centres and vast fortunes, but where a large share of people own their homes, have money invested, and would be in touch with a sound bank competent to issue its own notes. Even Pennsylvania, much richer and more populous, sent but 37 applications. From Minnesota came 29; from Ohio, 27; and from Nebraska and Illinois, 24 each. Among the Southern States, Texas led with 21, Kentucky following with 17. The paucity of applications from the South has constituted the only disappointment thus far in connection with the currency bill, every feature of which has assisted in the restoration or fixing of public confidence, has stimulated investment, and which, as its triumphal achievement, placed the country definitely upon a gold basis.

The South, doubtless, is as greatly in need of currency as is the West, but it lacks capital; its capabilities have been lost sight of in the rush towards the Pacific. Maybe the hint conveyed in the evidence that it is short of funds for barter and development will have substantial results. It offers to capital an inviting field. Just why the Pacific Coast States are so scantily represented among the applicants does not readily appear. Perhaps there are already enough banks, as a large part of the business of country towns is transacted through city concerns. Neither would the privilege of issuing notes appeal strongly to a region where gold is the common medium of exchange, and all debts must be settled in actual coin.

Whatever fault may be found with William Jennings Bryan, he has been given credit for sincerity. Advocating the false god of silver, he did it in the honest belief that it was genuine, and clings to it still, preferring rather to go down with it than to desert. This stand on his part is honorable and consistent, opening a pleasing path to an inevitable political fatality, of which Bryan must be the victim. There is nothing that can save him from defeat, but he can meet it now with head erect, and the epithet of demagogue will glance from him.

Recently Otto Ottendorfer, editor of the New York *Staats-Zeitung*, and among the most influential in guiding the German-American vote, wrote Mr. Bryan asking him that the plank advocating the coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 be dropped from the Kansas City platform. Mr. Ottendorfer did not think the class of voters for whom he spoke could be induced to uphold any man standing upon such a platform, although with him they favor the nomination of Mr. Bryan. The Nebraskan replied frankly that he could not consent to the omission of this plank or the relegation of the principle to a minor importance. He declared that he would rather stand by it and be vanquished, than let it go, be untrue to himself and his friends, and triumph. In this Mr. Bryan took the only stand that would have permitted to him the retention of self-respect. In the estimation of people of all parties he is the embodiment of the sixteen-to-one idea of finance. Were he to repudiate the scheme which for years he had been advocating, he would stamp himself as unworthy of the confidence of his followers or the regard of those who have conscientiously opposed him. His loyalty to a fallacy has been the one circumstance that has kept him a central figure in affairs. Divested of his right to regret the "crime" and excoriate the criminals of '73, he would have scant excuse for asking a nomination at the hands of the Democrats. If his theory was ever good

it is good now, despite the wise statesmanship that has placed the country on a gold basis and its currency, for a term of years at least, beyond the reach of disturbers.

The Democracy must realize that it is in a quandary. It can not avoid nominating Bryan. With the old sixteen-to-one notion in the platform, it can not expect to rally the sound-money element of its own party. With this feature eliminated it can not command the support of the considerable number to whom silver is a fetish. The outcome is so clear that no prophetic eye is needed to reveal it. Bryan will be defeated, the free-coinage issue will disappear. Ultimately, perhaps, the Democrats may come to their senses, and with live questions and sane expressions of views ask, with some show of excuse, the suffrages of intelligent people.

But the Republicans and Democrats are to be congratulated. Bryan will be the easiest to defeat of any possibility who might be named. On the other hand, his decisive overthrow will rid the Democracy of a vociferous Old Man of the Sea.

In a recent editorial the *Chronicle* of this city takes exception to Whitelaw Reid's reference to those who are putting forth all their energies to prove that we have no possessions whose people are not entitled to citizenship and ultimately to Statehood. The *Chronicle* declares, "now we submit that there are not any such people as Mr. Reid describes in the United States, or if there are they are not expansionists but anti-expansionists," and then goes on to defend the policy of the administration with regard to the insular possessions, during the last few months. In this the *Chronicle* is very right, and the *Argonaut* welcomes its accession to the ranks of correct thinkers. The *Chronicle* did not always think as it does now on this subject; it is not so many months ago that it was one of those whom Mr. Reid describes. About the middle of December last—in the issue of December 11th, to be accurate—the *Argonaut* pointed out the danger to American industries and to American workingmen, and called upon the Republican party to enact the necessary legislation to guarantee protection from the danger. There were many who failed to realize the danger at that time, and the *Chronicle* was one of them. In attempting to answer the *Argonaut's* arguments at that time, it attacked the idea that Philippine competition could not affect the beet-sugar interests of California, because the Philippine Islands raise more hemp than sugar, because hemp is more profitable to them, because no other part of the world produces hemp, and, therefore, the Philippines would turn their attention to sugar instead of to hemp. In pointing out the fallacy of this argument at that time the *Argonaut* said:

"We predict that the *Chronicle* will be forced to abandon its advocacy of turning our Asiatic possessions into Territories of the United States. It will have to abandon its advocacy of free trade between all of our new island possessions and this country. It will have to retract all that it has said in favor of breaking down our American tariff wall and degrading our free American labor. It will have to swallow its own words. It will have to take the back track. And that right soon."

In reply to this the *Chronicle* declared that this paper was an alarmist, and seeking to alienate the labor vote from the Republican party. Under the hysterical heading "We Shall Never Retract" it said:

"The San Francisco *Argonaut* predicts that the *Chronicle* will recede from its position that our island possessions are a part of the United States, and should be promptly supplied with Territorial governments, and recede 'right away.' No, the *Chronicle* will not recede. . . . The objection to the acquisition of the Philippines comes from the Sugar Trust."

Yes, the *Argonaut* did make that prediction, and made it advisedly. The *Chronicle* has now receded. We welcome its conversion to the principles of common sense.

Fighting in the ranks of the Boers are men representing almost every nation not under British sway. There are Germans, Frenchmen, Austrians, Russians, and Americans, most of whom enlisted not because of any personal interest at stake, but from unselfish love of justice. They could not endure unprotesting the spectacle of a brave republic being crushed by the armies of monarchy. So from the four corners of the earth they foregathered to take up arms for the weaker side. Nor do all the subjects of England espouse her cause. There are Scotch and Irish so convinced that the mother country is wrong that they are in the forces arrayed against her, although upon any field they may be called to meet in mortal strife those of their own blood. On the other hand, a scattering few not English by birth or association have joined the British army because of individual grievances, real or fancied, or simply as adventurous citizens of the world.

Concerning the sentiment of Europe there can be no mistaking. It is almost unanimous in hostility to the English cause. As the months pass, and the sturdy troopers of the Transvaal hold at bay the imposing military force of the invaders, admiration for the courage they display, for the

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principles they represent, becomes more and more outspoken. England's conduct has not been such as to win friends or establish confidence in the loftiness of her aims. She has been autocratic and overbearing, and now the penalty is being paid. There is a question as to which of the neighbor nations can with greatest warmth express disapproval. The exhibition of anti-British feeling in Berlin has been of a character to excite disquietude in official circles where the attempt has been made to maintain an absolute neutrality. The emperor does not wish to be drawn into the controversy, and certainly has no desire to offend England. In giving voice to their beliefs, however, the people are beyond restraint. At public meetings the English have been hailed as handits, while listeners have cheered wildly. In music-halls the picture of Queen Victoria has been hooted, and English residents in various cities have been subjected to open insult. The press, in the ardor of denunciation, has bordered upon hysteria, the more radical portion of it passing all previous bounds.

In France similar conditions prevail, although there an endeavor to suppress the truth is noticeable. The policy seems to be to call attention to the attitude of Germany, disguising under the clamor that the mass of French people accord perfectly with the mass of German. Not friendly to each other, harassed by bitter memories, they are reluctant to acknowledge agreement with their old foes, yet in the defeat of England, France would rejoice. Indeed, there are agitators who seem bent upon the malign purpose of goading France to an open enmity, and are taking advantage of the present moment, when the habit obtains of regarding England as an oppressor and tyrant.

America has tendered sympathy, men, and money to the Boers. There was once here a struggle for liberty, and it was against the same great power that now seeks to subdue the Boers. The government, controlled by policy, is neutral, though friendly to England. The citizens, swayed by the promptings of humanity, their lips not sealed nor their hearts hardened, are with valiant republicans guarding their native hills and veldt.

The committee on public utilities of the board of supervisors has received definite proposals for a supply of water to be brought to this city from Lake Tahoe. The propositions of the company are five in number, three contemplating a daily supply of 30,000,000 gallons, and two a supply of twice that amount. The prices range from \$17,600,000 to \$32,660,000. The daily consumption in this city at present amounts to about 25,000,000 gallons. It is a general rule that as the population of a city increases the per capita consumption also increases, so that provision must be made for a demand growing more rapidly than the population. For this reason, it would be idle for this city to consider any proposition contemplating a daily capacity of less than 50,000,000 or 60,000,000 gallons. The two propositions contemplating the larger supply differ from each other only in the fact that the higher-priced one contemplates two pipe-lines instead of one. The advantage of the double line is that in case of accident to one, the entire supply would not be cut off. The necessary distributing reservoirs in this city would have sufficient capacity, however, to eliminate the danger of a water famine, and so the extra pipe would hardly justify the outlay of \$3,000,000 which it involves.

Considering the single-pipe line proposition, with a daily delivery in this city of 60,000,000, and a capacity of 100,000,000 gallons above the intake reservoir, the price is fixed at \$29,772,000. This is somewhat less than the Spring Valley Company asks for its works, but the Tahoe proposition does not include a distributing system in this city, which would cost between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 more. The company claims to have water rights to the stored water of the lake, a dam at the outlet of the lake, a diverting dam on the Truckee River, the necessary land for works, and the necessary surveys and maps. The water is to be brought by canal and tunnel to a point near Auburn, in Placer County, and thence by pipes to this city by way of Oakland and under the hay at Hunter's Point. At this city it would have a pressure of three hundred feet above the sea-level. This pressure would not be sufficient to supply the higher points in the city without pumping. Lafayette Square is 380 feet high, the Clay Street hill reservoir is 360 feet high, Bernal Heights rise to an elevation of 490 feet, and the spur extending eastward from the Hunter's Point ridge has an elevation of 550 feet. Another point to be considered is the cost of maintenance. The pipe line from Auburn would be about one hundred and fifty miles long, and the submerged portion crossing the bay at Hunter's Point would involve considerable difficulties in making necessary repairs. On the other hand, the line would pass Sacramento, Stockton, and other cities, and a considerable revenue could be secured by supplying them with water, while the expense of the necessary increase of supply would be comparatively trifling.

## NEW YORK TO GIBRALTAR.

A Ship's Log—In Mid-Atlantic—The Azores—"Interesting Travelers"—Seasick Men in Yachting Caps—A Petty Swindle—Gibraltar's Marine Pageant.

Trifles make up travel. A had ocean passage sometimes spoils a European tour. Dismal, long-continued rain often gives the wayfarer distorted ideas of a charming city. One may pass by magnificent headlands land-locking beautiful harbors, and yet not see them by reason of a dense fog. On a previous voyage I had sailed by the Azores, but we passed most of the islands in the night, and saw only one, and it the least beautiful, by day. Ship captains usually avoid the inter-island channels, whose short, choppy seas make most of their passengers deathly seasick.

But on this cruise we passed the Azores by day, under a bright sunlight, with a clear atmosphere, and with a sea so smooth that the captain took his ship through the inter-island course. Rarely has a ship's company been so favored. The peak of Pico was visible forty miles away. For two years the ship's officers had not seen it on account of thick weather, but here to-day it was visible far ahead of us by noon, and toward sunset it was still visible far astern.

The first sight of these islands is not unlike that of the Hawaiian Islands. Like them they rise abruptly out of the sea in mid-ocean. Like them, too, they are of volcanic origin, and the first view, of Fayal reminds one of Maui, which is usually the first island you pick up in sailing from San Francisco to Honolulu. But there the resemblance ceases. The Azores are densely populated. The island of San Miguel alone supports one hundred thousand human beings—about as many as there are in the whole Hawaiian group. And all of the Azores show signs of human occupancy, unlike the desolate cliffs of leper-ridden Maui. Along the shore for miles we saw villages, towns, and cities, with numerous monasteries and cathedrals plainly visible, for we steamed not far off shore. In the large cities like Horta and Ponta Delgada, the white-walled, red-tiled buildings rose like steps from the seashore far up the slopes behind. A long breakwater made a fine artificial harbor out here in mid-Atlantic, behind which ships reposed as safely as behind the reef at Honolulu. A gun loomed from a fortification in answer to our fluttering signals. I learned that there are thirteen newspapers published in this prosperous mid-Atlantic city of Ponta Delgada and that it has twenty thousand inhabitants. And yet to my shame be it spoken I never before had heard its name. Have you?

Outside of the cities and towns, the islands are checker-boarded with farms and vineyards up to the barren zone. Beyond this comes the snow line. Looking from the steamer's deck, these vineyards and farms are sharply defined, much as such boundaries appear when viewed from a captive balloon. In places, the mountain ranges run right into the sea and perpendicular cliffs frown down on the Atlantic, over whose rocky rims feathery waterfalls descend to the ocean. Some of them seem to be several hundred feet high.

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As we passed between the islands of Fayal and Pico, between Pico and San Jorge, then by Terceira and on toward Santa Maria and San Miguel, the day had declined until the sun was slowly sinking. Clouds were gathering round the islands—low-lying clouds. These lofty volcanic peaks serve as cloud-arresters and probably cloud-condensers also; on the open ocean I have never seen such brilliant sunsets as near land. There was every kind of cloud. School-hook recollections of stratus, cumulus, nimbus, and cirrus rose before me as I gazed upon them. And over all the gorgeous cloud-masses heaped in and upon and around the islands rose the lofty peak of Pico—snow-capped, cloud-encircled, piercing the blue vault above the clouds, like Gautier's

"Clocher silencieux montrant du doigt le ciel."

And the sun winked at us solemnly, said good-night, and hobbled below the horizon. And dusk and darkness began to draw over the ocean like a pall. And a Mittelmeer steward appeared upon deck and performed a solemn fantasia on a huggle—an *invitation à la sauerkraut*. And we all went below and ate beer and herring soup, eels in jelly, ge-hoiled schinken with ge-haked potatoes, fried veal with raisin sauce, haked hen stuffed with liver-sausage and prunes, and pigeon-wings served with green beans and stewed pears auf der same plate mit. For lo! you know, it was on the Mittelmeer line.

And some of us lay awake that night and dreamed dreams. And perhaps it was the gorgeous sunset. And perhaps it was the haked hen.

A very common remark is "What interesting people one meets in traveling." One may perhaps be pardoned for differing from this belief. The interesting people one meets in traveling are extremely apt to keep to themselves. They do not wear their hearts upon their sleeves. Therefore, if they are interesting, that trait is kept for their friends. On the other hand, the fools, hores, and hoors ohtude themselves upon you. The only way to escape being hored to death is to avoid their acquaintance. Then if you yourself are interesting—and of course the reader is—the fact remains concealed.

But, seriously, why should one expect to meet "interesting people while traveling"? Look over your list of friends and acquaintances. Say you have a thousand. They are made by a process of selection. Your friends meet their friends and their friends' friends, and by a process of winnowing you are made acquainted with people who presumably will be congenial by reason of nationality, social interest, age, and sex. Yet out of a thousand people you know, how many are "interesting"? If you are critical, you will find the number very small. Yet the list from which you draw your chosen names will be a selected list.

On the other hand, the people you meet in traveling are thrown together purely by accident. There is no selection—no winnowing. They are a hodge-podge—a human hash. They represent many nations and religions, all sorts of callings, the three sexes—men, women, and clergymen—every degree of health from rude hohhledehoyhood to valetudinarianism. In such a mass it is not the interesting but the disagreeable traits of humanity that are most in evidence. Selfishness is so universal that it is not at all conspicuous. It takes aggressive hoorishness to make the traveler remarkable. Such little tricks as eating with table-knives, picking the teeth with forks, and combing the whiskers at table with a pocket-comb (*more alemmiano*), are so common as not to excite remark.

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In these days of cheap-trippers, when Mr. Cook ships cockneys through Italy and hack at ten guineas per cockney, one meets continually the London 'Arry. The English 'Arry off his native 'earth attempts to delude the simple foreigner into the belief that he is an English gentleman, so he wears a single eye-glass, knickers, a deer-stalker cap, and gives to his breezy East-End manner a tinge of what Daudet calls "La Stupide Morgue Anglo Saxonne." He also imitates some of the more objectionable traits of the traveling English gentleman, such as smoking malodorous briar pipes before breakfast in the faces of semi-seasick people, and wearing pajamas at unseemly hours. For he it known that on the P. & O. hoats between England and India—where 'Arry rarely goes—a rule had to be posted forbidding the wearing of pajamas on deck between 8 A. M. and 8 P. M.

As for smoking in the faces of seasick people, that habit does not seem to be peculiar to the London 'Arry. The average man who is not seasick is so proud of the fact that he usually eats himself into a torpor and smokes himself into a coma to advertise the fact. I have seen a man sit down on deck beside his seasick wife, blow clouds from a strong cigar into her face, and chuckle gleefully as the poor creature gagged and fled to the rail. I never was seasick, but the sight of those who are has always excited my sympathy—particularly for the ladies. For when lovely woman ceases to care how she looks, she is pretty sick. And I do not mean "ill," I mean *sick*. This remark is due to hearing a super-aesthetic young woman on deck say that her father "had just got up off his *ill* bed."

Among the curios at sea are the seasick men who wear yachting caps. Why do they do this thing? If a man is intent upon being seasick, let him be seasick in landsman's garb. On this ship, the first day out, the smoking-room was fairly filled with the presence of an efflorescent German tar. He wore a double-breasted, navy-blue reefer jacket, yachting trousers with stripes, and a gorgeous brass-bound R. Y. S. pattern yachting-cap. He walked with a sea-roll, he smoked many cigars, he shut one eye when he looked off to windward. Many passengers took him for the captain. Even old travelers believed that he was at least somebody's courier.

But it came on to blow that night, and the sea got rough. When we were leaving the smoking-room to go below and turn in, some one heard a queer sound from under one of the sofas. The steward was ordered to investigate, and from under the seat he rolled forth disheveled, groaning, and seasick, the gorgeous brass-bound German tar.

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The stewards know the weaknesses of these seasick swells, and doubtless bleed them heavily for their shamming. The stewards get to be good judges of human nature. They ought to. Their functions are multifarious. For example, on this Mittelmeer line there is a hand of ten pieces which



courses tunes full sweetly during luncheon and dinner, on entering and leaving port, and at various other times and hours. Some of them untimely hours, for on Sundays they play lugubrious hymn-tunes early in the morning. This may be intended to put passengers into a pious frame of mind, but I fear that it may have an effect directly the reverse. For a man who is wakened from a sound sleep at 7 A. M. by the strains of "Luther's Hymn" is generally inclined toward profanity rather than prayer.

The protean duties of the stewards at times startle one. As the band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner," you recognize with surprise in the countenance of the uniformed leader the face of your male chambermaid. And the next day, at the call which summons the band "to quarters," you see a hurable servitor in the smoking-room suddenly drop a half-cleaned spittoon and disappear, presently to emerge from the companion-way covered with brass buttons and bearing triangles, cymbals, and a large bass-drum.

Apropos of these musicians, the little German band is in some respects a nuisance. The poor devils are hired by the North-German Lloyd Company at starvation wages as stewards, and are warned that they must look to the passengers for remuneration for their music. As it is, all of the servants on these German ships get very meagre pay, but the band thus does double duty. The steamship company practically compels its passengers to pay its poorly paid servants' wages. The time-honored tip of ten marks (\$2.40) to table steward, state-room steward, stewardess, and almost half a score of servants, is practically obligatory. But at the end of the voyage the musicians start a subscription-list for their music, with which they pertinaciously pursue the passengers.

Most of the passengers subscribe. They ought not to do so. They have already paid the insufficiently paid musicians their tips as stewards. Their duties as musicians take them away from their duties as stewards. A passenger whose male chambermaid is playing the trombone on deck may fruitlessly ring his bell for half an hour. Thus he is forced to pay a steward for producing music which he may not care for, during a time when he needs him for other duties which he does care for, and for which he also has to pay. Thus he has to pay the North-German Company for passage and service; he has to pay the North-German Company's servants over again for their service; then he has to pay the North-German Company's servants a third time for a musical service which he may not want. This last strikes me as a petty swindle.

The North-German Lloyd Company advertises boastfully that it is the only steamship company carrying a band of musicians. Since it makes a feature of this fact, I advise that skinflint corporation to stop mulcting its passengers for the stipends of these poor musicians, and to pay its musical scullions itself.

He would be a bold man who would attempt to describe Gibraltar. Probably no place has been so written to death. Seminary girls on the long vacation, clergymen traveling to the Holy Land for homiletic raw material, syndicate correspondents for the Sunday newspapers—have not all these described Gibraltar *ad nauseam*? The derivation of the name, the invasion by the Moors, Gibel-Tarik, British nickname "Gib," the "rock-scorpions," the history of its sieges, British valor and Spanish courage, the heroic garrisons, the final British occupancy—who has not read of and shied at these things? The experienced reader when he sees the very name Gibraltar makes a giant skip over the giant rock and turns the page in terror.

I am not going to describe Gibraltar. I am too considerate. The fact that once before I visited it, examined it conscientiously, looked at the big guns, went into some of the rock-hewn galleries, wandered over the Gardens of the Alameda, sauntered through the queer and crooked streets, tried to drive bargains in bad Spanish with boatmen and cigar-dealers—in short, did the conventional Gibraltar act and ever after held my peace, shows that I have a regard for my readers. They will hear witness that never have I babbled of Gibraltar.

But on a recent visit there I saw the rock by moonlight. The effect was so picturesque and so striking that I feel impelled to jot down a few of my impressions, and I pray that I may be pardoned.

But, before speaking of the Rock itself, let me tell of the tide of traffic which pours through the great gateway which it guards. During the *Val-kyrie* race-year, a party of us sailed from Hell Gate around Long Island in a yacht, and as we came in from the ocean by Sandy Hook we met a line of ocean steamers outward-bound. It was Saturday, hence the number was large. They were feeling their way for the channel, as the tide was low. I never knew before what a number of ocean steamers sailed out of the port of New York. Not only the big European liners, but numbers of steamers for Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans, Galveston, Tampa, Key West, Havana, Santiago, Puerto Rico, Nassau, and Central and South America passed us, all named to us by our veteran sailing-master. This marine procession surprised me. I knew that the ocean commerce of our greatest city was vast. That is, I knew it printed on paper. But until I saw it written on the ocean by the prowess of the great steel steamers, I did not know how vast it was.

Correspondingly I knew that from the Rock at Gibraltar, Great Britain pointed warning guns across the pathway of the world's commerce. But how great that commerce was I did not know until I had sailed through the straits. The first time I sailed there the weather was thick, and I could see nothing. This time the day was clear and the water was dotted with steamships. I make no mention of the innumerable brigs, brigantines, barkentines, schooners, feluccas, and

other sailing-craft we saw, but I give the signal officer's list of the steamers that we met between three o'clock and evening gun-fire at Gibraltar:

Norwegian steamer Leif,	British steamer Kate B. Jones,
Swedish steamer Norge,	British steamer Garnet,
Danish steamer Perwida,	British steamer Diamond,
British steamer Bolderaa,	British steamer Valencia,
British steamer Fifeshire,	German steamer Kronos,
British steamer Aleppo,	British steamer Starlight,
British steamer St. Jerome,	Spanish steamer Cecilia,
Norwegian steamer Unique,	British steamer Cadiz,
British steamer Morna,	German steamer Trave,
U. S. training-ship Dixie,	R. Y. S. steam-yacht Vagus,
Norwegian steamer Iro,	British steamer Gibel-Tarik.
French steamer Meurthe,	

The list is interesting for more reasons than one: the preponderance of British steamers, the utter absence of American merchant steamers, and the fact that only one Spanish steamer sailed through this sometime Spanish strait.

But I was talking of Gibraltar Rock by moonlight and not of Gibraltar Straits by day. Naturally we would otherwise infallibly have lost our way. Among the queer street names some smack of ecclesiasticism, like "Cloister Ramp," or the "Convent Square" on which stands the governor's residence, which is "The Convent." But most of the names smell of villainous saltpetre, such as "Casemate Square," "Cannon Lane," "Gunner's Lane," "Engineer's Lane," "Corn-wall's Parade," and "Governor's Parade," while others have personal or historical associations, such as "Prince Edward's Road," "Roger's Ramp," and "Turnbull's Lane." There is a faint trace of the Moorish *regime* in "Ben Zimra's Lane" and "Abecasis Passage," but the Spanish names have disappeared. None the less, the Spanish population have names of their own for the streets, and "King's Yard Lane" by them is called "Callejon de la Paloma," "The Little Street of the Dove."

Through the Little Street of the Dove, then, through Gunner's Lanes and Devil's Gaps and Casemate Squares we whirled along over the winding roads, of which roadway, gutter, and parapet were all cut out of the solid rock. On through the beautiful gardens over which the black shadow of the Rock hung, projected by the early risen moon. Through this black shadow there shot at times long, luminous tunnels. They were flashes from the search-light of a British battle-ship on the bay below. Around her were moored scores of vessels with their riding-lights—many of them only coal-hulks, it is true, but even a coal-hulk is silvered by the moonlight. Through the white lights of the black hulks there threaded their way ceaselessly the red and green sidelights of tenders and tow-boats. To the left gleamed the lights of the Spanish town of Algeciras across the bay. Along the narrow neck of land that links the Rock with Spain there twinkled lights here and there up to and beyond the point where English and Spanish sentries pace up and down on either side of the neutral zone.

Back from the moonlit Alameda Gardens, under the ancient stone gates, out of the black shadow of the Rock to the brilliantly lighted town below, we rattled along. Through the narrow streets, crowded with British red-coats and blue-jackets, soldiers and sailors, Highlanders and fusiliers, our charioteer threaded his way. Soon we were crossing a parade-ground, and toward us there came a strange procession. Borne by four stalwart comrades in arms, two at his head and two at his feet, came the body of a British soldier. On his broad chest reposed his little "swagger-stick" and his jaunty cap. The four body-bearers stepped out with long, swinging strides, while another soldier walked by their side, half-dragging, half-bearing, a weeping woman. What could it be? Was it a drill in care of the wounded? But if so, why the weeping woman? As they neared us the mystery was cleared. The horizontal Thomas Atkins was in a condition of torpid intoxication, while the perpendicular Thomases were carrying him home—perhaps to avoid the guard-house, perhaps to put him there. The lady was Spanish and drunk. Sobs and hiccoughs, Spanish and English babble, poured from her lips into the ear of the inattentive Tommy on whose arm she hung. She was the Delilah of the fallen Sampson-Atkins. But she had fallen, too. For the lady had what is known in polite sporting circles as "a light walking jag." Be it known that alcoholic experts divide this species of trance into classes. There is the "fighting jag," which is acute; the "quiet jag," frequently chronic; the "steady jag," implying alcoholic continuity; the "light walking jag," presupposing continued locomotor ease; the "heavy sitting jag," implying temporary loss of locomotor power; and the last stage, technically known as "dead-to-the-world." The brevet Mrs. Thomas Atkins, then, had merely a "light walking jag," but his battle with John Barleycorn had floored him. Thomas Atkins, Esquire, was "dead-to-the-world."

I am afraid that in my recollections of Gibraltar by moonlight I shall always think of poor Tommy and his bedraggled Dulcinea del Toboso.

Rounding the Rock into the straits again the moonlight fell on its black face, if that be face which looks toward the sea. From the face of the Rock there has fallen in the course of ages vast masses of *debris*—geologists call it "talus," I believe—heaped up to a height of seven or eight hundred feet. Visitors to the Yosemite Valley will recall similar masses heaped up at the base of cliffs like El Capitan. A lady stood beside us on the steamer's deck gazing silently at the mighty Rock hatched in the moonlight. She had withdrawn from the

ordinary mob of passengers who were cracking side-splitting jokes over the absence of insurance advertisements on Gibraltar. The wit of one young gentleman, who kept saying "Insure your life here," was much admired. I mentally approved of her withdrawal from this mob of vacuous globe-trotters, whose loud laughter hespoke their vacant minds, when she suddenly turned and spoke:

"What an awful lot of work it must have been to cart that rubbish up there!"

I politely inquired her meaning. When I discovered it, I was amazed. She believed that the town of Gibraltar used the Rock as a dump, and that the city's rubbish was thence shot into the sea.

I gazed at her in wonder. Here was an intelligent human being who believed that other intelligent human beings would haul rubbish from sea-level to the top of a rock fourteen hundred feet in the air, in order to dump it into the sea.

Verily, the mystery of the human mind passeth understanding. JEROME A. HART.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### An Order for a Picture.

Oh, good painter, tell me true,  
Has your hand the cunning to draw  
Shapes of things you never saw?  
Aye? Well, here is an order for you:

Woods and cornfields, a little brown—  
The picture must not be over-bright,  
Yet all in the golden and gracious light  
Of a cloud when the summer sun is down.  
Always and always, night and morn,  
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn  
Lying between them, not quite sere,  
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom  
When the wind can hardly find breathing room  
Under their tassels. Cattle near,  
Biting shorter the short green grass,  
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,  
With bluebirds twittering all around—  
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!)

These, and the house where I was born,  
Low and little, and black and old,  
With children, many as it can hold,  
All at the windows, open wide—  
Heads and shoulders clear outside,  
And fair young faces all aghast;  
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,  
Roses crowding the self-same way  
Out of a wilding, wayside hush.

Listen closer. When you have done  
With woods and corn-fields and grazing herds,  
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun  
Looked down upon, you must paint for me;  
Oh, if I only could make you see  
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,  
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,  
The woman's soul, and the angel's face,  
That are heaving on me all the while,  
I need not speak these foolish words;  
Yet one word tells you all I would say—  
She is my mother. You will agree  
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee  
You must paint, sir; one like me,  
The other with a clearer brow,  
And the light of his adventurous eyes  
Flashing with holdest enterprise.  
At ten years old he went to sea—  
God knoweth if he be living now.  
He sailed in the good ship *Commandore*—  
Nobody ever crossed her track.  
To bring us news, and she never came back.  
Ah, his twenty long years and more  
Since that old ship went out of the bay  
With my great-hearted brother on her deck.  
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,  
And his face was toward me all the way.  
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,  
The time we stood at our mother's knee;  
That haeuteous head, if it did go down,  
Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night  
We were together, half afraid  
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade  
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far—  
Loitering till after the low light  
Of the candle shone through the open door,  
And over the haystack's pointed top,  
All of a tremble, and ready to drop.  
The first half hour, the great yellow star,  
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,  
Had often and often watched to see  
Propped and held in its place in the skies  
By the fork of a tall red mulberry tree,  
Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew—  
Dead at the top, just one branch full  
Of leaves notched round and filled with wool,  
From which it tenderly shook the dew  
Over our heads when we came to play  
In its hand-breath of shadow day after day.  
Afraid to go home, sir, for one of us bore  
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs;  
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs  
Not so big as a straw of wheat;  
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,  
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,  
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.  
Do you think, sir, if you try,  
You can paint the look of a lie?  
If you can, pray have the grace  
To put it solely in the face  
Of the urchin that is like me.  
I think 'twas solely mine, indeed;  
But that's no matter—paint it so;  
The eyes of our mother—take good heed—  
Looking not on the nestful of eggs,  
Nor the fluttering bird held so fast by the legs,  
But straight through our faces down to our lies,  
And oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise!  
I felt my heart heeled where that glance went, as though  
A sharp blade struck through it.

You, sir, know  
That you on the canvas are to repeat  
Things that are fairest, things most sweet—  
Woods, and corn-fields, and mulberry-tree,  
The mother—the lady, with their bird, at her knee—  
But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!  
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,  
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

—Alice Cary.



## "GO-HALVES."

An Episode of Bohemia.

The protagonists of this immoral tale are two men and a dog; the shabby canine would have been a saint—may my irreverence be forgiven!—if God had made him human. The sculptor I will call Charrière; the painter, Violet-Apple-Green—because he saw violet everywhere, and in this violet (strange, strange!) he recognized mysterious tonalities of green. How often, amidst Toulousan laughter, between eggs à l'huile and cassoulet, I have heard him bellow the magic formula: "Violet apple-green!"

One winter evening, during which the two friends had raised their elbows a few times too often, in the Rue de Rennes they stumbled against something round, soft, and silent, shivering in the street near a door-sill. It was a dog, Violet-Apple-Green patted him gently, remarking: "A poodle-dog. Let's take him home or the cold will finish him."

"Perhaps he'd prefer starvation; he may like a change."

"That's a fact. How will we feed him?"

"I have an idea," murmured Charrière, and bending over the dog he whispered in his ear: "We don't live far away, Monsieur—8, Impasse du Maine; no neighbors, water at every story when it rains, and no concierge. We are civilized, although human. You can follow us."

The poodle licked their snowy boots and followed them. On reaching home, Charrière took his blanket, flung it on the brick floor, and led the dog up to it.

"What will you sleep in?" asked the painter.

"In my cloak of charity."

"There are holes in it."

"No matter. What time is it?"

Violet-Apple-Green dived into his pocket, bringing out an empty band, in which he buried his nose.

"Three o'clock at the Café Riche!"

"You are exactness itself," said Charrière, as three strokes sounded from the Montparnasse clock.

The next day the serious question was mooted: "What would they call the dog?" While cudgeling their brains for their new comrade's title, the artists succeeded in mobilizing two crusts that the dog made a mouthful of.

"How he eats!" soliloquized the painter; "as if he had never done anything else his whole life long. Wait! I've struck a name for him!"

"What is it?"

"Voilà; you need a model for your match-safes. Put a basket on his back, stand him on his hind legs, and he'll pose for you. I need a model for my 'life-saving dogs'; a key in his mouth, and he'll do for me. He'll 'supe' for us both to the triumph of our glory. We'll share a dog between us. It will remind us of '70, *hein?* *Holla!* Go-Halves!"

The dog crept up.

"He has a great filial sentiment," remarked Charrière.

A new era dawned. Motionless under the dull rays from a skylight, Go-Halves posed. The numbers of match-safes that one carved and of canine saviours that the other painted are incalculable. Their trade flourished to such an extent that toward the end of winter Charrière deserted Violet-Apple-Green's couch and bought himself a bed. A mute witness of this revolution, the dog continued to pose.

"He looks like a sphinx," said the painter. "Placed between an Arab and a sunset, he would make a Benjamin-Constant."

"Ambitious creature," cried Charrière, "you have an itching to go in for landscape! Your greens and violets again! Go on with your 'life-savers,' it's a surer thing."

The dog had brought them good luck—good luck that had been considerably helped on, however, by the two Bohemians' tactics—they had trained Go-Halves to steal.

"Go and do our marketing, Go-Halves. Be as prudent as a Huron and as wily as an Apache!"

And off the dog trotted, his tail boldly perked, his eye roving innocently. He slipped into the *halles*, glided behind the carts, inspected the game, sniffed at the fish, and suddenly and expeditiously pulled toward him a string of fat quail or a prime turbot. Then off he would pelt to the boulevard, pick out sagaciously some well-to-do gentleman, whom he would gravely follow, as a high-bred canine escorts his master. Then, the *convenances* having been observed, he would alter his course and bolt home.

"What have we to-day?" Charrière, in a kitchen-apron, would inquire casually.

"The chef has provided a truffled capon—I'm off to invite the fellows." He went to the Café de Versailles: "We have a choice *déjeuner*, make haste!"

A quartet of "eminent" men, with long pipes, loose cravats, and comet-like expectorations followed him. They ate to their appetite and drank to their thirst; they smashed their glasses after each toast. They drank to High Art, to Love, to Anarchy, to Fortune, to *poulet à la cocotte*, and, name by name, to all the comrades of the Impasse du Maine. The table staggered.

"These spreads must cost you a pretty penny, *hein?*"

"*Ouiche!*" answered the sculptor; "Providence."

Violet-Apple-Green blessed Go-Halves: "Lord, Thy goodness extends over Painting."

And the pair of Bohemians cast a glance at the dog that was heroically crunching the bones.

One day he came home wounded. The market inspectors were no doubt on the *qui vive*.

"We are done for!" howled Charrière.

Go-Halves did not eat a bite for a week. A black fast. He wandered in and out of the canvases, sniffed at the brick floor, was evidently at his wits' ends to find means of providing for his masters. Every daybreak for a week he escaped to the markets overflowing with food; every day he came home half dead, with hanging head and limping legs; all he had secured was a supply of kicks. So they shut themselves in; work they could not bear to think of.

While the starving hours crept by, Go-Halves stole from one to the other, humbly licking their bands.

The tenth day a friend came to see them. They were ossified, mummified.

"I've come to invite you to dinner," said the comrade.

The two Bohemians roused themselves, while Go-Halves raised his nose.

In the street the friend inquired: "What time is it?"

"Seven o'clock, at the Café Riche."

The friend burst into a laugh: "*Tiens*, I'll take you there. There's the omnibus!"

As they were about to enter the famous restaurant, the friend turned toward Go-Halves, who was yelping for joy.

"Is that cur yours?"

The Bohemians looked at each other. The dog was hideously thin.

"No," they stammered. "Let's go in."

They sat down in one of the private rooms. In talking, eating, and drinking, the night wore away fast. As they came out the streaks of dawn showed.

"Ripping!"

"What?"

Charrière pointed across the road. They saw Go-Halves sitting on the kerb, looking at them silently. The boulevard was deserted. Without daring to go nearer, they called him:

"Go-Halves! My little Go-Halves!"

The dog did not stir; he continued to look at them with an infinitely sad eye.

"Go and bring him over; go," said Charrière, who had turned pale.

Violet-Apple-Green crossed the street. The dog dropped his head, sidled rapidly past the shops and vanished. The Bohemians were never to lay eyes on him again.

"You see, he blames us. Go-Halves," cried the painter.

They stood motionless, facing each other, unhappy and ill at ease, no doubt because they had dined too well. Then, as Go-Halves failed to re-appear, a year of good luck seemed to vanish with him into the past. As they strode along, they began to bum, "*La, la, la, la,*" to beguile their emotion; "*Ta, ra, ri, la, la, la,*" but after a moment or two, the refrain froze on their lips.

"*Tiens!* you are crying!"

Violet-Apple-Green shrugged his shoulders.

"Old brute, so are you!"—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of George d'Esparbès.

A literary club of women in Michigan asked the Chicago *Record* for certain information of a delicate character concerning members of the United States Senate, which is difficult to furnish, because the answer to every inquiry must be a matter of opinion upon which people may differ. The questions were submitted to a jury of well-informed and disinterested men, and the result of their judgment is given below:

The oldest senator, Mr. Pethus, of Alabama.

The youngest, Mr. Butler, of North Carolina.

The tallest, Mr. Allen, of Nebraska.

The shortest, Mr. Mason, of Illinois.

The handsomest, Mr. Aldrich, of Rhode Island.

The homeliest, Mr. Tillman, of South Carolina.

The most industrious, Mr. Cockrell, Mr. Cullom.

The laziest, Mr. Wetmore, of Rhode Island.

The wisest, Mr. Allison.

The wittest, Mr. Vest, Mr. Chandler.

The most learned, Mr. Hoar.

The least learned, Mr. Heifeldt, of Idaho.

The most influential, Mr. Allison.

The most eloquent, Mr. Wolcott.

The most popular, Mr. Jones, of Nevada.

The most unpopular, Mr. Pettigrew.

The most frequent talker, Mr. Allen.

The least frequent talker, Mr. Wetmore.

The best debater, Mr. Frye.

The richest, Mr. Clark, of Montana.

The poorest, several senators have nothing but their salary.

The best dresser, Mr. Depew.

The poorest dresser, Mr. Mason.

The expenses of the Philippine Commission were as follows, according to the statement furnished by the President to the Senate: Compensation of \$10,000 each to Commissioners Schurman, Worcester, and Denby, \$30,000; per diem allowance to commissioners after their return to the United States, \$5,285; secretary to commission (compensation), \$8,500; per diem allowance, \$3,660, \$12,220; transportation, \$13,687; household expenses in Manila, \$9,252; clerical services, \$31,701; miscellaneous, \$14,998; total, \$117,185. The President also recommended that provision be made for payment to the naval and military members of the commission (Admiral Dewey and General Otis) for their services at the same rate as that paid to the other members. He says they have received nothing for their services in excess of their regular salaries.

German students are returning to the mediæval notion of wandering about the world. The modern Goliards, however, are personally conducted and know beforehand precisely what their journeys will cost them. Last year they visited Italy; this spring fifteen hundred of them will go to Constantinople and to Asia Minor. On the way they will fraternize with the Roumanian university students, who are preparing a big *frühsschoppen* for them in Bucharest.

English losses by deaths in South Africa since the beginning of the trouble are stated by the war department to be 4,253, while in all, dead, wounded, captured, or put out of condition by sickness, the loss to the English is said to be over 23,000. As experts now figure the war will probably continue at least six months, it seems likely that the total English losses will exceed the number of men liable to bear arms in the Transvaal at the outbreak of hostilities.

Steamboats are to be put on the Dead Sea for traffic between the villages on the banks. The first boat is already on the way.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Helen Gould received 1,303 letters, containing requests involving more than \$1,548,502, during a recent week. Everything imaginable was wanted, from a farm and three cows or a peddling horse and cart to \$1,000,000 with which to form a colony in Cuba.

Lieutenant-Commander J. C. Gillmore, U. S. N., is reported to have received an offer of one thousand dollars from a well-known magazine for an account of his experiences while a captive of the Filipinos. He has again been ordered to sea as executive officer of the training-ship *Prairie*, which is about to make a transatlantic cruise.

England's oldest actor, James Doel, has just passed another birthday, his ninety-sixth, and is still hearty, although he has retired from the management of the inn of which he was landlord until a few months ago. He made his first appearance upon the stage of the Plymouth Theatre, in "The Turnpike Gate," when Queen Victoria was little more than a baby. He says that he remembers seeing the First Napoleon as a prisoner on the *Bellerophon*.

Czar Nicholas the Second has presented to the French Government a mosaic map of France in precious stones, which will be exhibited at the Paris Exhibition. The map is one metre square, and is framed in slate-colored jasper. The sea is represented in light-gray marble, the departments in jasper of various colors, and the rivers in platinum. The names are inlaid in gold, and one hundred and six towns are marked by gems, Paris being represented by a diamond.

The reception tendered to General Maximo Gomez on April 15th at Santiago de Cuba, on his way to San Domingo, caused great excitement, owing to the efforts of the white and black parties to obtain the first recognition. The black party, represented by the *Cubano Libre*, which continues occasional publication in defiance of the orders of the authorities, sent a tug to meet the steamer at quarantine, and succeeded in inducing General Gomez to accompany them. Meanwhile, another tug, carrying the civil governor, General Castillo, the mayor, and other officials representing the dominant white party, was entirely ignored by Gomez. The official party declined to recognize General Gomez in consequence of his recognition of the black party.

Young Somers Somerset, the son of Lady Henry Somerset, who is well known in America, has been deprived of his chances of becoming Duke of Beaufort by the birth of a son to the present holder of that title. For years young Somerset has been the heir-apparent to the dukedom, as hitherto the Duke of Beaufort only had two daughters. But now, for the first time in a century and a half, a Marquis of Worcester has been born, and young Somerset, during the lifetime of this young marquis, will never be called "his grace." Somerset married four years ago and has a son. Though this unexpected Marquis of Worcester—for the Duke of Beaufort is an old man—robs Somerset of the chances of a dukedom, he will come in for a considerable fortune on the death of his father, whose marriage to Lady Henry resulted in much unhappiness and disagreement.

A writer in the *King* describes Henry Labouchère as a clever man of immense conceit, who will say almost anything in order to be noticed. "Dress and such things he cares nothing whatever about; indeed, he is an untidy fellow, of careless appearance. He does not, moreover, care twopence for food or drink, and he smokes bad cigarettes; but he has a lovely old house in Old Palace Yard, and another at Twickenham. To his wife he is devoted, but the great love of his life is his little daughter Dora, who is all in all to him. To see 'Labby' with this little girl is to see a very different man from him of below the gangway, with his 'down with everything that's up' speeches, his biting sarcasm, his open offense. 'I care for nobody—no, not I,' says the House of Commons Labouchère, and it must be confessed that the world returns the compliment."

"In order to settle a question concerning Mrs. George Dewey's church affiliations it is only necessary to say that her early married life was spent at the Austrian court, where her husband was military *attaché*," remarks a writer in the *New York Herald*. "An air of Catholicity pervades fashionable Vienna, and it was there that she acquired the custom of attending the Church of Rome. Nothing was more natural to a woman of a religious turn of mind than to follow the fashionable crowd to the fashionable church, although she had been reared in the Presbyterian faith, and had later adopted the Episcopalian. Naturally, then, when she returned to America she attended the church to which she had grown accustomed abroad, and it was only equally natural that she should be married in that church. If, as it is now whispered, she is to leave Rome for the Protestant faith, she will be only going back to the teachings of her childhood."

Through an oversight of the invitation committee, the Duke of Arcos, Spanish minister at Washington, was sent an invitation to the Dewey Day celebration at Chicago on May 1st. Naturally the duke was indignant, and in a reply to Mayor Carter H. Harrison, wrote: "I return to you, here inclosed, an invitation from the city of Chicago for the celebration of the second anniversary of the Battle of Manila, which, I take for granted, has been sent to me by mistake, as it is the first discourtesy I have met with since I am in the United States. It is impossible for me to believe that you have advisedly asked me, the representative of Spain, to go to your city and rejoice with you on the destruction of the Spanish ships and on the death of so many brave sailors, my compatriots. That would have been simply an insult; and as I do not deserve it and it can not have been in your intention, I am perfectly sure, as I say, that all this is the result of an error." Mayor Harrison, on receipt of this letter, immediately addressed a letter of apology to the Spanish minister, attributing the apparent affront to an error.



## TWAIN ON COPYRIGHT.

American Humorist Before the British House of Lords—Reasons for Perpetual Rights to Books—Cheap Editions Would Not Be Precluded.

Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) recently presented his views on the law of copyright to the select committee of the British House of Lords. Being invited by the chairman to make a statement on the subject, Mr. Clemens said that he thought the copyright laws of England and America only needed the removal of the forty-two year limit and the return to perpetual copyright to be perfect.

With regard to the reasons advanced in justification of limited copyright (says the *New York Commercial Advertiser*), he was convinced that one of them at least was fallacious—namely, that which made a distinction between an author's property and real estate and pretended that the two were not created, produced, or acquired in the same way, thus warranting a different treatment of the two by the law. The source whence both forms of property proceeded was the same. It was usually urged that a book was merely a "combination of ideas"; that that was but a nebulous thing upon which to base a property right; and that, therefore, it was just and fair that such a property right should not be permanent. But there was, in fact, no property of any kind which was not a result of the application of some man's intellectual gifts, some man's labor of brain as well as hand, some man's successful combination of ideas. The man who purchased a landed estate had to earn the money by the superiority of his intellect at the bar, in trade, in manufactures, or the like. His land was what a book was—the result of his brain work, of combination and exploiting of ideas. There was no difference between the two. All property, of whatever kind, stood for the same thing—some man's successful exercise of his intellectual forces—and the law allowed him to hold it and to transmit it to his posterity forever. The only exception which the law made was in the case of a book. Why? For reasons of public policy.

But were those reasons sound? He believed not. People imagined that when a copyright died the law gave the book to the public as a free gift. It did not. It merely gave the author's profit in it to the public; the profit of the publishers remained theirs. That was another unfair discrimination. He did not believe that in the long run copyright or no copyright governed the price of a book. Book prices followed the natural laws of trade, and the public demand determined the price, not the publisher and not parliamentary legislation. A publisher would make any honorable sacrifice that had money in it. He did not differ from the rest of this thoughtful human race. He worked his intellect and combined his ideas in the interest of the landed estate—endowed with perpetual copyright—which he meant to buy some day. If Shakespeare were restricted to a single publisher to-day with perpetual copyright you could have him in twenty-five styles at twenty-five prices, just as at present; and if the public wanted him at twelve cents there would be enough of the public to make the twelve cents profitable to the publisher, and that as yet unknown edition would appear. Permanent editions of deathless books would be assured by perpetual copyright. This he judged from human nature and from a certain impressive object-lesson, the English Bible, the only existing book, so far as he knew, which possessed the fair and honorable grace of perpetual copyright.

Had that deprived the public of marvelously cheap editions? Clearly it had not. As to the value to the nation of terminable copyright, when the state set the example of disregarding a commonly accepted moral law in the material interest of the public, it should make sure that the commercial advantage accruing to the people would be great enough to outweigh the injury done to the nation's sense of honor and justice. The state should never lower the standard of morality in this way except after deep and prayerful consideration of the possible results and the full persuasion that the money gained would be worth more than the morals. And if the state, after thus lowering the standard, found later that the dereliction was not paying a sufficient profit above cost, it would be merely plain business wisdom to abandon that policy. His plea for a return to perpetual copyright was that terminable copyright did not take pennies enough out of the pockets of an author's heirs to make the thing worth while. If the state were going to take China he would say: "That is an immense matter, and the financial grandeur of the seizure justifies it. Let the morals go; China will be better off than she was before; the general world will be advantaged, and there's plenty of morals left." But the taking of pennies was quite another thing; there was no dignity in it, and no money in it, either. How many Britons were there whose books, issued in the present century, had outlived the forty-two year limit? At a liberal estimate he would say sixty-five. Out of the works of each of them, ten volumes, perhaps, outlived the forty-two years. That made a total of 650 little-surviving volumes in one hundred years. If they allowed to each in its old age an annual sale of 1,000 copies, with an average royalty of eighteen pence on each volume, they would get an annual total of about \$50 royalty upon each volume, and a total per year to each of sixty-five families of orphans of \$500.

It was this trifling sum of \$32,500 which, by grace of limited copyright, the richest nation on earth annually took out of the pockets of the children of the little handful of illustrious authors whom she had produced in a century. Was it matter for pride, was it matter for congratulation, that this ancient and moldy wrong should be suffered to continue? Great Britain issued 5,000 new books per year. None of these, except six and a half, would reach the forty-two year limit and need the committee's help. The bulk of them would be dead and gone within five years. The committee need not concern itself about their salvation; no legislation could achieve that. The question was how to save the six and a half. In a century 650 volumes out of a total of

500,000 were produced which outlived the forty-two years. Perpetual copyright could save them from harm and do them honor. There was never a time in modern history when a five-year limit would not have amply protected ninety-nine books out of every one hundred published. Consequently, there was never a time when a time-limit of any kind was worth considering or establishing. It would not matter to the publishers what was done about these six and a half books a year. They issued 5,000 new books a year, and it was from them that their profit came. The six and a half books were of no consequence. No one in the whole earth was interested in what was done concerning the six and a half volumes except the widow and orphans of the men who wrote them. If Parliament should so amend the law as to say that every book should have copyright from the day of its issue, without term or limit, so long as it was kept in print and on sale, and for two or three years after it had been allowed to get out of print, that amendment would only affect the pockets of a total of sixty-five authors and their heirs in a century.

In order to remedy this injustice, Mr. Clemens suggested that at the end of any limit Parliament might fix, the author should be compelled to provide an edition of his book at one-eighth of the published price, and that, if he allowed the book to be out of print for a year, he should lose the copyright. Explaining his proposal that the price of the cheap edition should be one-eighth of the original price of the book, Mr. Clemens said, taking a book of Mr. Darwin's as an example, if the retail price of the book was two dollars, within one year after the expiry of the copyright period the publisher must produce an edition of that work, containing all the matter originally produced, at twenty-five cents. The heirs of Mr. Darwin would receive a profit, the publisher would have a profit, and no one would lose.

### IN SAVONAROLA'S CELL.

Here are some pages of his manuscript  
Laid loosely on the desk he sat before,  
As if but yesterday the leaves had slipped  
From his tired fingers; this hair-shirt he wore  
To mortify his suffering flesh the more.  
With swelling heart I gaze into this cell,  
The shrine of a heroic soul of yore,  
And shudder that men made an earthly hell  
For that brave soul who wrought for righteousness so well.

I see his martyred form before me float  
At sight of this charred wood, this tiny brand,  
Cast half devoured from the red, hissing throat  
Of that fierce fire by persecution fanned.  
That fed his hunger on his gaunt right hand,  
Unpraised as if to lessen them there on high;  
I kneel in spirit with his faithful band,  
The Piagnoni, where they groan and cry,  
While the Arrabbiati laugh to see him die.

Thus at the cost of life new truths are taught;  
When an inviolable soul awakes,  
It sets itself below the purpose sought,  
Its law self sacrifice; no terror shakes  
The conscience incorruptible; it makes  
The actor deathless, though his deeds are fraught  
With hideous doom for him; though his blood slakes  
The thirst of ignorance, his aim is wrought;  
Hate kills the thinker, but it can not kill the thought.

—Mary Arnold Childs in the *Century Magazine*.

It is an interesting coincidence (says the *New York Post*), that on the very day on which the gold standard was formally adopted by the United States, the German Reichstag adopted the coinage bill, which is intended to reduce the dangers of the "limping standard," by converting the unused silver in the treasury into subsidiary coins. The quantity of silver thus held has been so large as to be felt as a menace ever since the sale of it was stopped in 1879 by Bismarck. At that time there were some 450,000,000 marks in talers, and 420,000,000 marks in other silver coins on hand, and a few years after, the silver money of the empire stood to the gold money in the ratio of three to two. The law now passed provides for calling in the gold five-mark piece, and some other minor coins, and for the issue of subsidiary silver coins up to fifteen marks per head of the population. It is one more stage in the process of discontinuing the use of silver as a standard of value. The bimetalists opposed it, and tried to amend it so that the government should be obliged to buy silver bullion for minting into the new coins, as our government was compelled to do by the act of 1890, but they were beaten by 161 to 61 votes. Had our free-silver party had its way, the German Government would have been able to unload its superfluous silver on our people; but that possibility having been extinguished, there is nothing better for it to do than to use as much of its stock as the German people need for small change, and hoard the rest, or sell it for what it will bring.

The Navy Department has signed a contract with the Holland Submarine Torpedo Boat Company by the terms of which the government pays \$150,000 for the *Holland*. It also agrees to pay \$175,000 each for any boats of the *Holland* type it may purchase hereafter, provided that the boats shall be similar in dimensions to the new *Holland*, which will be larger than the old one.

Three Prussian army officers have made a quick trip from Berlin to Prague in a balloon. They left at two o'clock in the afternoon and came down at five, having risen to an altitude of ten thousand feet for a part of the journey. The fastest express train takes seven hours to cover the distance.

An emu's egg omelet was the treat provided by a London naturalist for his friends. The contents of the egg, which was found in Australia some time ago, weighed two pounds. Crocodiles' eggs were also served.

The Michigan legislature recently passed a bill forbidding the marriage of any person suffering from any infectious or transmissible disease.

## PASSING OF THE EASTER PARADE.

New York's Great Show of Fashion Tabooed by Society—Fifth Avenue Throghed with Disappointed Spectators—A Sunday of Balmy Air and Sunshine.

As usual, the newspapers prepared for glowing descriptions of the Easter parade of Fashion. There were to be pages of pictures, and numberless reporters were armed with cameras and detailed to secure snap-shots of society leaders in their smart spring costumes. A variety of striking bead-lines were written before the event, and supreme efforts of artists in alliterative phrases were in readiness for the triple-column and even more expansive displays anticipated. But the expectations were not realized. Fashion did not parade, and for the first Easter Sunday in years Fifth Avenue was comparatively deserted by those who are known socially in Manhattan.

And this in spite of the fact that the day was bright and balmy, the first genial smile of spring. On many lawns and in the park the grass showed green, buds were beginning to appear on the trees, and robins and bluebirds caroled on the boughs. There was no lack of promenaders, not alone on the avenue, but on every walk in the open air where people could move slowly along and bask in the golden sunshine. From Madison Square to Central Park the parade up Fifth Avenue crowded the sidewalks, the streets were filled with stages, hansoms, and bicycles, and the display of brilliant costumes and bright colors in head-gear was something far beyond the ordinary, but it was not the parade of Fashion. It was a procession of spectators, of sightseers, who were not unwilling to be noticed, but who came to observe, perhaps to touch elbows with the notables of New York society erstwhile wont to celebrate this day in the open air. Fifth Avenue stages were top-heavy with passengers who had seized this opportunity to look down upon the more fashionably attired, and as these visitors from out of town could hardly recognize the fact that it was an imitation parade and not the real thing they bad their money's worth.

Although the movement of the throng toward the churches was impressive at the hour for the morning service, it was not until two hours later that the show assumed its most attractive phase. At one o'clock all the temples of worship were emptied, and those who had been fortunate enough to secure admission once more mingled with the greater mass that had been shut out. For nearly two hours the parade continued. The steps of many residences were filled with those who viewed the passing multitude with interest, and, where none appeared outside, there were faces at the windows looking out over banks of flowers and greenery. Cameras were as numerous among the spectators as prayer-books were in the hands of the passers-by.

All the colors of the rainbow were displayed in the costumes of the promenaders, but blue in its numerous shades, from palest hyacinth to deepest violet, predominated. There were many wonderful creations among the hats worn by the feminine portion of the throng, for the styles had been decreed by milliners of all grades, but there was one noticeable feature of similarity—no feathered creatures or feathers showed among the decorations of the varied styles. Flowers in profusion, bright-colored fruits, and soft masses of chiffon appeared in all possible combinations, but the songsters of the grove and the fowls of lower extraction had furnished no part of the ornate details of the display.

In the churches the preparations for the great festival of Christianity had been as elaborate as ever. Flowers and palms were everywhere, and some of the decorative masses were beautiful beyond description. Color and fragrance spoke their tenderest message from all sides, and added new harmonies to the music from organ-loft and choir. Augmented orchestras swelled the strains of rhythmic praise and thanksgiving, and every detail of the services was in keeping with the solemn gladness of the time. Entrance to the best-known places of worship was to be gained only by those who held tickets of admission, and the services of police officers were required at the doors to keep back those who had not been fortunate enough to secure the necessary tokens. At St. Patrick's Cathedral there were crowds at the several entrances on Fifth Avenue, Fifth, and Fifty-First Streets, long before the hour for the solemn pontifical mass, and many waited patiently outside to make sure of an opportunity to enter for the later service. At St. Bartholomew's, and at Grace and Trinity churches, the crush was equally great, and the most favored parishioners met no little difficulty in securing unimpeded progress through the doors.

Society did not remain away from the Easter services, if it was noticeably absent from the parade in the afternoon. Carriage after carriage drove up to the doors of the churches, and from the equipages descended the members of the families whose names are familiar to social aspirants. With no hesitation at the portals, to gratify the eager spectators, they disappeared within the sacred walls, and when they re-appeared, more than an hour later, they as speedily entered their carriages and were whirled away homeward. This is not altogether a new custom. It has been growing for years, and this spring it seems to have secured the adherence of nearly all in the select circles of fashion. In keeping with this evident desire to avoid all display was the absence of striking costumes. Dark colors in gowns and wraps, with modest toques and unassuming hats, were the usual wear.

The keen-eyed society reporter and his even more assertive brother in the ranks were disappointed. The columns of highly colored description, well sprinkled with the names of recognized social leaders, were not to be had. Two or three of the more sensational dailies attempted to equal the showing of former years, but the effort was vain. The better class of journals noted the great change and frankly admitted the passing of the Easter show, the great annual-parade of fashion.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, April 17, 1900.



## THE BLOODY REIGN OF TERROR.

Remarkable Memoirs of the Baroness Cecile de Courtot—How She Shared the Trials of Marie Antoinette—Her Rescue from the Guillotine—Napoleon's Gratitude.

The publication of the "Memoirs of the Baroness Cecile de Courtot," one time lady-in-waiting to the Princesse de Lamballe, translated from the German by Jessie Haynes, prove once again the saying that truth is stranger than fiction, for it is without doubt one of the most remarkable and picturesque stories connected with the bloody Reign of Terror which have come to light. The volume is compiled by Moritz von Kaisenburg, who found the documents, here arranged in consecutive form, in an attic in his father's house in Halberstadt. They consist of certain diaries and journals kept by Frau von Alvensleben, his maternal great-grandmother, and some seventeen letters written by the baroness between 1801 and 1802.

In July, 1783, the Baroness Cecile, then in her twentieth year, became lady-in-waiting to the Princesse de Lamballe, who at that time resided at her Château de Gévrais in Savoy, but was soon after called to the court of Marie Antoinette at Paris. Inasmuch as the princess, who was herself first lady-in-waiting and mistress of the ceremonies to the queen, refused to be separated from Cecile, she became, in a way, maid of honor to Marie Antoinette as well, ranking as the youngest of her ladies. For some years she shared all the amusements of the court at Versailles and the Petit Trianon, and became engaged to Hector de Trellissac, a young officer in the service of the king. When a revolution seemed inevitable and the nobility basely deserted the throne and fled for safety into other countries, the Princesse de Lamballe became the queen's first emissary to seek outside help. She was sent to England to persuade King George to make an invasion by sea, but was unsuccessful, and in the latter part of August, 1792, she was tricked into returning to Paris to share the trials of her queen, who, with the rest of the royal family, had been imprisoned in the Temple by the revolutionists. After a few days spent in captivity with the queen, they were all separated.

The Baroness Cecile related the following story to Frau von Alvensleben of the fate of her beloved mistress:

After long and earnest entreaty, I prevailed upon my jailer to let me have speech of the queen. I was alone with the royal family in a room on the ground floor, and I was giving the king an account of our fruitless mission in London. Suddenly from the street came the yells and shouts of the mob, and the words, "Citoyenne Capet, Citoyenne Capet, regardez donc! Come in the window!" were distinct above the rest.

With her wonted dignity, the queen approached the window. The next moment she thrust out her clenched hands convulsively, her gaze grew fixed in horror, and with a piercing shriek she fell to the ground in a deep swoon. The king and I sprang to her assistance, and then I, too, looked out of the window. There I beheld a beloved head, the sweet and bloodless face framed in long, fair curls; saw two wide-open, glassy blue eyes, which even grim Death had been powerless to rob of their melting expression—the head of my idolized mistress, the Princesse de Lamballe! At this my senses, too, forsook me, and with a wail of horror I sank lifeless to the ground.

When she regained consciousness, she found herself in the dungeon of the Temple, where she was confined for many months. She thus describes the scene:

Married couples, parents, children had no thought but to console one another; and now and then it would happen that at the call of the executioner a son would answer for a father, a friend for a friend, and go to the scaffold in his stead. But those that remained lived on unconcernedly. Our underground prison seemed almost like a tranquil island round which the breakers foamed and raged. The only thing that came to disturb our even calm was the executioner's hand that would snatch away one or other out of the friendly circle to his death. It was like another world down here. Up above, all the qualities that go to adorn life—grace and courtesy, reverence and polished manners—were rigorously tabooed; they had fled for refuge to these dungeons, these ante-chambers to the Halls of Death. Here there were no "citoyens" or "citoyennes," every one received his proper title; it was Monsieur le Marquis or le Vicomte, Monsieur le Professeur or le Conseiller, just as if we had been at St. Cloud or in the reception-rooms of the Palace of Versailles.

Good tone demanded that all sign of dread or anxiety should be repressed, and the presence of ladies lent a certain air of gayety to the scene. The baroness gives two notable instances of dignified composure and contempt of death:

How well I remember the aged Marquise d'Amhals, a venerable lady of nearly eighty, with snow-white hair piled above her forehead, remarking one day: "Ah, mesdames, and you, messieurs, we are all eighty years of age now!" And she laughed a high shrill laugh that echoed eerily from the vaulted roof like a voice from the tombs.

She had hardly spoken when the great door creaked on its hinges and a half-tipsy jailer stumbled in. Beckoning with a grimy hand, he called in husky tones: "Here, Citoyenne Amhals, come along—you're wanted!"

"Indeed?" replied the marquise, "I am quite ready." She rose from the stone bench where she had been sitting, rearranged the black scarf upon her white hair, smoothed out the folds of her long, black gown, and with a deep court courtesy to us, said: "Mesdames, I have the honor to bid you farewell—au revoir. Monsieur le Marquis de Varennes, your arm!" With unfaltering step and the proud carriage of a queen, the old lady swept to the door which the jailer held open for her. One more bow to us and she was gone—gone to her death! A momentary silence fell upon us after her departure, and then the conversation was resumed as if nothing had happened.

Thus, one day, there sat in a corner under a smoking lamp a party consisting of Mme. de Brachue, De Chateaufort, and two gentlemen the Abbé de Mercier, if I remember rightly, and the Comte de B. They were playing "tric-trac" with a pack of greasy cards, and the abbé was in the act of dealing when his name was called. He rose with a smile, and turning to the count, who was standing behind him, he said: "Will you have the kindness, M. le Comte, to take my cards in the meantime?" He bowed and left. This "in the meantime" meant for him eternity—he was guillotined within the hour.

On July 22, 1793, Cecile's own name was called and she was forced to mount the cart—the "coffin for the living," as the people called it—and was driven to the Abbaye St. Germain, where she was given a mock trial:

After a dolorous journey, we were driven into the court-yard like a herd of cattle. Here, at a filthy table covered with brandy-bottles and tobacco-pipes, sat the self-constituted tribunal presided over by Maillard—the same ruffian who led the rabble in the attack on Versailles—wearing a tri-color sash and a long sword at his side. This was the bench of magistrates who in the name of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, were to pronounce judgment upon us!

The accused were disposed in two long rows in front of the table, and as I was in the back one I was compelled to witness the whole proceedings before it came to my turn. Each name was called, and at

last the terrible Maillard called: "Citoyenne Cecile Courtot, lady-in-waiting to the Citoyenne Lamballe!" "Here," I stammered in a low voice, and advanced a step. I was still endeavoring to enerv my neck with my hands, but immediately two wretches pulled them down and I was left trembling and exposed to the shameless leers and mocking smiles of my abominable judges.

Maillard now proceeded to interrogate me. "Have you, Cecile Courtot, ever spoken against the republic?" "No," I faltered. "Have you circulated aristocratical pamphlets?" "No," I faltered. "Have you uttered anything in self-defense, when the monster snarled at me?" "Silence—that is contempt of court!"

Maillard then apparently set a mark of some kind against my name, which he showed with a grin to his colleagues; then, at a sign from him, three of his creatures seized me, bound my hands behind my back and dragged me to a corner of the court-yard, where others of my companions in death were huddled together, and where we had to wait till our numbers were complete.

At three o'clock that afternoon they were again placed in the death-cart, and started for the guillotine in the Place de la Concorde, followed by a band of drunken furies, leaping and yelling, while in front of the tumbril marched the main body of the rabble, howling the "Marseillaise" and headed by a semi-nude young woman hearing aloft a great, red-blood flag. Here is Cecile's own account of her remarkable escape:

Presently our way was barred, and scarcely had I realized the nature of the obstruction when a shot was fired from one of the houses, and the next moment there was a terrific explosion—we prisoners were thrown violently against one another, and I, stunned and half senseless, scarcely knew what was happening around me. The earth seemed to yawn before my very eyes, and a vast pillar of fire rose into the sky. The houses rocked, shutters were loosened and fell clattering to the ground, and the air was darkened by a thick cloud of smoke and dust, while from a hundred voices came shrieks of pain or the groans of the dying. It might have been the end of the world. The cart and everything in front of it lay in ruins, and I found myself half-buried under a heap of struggling, graining people. Wonderful in relate, though nearly every one in the vicinity had been more or less severely wounded by the explosion, I had remained unhurt, hui, lying where I did, I was absolutely powerless to move or make any effort to escape, though complete panic had seized upon the people, and every one who was able was fleeing from the scene of disaster.

So I lay motionless where I was and resigned in my fate. Suddenly a clear, familiar voice struck upon my ear: "My Cecile, rouse yourself, it is I," came the whisper. I thought I must be dead, and that my lover was welcoming me in heaven.

"Cecile," he murmured again, "my Cecile!" I opened my eyes—never me leaned a blackened face, out of which a pair of blue eyes gazed at me. Oh, heavens—those were Hector's dear eyes!

"Hector," I stammered, faintly, "can it be you?"

"Quick, Cecile!" he answered, in the same low tones. "I have come to save you." Save me? That word brought me back in earth with a thrill of half-incredulous joy, and my head sank upon his breast. Only then did Hector perceive that my hands were bound. One cut with his knife and I was free. I wound my arms about his neck, and he dragged me out from under the wounded and set me on my feet. Then, in the midst of all that horror and alarm, he clasped me to his heart and pressed his lips to mine in a long, clinging kiss.

Hector's next thought was to get clear of the chaps. He was hurrying with me to an open doorway close by, when a *gendarme*, who had managed to extricate himself from under one of the horses, caught sight of us, and with a cry of "Halte là! halte là!" rushed at us with drawn sword. At the same moment another disguised man appeared at Hector's side, to whom my lover cried, as he disengaged my arms from his neck: "Take her, Tancred; I will cover your retreat!" Then, seizing his friend's friendly hug, he hurled himself on our pursuer. There was a short, fierce struggle; I saw my lover's weapon descend with a crashing blow on the miscreant's head, but simultaneously the *gendarme's* sabre struck Hector. I saw him fall covered with blood from a frightful gash across his forehead—saw the returning crowd close over him like a wave—saw him trampled under foot—and knew no more; and deep and blessed unconsciousness came to my relief.

Cecile, however, through the aid of Tancred d'Aubignac, Hector's friend, succeeded in making good her escape to the German frontier and became a member of Frau von Alvensleben's household at the Castle of Kalbe on the Milde, where she remained for the next eight years. Meanwhile, kaleidoscopic events had followed one another in Paris until Napoleon the First had become First Consul and practical dictator to thirty million Frenchmen. It was generally believed that he intended to make himself emperor. As a first step to his ambition he sought to conciliate such of the old nobility as had survived the Reign of Terror. He invited them to his court, he offered them positions in his household, he sought to show his good will in every way save that of assisting in the restoration of the monarchy. It was at this period—i. e., in the early part of 1802—that Cecile determined to make a journey to Paris and petition for the restoration of her family estates. She wrote long letters describing her experiences to Frau von Alvensleben, from which the remainder of our extracts are taken.

Through the influence of Talleyrand and Josephine, who had been friends of her family, Cecile was at last ushered into the august presence of the greatest man in all the world. The following account of her audience with Napoleon reminds one strongly of a similar scene in Sardou's "Madame Sans-Gêne":

Letting his large, clear eyes rest on me for a moment with a piercing gaze, he asked, brusquely: "Eh bien, qu'avez-vous à me dire?"

I knew that the Consul was not inclined to be very polite to ladies who expressed themselves at length, and had heard besides that he sometimes put the most grossly impertinent questions, so that, despite the granting of their petition, they often left the Consul's room in high and indigestible dudgeon. Remembering Talleyrand's advice, I therefore gathered up all my courage and simply replied: "The restitution of my family property."

The great man seemed decidedly taken back by this laconic answer. He threw up his head with a quite peculiar movement, turning it a little aside, so that I saw his face almost in profile. He frowned and stuck out his under-lip.

"Of a truth, madame, I can not complain that you are too prolix, hut," and he raised his voice to an angry pitch, "why are you staring at me so strangely? I would have you remember, madame, that I am the head of the state, and, as such, demand to be treated with proper respect."

But his tone of angry annoyance had no terrors for me now. A strange feeling of security had come over me, and I felt no trace of alarm at the fierce frown and imperator-glance of the man who stood so menacingly before me. Even at his first few words, the sound of his voice and the peculiar accent carried me back to some long forgotten time, calling up dimly before me a picture I had not thought of for years past and years. I had in my memory—where had I seen that cold, stern face, those clear-cut marble features before? Then, as he drew up his head and frowned and threw out his under-lip, the scales seemed to fall from my eyes, the veil woven by the busy years was rent asunder, and I suddenly knew where and when this man had played a part in my former life.

I came a little closer to the all-powerful Consul, who was kicking his foot impatiently against the fender awaiting some reply from me, and, touching his arm, I said, with a smile: "M. le Consul, will you permit me to tell you a little story?"

Oh, you should have seen his face! I am sure he thought I must

be quite mad for daring to lay my hand on his arm, and also because his harsh manner only called forth a smile from me.

"Out with it, then," he thundered, stepping back from me, "hut waste as few words as possible never it, if you please." And once more he fixed me with a searching look, obviously uncertain if I were in my right mind.

So Cecile began in a low voice:

"It was an evening in July in the year 1783, and I was on a visit to Mlle. Laure Permon, the daughter of the finance minister, Charles Permon, and the Princess Comméne of Corsica, who had a beautiful villa near Brienne in the Champagne. I had wandered away by myself into the fields to pluck flowers, and was so absorbed in my occupation that I never noticed a large herd of cattle grazing close by. I was nearly seventeen, but a severe illness in my childhood had left me small and weakly for my age."

"If you intend giving me an account of your life's history, madame," the Consul harked in, roughly, "I may as well say at once that I have neither time nor inclination to listen to it."

"Pardon me, M. le Consul," I returned, "I am coming now to the point of my story. I had gathered a large nosegay, I went no, when I suddenly heard an infuriated bellow behind me, and turning round, saw to my horror that an enormous black bull, irritated perhaps by my red parasol, was bearing down upon me with blazing eyes and lowered horns."

"I gave one piercing shriek of terror, dropped my flowers and fled, as fast as my feet would carry me, toward the high road. But the bull rushed after me; I could hear his scorching breath. 'Help! Help!' I screamed, as loud as I was able. A voice answered, and the next moment a pale-faced boy in the uniform of the Brienne cadets came running toward me. He waved his sword and rushed at the bull from the side, trying to divert its attention in himself. But I entirely frustrated the boy's plan by flying in him for protection. He called out something to me, but I was too frightened to understand, and, in any case, it was too late now. The bull reached me, felled me to the ground, and I lost consciousness. When I opened my eyes, my preserver was supporting me with his arm, while with the other hand he wiped away the blood that was trickling from a wound in his cheek. But the bull was staggering blindly about the field, the courageous boy having managed at the last moment to pierce the brute's eye with his sword."

"I began to falter out some words of heart-felt thanks and tried to seize my preserver's hand. But he checked me with an authoritative gesture and said sternly:

"It is extremely silly of girls to run about alone in fields where there are herds of cattle—remember that another time. He nodded curtly, and without troubling himself further about me ran off in the direction of the college."

"Maybe you knew that boy, M. le Consul?" I asked, gently.

"There was a curious light in his dark eyes as if he were gazing into his long-forgotten happy youth; but as he caught my expectant look fixed upon him, he frowned and answered coldly, 'No, I can not say I remember.'"

Cecile was not at all disturbed by this declaration, but murmured, "M. le Consul, may I venture on one more recollection of my youth?" and when Napoleon said nothing, but nodded his head musingly, she continued:

"About a year after the incident I have just related, I was once more in the neighborhood of Brienne, at the country house of the Marquise de Montesson, a friend of my mother's. This lady proposed one day to take me to the military college at Brienne, having received tickets for the annual examination of the cadets. It was the custom from time immemorial that the scholars who gained prizes should be crowned by the ladies, to which end the guests—this time the marquise among the number—always brought wreaths with them."

"I was looking forward eagerly to this ceremony, for I had never forgotten my youthful preserver and hoped I might now see him again. I had never even told my parents of my narrow escape, but had raised an altar of gratitude in my heart to the boy—whose very name was unknown to me. What added zest to my anticipations was the thought that he would not be likely to recognize me, seeing that in this year I had grown out of the weakness of my childhood, and had become tall and strong—a very different creature from the delicate little girl of the year before. So with a beating heart I took the wreath from the servant who was carrying it, and secretly hoped I might have the good fortune to be able to give it to my youthful hero. The wreath was a large and beautiful one, composed entirely of laurel leaves."

"I had got so far in my story when I was suddenly interrupted by a strange sigh, half exclamation of joy—and the next moment the consul had sprung forward and clasped both my hands in his. Overwhelming emotion shone in his dark eyes and trembled in his voice when he spoke.

"So you were that sweet, kind girl, mademoiselle? Oh, ask what you will of me, I promise you beforehand to grant it—no matter what it is. Will you accept a pension—a post of any kind? You shall have your property back—I am more than overjoyed to have it in my power to serve you!"

Cecile, startled and amazed at this sudden outburst from the man who, but a moment before had shown himself so stern and unapproachable, had no answer ready, and all she could do was to falter without reflection, "Oh, *sire*, what have I done to deserve this gratitude?" Whereupon Bonaparte exclaimed in a tone of measureless excitement:

"What, this too! The royal title—for the first time—from your lips, my dear, infallible little prophetess! And once more your words will come true," he continued, with the strange, far-away look of a seer. "Yes, I shall one day wear the crown and clasp the royal mantle round my neck of the year before. So with a beating heart I took the laurel wreath on my young head in the far-off days at Brienne—the laurel crown that was to be followed by so many others. You whispered to me then—'May it bring you good luck!' and truly it did, as you very well know. I am a fatalist, mademoiselle, and since you have foretold it, I feel the crown of France upon my brow. I see the sceptre of the great realm already in my hand. How can I ever thank you enough? But first the restitution of your property—"

He seated himself at the great writing-table, wrote a few hurried lines, rang the bell, and called to the chamberlain, who entered at the summons, "Bourienne."

Very soon the door opened and Bourienne, the Consul's private secretary, entered. "Take this paper to the Minister Regnier," said Bonaparte, "and tell him to arrange at once for the restitution of Mlle. de Courtot's property." When the secretary had left the room Bonaparte turned to me, and, holding out both his hands, with a beaming face, said: "Now, was that right—will you consider this as the first fruits of my gratitude?"

We will not spoil the interest of our readers in the book by making any further extracts, preferring to let them find out for themselves how Napoleon made Cecile de Courtot his confidant, showered her with favors, and, above all, completed her happiness by bringing about the almost miraculous return of her lover, Hector de Trellissac, whom she had so long mourned as dead.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

Andrew Carnegie has promised the trustees of the Carnegie Library and Institute at Pittsburg to become responsible for \$3,600,000, the amount estimated as necessary for the proposed extension and enlargement of the already fine building. When completed the structure will be one of the largest in the world. The new building will be nearly six times as large as the present. It will be 500 by 700 feet in size and cover between six and seven acres of ground.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Romance of Middle Tennessee.

"Red Blood and Blue," by Harrison Robertson, is a romance of the New South, of a time that sees old traditions swept away, cherished sentiments home down by the progress of events high in promise and realization, and the upbuilding of fortunes on the ruins of former greatness. The hero is a poor boy, the son of an irresponsible genius, who wrecks the hopes of those who trust him and leaves his child the burden of an indebtedness he can hardly expect to carry. The boy grows up under the care of a fatherly old bachelor, and comes to a knowledge of his true position just before he enters manhood. His resolution to clear his father's name and establish himself in a position that shall entitle him to the respect of those who now look down upon him, comes as the result of a boyish admiration for a patrician daughter of the South, and the development of his sturdy nature and the ultimate success of his plans make a story of unflagging interest.

Victoria Torrence is a winning personality, and from her first appearance as a girl, the advocate who turns aside the anger of her stern old father, about to pass sentence upon the boy who has by mistake killed one of his pigeons, she holds the sympathy and regard of the reader. But her pride is strong as that of any of her ancestors, and she is in no humor to be won when at last that boy, now a man and conqueror of his ill-fortune, comes to tell her of his years of devotion. With others of his age in that midland county of Tennessee, Andrew Outcault answers to the call for troops to drive the Spanish from Cuba, and his name appears in the list of those who fall in the charge up the hill at San Juan. A comrade, and Andrew's most favored rival, goes home to receive as a hero the homage of his townsmen, but rises during the speech-making and disclaims the right to receive such honors. He declares that he would have played the part of a coward in the battle but for the aid and strengthening encouragement of Outcault, who had been the real hero of the regiment. The home-coming of the one who had been given up for dead, and the final success of his suit, will be foreseen from this point by the reader, but not many will lay down the book before the end is reached.

The theme of the story is inspiring, the tone is well sustained, and the personages introduced are attractive and yet drawn true to nature. The author is a journalist, a member of the staff of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and the suggestions of newspaper work in the occasional lack of care in his descriptions are atoned for by his thorough knowledge of his field and the character of its people. The story is not only a more serious effort than his earlier novelette, "If I Were a Man," but shows a marked advance in the balancing and continued interest of its dramatic episodes.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

## "The Biography of a Grizzly."

Ernest Seton-Thompson has added one more to his series of animal portraits in "The Biography of a Grizzly," the history of a huge bear which for a long time exercised dominion over a wide range among the Rockies. It is the longest of his stories, and more than any other it shows his power to set forth the individuality of a wild creature of the forest. It is this gift which makes his work *sui generis*. Animal stories have been told since the days of Aesop, but hitherto the animals have been types only. Ernest Seton-Thompson deals with the individual. The morose and ferocious Wab is not a mere grizzly roaming the wilderness; he is as distinctly an individual in his characteristics and temperament as any human, and Baldy, his wily foe, who subdues the giant by force of stratagem, is as different in character as Iago from Othello.

It is the jungle point of view that is given, but not Kipling's jungle. The latter lifts on the wing of imagination. Ernest Seton-Thompson gives vivid reality. His broad knowledge of animal life and marvelous power of observation, marking the naturalist, find a response in the instinctive love of nature inherent in all, but freshest and strongest in children. Science is here, but science in so alluring a shape that children take it in more eagerly than any fairy-tale. They have appropriated these stories as their own, written in the beginning without any thought of producing children's literature, and they meet their elders here on common ground. The story has indeed a peculiarly educating quality, and those who have known Wab in his forlorn cubhood, bereft of mother and kindred, and have condoned the worst crimes committed in his prime of victorious carnage, must thereafter look upon all wild things from a new standpoint and with a new comprehension.

The detail which runs through the tale like a fine tracery is what children love. Elder readers, with a more jaded sense, seek the stimulation afforded by exciting passages. They will find it in the climax, a dramatic one but not new, for similar situations occur in "Wild Animals That I Have Known." A harassed creature driven to self-destruction by a more subtle foe is the theme, and though it is handled with much art, it is too abnormal a manifestation to be used often.

A less pardonable lapse is the Yellowstone Park

episode. Wab, man-hater and man-killer, to whom the very scent of man at a distance was enough to throw into a rage, was not the bear to be moved by flippant curiosity or impudent bravado. Not he, but some other grizzly, penetrated into the Park hotel, and to make him the hero of the adventure is out of keeping with his character and too much in the style of Mark Twain's reckless inconsequence when he is rounding off a funny story.

In externals the volume is a little piece of perfection, and, with the exception of one or two unsatisfying full-page drawings, the author's illustrations are a delight to the eye in their absolute realization of the text.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Character Studies from the French.

In addition to her labors on the works of Balzac, translating and selecting, Katharine Prescott Wormeley has given the English-reading public a volume of sketches entitled "Pastels of Men," from the French of Paul Bourget, which will meet with appreciation. The art of the best French writers, their power of introspection, the narrow division of tragedy and comedy, are well illustrated in these sketches, and some of them are nearly perfect in their way. That the genius or cunning workmanship of the artist is seldom lost sight of in the interest of his story, may be true, but the pictures are worthy of study if they are pictures rather than nature. The translator's skill and discrimination as shown in this collection are worthy of all the good words that may be said of them.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Queen Victoria is about to publish another selection from her diaries, according to the *Outlook*. The profits will go to one of the war funds.

Gertrude Atherton's new novel, "Senator North," which has been running as a serial in the *Times* of London, will shortly be brought out in book-form both in England and in America. The theme of the book is said to be a somewhat daring essay in fiction, owing to the difference of ages between the hero and the heroine.

The *Publishers' Weekly* is authority for the statement that for his new novel Rudyard Kipling is to receive the largest sum ever paid to an English writer of fiction—a sum described as "equal to the annual salary of a cabinet minister."

Rider Haggard is to appear in a new rôle, having been engaged to act as war-correspondent in South Africa for the *London Express*, a new daily newspaper.

Hall Caine's new story, "The Roman," is to be published first as a serial.

The possible invasion of England is the motive of Max Pemberton's forthcoming novel. He calls the story "Pro Patria."

In response to inquiries as to whether S. Weir Mitchell's "Dr. North and His Friends," now running as a serial, has any relation to "Characteristics," it is announced that all of the characters of the latter re-appear in "Dr. North," which is a continuation, though in no sense a sequel, of the earlier book.

A new volume of poems by F. B. Money-Coutts, entitled "The Mystery of Godliness," will be published this spring.

"Unleavened Bread," Robert Grant's forthcoming novel, has for heroine a clever and ambitious woman of the world, who marches to what she considers success through the social conditions peculiar to modern life.

Lilian Whiting, author of "Kate Field, a Record," who has been staying in Florence at the Villa Trollope, will go to Paris shortly by way of Milan and Lucerne. Miss Whiting is engaged on a new work.

A sequel to Mr. Vandam's book, "An Englishman in Paris," is announced by the author.

Willis Boyd Allen, author of "Navy Blue" and "Cleared for Action," has written a novel entitled "The Head of Pasht," which will be published this spring.

Helen Mathers, who for a long time has written little, is about to print a new novel which she calls "Becky."

The title of Mme. Sarah Grand's new book in a measure will disarm the critics who consider the majority of her heroines rather hopeless specimens of femininity. It is to be called "Babs the Impossible."

Stephen Crane, who is lying at the point of death, has, for the last year, been occupying one of the oldest houses in England. It is situated in the loveliest part of Sussex, and is owned by Moreton Frewen. It is called "Brede Place," and was built in 1400. In reality it is a miniature castle. There, with straw littered over the stone floors, with fires in the huge old fire-places burning brightly, and with everything as in the feudal times, the man who wrote "The Red Badge of Courage" has been turning

out books and magazine stories with a regularity which few who knew him in his younger days gave him credit for. His recent work has called forth unstinted praise from England's greatest critics, and though perhaps he is the most American of all the Americans in England, no one in English literary circles is spoken of more lovingly and admiringly than the author whose career threatens to end before he reaches his thirtieth year. His wife is with him.

Francisque Sarcey's library brought pretty low prices at the sale in Paris, the total receipts being \$75,000 for the 60,000 volumes. The best prices were obtained for illustrated *éditions de luxe*. Voltaire's "Zadig," with pictures by Garnier, Rops, and Robaudi, brought \$216; Diderot's "Jacques le Fataliste," with Maurice Leloir's illustrations, \$41; Théophile Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin," with Toudouze's pictures, \$64. Many 3-franc paper-covered books brought 40, 50, or 60 francs on account of the author's autograph inscribed on them.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce for immediate publication "The Last Lady of Mulberry," a story of Italian New York, by Henry Wilton Thomas; "Garthowen," a Welsh story, by Allen Raine; "The Immortal Garland," a novel of American life, by Anna Robeson Brown; "Bird Studies with a Camera," by Frank M. Chapman; a new edition of "Diana Tempest," by Mary Cholmondeley; "The Lunatic at Large," a romance, by J. Storer Clouston; and a new edition of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

## An Ideal War-Correspondent.

The *London Daily News*, in speaking of the late Archibald Forbes, whom it regards as "the ideal war-correspondent," and of whom it says that "he could write with the speed of a whirlwind," tells the following story to illustrate his cleverness in getting his news reports in ahead of his fellow-correspondents:

"Here is a little scene. Time, near midnight, after a hard day's work; everybody done up. 'Hullo, Jones,' says Smith, 'there's Forbes already asleep, like brass.' 'By Jove, yes,' quoth Jones (incipient snore for Forbes); 'it would take ten horses to wake him up. I'll turn in,' says Jones; 'time enough to get our stuff off to-morrow, eh?' 'Right you are,' responds Smith. In ten minutes the wearied warrior-scribes are dead asleep. Forbes rises cautiously, passing out like a ghost; sits him down in a hidden corner with the stump of a tallow-candle; writes like a whirlwind for a couple of hours; finishes with the last flicker of his dip; saddles a horse; off he goes, helter-skelter, across country; gallops for an hour; delivers his letter; gallops back; is in bed by 4; sleeps, this time, 'like brass,' and no mistake. 'Hullo, lazy bones,' exclaims Smith at 7 A. M., shaking the sleeper. 'Time to be up, old man,' adds Jones. 'What are you up to?' quoth Forbes, drowsily. 'We are thinking of getting our stuff off.' 'The devil you are. Why hurry? Let's have another snooze.' At last, Smith and Jones get their stuff off; and in three days discover, to their heppuzlement, that they were twenty-four hours behindhand. Very provoking to Smith and Jones. But if Forbes had been the victim of the little ruse, he would have been the first to laugh over it, and to congratulate his successful competitor."

Thackeray's writing habits are thus described in John Hollingshed's new book:

"He wrote a very small, neat hand, and used slips of note-paper. These he would often gather up and put in his coat pocket, leaving his secretary at work, and stroll down to the Athenæum Club. Here, if he could get a comfortable table and was not waylaid by any gossip, to whom he was always ready to give an attentive ear, he would pull out his slips and carry his story a few steps further. In an hour or two he would again collect the scattered papers, and go on to the Garrick Club, where, if not interrupted, he would resume his writing. This habit of composing in public frightened many of the old club fogies, who thought they were being caricatured for posterity, and no doubt helped to get him black-balled at the Travelers'."

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Stories of the White Silence.

The tales of the Far North told in Jack London's "The Son of the Wolf" could have been written by no man or woman who had not crossed weary wastes of snow under the Arctic circle and known the terrors of the winter trail, the perils of cold and hunger and savage enemies, the craze for gold, and the companionship of adventurers of every grade. And the art of their telling has been mastered by few. There are traces of imitation, here and there a word or phrase that betrays the influence of earlier story-tellers, but the color, the vivid presentation of these strange scenes, the passion and restraint of the figures that move and speak, the philosophy, the life of the best of the stories, is the author's own, and his work is worthy of high praise.

There are nine of the stories, and though all have been published singly in the magazines, they will be new to many readers, and they gain in force by companionship. The strongest tale of the collection is "In a Far Country," which holds the tragedy of two ill-mated companions who earn the contempt of their fellow-voyagers and are left in a lonely cabin on the great portage over the Mackenzie watershed in the West. In "The Men of Forty-Mile" there is a grand picture of frontier decision and restraint, marked by grim humor, a quality which shows but seldom in the chronicles. The opening story, "The White Silence," was well chosen for the place, for the reader will not close the book willingly at the end of this sketch of suffering and sorrow. The vein of romance in this—the devotion and stoical bearing of the Indian wife—is developed in four of the stories that follow, and in only one does it become almost too rich in strange and fanciful adventure.

Success is assured for this volume, the first work of a young author. He will do more and even better work perhaps, for he has chosen a field which will not be exhausted soon, but there is more than promise in the stories he has given us. Some of the characters he has drawn will not be forgotten easily, and as they have appeared in more than one of these sketches, the reader may hope with reason to meet them again in circumstances equally winning.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

## Critical Essays on Literary Leaders.

Frederick Harrison's latest volume, "Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, and Other Literary Estimates," is an irritating work. In his scrutiny of the writings from which he makes his estimates, he has been as diligent to search out trifling faults as to hold up minor virtues, but in his summing up he is never consistent, seldom clear, and not rarely enthusiastic in contradictory terms. His studies include Matthew Arnold, John Addington Symonds, Gibbon, Fraude, and Freeman, in addition to the great names mentioned on his title-page, and in each study there is evidence of careful, even minute examination, many side-lights that illuminate new views of the subject, and some happy appreciations, but it is in the discursive passages rather than in the pointed criticism that the reader will find most satisfactory entertainment.

Mr. Harrison perceives a crown of light on Tennyson's brow, and pronounces the poet's authority over poetic form paramount and his superiority to all bards of the time above question or doubt, yet he takes up "In Memoriam" seriously, quotes line after line to display their beauty, and then belittles them with the judgment that they are not quite so spontaneous, so unaffected, so imitable as some Wordsworthian truisms. "The Idylls" would be sure poetry if we could forget the incongruity of making belted knights with fairy mothers talk modern morality. To this critic it appears that the permanent fame of Tennyson must abide on his distinctly lyrical work.

Fifty pages are given to views of Ruskin "as a seer of prose," and "as a prophet." The chapters will hardly please those who have written with conviction on these subjects since the death of the seer. He declares that Ruskin did not learn till he was growing gray the lesson of chastening his passion and his imagination, and then heeded it only when he was not deeply moved. The appreciation of Matthew Arnold is more convincing than any of the essays that precede it. The limitations of Arnold as a poet, and the value of his insight as critic, are set forth in a kindly, winning way. The memoirs and letters of Gibbon are reviewed with discrimination, and these papers are the most entertaining of the contents of the book.

In spite of the attitude assumed by Mr. Harrison in these essays, the book is full of interest, and if not pleasing throughout, it is rich in suggestion.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

## Frederic Remington's Stories and Pictures.

Twelve short stories and thirty-two pictures by Frederic Remington make up the volume entitled "Men with the Bark On," and after this the reader owns all that can well be told to one who has not the book in hand. For years the artist's drawings of wild Western scenes, and, later, of war views, have been recognized as among the strongest of their kind, and his sketches of life in the hunting-

field, in camp, and on the trail, have won no less deserved a welcome. In this latest collection there are stories of soldiers in Cuba under the enemy's fire, in camp, and at play; of frontier scouts and their Indian allies and foes; of hunting adventures in the great woods where the moose and the wolf have not yet been dispossessed, and each story is something more than a page of real life. The illustrations are the spirited pictures whose style is so well known that no signature is needed. There is nothing in the volume that will be remembered so long as "Sundown Leflare," but there is nothing unworthy of its author.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

## New Publications.

"Growth of Nationality in the United States," by John Bascom, has been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

An allegory of modern application is "The Reward of Prince Cheerfulness," by Ruth Lewinson. Published by William R. Jenkins, New York; price, 75 cents.

A study of the primary sources of Christianity is presented in "The Revelation of Jesus," by Dr. George Huley Gilbert. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

A novel with a purpose and a strong argument is "The Man's Cause," by Ella Napier Lefroy. There is some good character-drawing in the book, and some able presentations of the problem discussed, but the story is not a pleasing one. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

An amusing story, full of surprises from the first paragraph, is "An Eventful Night," by Clara Parker. In spite of its array of farcical incidents, it ends with the situation usual in novels, and the hero is to be envied his good fortune. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

A volume of interest to general readers, and of especial value to lawyers, is "Ames on Forgery: Its Detection and Illustration," by Daniel T. Ames. In addition to the technical and instructive features of the work, a number of celebrated cases are described, and the illustrations are numerous and convincing. Published by Daniel T. Ames, San Francisco; price, \$2.50.

James S. Drummond, a fellow-student and co-pastor, has written an appreciative memoir in his work, "Charles A. Berry, D. D." The minister who was called to Brooklyn to take the pulpit made vacant by the death of Beecher, was no ordinary man, and this biography will be welcomed by many who looked up to him. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Professor Edwin Diller Starbuck, of Stanford University, has made what he terms "an empirical study of the growth of religious consciousness," and the product is a volume entitled "The Psychology of Religion." It presents the results of wide inquiry in a series of tables that will interest students of psychology. The work is scholarly in plan and treatment, and an achievement of value in its division of philosophy. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Max O'Rell's letters and essays if not always pleasing are usually interesting and suggestive, but his first novel, "Woman and Artist," is not an entertaining work. It is the story of an artist and his wife, who become estranged through the ambition and avarice of the husband, but are reconciled at the end. The story is told with little art. The important episodes are made unpleasant, and the lighter incidents and conversation are commonplace. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

It is not a matter of surprise that the index to "More Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden" fills some fourteen closely printed pages, for there is everything in the book, from the description of lowly herbs to poetry and literary criticism, and it is a volume that will entertain most readers who have a taste for nature studies and fanciful reflections. Its author, Mrs. C. W. Earle, made many friends with her earlier work, and in this her bid for continued favor is not to be rejected. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

From Balzac's essays on history, politics, literary criticism, prominent Parisians, and from his correspondence, Katharine Prescott Wormeley has made up a volume of extracts and entitled it "Personal Opinions of Honoré de Balzac." To this work the critical ability of the editor has been given, as well as the knowledge and appreciation of the translator, and the result will be received with lasting pleasure by all who have any acquaintance with the great French novelist's works. The volume concludes the new edition of Balzac's works. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

An examination of no more than the preface of Professor Richard T. Ely's latest volume, "Monopolies and Trusts," makes apparent the fact that it is not a book hastily put together to meet a popular demand. Instead it is a part of a greater work, to be entitled "The Distribution of Wealth," in the preparation for which the author has been engaged

for seven years. In this section of the greater study he takes up the problems of monopoly, industrial and wealth concentration, and their evils and remedies, and discusses them ably and in an interesting manner. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

## RECENT VERSE.

## A Ballad of Happiness.

Ale and argument, bread and cheese,  
Song and silence and neither best,  
Pipes and poetry, toil and ease,  
The day for work and the night for rest;  
A cheerful sermon; a thoughtful jest;  
A friend to follow, a foe to fight,  
And a hopeful heart on a hopeless quest:  
These are the springs of my delight.

April rain and November skies,  
Frost in Autumn and thaw in Spring,  
The bare brown fields where the ground-larks rise,  
The feathery birches where robins sing;  
Daisies in buttercups beckoning  
In lanes by the morning breeze blown bright,  
And the joy of living that May days bring:  
These are the springs of my delight.

A white-capped harbor, a sea-salt gale,  
And the thunder-caps scudding across the sky,  
Or the breathless calm and the flapping sail  
And the lights of the night boat steaming by;  
The wind in the trees and the low reply  
Of the ripples that break where the shore shows white  
'Gainst the shadow that ancient pines raise high:  
These are the springs of my delight.

The sweet content of old-time books;  
The song of the surf in the strong white sun,  
And the little laugh of hidden brooks  
That under drooping willows run;  
The battles lost and the battles won,  
Sunshine at morn'g, shade at night,  
The finished work and the task begun:  
These are the springs of my delight.

## L'ENVOI.

These are but pleasures, you say, that pall?  
You (and you only) shall read aright:  
These—and one other more dear than all  
—These are the springs of my delight.  
—John Ridd in Harper's Weekly.

## The Deserted House.

With sagging door and staring window-place,  
And sunken roof, it stands among its trees,  
Besieged by the boughs that interlace  
Between it and the light ghost-footed breeze.  
Poor human nest, how desolately torn!  
Yet in these ragged rooms young children slept;  
And on this floor all broken and forlorn  
The baby with the sunshine daily crept.

See where some elder "Tom" and "Susie" stood,  
And marked their names a yard space from the ground;  
That little height, when all of sweet and good  
Within the narrow plot of home is found.

Such tiny sleeping rooms, with space for naught  
Except a place to dress, a place to dream,  
A book, a little shelf, a good-night thought,  
A childish treasure brought from field or stream.

Upon this hearstone, picking bit by bit  
The grass that grew before the cottage door,  
The six-months' baby sat examining it  
As one who never had seen its like before.

Here by the window in her willow chair,  
The mother sewed and sang a low refrain.  
Are those the patches from her piece-bag there?  
Nay, they are leaves that blew in with the rain.

The leaves blow in, the moss is on the roof,  
The squirrels bring their treasures from the boughs,  
The stork comes, and with dull, unchastening hoof,  
Into this partial shelter stray the crows.

Ah, come away! Some woman's youth lies here,  
Some man's fair childhood, dead but wondrous sweet:

Some heart this cot has sheltered holds it dear,  
And fills it with old loves and joys complete.

What right have we to pry or speculate?  
The sun goes down, the darkness like a pall  
Incloses ruined house and porch and gate,  
And tender darkness broodeth over all.

—Ethelwynn Wetherald in the Youth's Companion.

Concerning the recent Daly sale, a correspondent of the London *Athenaeum* writes:

"The late Mr. Augustin Daly did not possess the original manuscript of 'The School for Scandal,' so that any buyer in the auction in New York of the manuscript thus described in the sale catalogue of his library will not obtain what he expects. Mr. Daly told me that his copy in manuscript was prepared by Sheridan for presentation to Mrs. Crewe, but the original manuscript of which Moore gives an account and from which he makes some extracts in his 'Life of Sheridan' is now the property of Sheridan's great-grandson, and, with the original manuscripts of other plays, is among the treasures of Mr. Algernon Sheridan's library at Frampton Court. An amanuensis made several copies of 'The School for Scandal,' and late in life Sheridan began to revise and correct one of them with a view to publication. A copy was given to his elder sister, Mrs. Lefanu, which she sold, and the printed version of the play was made from it. This version, however, differs in many particulars from the original manuscript, owing to changes made for stage purposes in the first copy, which were followed in all the others."

## WOMANLY BEAUTY.

## How to Gain It. How to Retain It.

JOHN V. SHOEMAKER A. M., M. D.,

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The General Laws of Health: Physical beauty dependent on their observance—The spendthrift tendency as to health—Imprudence in exercise—City-bred and country-bred—The secret of enjoyable life.

The Source of Beauty in the Fair Sex—Causes chiefly concerned in producing the relative beauty of the fair sex—Men choose the best-favored—Women the sedulous care of enlightened nations—Beauty-producing prevalence of romantic love—The influence of sexual selection.

The Regulative Law of Life and Growth—Evolution—Comparison of theories—History of the discussion.

The Evolution of the American Girl—Dressing for adornment—Dressing of American women—Of foreign women—Modifying fashions to suit forms—Beauty of American women compared with French—Fifty years of fashion—From simplicity to luxury—The Countess of Jersey an improvement in hygienic practices—The female form—Its proportions—Points of elegance—Beauty of the bosom—Warning against quacks—Tight shoes and gloves—Tight-lacing—Blonde and brunette types—The grace of Spanish women—Conditions tending to make American women the handsomest type of the world.

Nature's Evidence of the Law of Life and Growth—The relation between species—Effects of sexual selection upon animals—The courting of birds—Rare case of the female courting the male—Nature's relinquishment of unused organs.

Man's Physical Place in Nature—Educated man and the savage—Likeness to the anthropoid apes—Types of brain conformation.

Food for Health and Beauty—Tastes of nations—Acquirement of taste—Plain cooking—English and French cooking—The palate and digestion—Pleasures of the table contributory to health and beauty.

Clothing in its Relation to Health—Protective, healthful, and agreeable aspects of clothing—The uses of linen—Of wool and cotton—Silk underwear—The climate and the almanac.

Ventilation—Cool Air and Pure Air Distinguished—Natural and mechanical ventilation contrasted—How to ventilate for sick and well—Night air—The cellar air—House-tops as resorts.

The Circulation and Digestion—Respiration of the lungs and skin—The higher modes of circulation.

Cosmetic Treatment and Articles—Elegant preparations for the toilet—Recipes for cologne, bandiline, jelly of roses, Japanese poultice—Recipes for dandruff, hair-dyes, face-powders, hair- tonic, toilet vinegar, and pomades—Five recipes for Florida water—Four for brilliancy.

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Who can fathom the mystery of a woman's heart? Another woman. Who can pierce the dread but fascinating mystery that veils the future? That slow but eminently sure old tortoise, Father Time. Who can solve the mystery that awaits us in that bourn which all earthly travelers who have ever so light a luggage of hope in their gripsacks are so agile in avoiding? Every mother's son and daughter of us, when all our shifts and expedients fail, and we must 'bout ship and sail for the other world. But who can elucidate the dense, the inscrutable, the ever-elusive mystery of the motives which influence the ebb and flow of the multitudes of pleasure-seekers? No man of woman born.

Some years ago, E. H. Sothern presented the play of "Captain Lettarblair" for the first time to the San Francisco public, and assumed the rôle of the attractive, dashing, insouciant captain. Sothern is undersized, and not at all handsome, but he has a face which is expressive and full of individuality, and he is also the fortunate possessor of a most attractive, almost fascinating, personality. He fitted into a congenial rôle admirably, and perhaps as much by the power of his magnetism as by his art charmed his hearers into the verdict that it was a finished and delightful piece of acting. Virginia Harned, who has since become his wife, was then an extremely pretty, delicately tinted blonde, and, as she appeared in that play, a charmingly sweet and sympathetic actress. She also dressed to perfection in a series of the daintiest of gowns which left in the mind a vague, gauzy impression of shifting, fleecy layers of pale, opalescent clouds, caught by some modern magic and transubstantiated into the most finished specimens of New York style. Yet this interesting couple, with a good support and the prestige of New York success, played to all but empty houses. And now that the play is an old story, that it is rendered by a stock company inferior to that which supported Sothern, that the leading lady is too light to successfully deal with the emotional side of the rôle of the heroine, and that the leading man is superior to Sothern only in inches and equal in nothing else, the play is drawing good houses and pleasing its audiences thoroughly.

Probably Sothern left here after a disastrous season, with entire contempt for us and our theatrical tastes. If so, he was wise enough, or reserved enough, to keep it to himself; but he has never set foot in San Francisco since. Some years later, he made a hit in "The Prisoner of Zenda," and we had promise of that play being produced here, but when the New York company came out to present it, James Hackett filled the rôle of the king-descended hero. No doubt, by this time, the light of later successes has all but extinguished in Sothern's memory the recollection of bow limited was the circle over which his little candle threw its beams while he was in our capricious midst, and he merely retains a generally vague feeling that we are a race of unsympathetic barbarians that wise men would do well to avoid.

A second hearing of "Captain Lettarblair" makes one realize that it is quite a brightly written sample of the class of romantic comedy to which it belongs. To be sure, the puns, quips, and word-plays are rather carefully led up to at times, and the financial and legal transactions are a little involved, but if the audience had listened attentively to the two old gray-heads who opened the play by a conversation that sounds dull and obviously explanatory, as faintly heard through the rustle of arriving petticoats and the slam of descending seats, they would probably have cleared up the puzzling points. However, we should always be grateful for the avoidance of long, wordy explanations on the stage; they are neither amusing nor exciting, and merely something to be lived through—too much, in fact, like the dull moments in life. What Margaret Merington has succeeded in doing is in writing a play with a number of prettily piquant situations, several graceful love-scenes, and any number of neat speeches and happy hits in the mouth of her taking Irish hero.

James Neill appears to very much greater advantage in this second play that he has presented. He is more easy and attractive, and his mellow voice suits the mellow wit and lends itself appropriately to the slight brogue of the facile-tongued Irishman. He has also shown in this rôle an ability to make love successfully. That is always quite a test of the leading man's ability. If he can not thrill the imaginations of romantic girls, if he seems insincere, if his voice does not deepen with some approach to genuineness of feeling; if, on the one hand, he embraces the girl of his heart like a distant and respectful pump-handle, or, on the other hand,

winds himself around her like a cobra and obscures her dainty waist too generously with a pair of large, splay hands (as I recently saw done *ad nauseam* on a local stage); or, still worse, becomes oppressively and offensively beaten in his demonstrations, these stern, intolerant young critics are instantly and ruthlessly down on him. There is no half-way place in their verdict. He is either an archangel of superlative merit, or they "hate," "loathe," "despise" him, or he is "vile," "heastly," "insufferable," etc.

In truth, those discerning, shrewd, pretty young creatures are partly right. Stage love-making is often the touch-stone which reveals the actor's possession or lack of good sense, good taste, and feeling. The thrilling love-scenes in the great dramas are lightning flashes of emotion and passion; one moment's fire and radiance, and it is over. Let the moment prolong itself too much, and satiety and impatience come to the auditors.

That is one of the rocks on which Jeannette Gilder has split as a playwright. Her love-scenes are like long, dull, slow-moving streams of thick molasses. First you are cloyed, then weary, then disgusted. The authoress of "Captain Lettarblair," on the contrary, has recognized the value of skillfully introducing a little dash of humor at the critical moment, and the brief surrender to sentiment ends with a laugh.

James Neill put a good deal of earnestness into the sentimental moments, and as he is a tall, well-favored man with a fine figure and looked very well in the uniform of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, he rather pleased his girl critics, and one could hear a little gurgle of satisfaction all over the house. It must be an agreeable rôle to play, for the dramatist has made of her hero a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*; brave in battle, Quixotic in business transactions, tender and chivalrous in love, magnanimous to a fallen foe, with a tongue sweetened by harney and pungent with audacity, and, crowning merit of all, he always holds the centre of the stage.

Edythe Chapman played the part of the pretty heiress sweetly and attractively, but it is evident that her abilities respond more readily to the lesser demands made by the light rôle she filled in "A Bachelor's Romance." She was not quite equal to the scene where her skirt is caught in the door, and made queer, unnatural gymnastics with her voice to express her dismay. She also failed to make it evident at once to a rather puzzled house that her mishap was caused by the knob having come out of the door. The ladies of the company apparently alternate in playing the leading parts, since Julia Dean was the Sylvia in "A Bachelor's Romance." From their point of view this is a desirable thing for them in the way of experience, but it betrays the weak spot in the company.

Benjamin Howard was a mild, quiet, lounging, well-bred, irreproachably groomed and excessively good-looking villain. That was all he was called on to be, for his part is a shadowy one. He only appears in the play for the purpose of casting discredit on the captain in the heiress's eyes, and the principal impression he leaves in the mind is a faint feeling of satisfaction that the generous Lettarblair spared a man with such exceedingly well-cut features, and so rich and agreeable a voice, from breaking rock at Portsmouth.

JOSEFITA.

#### The Races.

A number of interesting races have been arranged for the Oakland track next week by the California Jockey Club. They include the May-Day Handicap, for three-year-olds and upward, to be run on Wednesday, the purse being \$400, and distance six furlongs; on Thursday, a Free Handicap for three-year-olds and upward, purse \$500, and distance one mile and a sixteenth; and on Friday, the Darktown Derby, for four-year-olds and upward, that have not won more than two races this year.

Saturday, May 5th, Fabiola Day, is to be a gala occasion, when the following races will be on the card: First race—For three-year-olds, heaten non-winners since March 1, 1899 (selling), five furlongs. Second race—For two-year-olds (selling), five furlongs. Third race—The Fabiola Derby, for three-year-olds (selling), one mile. Fourth race—for four-year-olds and upward (selling), owners' handicap, one mile and three-quarters. Fifth race—For three-year-olds and upward, six furlongs.

The University of Chicago received more than four millions of dollars in donations during the month of April, one-half of which came from Mr. Rockefeller. By his latest contributions the total of donations to the university is swelled to the immense sum of \$11,355,874, over two-thirds of which is to be credited to Mr. Rockefeller. As the result of these subscriptions, the university will be enriched with several new structures, including, among others, an assembly hall, club-house, commons building, *café*, dormitories, and extensions of some of the present buildings, and there will still remain a large sum to be applied to other purposes.

The Empress of Russia has the most beautiful sapphires in the world, and she also possesses a wonderful collection of turquoises, though it is not equal to that of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who, indeed, is said to have the finest collection that exists.

#### Romance of a Famous Actress.

There died a few days ago in Paris a famous actress, who, however, was hardly known to the present generation, in the person of Mlle. Madeleine Brohan, a *soubrette* of the Comédie-Française. From 1850 down till 1885 Madeleine Brohan was one of the stars of the famous House of Molière. The stories of her good nature and of her adventures which are told are legion, but she may perhaps be recalled by older readers as the heroine of an adventure in which a famous and titled Englishman was concerned. Madeleine Brohan was a good woman in the best sense of the word, and the Englishman in question, a knight, being unaware of her marriage, and having fallen deeply in love with her, offered her his name and fortune. Of course Madeleine could not accept, and she wrote stating the essential reason which prevented her considering the proposal. Nevertheless, the nobleman got on friendly terms with the comedienne, and his passion finally getting the better of him, he blew his brains out. On the table was found a touching letter addressed to Madeleine Brohan, by which the suicide announced that he had left her the whole of his considerable fortune. There was, however, this clause in the will: "If Mme. Brohan will not accept the legacy, I leave the whole of my goods to the Imperial Orphanage"; for it must be remembered that this tragedy was enacted under the Empire, when a man could be a prince in Paris and a duke in London. Without hesitating, Madeleine went to the commissary of police, and at once signed the necessary documents by which she renounced all her claims to the legacy, which consequently went to the Imperial Orphanage.

#### The Bench Show.

The San Francisco Kennel Club closed its office on Montgomery Street last Sunday night to all entries from this city for the bench show, which will open at the Pavilion on Wednesday, May 2d, and continue four days. The entries in each class received up to the closing hour were as follows: Mastiffs, 25; St. Bernards, 80; Great Danes, 31; Newfoundlands, 6; greyhounds, 6; American foxhounds, 21; English foxhounds, 6; pointers, 24; English setters, 36; Irish setters, 20; Gordon setters, 9; field-trial class, 4; Irish water spaniels, 12; field spaniels, 8; Cocker spaniels, 82; Dalmatians, 2; collies, 48; bulldogs, 12; Boston terriers, 5; Dachshunds, 24; fox terriers (smooth coated), 60; fox terriers (wire haired), 3; Irish terriers, 10; Skye terriers, 3; Yorksire terriers, 8; toy terriers, 1; pugs, 1; Pomeranians, 2; Japanese spaniels, 5; Italian greyhounds, 7; chow chows, 1; Esquimaux, 1; miscellaneous, 3; total, 620.

The Pavilion will doubtless be thronged nightly during the show, for never before has been such a collection of valuable dogs been brought together in this city as will be on exhibition this year.

Two years ago the Metropolitan Tabernacle in London, known to the world as "Spurgeon's," was burned down in an hour. It is now nearly rebuilt, and within a month or two will, outwardly, be as of yore. The old Tabernacle cost \$160,000; the new one will cost over \$200,000. It will seat about four thousand persons—one thousand less than the old—but there will be more comfort. The new building is fire-proof. The formal opening will take place in September.

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

## The Neill Company in "A Gilded Fool."

That the Neill company is gradually winning its way into the good graces of San Francisco theatre-goers is evident from the increased attendance during the third week of their engagement at the California Theatre. This is as it should be, for it is a long time since we have had such a wholesome repertoire of plays so prettily mounted, well directed, and conscientiously presented as have been the first two productions of this modest yet capable company. Next week they are to put on Henry Guy Carleton's "A Gilded Fool," with James Neill in the rôle of Chauncey Short, one of Nat Goodwin's greatest successes, and Edythe Chapman as Margaret Ruthven, the part played by Blanche Walsh when the comedy was last presented here, some four years ago, at the Baldwin Theatre.

The plot of the story revolves about Chauncey Short, an errand-boy in a little New England village grocery-store, who, through the death of a miserly old uncle, suddenly finds himself in possession of a fortune of two millions of dollars. He goes to New York to have a good time, and leads a reckless, fast life, until he meets Margaret Ruthven, whose home adjoins the one he has rented. He falls in love with her, but she treats his advances with contempt, for she despises his manner of living. From that time on he begins to reform, and, finally, when he saves the firm of Ruthven & Co. from bankruptcy by a lucky speculation, he wins his sweet heart and all ends well.

"A Parisian Romance," which heretofore has been presented only by Richard Mansfield, follows.

## Second Week of Ward and Vokes.

Ward and Vokes enter on the second and last week of their engagement at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night. Those who enjoy a hodge-podge of catchy songs, pretty dances, and snatches of farce-comedy, with a liberal sprinkling of horse-play in the stage business, will find "The Floor Walkers" to their liking. It is, more or less, a rehash of its predecessor, "A Run on the Bank," with a pretty background, and practically only one new character introduced—that of Isy Mark, an amiable, easily hoodwinked Hebrew, effectively impersonated by George Sidney, who scores the hit of the evening. Ward and Vokes do nothing new, although their Percy and Harold tramp specialty goes as well as ever. Lucy Daly, in some stunning costumes and all the affectations of a prima donna, is indefatigable in her efforts to please her audience, and does some dainty dancing, while Margaret Daly Vokes, who has a pleasing personality, is an excellent foil as the quiet, gawky maid, her rendition of "We Heard What You Said," in the dance with Ward and Vokes, being especially droll. The only real singing during the evening is contributed by the Chicago Ladies' Quartette, whose plantation melodies deserve the encores they receive.

Yale's extravaganza, "The Evil Eye," is to be the next attraction.

## Success of "The Wizard of the Nile."

Judging from the crowded houses which have been the rule at the Tivoli Opera House during the past fortnight, Victor Herbert's tuneful comic opera, "The Wizard of the Nile," is destined to equal if not eclipse the great record made by "The Idol's Eye." On Monday it enters on its third week, with a heavy advance sale. Herbert's music is decidedly above the average, and is effectively rendered by Director Hirschfeld and his excellent orchestra. As for the singers, Ferris Hartman, Alf. C. Wheelan, William Schuster, Tom Greene, Annie Myers, Helen Merrill, Frances Graham, and Julie Cotte, all have congenial rôles, while the prettily costumed chorus and elaborate stage-pictures make a charming background.

After "The Wizard of the Nile" shall have exhausted its popularity, "The Three Musketeers" will be given its initial production in this city, to be followed by welcome revivals of "Madeline; or, The Magic Kiss," and Stahl's popular opera, "The Sea King."

## At the Orpheum.

The most notable feature at the Orpheum next week will be the appearance of Etta Butler, who, only eight months ago, left San Francisco for New York in search of an engagement, and now returns a full-fledged vaudeville star. That she will receive an enthusiastic welcome goes without saying, for she has a host of admirers and friends in this city. Her success as a mimic in the metropolis was instantaneous, and in all the hurly-burlys of the biggest hits of the dramatic season her work was applauded by the critics, and compared favorably with that of Cissy Loftus, the dainty little English music-hall artist, who, heretofore, had a monopoly of this particular field. After her engagement at the Orpheum, Miss Butler will enjoy a long rest on this coast before entering on her next season's engagement.

Among the other new-comers are Mr. and Mrs. Sidman, who will be seen in a quaint comedy sketch entitled "Back Home"; Little Fred, with his trained acrobatic and equestrian animals; Bowman and Ardell in a clever skit, introducing some novel dancing and singing; and the Forrest Brothers, in

an amusing clown act. The hold-overs are Digby Bell, Rae and Brosche, Mlle. Proto, and Mildred Stoller.

## MRS. LANGTRY TURNS CRITIC.

Indignant Over the Treatment She Has Received in America—Blames the "Sapho" Craze for Some of Her Troubles.

Mrs. Hugn de Bathe, better known as "Mrs. Langtry," is beginning to lose faith in American theatre-goers, and, in a recent interview by a New York World reporter, expressed certain decided opinions concerning her recent treatment in America which are especially interesting and timely.

"I am not angry," she began, quietly, with a belying glitter in her eyes, and making a noble effort to be indifferent—"I am not angry in the least, and I hold no malice toward the American public. My mood is not harsh nor vindictive; it is sad. My attitude is entirely one of interrogation. Why have the American people subjected me to every kind of insult on this tour? If it had been in just one town or city, or if it had been the result of some latent spite or grudge, I might comprehend. But it has been universal, unceasing, and in the last degree unkind and unmerited. There has been no redeeming bit of kindness or cordiality throughout the whole country. There is no offense possible which I have escaped. Even in those crude and horrible Western country towns where we made one-night stands we met with the same bitter reception.

"Now, why is it? What have I done? In what way am I different from what I was on previous tours, when they received me gladly? I have tried in every way to please and to cater to the public. I brought a clever play, by a clever and well-known playwright. I know the weakness of Americans for pretty women; I filled the parts for my play with the prettiest women and cleverest actresses I could procure. I know the taste of American women for handsome gowns; I went to unlimited trouble and expense in catering to that taste, and the gowns were a feature, the women fascinating, and the play was clever and moral.

"Now, what are they making all this fuss about? 'The Degenerates' isn't stupid, but neither is it immoral, and it certainly is not vulgar. There isn't a vulgar line in it. If there were, I should cut it. I can not tolerate vulgarity in acting or real life. There are bright lines, however, and plenty of them. If it weren't so, no one would sit through it. Don't people go to the theatre to be entertained? Or do they go to be bored to death with stupidity, and lulled to sleep from lack of action?

"What has come over the American people? Every play I have appeared in here has been a society play, and you know what that means; it means life, and action, and repartee. Would you have me portray society different from what it is? I have always supposed the perfection of dramatic art to be the exact portrayal of the people and period represented. 'The Degenerates' is merely a sketch from the society life of to-day, with men and women who are daily and nightly familiar characters. For suggestive and *risqué* plot and purpose, it is not a patch upon 'A Wife's Peril,' 'Lady Windermere's Fan,' or a score of others I might mention, and which created no sort of unpleasant sensation.

"If, then, the play and the players are all right, and above the standard that has been heretofore cordially accepted, we must look elsewhere for the fault. It is the American public! They are changeable, capricious, and follow like sheep. Their moods vary so quickly, it is impossible to keep in touch with them. What they applaud to-day they hiss to-morrow. Sometimes they keep the same mind for two successive days. How can one tell? How can one please? It is not possible. It is not as an actress they have judged me. Insult and abuse have not stopped at my profession. Lies too boldly false, too pitifully weak, to be refuted, have filled every newspaper in the country and been scattered broadcast. I am not judged as a professional, the only capacity in which I came here, but as a woman, by people who never knew me, and could not understand me if they did. My character has been torn into shreds—at times by people who knew nothing of me but the wretched, envious falsehoods they had heard, at other times by people who know nothing of what character is, for they never possessed any themselves.

"It is said that I came here to force my way into American society." Mrs. Langtry half smiled, but she probably did not look scornful intentionally. "Isn't that absurd on the face of it? People don't usually leave England to storm the citadel of American society; it is the other way round. There I have had no trouble. All the society I want is open to me, why should I come over here to conquer Western social life? As a matter of fact, I came here with no such intention. My whole desire was to work; I had no time for anything else. What with nightly performances, matinees, daily rehearsals, exercising, and resting, there was no time for pleasure, except the pleasure of working for the British wounded in the Boer war. Therein lay the thunderbolt that started the tempest. This liberal America of yours is the most partisan country I have

ever visited. Its liberality has strange ways of making itself known. If partisan politics incline you the other way, a wounded Briton deserves no aid nor sympathy. The fact that he sacrifices his blood for the cause of honor and patriotism as against the cause of rebellion and the traitor, has no weight with you.

"I made a mistake when I prepared to give you 'The Absent-Minded Beggar,' and to furnish for you entertainment which would help swell the hospital fund.

"I counted too surely upon American sympathy and consistency. It is a mistake which many Britons have made.

"In England there has been a feeling of growing brotherhood, and, aside from the sentimental features, we bore in mind your own recent war and remembered our feeling for you. And we may also have been consistently justified in expecting your sympathy, in view of the present war waging in the Philippines, to conquer and subjugate rebellious subjects there. Do you see a great deal of difference between the two conditions, except, perhaps, that the Boers have more to thank England for, because they have accepted more privileges and blessings from her than the Filipinos have from the United States? Or perhaps the trekking of the Mormons from place to place, and the final conquest over them, created an impression in English minds that you believed in the right of might. Even the memory of those early days, when the red man commenced the trekking which has landed him nowhere, and robbed him of home and land and posterity and which preceded the persecution and subsequent annihilation of all religious sects not favorable to the ruling powers—even the memory of these circumstances may have led the British heart and hand to seek here for sympathy.

"But it didn't take me long to feel my ground and adjust my plans accordingly, did it?" asked the Lily, brightening. "And then, when I had well cleared the first fence, which was a hard one to bound because it loomed up unexpectedly, came another one, quite as much of a surprise. By the time I had reached the Western towns the 'Sapho' shock had got hold of New York. Why its rebound should have struck me, hundreds of miles away from it, I don't know. Surely for no other reason than that I, too, was an Englishwoman. The little towns, following in the footsteps of the great metropolis, must have their 'Sapho' craze. So they selected me, the only available imported product, to fill the bill.

"You may imagine how extremely pleasant it was. The fad spread from one town to another. Several mayors, catching the fever and fearing the public and press were not making enough sensation, went out of their way to add to the farce. Where the thing was carried to quite too ludicrous a point, we skipped the towns. But fancy me and my play being likened to 'Sapho'! And fancy me in Newark, subjecting my company to the ordeal of playing before a jury of picked butchers and grocers, for the purpose of winning their dramatic and moral approbation! We fancied we preferred the week off, and we are enjoying the vacation. We needed it. We are worn out, and I have been in every way exhausted.

"Néver in my life have I suffered such an ordeal as this American tour. It will always be a hideous nightmare. I can not pretend to be indifferent to it. I have been cut to the quick. I have been known as cold and indifferent. But I don't think there is any one in the world more keen to insult, more alive to sympathy. I regret that I should have discovered this sensitiveness in a country that has previously received me so cordially and left so warm and sweet a spot in my memory."

For the first time during the interview Mrs. Langtry's voice faltered. She bent her head over a vase of lilies, and the next instant raised it, smiling. "I suppose you will never come to America again?"

"Won't I, though," with a very English accent; "now, that's just where you are mistaken. I shall come again, and keep right on coming till they have changed their minds, or I have discovered the reason why."

There may be qualities which, the Jersey Lily lacks, but pluck is not one of them.

One way: "Miss Bird sent two dollars for 'a sure method to preserve the voice.'" "What was it?" "Sing into a phonograph."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

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## VANITY FAIR.

The principal reason, according to the Washington correspondent of the Boston Herald, for the great difference in the social existence of Washington, D. C., and New York is that in our national capital all functions—first nights at the opera or play, receptions, and even dances, including those at the executive mansion and the foreign embassies—are subordinated to the countless dinners of the season. It is the one immutable function, the great event that can not be neglected. Washington, from Christmastide to Ash Wednesday, seems to be the very chosen and consecrated arena of the host and hostess and the diner-out; and, as one surveys the wide expanse of table linen and silver and golden service spread in so many houses, one is tempted to believe that this is the very scene of the composition of the immortal line—"But where is the man who can live without dining?" Certainly nowhere else, save in Newport and Bar Harbor in August and half September, is so much attention paid to dinner at eight or eight-thirty o'clock, with an occasional small dinner at seven o'clock to precede a play. Everything from play-going to speech-making; from the state of the nation to the next nomination; from the composition of a cotillion to the aspirations of a diplomat in the shell, but ready to be hatched, depends upon and revolves about the dinner hour in Washington. To dine out is to be in "Society," to dine at a restaurant is to be at least transiently out of it, since the Vanity Fair of Washington, unlike that of New York, does not affect the *cafés* of the town, and would scarcely find them as amusing as the palm-gardens of Fifth Avenue. It is therefore to dine at home or in other people's homes organized for that purpose and conducted on the principles of a miniature caravansary.

The woman who knows how to talk of something that is really worth listening to is very much more numerous in Washington than in New York, where she has become the exception that proves the rule. The chatter of the majority of the ladies of "the smart set" in the gay metropolis can scarcely be dignified with the name of conversation, and even the smallest of small talk sometimes fails them. To such an extent is this true that at a recent dinner in New York one of the "leaders" requested her astonished hostess to supply her with stationery and a pencil. The discreetly surprised butler handed the lady a sheet of paper and a crayon, and she proceeded to initiate her stupefied near neighbors into the mysteries of a certain game, while their dishes and hers were left untasted. But in Washington the majority of the ladies who dine out really know how to talk, and, up to date, have not had recourse to pencil and paper to help them out during the progress of the repast. The happy knack of dinner-table conversation consists of talking about subjects not necessarily light in an entertaining way. Thus there are senators who, while declining to speechify at table, manage to supply a rapid and clear and even sparkling *resumé* of the question of the hour, so as at once to edify and amuse the ladies on either side. In the event of one or both of these being "bright" women, they inwardly digest the concise discourse—with champagne sauce—and pass it on, so that it eventually makes the round of numerous dinner-tables. At the same time, few of the senior diplomats but are accustomed to say—and especially to the fair sex—something really worth listening to. Even when language is employed to conceal the thought, there are certain to be pungent phrases, and possibly an occasional anecdote, since in diplomats of long service the dreaded anecdote is not only permitted but often encouraged. Left alone, after the ladies have repaired to the drawing-room, the after-dinner conversation between men is far less of the counting-house order than in New York. It is infinitely easy to sink the shop in the atmosphere of statecraft and diplomacy, and even of business-like politics. There are even very marked suggestions of art and literature. A distinguished diner-out is heard discussing Persian poetry in a vein that would delight Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Many diners-out of many minds—such is the social programme around the mahogany in Washington. The result is so stimulating as to elevate the material into the spiritual. In other words, were the dinner really had or the service inadequate, it would probably be remarked; but so long as the cooked food and iced or warmed wines are palatable and everything goes like clock-work, it is not everybody who commands the double consciousness to eat and drink other than mechanically and as an accompaniment to conversation. The real point, therefore, is not to dine, but to commune together, and there are even veterans who take the precaution of a "meat tea" to fortify them for a too talkative dinner, or reward themselves with a late supplementary supper for having, in the interests of loquacity, allowed the baked meats to pass untasted. To dine out in Washington is, therefore, a very serious matter; like the holy estate of matrimony, it is not to be entered into lightly, and it is scarcely to be wondered at that so many people "save themselves" a dinner, exercise for it, both on the day itself and the day that follows the symposium of statecraft and "the musical glasses," aim to be known as model diners-out, calculate, not how many

dishes they can consume, but how many people they can talk to and how many ideas they can interchange. This mental activity, on a foundation of artistic gastronomy, is what keeps the native and adopted Washingtonians so young.

"Many and various are the views as to the coming season," says London *Vanity Fair*. "Whether or no the war will drag on a slow existence through the summer, must be wrapped in mystery still; but there is no doubt that the tense interest which prevented one's thoughts from wandering from any other subject is now over, and only those who have near and dear relatives engaged are completely absorbed in its progress. The rest of us are content to read explanatory headlines, instead of wading through long technical military articles as we did before. We watch the posters, it is true, but cease to buy the 'extra specials'; and in spite of the large-minded, patriotic feelings of which we have hitherto been proud, we are now able to consider our own plans. To begin with, the drawing-room which will be held in May by her majesty will probably be the most memorable and the most magnificent which has been held for many years in Buckingham Palace. The opera season will, from all accounts, be more brilliant than it has been for a long time. The big charity entertainments will keep many people in town. Then there are the American hostesses. Mrs. Mackay intends to give a big concert in honor of her daughter and her daughter-in-law, who will be staying with her in the season; and Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck will be entertaining for her daughter. Mr. Astor will also give parties; and Mr. and Mrs. d'Arcy have made various improvements in their house in Grosvenor Square, so it is likely that they will entertain. The chief event of this season is to be the Royal Military and Naval Bazaar, of which the queen herself is patron, as well as Princess Christian, for whose fund it is specially planned, and Princess Henry of Battenberg.

There is a sort of official recognition of the duello in one of the recent regulations of the war minister, the Marquis de Gallifet, who issued some time ago an order to the various commanders, directing them to see to it that all officers and non-commissioned officers should practice in the use of the pistol and the sword. The minister expressed his surprise to learn that this exercise had fallen into almost complete desuetude of recent years. This (remarks the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*) is taken as a hint that the head of the army would like to see the French soldiery as fierce in dueling as the German officers. For among them a man who has not been "out" at least once, holds a very hard place among his comrades. But the German begins his practice early, for the student corps of the various universities exist almost exclusively for the purpose of fighting with heavy cutlass-like swords; and you rarely meet a German university man who has not a scar on his face to attest his prowess at the school. In the French universities, on the other hand, dueling is unknown. Even the army has fallen so much out of the habit that whenever encounters take place between the civilian and the soldier, it is generally the soldier who is discomfited. Nothing did so much to destroy the prestige of Boulanger in the heyday of his popularity as the thrust he received in the neck from the statesman in spectacles, Spuller. He was made almost as ridiculous as one of Louis Philippe's courtiers, who challenged Sainte Beuve, the great *littérateur*, and had to fight him with an umbrella over his head. On the officer's seconds remonstrating with the critic against the umbrella, he replied, placidly: "I don't mind being killed, but I do object to getting wet!" Gallifet himself has had the mortification of being wounded in encounters with civilians, and his order compelling closer attention to sword practice is doubtless based upon his knowledge of the inefficiency of his brother-officers in the use of lethal weapons.

Few radical changes are seen in the fashions for men this year. There is a sober note in the colors, and a tendency to sensible styles becomes more and more marked. The business or morning-suit (points out the *Bazaar*) should be of a light homespun vicuña, or cheviot, or of the popular and durable English flannel, and is made with a single-breasted sack-coat, single or double-breasted waistcoat, and trousers of moderate width, falling rather loosely from the hip. In flannels there is quite a choice of colors and patterns. Those in dark-gray and mouse-color, with tiny white stripes, and in dark blue and black, with a herring-bone stripe—just a thread—or gray with a gold pattern, are most effective. For tennis and golf—flannels are coming in for the latter this year—pure white, white with blue and red stripes, and white with black stripes are shown. Many golfers are discarding "knickers," and are wearing flannels, turning the trousers up at the bottom. The great novelty of the season is a coat introduced by John Drew last winter, and which has been adopted for spring and summer by fashionable men. It is really an English morning country coat in vogue in London for years. It is made of thin hopsack, vicuña, or Melton, or any material of that kind; the pattern has a not very prominent check, the color being dark-gray, drab, or olive-gray. It is made something like a cut-

away, with wide skirts covering the hips. Flaps are on the hips and two pockets, with a decided stitched plait around the waist, no outside breast-pocket, and closely cut sleeves. The trousers may match the coat, in which case they should be a little tight from the knee down. This suit can be worn in the morning as a business-suit, and in the afternoon as a semi-afternoon dress. With it some men wear a Derby, others a top-hat. Another novelty in a morning coat is the straight sack, which is much used. It is worn unbuttoned, but is only becoming to tall men. The frock-coat, the distinguishing feature of afternoon dress, has undergone little change. It is double-breasted, and is made of vicuña or of rough black material. If any other color than black is used, the trousers are of the same material. With a black frock coat, trousers of striped worsted are worn, cut rather wide and straight. A double-breasted waistcoat of white duck, or brown holland, or khaki, or of flannel, can be worn with a frock-coat. The gorgeous waistcoat has gone out of fashion.

Venice, where the only horses are the bronze ones in front of St. Mark's, is to have a race meeting this year. The idea was started as a joke, but the Venetians took it up enthusiastically, and eight thousand dollars was collected for prizes in a few days. A committee headed by the mayor, Count Grimani, has the matter in hand, and has laid out a race-course on the Campo di Marte, the old drill-ground near the railroad station. It will be the first horse-race Venice has ever seen.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, April 25th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	2,000	@ 110	110 1/4	110 1/4	110 1/4
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	9,000	@ 104 1/4	104 1/4	104 1/4	104 1/4
Northern Cal. Ry. 5%.....	5,000	@ 113	113		
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	15,000	@ 107	106 3/4		
S. P. Branch 6%.....	5,000	@ 127 1/2			
S. V. Water 6%.....	4,000	@ 114 1/4	114 1/4		
S. V. Water 4%.....	3,000	@ 104	103 3/4		
	STOCKS.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	155	@ 64 1/2-65	64	65	
Spring Valley Water.....	255	@ 93 1/2-95	93 1/2	94	
	Gas and Electric.				
Equitable Gaslight.....	150	@ 3 1/2-3 3/4	3	3 1/4	
Oakland G. L. & H.....	100	@ 46 1/2	46	47 1/2	
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	57	@ 49 1/2-50	47 1/2	49 1/2	
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	494	@ 48-49 1/2	47 1/2	49 1/2	
S. F. Gas.....	740	@ 4 1/2	4 1/2	4 3/4	
	Banks.				
London P. & A. Bank.....	10	@ 133			
Street R. R. California St.....	230	@ 121 1/2-122			
Market St.....	60	@ 63 1/4	62 1/2	63 1/4	
	Powders.				
Giant Con.....	85	@ 80 1/2-82	81 1/2	82 1/2	
Vigorito.....	500	@ 3 1/2-3 3/4	3	3 1/4	
	Sugars.				
Hana P. Co.....	155	@ 8 1/2	8 1/2	9	
Hawaiian.....	15	@ 88 1/4			
Honokaa S. Co.....	400	@ 32-33	32 1/2		
Hutchinson.....	615	@ 24 1/2-25 1/2	24 1/2	25 1/2	
Kilauea S. Co.....	85	@ 21 1/2-22 1/2	21 1/2	22 1/2	
Makaweli S. Co.....	275	@ 48-48 1/2			
Paauhau S. P. Co.....	1,270	@ 31 1/2-32	31	32 1/2	
	Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.....	15	@ 118-118 1/2	118	118 1/2	
Oceanic S. Co.....	60	@ 94 1/2-94 3/4			

The business of the board last week was like the tramp's shirt—*nil*. There was a pressure bearing against Giant, while sugars dropped off without any explanation. The question is canvassed of the effect on sugars their listing in New York will have if the efforts being now made to do this should crystallize. It is hoped and expected that the public will soon begin to take an interest in the market. Bonds were dull and prices irregular. At the close, the whole market, with the exception of Giant, was weak. The latter was sold down on a few sales, but rallied on the appearance of buying orders. Dividends will be paid on the 1st, by Honokaa Sugar Company, 25 cents; Oceanic Steamship Company, 50 cents; and San Francisco Gas and Electric Company, 33 cents per share.

## INVESTMENTS.

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Customer—"Give me ten cents' worth of paregoric, please." Druggist—"Yes, sir." Customer (absent-mindedly)—"How much is it?" Druggist—"A quarter."—Boston Christian Register.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,213,148.69  
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits December 30, 1899.....28,635,541.41  
OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. COOPER.  
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## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.  
Deposits, January 1, 1900.....\$26,110,681  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve Fund.....210,087  
Contingent Fund.....407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. ne FREMERY, Vice-Pres. LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier. Directors—George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. ne Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, Geo. Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000  
SURPLUS.....1,000,000  
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.....2,321,212  
January 1, 1900.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier  
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

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Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank  
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Philadelphia.....The Philadelphia National Bank  
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank  
Virginia City, Nev.....Agency of the Bank of California  
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Freres  
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Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000  
JNO. J. VALENTE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager; H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst-Cashier; H. L. MILLER, Second Asst-Cashier.  
Directors—John J. Valentine, Andrew Christeson, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John B. Morgan, Dudley Evans. Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE & INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.  
Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869,451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.  
COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco, 411 California Street.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The famous Thad. Steves had a colored servant in Washington named Matilda, who one morning smashed a large dish at the buffet. "What have you broken on, ynu ——— black idnt?" exclaimed her master. Matilda meekly responded: "Taint de fn'th commadment, bress de Lawd!"

When James Whitcomb Riley and "Bill" Nye traveled together giving a joint entertainment, the humorist had great fun with the poet. Once, in introducing Riley and himself to an audience, Nye remarked: "I will appear first, and speak until I get tired; then Mr. Riley will succeed me and read from his own works until you get tired."

At the Battle of Trafalgar, a sailor found kneeling by his gun, as his ship was about to engage the enemy, was asked by the first lieutenant if he was afraid. "Afraid!" answered Jack, with an expression of the utmost disdain; "oo, your hooor; I'm only praying that the enemy's shnt may be distributed like the prize money—the greatest part among the officers."

Counterfeiting was once punishable by death in England, a fact which led a judge, in passing sentence on a man convicted of that crime, to say, "I can hold you in you oo hope of mercy here, and I must urge you to make preparation for another world, where I hope you may obtain that mercy which a due regard for the credit of our paper currency forbids you to hope for now."

Judge and Mrs. William H. Taft, of Ohio, who sailed for the Philippines last week, attended church one Sunday morning, and after service Mrs. Taft was the centre of a group of women who stood in the aisle and held a long and animated discussion on some topic of feminine interest, as women will. The judge grew impatient at the delay, and was very grum on the way home. At last he said: "Do you know yu chattering womeo reminded me of Balaam's ass blocking the way?" "Oh, nn," replied Mrs. Taft, severely; "you are mistaken. It was the angel that blocked the way of the ass!"

A college professor went into a crowded restaurant in New York City for luncheon one hot day last summer. The oegrn in charge of the big corridor where the hat shelves stood was an intelligent-looking fellow, who took the professor's hat and gave oo check for it to return. An hour later, when the professor came out of the dining-room, the oegrn glanced at him, turned to the shelves, and handed him his hat. The oegro's ability to remember in whom each article of clothing belonged struck the professor as being something very wonderful. "Hnw did you know this was my hat?" he asked. "I didn't know it, sah," was the reply. "Theo why did you give it to me?" the professor persisted. "Because ynu gave it to me, sah."

Rough and harsh as he was, Nicholas the First, Czar of Russia, had a measure of chivalry in his disposition. While driving through the streets of St. Petersburg oo ooe occasion, he caught sight of an officer of his household in the act of upsetting an old beggar woman, whose hands were raised in a prayer for alms. The official was quite unmindful of the august witness of his act, and was rather pleased when, a few hours later, he was summoned to the imperial presence. Nicholas soon undeceived him, and in the presence of a dozen courtiers cut him to the quick with his indignant reproof. "Eouogh!" said Nicholas, finally; "you will walk up and down that corridor all night, and every time you turn you will say, in a loud voice, 'I am a puppy! I am a puppy!'"

Not long ago Andrew Lang, who has added golf-playing to his many other accomplishments, was a guest at a very distinguished dinner. The culinary part was faultless, but Mr. Lang's enjoyment was utterly ruined by having, as he put it, "a budding funny man oo the ooe hand and a diabolically deaf Socialist oo the other." "I could oot," added the famous critic, "tell which of the two was the more mournful companion." Two weeks afterward it got oot that the Socialist was oot deaf; that he had come to the banquet prepared to be bored by less learned guests; that he had been seated alongside "ao idiotic middle-aged gentleman, who did ootling hut talk of golf," and that to protect himself he had simulated a deafness which kept his neighbor bawling.

A good story is told about Richard Croker and Pat Doohue, a prospective power in ooe of the New York Irish wards. Doohue was new-come from the "ould soil," and Mr. Croker invited him to dine at the Waldorf-Astoria. Fearing that Doohue might make a break if allowed to order from the French meou-card, Mr. Croker volunteered to order the diner, and advised Pat to follow suit and say nothing. A waiter tumbled over himself in his endeavor to be the first to wait upon Mr. Croker, and the political magnate said: "Well, Pat, I think we'll start off with a cocktail." Pat hemmed and

hewed; bit his lip in vexation that he should be forced to object in his host's first order, but finally, screwing his courage to the point of speech, blurted out: "If ye have nn objection, Mr. Crnker, and as I'm nnt fond of that part of the chickeo as goes nver the fence last, I'll take part of the brist."

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## A School Idyl.

Ram it in, cram it in;  
Children's heads are hollow,  
Slam it in, jam it in;  
Still there's more to follow—  
Hygiene and history,  
Astronomic mystery,  
Algebra, histology,  
Latin, etymology,  
Botany, geometry,  
Greek and trigonometry,  
Ram it in, cram it in;  
Children's heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in;  
What are teachers paid for?  
Bang it in, slam it in;  
What are children made for?  
Ancient archæology,  
Aryan philology,  
Prnsody, zoology,  
Physics, clinicology,  
Calculus and mathematics,  
Rhetoric and hydrostatics.

Hoax it in, coax it in;  
Children's heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mold it in;  
All that they can swallow.  
Fold it in, mold it in;  
Still there's more to follow.  
Faces pined, and sad, and pale,  
Tell the same uoddy tale—  
Tell of moments rubbed from sleep,  
Meals untasted, studies deep.  
Those who've passed the furnace through,  
With aching brow, will tell to you  
Hnw the teacher crammed it in,  
Rammed it in, jammed it in,  
Crunched it in, punched it in,  
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,  
Pressed it in, caressed it in,  
Rapped it in, and slapped it in—  
When their heads were hollow.

—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

## A Dance at the Ranch.

From every point they gayly come, the brunns' uo-shad feet  
Pat at the green sod of the raoge with quick emphatic beat;  
The tresses of the buxnm girls as bacoers stream behind—  
Like silken castigating whips cut at the sweeping wiod.  
The dashing cowboys, brwnn of face, sit in their saddle throoes  
Aod sing the wild songs of the range in free, uncultured tones,  
Or ride beside the pretty girls, like gallant cavaliers,  
And pour the usual fairy tales into their listening ears.  
Within the "best room" of the ranch the jnly gathered throng  
Buzz like a swarm of human bees and laide the air with soog,  
The maidoes tap their sweetest smiles and give their tongues full reio  
In efforts to outtrap the boys in admiratio's chain.  
The fiddler tunes the strigis with pick of thumb and scrape of bow,  
Fidses ooe string keyed a oote too high, aoother keyed too low,  
Theo rosins up the tight-drawn hairs, the youog folks in a fret  
Uotli their ears are greeted with the warniog words:  
"All set!"

S'lote yer pardners! Let'er go!  
Balance all an' do-se-do!  
Swiog yer girls an' run away!  
Right an' left an' geots sashay!  
Geots to right an' swiog or cheat!  
Oo to oext gal an' repeat!  
Balance oext an' doot be shy!  
Swiog yer pard an' swing'er high!  
Buoch the gals ao' circle round!  
Whack yer feet ootli they bound!  
Form a basket! Break away!  
Swiog an' kiss an' all git gay!  
Al'mao left an' balance all!  
Lift yer hooos an' let'em fall!  
Swiog yer op'sites! Swing agin!  
Kiss the sage hens if you kio!  
Back to pardners, do-se-do!  
All jine hands an' off you go!  
Geots salute yer little sweets!  
Hitch an' promenade to seats!

Aod thus the merry dance goes oo till morning's struggling light  
To lengthenig streaks of gray breaks down the barriers of oight,  
Aod hronks are mounted to the glow of early morning skies  
By weary-limbed young revelers with drooping, sleepy eyes.  
The cowboys to the raoges speed to "work" the lowing herds,  
The girls within their chambers hide to sleep like weary birds,  
And for a week the youog folks talk of what a jolly spree  
They had that night at Jackson's ranch down on the Owyhee.—Denver Evening Post.

## Moore's Poison Oak Remedy.

Cures poisoo oak and all skio diseases. Sold by all druggists.

## MATINÉE CRITICISM.

SCENE.—Street-car. Young man is seated, reading. Enter young woman. She has just come from a matinee at a Broadway theatre. Recognizes young man. He gives her his seat.

SHE—Thanks, awfully. Oh, I've been having the very loveliest time that ever happened.

HE—What have you been doing—dancing?

SHE—No, indeed; dancing isn't in it. I've been in see that lovely Montague Pierrepont in that new play.

HE—What's the name of it? Oh, yes, I know. I read a very able and commendatory criticism of it in the *Radiator*. It's by Sardou, isn't it?

SHE—I don't know. I never look at the name of the author. But Pierrepont is just too lovely for any use.

HE—I hope in gn and see it. Very strong, is it not?

SHE—I should think it was! Why, that scene where Pierrepont stands by a mantel and twirls his mustache is just too much for words.

HE—What happens?

SHE—Oh, nothing; but, then, he looks so handsome, and his face is reflected in the mirror, and you see him twice, and I just felt like kissing it.

HE—What—the reflection?

SHE—No, no; his face. Oh, he is so lovely.

HE—The dialogue is very witty, isn't it?

SHE—Mmm. I guess so. [Laughs.] I didn't pay much attention to that; I was thinking about him. The way he says "Heigh-ho" is really too pathetic. All the girls were crying.

HE—Marie Dobson has a fine part, I understand, and, as usual, makes a careful character-study of it.

SHE—I believe so. She plays an ugly old woman, I think. But it's just too splendid where Pierrepont changes his necktie right before the audience, so the villain won't recognize him, you know. He did it just as naturally as my brother Tom does in real life. I think he's the greatest actor I ever saw, besides being simply the handsomest man in the world.

HE—What did you think of Le Roy Thompson? The *Radiator* says that he brings as much art to the delineation of his small rôle of the actor as if he were depicting the chief character.

SHE—Oh, I guess he was all right. He had a scene with Pierrepont.

HE—The one where he has to simulate merriment while his wife is dying in the next room?

SHE—Yep. Pierrepont smokes a cigarette in that scene. He was perfectly gorgeous.

HE—When—Thompson?

SHE—No; Pierrepont. The audience called Thompson out, and I thought it was awfully unfair, as Pierrepont is the leading-man, you know. Why, the smoke curled up just as naturally from that cigarette as if he was here, you know.

HE—I think the conductor would have something to say about its curls in that case.

SHE—Well, speaking of curls, his hair is just as curly as anything at all. And in the last act, where he hands his wife the letter, oh, I think that was just the grandest scene of all!

HE—She has a fine death there, doesn't she?

SHE—Huh! huh! But he holds the letter out, and he smiles, and—well, if he smiled that way at me, I'd just think I was in—

CONDUCTOR—Fiftieth Street! [She bows and exits hurriedly.]

[Curtain.]

—Charles Battell Loomis in the *Century Magazine*.

## Millions for Base-Ball.

A million of dollars are spent every year upon the game of base-ball, but large as this sum is, it can oot begin to equal the amout spent by people in search of health. There is a sure method of obtaining strength, and it is oot a costly ooe. We urge those who have spent much and lost hope to try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It strengthens the stomach, makes digestion easy and natural, and cures dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, and weak kidneys.

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Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1900.  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu) ..... Friday, May 11  
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Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1900.

America Maru ..... Saturday, May 19

Hongkong Maru ..... Thursday, June 14

Nippon Maru ..... Tuesday, July 10

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

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W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## OCEANIC

S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, May 2, 2 P. M.

S. S. Alameda sails via Honolulu and Anahulu for Sydney, Wednesday, May 16, at 8 P. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:

For Alaskan ports, 10 A. M., April 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, May 1, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 10 A. M., April 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, May 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 9 P. M., Apr. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, May 1, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., Apr. 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, May 4, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., Apr. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, May 1, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.

For Mexican ports, 10 A. M.

The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

Ticket-Office (New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel))

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New York ..... May 9 St. Louis ..... May 23

St. Paul ..... May 16 New York ..... May 30

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New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.

Friesland ..... May 9 Westernland ..... May 23

Southwark ..... May 16 Kensington ..... May 30

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## SOCIETY.

## The Deao-Hager Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Marie Emelie Hicks Hager, the eldest daughter of the late Mrs. John S. Hager, and Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, took place on Tuesday afternoon, April 24th, at the residence of the bride, 1815 Gough Street. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by the Rev. Father Ramm, of St. Mary's Cathedral. The bride's brother, Mr. S. Frank Hicks, gave her into the groom's keeping; the bridesmaids were the bride's two sisters, the Misses Alice and Ethyl Hager, Miss Helen Dean, and Miss Daisy Van Ness; Mr. J. Downey Harvey was the best man; and the ushers were Mr. John E. de Ruyter, Mr. E. M. Greenway, and Mr. Allan St. John Bowie.

At the conclusion of the wedding reception, after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Dean left for Del Moote. Upon their return they will reside at 1815 Gough Street.

Among the wedding guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. William P. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. C. Osgood Hooker, Colonel and Mrs. Marion P. Maus, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer C. Buckbee, Rev. and Mrs. R. C. Foute, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. Winthrop E. Lester, Miss Alice Skae, Miss Maenle McNutt, Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, Miss Celia

Tobin, the Misses Maynard, Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. E. J. McCutcheon, Miss Edith Findley, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Mrs. Harry Babcock, Mrs. E. W. McKinstry, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Mary Maloney, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Ella O'Connor, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Lillie Spreckels, Miss Helen Hopkins, Miss Mollie Thomas, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Therese Morgan, Miss Lillie Follis, Miss Susie Blanding, Mrs. Edith B. Coleman, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., Miss Fanny Loughborough, Mrs. C. F. Mullios, Miss Maud Mullins, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. George H. Lent, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Bertha Smith, Mrs. N. G. Kittle, Miss Jennie Blair, Mrs. Fry, Mrs. Caroline L. Ashe, Mrs. William Kohl, Miss Mamie Kohl, Mrs. Grant Selfridge, Mrs. D. C. Bates, the Misses Bates, Mr. Walter S. Martin, Mr. Harry Holbrook, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. William Sproule, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Henry W. Redington, Mr. Tom C. Van Ness, Jr., Mr. Francis Brugiere, and Mr. Emil Brugiere.

## The Kimble-Thomas Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Helen Otis Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas, and Mr. Frederick W. Kimble, of Los Angeles, took place on Wednesday, April 25th, at the First Unitarian Church. The ceremony was performed at noon by Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D. D. The bride's father, Mr. William Thomas, gave her into the groom's keeping; the maid of honor was the bride's sister, Miss Mollie Thomas; the bridesmaids were Miss Charlotte Field, Miss Hattie Kimble, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Therese Morgan, Miss Adelaide Murphy, and Miss Edith Prestoo; the groom's brother, Mr. Robert Kimble, was the best man; and Mr. Gerry Field, Mr. Clarence Follis, Mr. Latham McMullin, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. E.

C. Sessions, and Mr. C. S. Chittenden served as ushers.

After the church ceremony, a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, 2614 Pacific Avenue, and later Mr. and Mrs. Kimble left for Los Angeles, their future home.

Among the guests at the church and wedding breakfast were:

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Preston, Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Lake, Mr. and Mrs. M. Hall McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. C. Osgood Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. McLennan, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus L. Gerstle, Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle, Mrs. Otis, Mrs. W. F. McNutt, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Cadwalader, Miss Helen Hopkins, Miss Edna Hopkins, Miss Georgina Hopkins, Miss Isabel Preston, Miss Maenle McNutt, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Alice Hoffman, Mrs. Field, Miss Edith Findley, Miss Alice Findley, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Lillie Spreckels, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Cole, Miss Edith Stubbs, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Lillie Follis, Miss Florence Josselyn, Miss Mamie Josselyn, Mr. Redick McKee Duperu, Mr. William Brown, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Mr. Robert M. Eyre, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Willard N. Drown, Mr. Bert Cadwalader, Mr. Percy King, Mr. H. P. Veeder, and Mr. Burhank G. Somers.

## The Baldwin-Kittredge Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Harriet W. Kittredge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kittredge, to Mr. Frank F. Baldwin, of Honolulu, took place on Thursday evening, April 26th, at the residence of the bride's parents, 1373 Grove Street, Oakland. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. R. Brown, of the First Congregational Church, assisted by Rev. J. K. McLean. The bride's father, Mr. E. H. Kittredge, gave her into the groom's keeping; the maid of honor was the bride's sister, Miss Ethel Kittredge, and the best man, Mr. Arthur Baldwin, the groom's brother; Mr. Alexander Rutherford, Mr. Wallace Alexander, Mr. Walter Starr, and Mr. Walter Perry Johnson were the ushers.

After the ceremony, a supper was served. Those who sat at the bride's table were Miss Ethel Kittredge, Miss Bernice Landers, Miss Jean Hush, Miss Carmeo Moore, Miss Bessie Palmer, Miss Gertrude Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Gowing, Mr. Arthur Baldwin, Mr. Robert M. Fitzgerald, Mr. George Wheaton, Mr. Wallace Alexander, Mr. Walter Perry Johnson, and Mr. Walter Starr.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin left for the East on Friday, where they will travel for several months, after which they will take up their residence in Honolulu.

## Notes and Gossip.

Miss Florence Sharoo, whose wedding to Mr. Peter C. Alleo is announced for next Wednesday, May 2d, gave a luncheon on Monday, April 23d, in the club-house at Piedmont Springs in honor of her bridesmaids. Those at table were Miss Blaoche Sharon, Miss Jean Hush, Miss Enid Williams, Miss Charlotte Laws, Miss Pauline Fore, Miss Pauline Lohse, and Miss Ethel Valentine.

Mr. and Mrs. Barrett Fithian, of Santa Barbara, were entertained at dinner on Friday by Mrs. A. H. Loughborough at her residence, 1100 O'Farrell Street.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth H. Bigelow, niece of Rear-Admiral Joseph Trilley, U. S. N., and Mrs. Trilley, and Mr. Rollin M. Kelley. Miss Bigelow resided with her aunt at Mare Island when the admiral, who was connected with the Engineers' Department, was stationed there, from May, 1896, until his retirement last September.

Mrs. M. A. Kittle gave a tea last Thursday at her home, corner of Steiner Street and Pacific Avenue, in honor of her niece, Miss Anna Scott, daughter of Colonel Robert Scott, of Washington, D. C., who is visiting her.

Mrs. Christine Moore, daughter of Mrs. P. L. Barreda, was married to Mr. Willis Polk on Tuesday afternoon, April 24th, at St. Ignatius Church. The ceremony was performed by Father Varsi.

A tea was given at The Wellsley from 4 to 6 P. M. on Thursday afternoon in aid of the Church of the Adept. Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton gave several recitations and Mrs. McClure and Miss Perce sang.

Surgeon W. Bruce Foulkes, U. S. A., formerly of this city, and more recently health officer of the port of Manila, was married early in April at Sydney, Australia, to Miss Jeonette Smith, daughter of Mrs. Colman Smith, of that city.

The California Commandery of the Naval Order of the United States will celebrate "Dewey Day," May 1st, by a luncheon at one o'clock at the Occidental Hotel. This is the first function of this commandery, and the naval men on the coast will doubtless attend in force. Captain Henry Glass, U. S. N., is the commander, and Ensign Charles P. Welch, U. S. N., the recorder of the commandery. The latter's address is 1213 Taylor Street.

The Skull and Keys secret society of the University of California gave their annual entertainment on Wednesday evening, April 25th, at the Macdonough Theatre in Oakland. The play, entitled "Who is Who," was written by one of the students, and the entire cast was filled by the fellows of the society. The boxes were occupied by Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Mrs. Foster, and Mrs. William Pringle.

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Leave Salt Lake City . . . 8:05 P. M.  
Arrive Denver . . . 9:15 P. M.  
Arrive Chicago . . . 7:59 A. M.  
Westbound car leaves Chicago daily 10 P. M.

### Burlington Route

Vestibuled Drawing-room Sleeping Car, via Salt Lake City, Denver, and Omaha.

Leave San Francisco . . . 6:30 P. M.  
Leave Sacramento . . . 10:30 P. M.  
Arrive Denver . . . 9:00 A. M.  
Arrive Chicago . . . 2:15 P. M.  
Westbound car leaves Chicago daily 11:00 P. M.

Connections are made at Sacramento from and to both Southern and Northern California for all three trains.

The Rock Island and Burlington routes pass between Ogden and Denver over the Rio Grande Western and Denver and Rio Grande railroads.

For folders and more complete information, go and see the nearest S. P. Co. Agent.

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LEAVE	From April 15, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Runsey, and Sacramento	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express, Davis, Willows, Red Bluff, Portland	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	*6.15 P
*8.30 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago	*5.15 P
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Jones, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	"Milton, Oakdale, Sonoma, Carsters, Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville	*7.45 P
*9.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East	*9.45 A
*9.00 A	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno	*12.15 P
*9.00 A	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles	*6.45 P
*10.00 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations	*6.45 P
*11.00 A	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville	*4.15 P
*12.00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	*2.45 P
*1.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers	*8.00 P
*3.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	*5.45 P
*4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville	*10.45 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	*10.45 A
*5.30 P	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno	*12.15 P
*5.30 P	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	*8.45 A
*5.30 P	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	*6.45 P
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José	*7.45 A
*6.30 P	Vallejo	*12.15 P
*6.30 P	Oroville, Marysville, Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago	*9.45 A
*6.30 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago	*4.15 P
*7.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations	*19.55 P
*8.05 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	*8.15 A

### COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

(Foot of Market Street.)

*7.45 A	San Jose Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations	*18.05 P
*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations	*6.20 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos	*8.50 A
*4.15 P	Glenwood, Felton, Santa Cruz	*8.50 A

### CREAK ROUTE FERRY

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—

*7.15 A	9.00	11.00 A. M.	1.00	*2.00	13.00
*4.00	15.00	*6.00 P. M.			

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—

*6.00	8.00	10.00 A. M.	12.00	12.00	*3.00	14.00	*5.00	15.00	P. M.
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### COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge).

(Third and Townsend Streets.)

*16.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco, San José, and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	*16.30 P
*17.30 A	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations	*18.35 P
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José, Los Gatos and Way Stations	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove	*10.36 A
*13.30 P	San José and Way Stations	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations	*19.00 A
*5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations	*18.35 A
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations	*18.00 A
*11.45 P	San José and Way Stations	*7.30 P

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

An austere-looking lady walked into a furrier's, the other day, and said to the salesman: "I would like a muff." "What fur?" "To keep my hands warm, you idiot!" exclaimed the lady.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

First politician—"I read an article not long ago that said if Cuba was annexed it would take ten thousand office-holders to govern it." Second politician—"Yes, sir! I tell you prosperity follows the flag!"—*Puck.*

Lady (indignantly)—"That parrot we bought of you hadn't been in the house a day before it began to swear dreadfully!" Dealer—"But you insisted, ma'am, on getting one that would be quick to learn!"—*Life.*

"What!" exclaimed the orator—"what two things are helping mankind to get up in the world?" "The alarm-clock and the step-ladder," answered the dense person in the rear of the hall.—*Baltimore American.*

Figuring the odds: "Even yet," said President Steyn, "the British have not stopped sending out reinforcements." "No," said President Krüger, with a sigh; "I wonder if they are trying to make this a sixteen-to-one movement?"—*Puck.*

Little Tillie's endless chain: Eva—"Mother, Tillie gets a dime every time she takes cod-liver oil." Mother—"And what does she do with the money?" Eva—"Well, she puts it in a box until she gets fifty cents, then her mother buys more cod-liver oil."—*New York Sun.*

Byes—"Did you ever come across a more conceited fellow than Bulger? They say he is an atheist; and I believe he is." Bonter—"I wouldn't like to go so far as that; but I do know that he doesn't recognize the existence of a superior being."—*Brooklyn Life.*

"Yes," said the irascible aeronaut, "I told you a moment ago that the escape-valve is out of order, and that I was doing my best to fix it; what do you want now?" And his timid companion trembled violently as he answered: "I want the earth."—*Somerville Journal.*

Chicago thug—"Say, Bill, we want ter hire yer hack fer three hours to-night. We're going ter abduct an actress, drive her down to a Clark Street dive, and rob her of her diamonds!" Driver—"Well, all right! But you tell her she'll have to pay fer de hack in advance!"—*Puck.*

Their sufficient reason: Miss Maison—"Excuse my ignorance, but ought I to call you Mr. Bones or Dr. Bones?" The doctor (irascibly)—"Oh, call me anything you like; some of my friends call me an old idiot." Miss Maison—"Ah! but those are only people who know you intimately."—*Tit-Bits.*

A Binghamton high-school pupil was taking a history examination which contained a question on Nero. For the moment he could not remember who the gentleman was, so he wrote this: "The less said about Nero the better." His paper was marked one hundred.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

A sympathetic coon: Colonel Shooter—"What are you doing in my fowl-house, you black rascal?" Shanghai Sam—"Why, Colonel Shooter, I—I laid in bed an' it wuz so cold out I thought de colonel's chickens will be froze to def, an' I's dat tender-hearted dat I got right up out uv bed an' couldn't rest till I wrapped 'em up nice an' warm in mah coat."—*Judge.*

Foresight, not hindsight: First bright spirit—"They say St. Peter is just crazy to get one of these new-fangled time-locks for his gate." Second bright spirit—"What can he want of a contrivance like that up here, where a thousand years are but as yesterday?" First bright spirit—"That's just it! I think what a great vacation he'd have if he set it for to-morrow!"—*Town Topics.*

"I want to stop in front of this window," said Mr. Blykins. "Why, it's full of millinery!" exclaimed his wife; "I didn't know you admired such things." "I not only admire; I marvel. I take off my hat to genius, and the people who can get twenty dollars apiece for a lot of bunches of odds and ends like those are qualified to give lessons to a Napoleon of finance."—*Washington Star.*

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Railroad statistics: Weary Willy (reading)—"Dere's over half a million freight-cars in constant use in de United States." Frayed Fagin—"Gosh! I had no idea dere wuz so many tramps as dat!"—*Puck.*

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The fad of breeding Belgian hares both for market and as pets has evidently struck this city with full force. The invasion comes north from Los Angeles just as it came to that place four or five years ago from Kansas City, and its ravages here are evidently destined to be as far-reaching as they were in the City of the Angels. Several weeks ago articles began to be published in the San Francisco dailies telling of the popularity of the Belgian hare in Southern California, of its rapid increase in numbers, of its surpassingly fine qualities as an article of food, of the fabulous prices that were being paid for fancy breeds. Then those who were familiar with the methods of the hoom advertiser realized that four or five years had sufficed to overcrowd the market in Southern California, and the dealers were about to seek a market for their product in the virgin fields of San Francisco. The

expectation has been realized, and already rabbitries are springing up in all parts of the city and in its neighborhood.

It is probably true that all that has been said in favor of the Belgian hare is perfectly true. It is certainly of large size, and the care that is bestowed upon its breeding and rearing should render its flesh particularly sweet and tender. But in its marvelous productivity there lies a danger that the people of this State should not shut their eyes to. Some thirty years ago, the colonists in Australia and New Zealand, profiting by the elimination of the United States from the world's wool market, on account of the Civil War, became prosperous. Seeking a pastime for their leisure hours, they formed societies for the introduction and breeding of hares, in order that they might hunt them as they had in England. The societies were even more successful than had been expected. The hares increased at the rate of ten litters a year, instead of four and six, as they had in England, and the whole country was soon overrun with them. In a few years they began to affect the sheep-raising industry and to interfere with agricultural operations. They consumed the herbage up to the very doors of the farm-houses, destroyed orchards and vegetable gardens, and caused the abandonment of land that had formerly produced thirty bushels of wheat and sixty bushels of barley to the acre. They ate the grass down to the roots, turning immense tracts of pasture into desert, and driving both sheep and farmers from vast sections of the country.

When the situation came to be realized the same energy that had been displayed in introducing the pests was expended in attempts to exterminate them. Large sums were spent in poisons, shooting, trapping, and hunting with ferrets, and poisoning with arsenic, strychnine, and phosphorus killed off millions of them, but still they continued to multiply. Wire fences were built to restrain them within bounds, but they burrowed underneath and jumped over the obstructions. The government of New South Wales built a fence between 400 and 500 miles long at a cost of \$3,850,000. The parliament offered a bonus of twelve cents for every rabbit killed, and expended on account of this law in three successive years \$730,000, \$1,250,000, and \$2,500,000, respectively. A reward of \$125,000 was offered for any person who should devise a method of exterminating the pests without involving danger to horses, sheep, cows, and other domestic animals. Pasteur suggested infecting some animals with chicken cholera, a disease that is very infectious and fatal among rabbits, but that does not affect other animals except poultry, and this remedy was finally tried.

It may be objected that—the Belgian hares in this State being kept continually in confinement—there is little danger of their becoming a pest. For the market they sell for from two to five dollars apiece, and for breeding purposes fancy specimens will bring as high as five hundred dollars, and therefore they are too valuable to be turned loose. Under existing conditions these arguments are perfectly valid. But, owing to their rapid increase, prices are certain to decline. The value of rabbits, as of all other articles of harter, is subject to the law of supply and demand, and the point must be reached where the supply exceeds the demand. When that time comes there will no longer be a profit in keeping them for sale.

Among people of means it is a fad to purchase Belgian hares as pets for their children. Should a pair of these pets escape, as they might easily do, the problem would not be postponed until the price had dropped beyond the point of profit. A hare reaches maturity at four months of age, and lives seven or eight years. They bear five litters, numbering from three to eight young, each year. It is a simple mathematical proposition to determine the increase from one pair at large. Assuming an average litter of four young, the original pair would be represented by twenty-two at the end of the first year. During the second year all of these eleven pairs would be bearing and at the end of the twelvemonth there would be 2,862; at the end of the third year there would be 31,482; at the end of the fourth, 346,302; and at the end of the fifth year the original pair would

be represented by a total of 3,809,322. Making allowance for all possible contingencies, it is apparent that the descendants of one pair of hares would soon stock the State. Should the original number be increased, the difficulties of the problem would be multiplied. In the San Joaquin Valley the jack-rabbit is already a menace to agricultural interests, and annually the farmers organize drives to keep the number within bounds. The English sparrow was introduced here as a remedy for insect pests, and the remedy has proved worse than the evil it was intended to cure. Is the introduction of the Belgian hare destined to prove another case of mistaken enthusiasm?

A Presidential hoom horn of woman is liable to be "of few days and full of trouble." We are not prepared to assert with confidence that the Dewey Presidential hoom owes its parentage primarily to the teeming brain of a woman ambitious of social prestige, but it is a fact that that is one of the aspects in which popular judgment has viewed the admiral's aspirations to become a Presidential candidate, and the popular judgment frequently lands its shot pretty close to the hull's-eye.

In the meantime, some things must be kept in full view. Dewey is a national hero of the popular type. His fame rests on his deeds performed on his chosen element. He deserves well of his country and of his people, and they are willing to accord much. He has a perfect right under our system to aspire to any office in the gift of the people, but he will be blind to the history of popular heroes if he is bent on gaining the Presidency with the expectation that it will add materially to his renown. If elected President he would belong to the class of heroes in which Jackson, Taylor, Harrison, and Grant were conspicuous examples, not one of whom but tarnished his fame in the mire of politics or broke down completely under "the burden of an honor unto which he was not born." History shows Jackson at his best as the hero of New Orleans, and at his worst as the violent partisan and wholesale distributor of official patronage from the White House. Taylor, the hero of Buena Vista, was forced into the office against his will and his judgment. The field and the camp were the breath of his nostrils, but the worries and confinements of official life cut him off in the space of one year and four months. Harrison came to the White House from the battle-field, only to lay down his office and its great responsibilities with his life in about one month from his inauguration. The stolid taciturnity of Grant enabled him to survive his two terms, but he gained nothing from that service which history will add as a leaf to the laurel-wreath of fame which his military achievements had already placed upon his brow. Indeed, his contemporaries lost sight of much of his military renown in the fierce struggles of political partisanship which surrounded him as a chief executive; a renown which will again shine brightest when future generations shall view it unclouded by his civil service, and when the political mists of his day shall have rolled away and been forgotten.

If Admiral Dewey secures a nomination but fails of election, he will join the numerous but equally unfortunate class of heroes who aspired out of their proper field and who never ceased to regret the weakness which permitted them to be made popular candidates for an office which neither training nor temperament had prepared them to fill with credit and success. Most prominent among these were Scott, McClellan, and Hancock. These, covering both classes, were military chieftains whom popular adoration had deceived into the notion that they were fitted for any field of public service. Precedent can only consider the military branch, for never until now has a naval commander been put forward as a Presidential candidate. And inasmuch as the naval officer is more withdrawn from the active scenes of civil life on land, and from touch with the march of events and the intricacies of politics, so much the less can the naval hero expect to measure up to the requirements of high and responsible official station. Admiral Dewey on the deck of a warship, representing the power and capacity of a



great and free republic, is a figure which attracts and compels the admiration of a world by its strength, its confidence, and its perfect fitness.

Whether Admiral Dewey's candidacy is due solely to his own awakened ambitions, to the aspirations of his wife, or to the intrigues of politicians who would use his fame to pull their chestnuts from the fire, it is no long-sighted, friendly judgment that would drag him from the pedestal he occupies at the retiring age of naval service, and impel him to the certain disasters of political embroilment in civil life. His new venture, if persisted in, opens up troubles enough to appall a man of ambition in the prime of life, and would overwhelm one approaching the limit of scriptural existence. At present it seems impossible that he should be nominated at Kansas City, unless Bryan voluntarily steps out of his way, and Bryan is not built on the principle of self-abnegation. But admitting a nomination by any means, and Admiral Dewey would practically be the candidate of one wing of a divided party. The other wing is made up of the free-silver and populistic contingent of the party South and West, whose votes will not provide strength for the representative of the sound-money Democracy of the Eastern States. On the whole, it is an ill-advised ambition which lures "the eagle to the coop, the bison to the stall," and in which success spells failure, and failure means regret, disappointment, and heart-burning, from which honorable old age might be free.

A conclusion reached by those who have made careful investigation is that the growth of foreign trade must depend not upon political conditions, but upon individual effort. The manufacturer and merchant anxious to secure patronage outside his own country must take to himself the task of finding what is needed in the market he seeks, and then of supplying it. A common error has been the attempt to reform prevailing tastes, rather than to cater to them as they exist. The Puerto Rican knows the sort of shoe that suits him. He refuses to accept one modeled upon a foot not broadened and stubbed by generations pressing naked the soil. The Filipino has his own idea of what constitutes a comfortable bed. The Japanese wants a hat shaped like an inverted wash-bowl, and would not wear a tall one of silk. It is the business of the purveyor in these several lines to make the style of shoe and bed and hat for which there is a demand. The West Indian agriculturist uses a clumsy instrument, far heavier and duller than the American hoe, but he rejects the American article. The only way to meet him is to manufacture the tool to which he is accustomed.

It is in making plain the exact state of the market that the commercial museum will be of great value to Pacific Coast industrial interests, and yet it can hardly more than clear the way for the individual. When the needs of any country have been ascertained, there remains the task of catering to them. To do this will involve large investments, the erection of special machinery for making special materials according to special patterns. It will also require salesmen or permanent representatives of peculiar intelligence, working under instructions to humor customers and not attempt to dictate to them. Anything sold abroad must be precisely that which has been ordered, packed in the prescribed manner, and promptly delivered. The Oriental merchant is a stickler for details, and the manufacturer to recognize and humor his whims is the one who will succeed.

The broadening of the field of trade recently has opened to the United States, and particularly to the West, opportunities that a few years ago were hardly more than dreamed of. This country is now England's foremost competitor in lands where a decade ago its commerce had no foothold and no prospect. Even as late as four years ago, England, while perceiving that inroads were being made upon her supremacy, did not regard the United States as a considerable factor. British merchants were then complaining that heavy iron could be shipped in English bottoms from Antwerp to Hong Kong more cheaply than from London. Japanese cheap labor had begun to be regarded as a menace, and the Germans were cutting in by making imitations of standard goods. The testimony elicited was so contradictory as to show the theories to be based on individual experience. Merchants profited in some instances where other merchants handling similar lines, and subject to precisely the same conditions, had failed; the difference, clearly, was in men and methods.

To-day the manufacturers and shippers of the United States can reach out and get all the trade they can supply. The question is one simply of enterprise. The theory that returns will depend upon tariff, or the form of colonial possession, does not stand the test. People of other nations will buy wherever they can get cheaply and quickly the goods they need. Useful as the commercial museum will be, a mistake would be possible in relying too absolutely upon its resources for final information. Its duty will be to

point out the way, but it can not do more. It will serve as a guide-post to the commercial world, while those who see it must still depend upon themselves as to the benefit to be derived.

As a rule, the people of this country bow to any decision of the supreme court, deeming this distinguished body both wise and good, but on occasion the bow may be somewhat perfunctory. That the opinion just formulated, that the war-revenue tax imposed on every package sent by express shall be paid not by the carrier company but by the consignor, has a sound basis in law may hardly be questioned, but it was unexpected, and it will not be popular. It is the opinion held from the first by the corporations, and faithfully they have exacted the tax. In such litigation as arose, the corporations had met defeat in every court this side the tribunal of last resort.

The test case was entitled "George T. Moore *et al* against the American Express Company." In announcing reversal, Justice White gave a long and elaborate opinion. According to the judicial view, to say where and how the ultimate burden of taxes shall be distributed among all members of society, must necessitate taking into consideration every possible contract which can be made, and compel the weighing of the final influence of every conceivable dealing between man and man. The justice cited the tax resting upon real estate as something certain to affect rental value, and thus be shifted from owner to tenant. A tax upon stocks of goods was sufficient to cause a rise in prices, and thus fall to customers. Not to permit this adjustment, Justice White declared, would destroy all freedom of contract, and deny the existence of property rights. He made no effort to establish the completeness of the implied analogy between the two sorts of taxes, and some there may be not unprepared to assail it, however ineffective the tardy onslaught.

Attention was called also to the stamp tax on proprietary articles concerning which there could be no way of hindering a rise in the selling price, and a consequent shifting of the burden again. The inevitable inference is that as this shifting is so readily accomplished by others than the carrier, defendant, the carrier should be given an equal chance in the commercial game of evasion. It is not deemed proper that while some forms of taxation can be paid unwittingly by persons not owners, and direct taxes deftly shunted to somebody else, that the felicity of escape shall be a special privilege in which the carrier may not participate. On this coast the decision will be a disappointment, as several actions of a similar character were awaiting on appeal, and had the court taken a different view, many others would have been filed, for resentment of the course of the express companies has been both fervid and open.

So quietly that few have had opportunity to observe, a change has been taking place in the South, and it is still in progress. Into the problem of the negro's future has been introduced a new element, and precisely the effect this will have upon the Southern black is conjecture. It may render him almost superfluous in the land of his birth. In brief, the negro has a rival in the form of the industrious immigrant, a man shrewd and thrifty, unaddicted to the playing of the banjo, but looking out scrupulously for the morrow. This man is generally a Belgian, but often German, Dutch, or French. He has entered the South to make there his home, and the student of events must reckon with him.

The plantation of Louisiana was formerly a little kingdom where the owner held undisputed sway, his vassals and dependents about him. Then there was a social distinction between the planter with his three thousand acres and the farmer with but a hundred or two. There is no richer, stronger soil than this portion of the South affords. It is almost inexhaustible, and with an intelligent rotation of crops requires no compost. It is capable of growing a wide variety of products, and throughout the year there is ever the time of sowing or of harvest. The planter of old did not realize his opportunities. Season after season he would devote his land to cotton, cane, and corn. The first cost him 5 1/2 cents per pound, and he got 6 cents for it. He was content to realize \$40 per acre gross for his cotton, \$50 for his cane, and, as for the corn, it would do to feed the stock, but never to fatten them for market, nor was it ever sold. Usually he was in debt to the commission merchant.

Now, in some instances, fifty distinct farms have been cut from the old plantation, the owner retaining one thousand acres for himself. He has received what he regards as a good price for the land, perhaps as high as \$150 an acre, but the buyer has found the investment profitable. The immigrant Belgian feels it a personal injury if he fails to raise crops bringing him \$100 an acre, often he gets double this amount, and when he devotes the mellow, alluvial land to melons and berries, \$500 is not an uncommon return.

Success never turns his head. Part of the money he puts in the bank, and part he devotes to the purchase of more land, until he has secured all the old planter is willing to yield.

The secret of the Belgian's success is that he adapts the land not to cotton and cane, but to profitable and varied crops, and that he does not toil in the free-and-easy manner so natural to the black and so long permitted by the white. He does more work, does it better, puts in longer hours, and keeps in more robust health than the negro. He is rapidly transforming the ancient plantations into small holdings, each virtually a truck-patch in the highest state of cultivation. He does not need the black as an assistant, and his presence deprives the black of chances once thought to be permanent.

These alien farmers and gardeners form themselves into colonies, mixing little with the outside world or with each other. They have prospered so that they are steadily being reinforced by their countrymen. They have shown the South the folly of clinging to cotton and cane alone, and this industrial lesson is of great value, but they have complicated the outlook for the negro. This outlook, in so far as it pertains to his education, his moral betterment, and his immediate employment, is being considered by men who from kindest motives have been impelled into the task. But query arises now as to the ultimate fate of the black. The suggestion that the race will be deported en masse is not regarded as in consonance either with their wishes or a reasonable probability. That they will be absorbed is equally difficult to believe, and that they will die, as the Indians have, there is no sign. Some are of opinion that gradually they will separate from their native land and gain comparative independence under the tropic sun of some island possession.

The South has seven million negroes. Heretofore these have constituted the available labor supply. Not always satisfactory, there was no way of supplanting them, and no desire to supplant them. The employers were once owners of the colored toiler, and the old relation of master and slave left a traditional bond that was not irksome nor ignored. Since the South is becoming the objective of European immigrants, accustomed to drudge almost unrequited on barren acres and in an inhospitable clime, it is certain to draw thousands more of them. The master of slavery days will be less and less an employer. The new land-owners will have neither sympathy nor place for the blacks. Thoughtful friends of the negro feel for him a new concern.

That British officers commanding in South Africa have displayed an astounding lack of capacity can not be denied, since the most caustic critic, denouncing from the safe retreat of an editorial chair the piling up of blunders, has not exceeded in severity of terms the reports from Lord Roberts. The commander-in-chief sees little to commend, either in the military plans devised before his arrival or the methods of carrying them out. Even the movements that were good in theory, turned into bloody bumbles with the attempt at execution. As a rule, Lord Roberts declares, bad judgment was shown, and a deplorable lack of control. Officers disregarded instructions, assumed responsibility they had no right or reason for exercising, and, by disarrangement of the general scheme, led their troops and others into disaster.

The South African grave which Bismarck foresaw was to await military reputations is being filled. Gatacre, Warren, Methuen, and Buller have fallen victims. There is rumor that Kitchener does not preserve unwithered the laurels he won in Egypt, and Roberts himself, loyally as the English still stand by him, is on trial. There would be scant patience with error or delay.

The reason the English army, its ranks filled with brave fighting men, is so sadly lacking in leaders is clear enough. The army is officered by the nobility. To hold a commission in it one must be a moneyed aristocrat, and material available in all respects, except that of financial status, is denied commissions. The pay is so ridiculously small that an independent income is necessary. Lacking this income, a commissioned officer would be forced to resign. In the infantry he would require yearly at least £150 above salary, and in the cavalry £500. How the commissions go to sons of rich fathers, to social favorites without regard to ability, becomes plain.

An English lieutenant receives less than \$40 per month, while his mess bill is \$30, and other unavoidable expenses \$50 more, leaving him \$40 less than nothing. A second-lieutenant in the United States army receives \$116 a month, increased ten per cent. a year later, and proportionately with every five years of service. He has quarters, and a liberal fuel allowance. If on detached duty his allowance for quarters is \$25 per month. The English lieutenant would receive 50 cents per day to cover the expense of quarters. A British captain draws \$84 per month, an American captain \$150, with probably enough "longevity" pay to increase

TO PROMOTE  
COMMERCIAL  
EXPANSION.

ONE  
BURDEN  
SHIFTED.

A RIVAL TO  
THE SOUTHERN  
BLACK.

AN  
ARMY  
HAMPERED.



this to \$190, a cavalry captain getting \$16 more, on the theory that his service is more destructive to raiment. Out of his various allowances, the American can easily save a liberal portion.

Thus a commission in the American army means an honorable livelihood, while one in the British army is a luxury only within the reach of wealth. That the idle rich of England are brave enough, the mortality lists show, but they have not made good soldiers, seeming to lack every qualification save alone that of courage.

Whatever may be said to his discredit, Matthew Stanley Quay has performed a distinct service to his country in settling for all time the question of the appointment by governors to fill senatorial vacancies. It is true that the case against Quay was unusually strong. Not only does the constitution provide for such appointments by a governor only when the vacancy occurs during a recess of the legislature, but the State constitution of Pennsylvania deprives the governor of this power, which, under the federal constitution, is permissive and not mandatory, and prescribes in case of a vacancy during recess that the governor shall convene the legislature in extra session to fill the vacancy. In spite of these facts, however, Quay's contest before the Senate was in doubt until the final vote, and was then decided against him only by the vote of one senator. This was because of the personal character of the contestant himself. He has had long experience in the Senate, and has many close personal friends among the senators of both parties, many of whom are under obligations to him. Senator Vest, who cast the deciding vote, was himself one of these friends, but he cast these considerations aside and acted according to his sense of duty. Moreover, Quay had strong personal backing from persons who, though outside of that body, had considerable influence in the Senate.

The adverse decision under these circumstances is likely to set the question at rest for the future, and it is well that this is so. So long as it was held that governors might appoint to vacancies when the legislatures failed to act, a premium was placed upon deadlocks, and legislatures were prevented from attending to their legitimate business. In the Pennsylvania case, Governor Stone was nominated by a convention dominated by Quay, so that it was necessary for the latter only to prevent action by the legislature in order to receive a certificate from his own appointee. Upon the Senate itself the action in this case and in that of Senator Clark, of Montana, is likely to have a beneficial effect. There has been a growing feeling among the people for a number of years that the upper House has been degenerating into a collection of incompetents. Popular respect for that body was gradually dying out, and this recent action is likely to revive it for a time, at least.

The trials of the superimposed turrets on the new *Kearsarge* have been watched by naval constructors throughout the world with considerable interest. These turrets contain two thirteen-inch guns with two eight-inch guns placed in smaller turrets above them, and the innovation has provoked an immense amount of discussion. The trials, so far from putting an end to the discussion, have revived it with increased force. It was predicted that the shock from these heavy armaments would prove disastrous both to the ship and to the men in the lower turrets, but this prediction proved not to be true. The trial took place in the presence of Admiral Sampson, who has always favored it, and he announces that the invention is a complete success. It was the purpose to fire the four guns simultaneously in order to measure the full effect of the shock; the primer of one of the thirteen-inch guns was defective, however, and so only three were discharged at the same time. In spite of this tremendous discharge no harm whatever was done to the ship or to the crew. The men in the lower turret were not affected by the discharge of the eight-inch guns nor was the accuracy of their fire disturbed. Admiral Sampson declares that no ship in the world could withstand the impact of those four projectiles striking at one point with a force capable of rushing in the heaviest armor that floats.

On the other hand, Chief-Constructor Hichborn has always been an opponent of the scheme, and his objections seem weighty. In battle, he says, there are twenty missiles to be hit, and by using the four guns simultaneously a tremendous waste of ammunition will occur. Then the thirteen-inch guns are intended for use against the heavily armored parts of a ship, while the eight-inch guns are for use against the lightly armored ends and the upper works. If the turrets can not be moved separately, all four guns must be used against the same part of the ship. Moreover, if the turret is disabled in any way, all four guns are put out of action. It may be possible to overcome these objections, but they are points that should not be overlooked.

## AROUND THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Stormy Gulf of Lyons—The Riviera Seen from the Sea—Ashore at Genoa—An Extraordinary Campo Santo—Straits of Messina—Landing at Alexandria.

On the map the distance from Gibraltar to Genoa seems but a trifle, yet it is a thousand miles as the crow flies. After leaving Gibraltar we steamed all night along the Spanish coast, past Malaga, Carthage, and Alicante, and by noon had only breasted the Balearic Islands. We passed Majorca, the island where General Weyler, of Cuban infamy, has his estate. And it was while sailing between the Balearic Islands and Barcelona that most of the passengers lost faith in the placid Mediterranean.

Though the voyage across the Atlantic had not been rough, still many were seasick. But every one had great expectations of the Mediterranean. You heard much of "placid summer seas," "cloudless southern skies," and "ideal Mediterranean sailing." But these optimists were doomed to disappointment. Somewhere off Barcelona we picked up a stiff north-easter. From there on, all the way across the Gulf of Lyons, the ship labored heavily against a head-wind and sea. She pitched, tossed, and rolled, all three. This combination of motions proved too much for many whose stomachs had hitherto defied the Atlantic Ocean. The dining-saloon was almost empty at luncheon and dinner, and the smoking-room was deserted. The short, choppy seas of the Mediterranean upset many a hardened smoker. Probably three-fourths of the passengers were seasick while crossing the Gulf of Lyons. The placid Mediterranean is by no means always a summer sea. Old travelers testify that they have experienced some very nasty weather on this "tideless, dolorous, midland sea."

Yet, although I heard my fellow-passengers speak of this experience more than once as "an awful storm," it was only what sailors term "half a gale of wind."

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It was the morning after we crossed the turbulent Gulf of Lyons that we first sighted the Riviera. I use the term as it is ordinarily applied, for *riviera* means nothing but "coast." The Italians divide their Riviera into two parts—for the French Riviera was once Italian. The stretch of coast extending from Genoa to Leghorn they call the "Riviera di Levante," or Eastern Riviera. That from Genoa to Nice, the "Riviera di Ponente," or Western Riviera. Nice is still so Italian that you more frequently hear it called Nizza than Nice, except by foreigners.

It was about eight o'clock in the morning that we sighted Nice, and from there on, all the way to Genoa, a magnificent panorama unrolled itself before our eyes. The steamer sailed quite close in shore, and the buildings could be plainly discerned with the naked eye. With a good glass of course much more could be seen. The Italian Riviera is one of the most beautiful spots upon the earth, and to be viewed to the best advantage it should be seen from the sea. I had already been along the Riviera, stopping at various points from Pisa to Nice, but I had never seen it in all its beauty until now. Then I traveled by rail. The railway runs around the rocky shore, piercing the headlands with many tunnels. Between Genoa and Nice, for example, there are something like a hundred tunnels, and the ride has been not inaptly likened to traveling through a flute and looking out of the stops. Then it must be confessed that many of the Riviera villages—and villagers—are very dirty. (Most people who stop at the small villages carry insect powder.) But, seen from a steamer's deck, sailing off shore, you do not see the dirty villagers nor the dirt. You see only the white buildings, with their red-tiled roofs rising in terraces from the water's edge, set in a background of green foliage. You see innumerable rocky headlands jutting out into the sea, sometimes covered with villas and gardens, and sometimes crowned with old Roman ruins. You see watch-turrets and signal-towers, significant of the days when Moorish pirates harassed the Christians' coasts. You see little, toy railway trains winding around the cliffs, disappearing ever and anon into tunnels, to re-appear further on, heralded by white puffs of steam. You see little villages clinging like birds' nests to cliffs far up on the mountain side, where in the old days they were more secure from the pirates' forays. You see the Ligurian Alps running abruptly down to the water's edge, as if striving to push the dwellers into the sea. And behind them you see the higher Alps, at this season still covered with snow.

For hours this enchanting panorama floated by. It began with Nice. Then came the City of Monaco and the rock of Monte Carlo, named after that Monegasque prince, Charles, of the ancient House of Grimaldi, who first sold his royal hithright to a gang of gamblers. Is it not a bitter sarcasm on royalty that the House of Grimaldi is to-day Europe's

oldest reigning dynasty and that it is getting its board and clothes from the dirty money of a gambling-hell!

Everybody on deck had heard of Monte Carlo. Succeeding names, like Villafranca and Vintimiglia, fell unfamiliarly upon their ears. But they all knew of the gambling-hell.

When we were passing San Remo a semi-seasick woman in the green and blue stages of recovery was brought up on deck by an enthusiastic husband to gaze at the beautiful shore-line. Her first question was:

"Where is Monte Carlo?"

Her husband's countenance fell, and he was forced to admit that it was many miles astern.

"Then why didn't you tell me when we were passing it?" demanded the lady, rather tartly.

"You were asleep, my dear, and I did not want to wake you so early," replied the husband, in a propitiatory tone.

"And did you wake me up to see *this*?" demanded the lady in withering tones, waving her hand at the prospect before her—a bird's-eye view of blue sea and rugged coast-line, with a line of snow-white breakers at its base, with cliffs crowned with castles and villas and gardens, and behind them Alps rising on Alps to the snow-line. "Did you bring me on deck to see *this*? I wanted to see Monte Carlo." And with that she turned and went below.

A clear, calm, logical frame of mind is not to be looked for in a semi-seasick lady, but I think that this one should be sentenced to hard living for life at Kankakee.

During the few hours' run from Nice to Genoa we passed over two-score towns, cities, and villages. One of them, Villafranca, is the Mediterranean station of the United States navy, and there you may always see our beautiful flag, whose appearance is so infrequent on European waters that it does your heart good to see it there. You pass, too, Vintimiglia, the frontier station between France and Italy. Next came Bordighera and San Remo. It was here that Queen Victoria had intended to come this month, instead of spending her time near Nice, as she is wont to do. Owing to the gross caricatures of the French press, she determined to go to the Italian side of the frontier. But the Italian ministers were regretfully obliged to warn her that so strong was the anarchistic spirit in Italy that they could not be responsible for her safety. So San Remo will not see her. The attempt upon the Prince of Wales shows the prudence of the Italian Government.

From this point the towns on the Italian Riviera are not so well known to tourists, but they are just as beautiful, seen from the steamer's deck. Past Porto Maurizio, Oneglia, and Savona we sailed, and at last we swept around the Pharos at the end of Genoa's "Molo Nuovo," the new breakwater which was a little twenty-million present given to her city by the generous Duchess di Galliera. And at the end of our Riviera panorama there lay before us on her semi-circling hills, crowned with her many palaces of red and white and black marbles, "Genoa la Superba."

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The Latin races have always been notable for their outward veneration of the dead. Any one who has ever been in a Latin country on the "Day of the Dead"—it is All Saints' Day, I believe—must have been struck by this Latin trait. It is not so distinguishing a feature of the Anglo-Saxon race. Every now and again there is an outcry in our journals over some neglected grave. Some years ago, in New York, a little down-town cemetery, in the centre of a block surrounded by buildings, was about to be built upon. Many of the tombs were handsome ones, and the more recent of them were only thirty years old. The owners of the ground advertised for surviving relatives to claim the remains if they so desired. Not a human being came forward, and the remains were buried in the potter's field. I do not think this could happen in a Latin country.

Italy is particularly famous for its burial grounds. "Campo Santo" is the term usually applied to the cemetery. Compare our Saxon phrase "God's Acre." Each of the large Italian cities possesses an interesting Campo Santo, but that of Genoa is the largest and most interesting. Perhaps the most curious is the potter's field at Naples, where there are three hundred and sixty-six pits, one for each day in the year and one for leap year. Into these dated pits dead pauper's bodies are daily dumped. Quicklime is then thrown into the pit and it remains sealed up for another year, when it is used again.

But the quadrangle in Genoa's Campo Santo is the last abode of Dives rather than of Lazarus. A poor man could not afford to be buried there. From an inspection of the tombs I judge that either there must be no poor people in Genoa, or that when poor people die they migrate to some cheaper place to be buried. For a dead man in Genoa who does not possess a costly marble mausoleum is nobody at all. He is socially impossible in the Realm of Shades. No self-respecting ghost could afford to know him.

The Campo Santo is situated on the range of hills encircling Genoa—a spur of the Apennines. About half-way up the hill-slope is an enormous building, with marble terraces and a succession of marble staircases running to the foot of the hill. This building is constructed entirely of marble—walls, floors, columns, terraces, and staircases. It is a massive structure, of a gloomy order of architecture, and its

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A  
RIVIERA  
PANORAMA.

TWO-STORY  
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CAMPO  
SANTO.



many long corridors are filled with the remains of the Genoese, filed away in niches like pigeon-holes. Some have only marble tablets let into the walls and floor, on which are emblazoned the name and virtues of the occupant. Others have elaborate basso and alto-reliefs and groups.

At the foot of this hill is another enormous structure with a funeral façade and peristyle, which precede a vast oblong quadrangle, the inner side of which is a cloister or colonnade many hundreds of feet in length. Around both sides of this colonnade are tombs. There are marble memorials on the inner aspect of each pillar of the colonnade. On the opposing face the tombs are continuous. It is a solid wall of marble tombs, several thousand yards in length.

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Without seeing them, one could scarcely credit the existence of such strange devices as are here visible.

**TOMBS, CURIOUS AND GROTESQUE.** The collection is not notable from an art standpoint, but merely as a curiosity. Most of the work seems to have been done by clever marble-cutters rather than by artists. Their principal aim has been to carry out the wishes of the sorrowing family, and the result is sometimes greswome, sometimes ludicrous, and sometimes grotesque. For example, you will see a life-size portrait bust of a dead Genoese attorney, with a magniloquent inscription setting forth his many merits as husband, father, and advocate. The deceased gentleman is so carefully portrayed by the faithful stone-cutter that certain unornamental warts on the edge of his whiskers can be discerned. At the base of the monument is a portrait group of Mrs. Attorney and all the little Attorneys weeping at the tomb.

A tomb of a different type represents a man upon his death-bed—again evidently a portrait. The wasted, emaciated face, with glazing eyes and protruding tongue, is turned to the spectator as the head lolls over the shoulder, supported by a nurse—possibly his wife. This is so realistic as to be repulsive; it is fairly photographic, this death-bed scene in marble.

Another tomb is that of a philanthropist, who, according to the inscription, founded an asylum for the blind. This also has a portrait bust, and the mourners at this tomb are a blind boy and girl. Again the faithful stone-cutter has surpassed himself in verisimilitude. The boy holds a marble Derby hat in his hand. His garments, of course, are of marble, and he wears a pair of marble congress gaiters, with side-elastics of marble. The little girl carries a straw hat of marble and wears a pair of marble pantalets. Marble tears are falling from her sightless marble eyes.

In another tomb there is a single figure—that of a weeping fat lady. The dead husband here appears merely as an inscription, and upon this background of his virtues is projected the plump figure of his sorrowing spouse. The lady is kneeling, her hands clasped, and her eyes look yearningly upward toward the place where the dear departed is supposed to be. The pose was evidently copied by the stone-cutter from one of the many weeping angels of the masters. Its angelic appearance, however, is somewhat detracted from by the fact that the lady is fat; that the stone-cutter has faithfully depicted her fatness; that the marble buttons on her marble bodice seem bursting from their marble button-holes; and that she is attired in a modish gown of the fashion of some ten or twelve years ago. This gown has at the bottom of the skirt a marble *balayouse*, and also has, at what I may call the dome of the skirt, a large marble bustle.

But other fabrics and textures besides this lady's fashionable gown are reproduced with equal fidelity. Another tomb has the figure of a widow—evidently a portrait again—and a magnificent lace veil is thrown over the head and shoulders. This is reproduced with such fidelity that it is easy to recognize the lace as Venetian. Fancy *point de Venise* in marble!

Not only women's but men's fashions are perpetuated here. In one tomb a sorrowing widower, full length, stands mourning at his wife's grave. He holds in one hand a plug-hat made of marble, and in the other a pair of marble gloves. He wears a marble four-in-hand tie, a cut away coat, and trousers, all naturally of marble. They are, however, a little out of date. From this it would appear that in heaven now they are wearing cut-aways with one button which ceased to be a terrestrial fashion several years ago. It was much affected by fat men, as the falling away of the cut-away from the single button made their abdominal globulosity less noticeable. The deceased gentleman also wore his marble trousers about nineteen inches over the instep, which is wider than they are worn now.

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Of course amid so many of these marble memorials all could not be grotesque, though it must be admitted that most of them are extremely commonplace. Occasionally a striking one would be seen, although a certain weakness of grasp would almost invariably betray that it was copied from the work of a master by the feeble hand of a workman. There were many angels in striking poses, but these were often rendered ridiculous by slight modifications of the conventional angelic smile, which the stone-cutter would sometimes turn into a simper, and sometimes into a smirk. Then, again, there were angels whose light, diaphanous apparel revealed a great deal of their figures, and these figures were not modeled with the clarity and the purity of the antique, but with an attention to muscular articulation and a wealth of adipose detail which showed that the stone-cutter had modeled them from the life, and very lively life at that and not at all angelic.

A not uncommon idea was that of a white-robed figure entering a door where all was black beyond. This, in white and black marble, was quite effective. But from its repetition it was evident, as already noted, that these stone-cutters simply borrow other men's ideas. Or it may be that the sorrowing family borrows them, and the stone-cutter carries out their wishes.

Altogether the Genoa Campo Santo is one of the curiosi-

ties of Southern Europe. Modern art in Italy is at a low ebb. France and Germany far surpass her. But it is remarkable that in a country which, if no longer mistress of the art-world, is at least art-loving, such crimes against art should be permitted. If the Genoese Campo Santo serves no other purpose, it will, at least, show to after ages how debased was the Italian art of 1900, in contrast with the Italian art of the Renaissance. And it will also show to posterity exactly how nineteenth-century men and women dressed, and will perpetuate our women's fashions in bonnets, bodices, skirts, and high-heeled shoes, and our men's fashions in swallow-tail, frock, and cut-away coats, four-in-hand and Ascot ties, spring-bottomed trousers and elastic side gaiters—all in imperishable marble.

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From Genoa southward we sailed between the two islands of Corsica and Elba, both reminiscent of Napoleon. It was in Corsica that he was born, and it was in the little island to the westward that he held his mimic court and reigned as "Emperor of Elba." And it was across these waters where we are sailing that he took his flight for France, again to terrify Europe with the meteoric splendor of the short-lived Hundred Days. As we sailed by Elba there came into my mind the language of the Paris *Moniteur*, official journal of the restored Bourbon king in chronicling Napoleon's progress from day to day. It ran somewhat on this wise:

I. "The Corsican scoundrel has escaped from Elba!"  
II. "The tyrant has landed on the shores of France!"  
III. "Bonaparte is attempting to raise a rebellious army."  
IV. "General Bonaparte and his army are as far north as Avignon."  
V. "The ex-emperor Napoleon is at Grenoble."  
VI. "Napoleon is at Lyons with a large army."  
VII. "The emperor has reached Dijon."  
VIII. "His imperial majesty entered his capital of Paris, yesterday, amid the rejoicing of his faithful subjects."

But I am not going to indulge in "historical reminiscence." This is only an anecdote. Don't be alarmed.

Southward from Elba we passed the island of Monte Cristo. But not the one which Dumas made famous—that islet lies off the port of Marseilles. Leaving Sardinia far to starboard, we hugged the Italian coast toward the Straits of Messina.

Not far from the harbor of Naples we sighted a rocky islet, apparently a couple of miles off shore. An elderly man approached me on deck, and said, politely:

"Do you know whether this is Mt. Vesuvius or not?"  
I replied with equal politeness: "I don't know what it is, but I know that it is not Vesuvius."

"But," said he, with an air of triumph, "if you don't know what it is, how do you know that it ain't Vesuvius?"  
"Because," I replied, pinning him with my glittering eye—"because Vesuvius is inland, and this is outland; because this rock is about three miles around, and Vesuvius is about thirty miles around; because this is an island, and Vesuvius is not; and because Vesuvius is a volcano, and this is not."

The elderly man sniffed and withdrew.

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Vesuvius was but dimly visible when we were off the harbor of Naples, being shrouded in mist, but we clearly saw two other volcanoes—Stromboli, before entering the Straits of Messina, and Ætna, after passing through them. Leaving the Tyrrhenian Sea and the Gulf of Taranto, we entered the Straits of Messina. Here again we had a beautiful panorama on both the Calabrian and Sicilian shores, for both sides of the straits are lined with cities, towns, and villages. The city of Messina we could see plainly with the naked eye, and could follow the detail of its streets, squares, and buildings with a good glass. Its size so surprised me that I looked the matter up, and found that with its suburbs it has over a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. Still it is by no means the largest city in Sicily. Palermo, the capital, has nearly three hundred thousand inhabitants.

Through the straits we sailed and soon were headed for the Ionian Sea. Still we hugged the Sicilian shore, and presently the giant Mt. Ætna reared its hoary head before us, snow-capped, cloud-circled, and smoke-crowned. Next we passed Catania and Syracuse, and finally Cape Passero was the southernmost land we saw which was Italian.

From there across the Ionian Sea to Alexandria we saw no land until we sighted the island of Crete. For miles we ran along the shore, scanning it closely with our glasses, but discerned no signs of human habitation. It was very different from the swarming shores of the Italian Riviera. Two lofty snow-covered peaks arose from the mass of mountains which compose the southern half of the island. The easternmost is Mt. Ida.

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The low land line of Alexandria is difficult to discover from the sea. Unlike the rocky headlands of Spain, Sardinia, Corsica, Sicily, and Crete, you are almost upon the shores of Egypt before you see them. The knots logged by the ship tell that you are only a few miles away, yet nothing is visible before the big ship's prow but the blue Levantine sky and the bluer Mediterranean. Suddenly you see a silver streak start out of the sea. It is the sandy shore of the great delta of the Nile.

The silver melts into ashen-gray, the gray into brown. Soon you begin to distinguish flecks upon the brown here and there, and you see that they are buildings upon a background of sand. Then there starts up out of the waste of sand and sea a lofty column, which the traveled ones recognize as Pompey's Pillar. And, as the eyes of all are glued to the curious sight of this flat sea-level city, apparently rising out of the sea, there suddenly hails us a queer, piratical-looking craft. She is, in a way, yawl-rigged—that is, she has two masts, but is not of the schooner tribe. Instead of that, she has two enormous lateen sails, and is one of the great felucca family, found all through the Mediterranean from Gibraltar to Joppa. The crew are even more

piratical-looking than the craft. They are clad in white, long-skirted tunics, black blouses, baggy blue breeches, and crimson fezes; some of them white-wound, turban-wise. We find later ashore that there is great significance in head-gear.

As the big steamer slows down they bring their felucca smartly alongside, and one of their number grasps the dangling rope-ladder and swiftly climbs the side. It is the pilot. As he comes aboard of us the entire ship's company, officers and crew, as well as passengers, line up at the rail to stare at him. For officers and crew are all alike strangers in this Oriental port. The ship had never been here before. So we certainly "manned the side" in this Oriental's honor.

After some elaborate salutations the pilot nonchalantly mounted the bridge and took charge of the ship. I observed that the captain, the first, second, third, and fourth officers, and the quartermaster, all remained on the bridge too. On their North-German faces there was a look of bewilderment not untinged with apprehension. To hand over their fine ship to this outlandish Oriental seemed to them foolhardy. Perhaps he did not know that the ship came from Deutschland and that she was named after the great Deutschen Kaiser; he might never have heard the phrase "Gott mit uns." So praying that the Kaiser and God—in that order—might guard them in this moment of peril, the captain and his officers breathed hard, watched the Oriental, and prepared to throttle him if the ship struck.

But nothing untoward took place. The Egyptian pilot took the ship in past the breakwater's end, and brought her to her anchorage as well as any Bremerhaven pilot could have done. And presently we were boarded by quarantine and other boats bearing the white-and-crimson crescent and the star—badges of Egypt's suzerain, the Sultan. It struck me that the Khedive's flag should also have been quartered with England's crimson cross, symbol of his other suzerain, the queen. For at times the much-counseled Khedive must wonder whether he owns himself, and, if not, to whom he belongs.

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When the quarantine-flag fluttered down the halyards we were invaded by clouds of boats and hordes of boatmen. Bedlam broke loose. All the languages of Babel seemed to be ringing in your ears. Boatmen bearing the badges of Cairene and Alexandrian hotels, boatmen wearing jerseys branded with the names of tourist agencies, and boatmen engaged in individual rather than corporate extortion, endeavored to divorce the luckless passengers from their luggage. On one hand might be seen a New York dude, pale but firm, seated upon a pyramid whose base was a trunk, the superstructure made up of steamer trunk and valises, and the apex a hat-box, striving to defend himself from the assaults of a gang of bawling boatmen, while a one-eyed pirate was pulling out the trunk at the pyramid's base preparatory to lugging it off to his boat. Elsewhere might be seen an old lady, an octogenarian, bound for the Holy Land—I mean the terrestrial one—shrieking with alarm as these swarthy red-capped fellows tried to tear her from her bonnet-box. In the midst of this pandemonium the German ship's officers remained as motionless and impassive as Pompey's Pillar. Great thing, German phlegm—*heint*?

But all things have an end. After an hour or so the last passenger, the last trunk, the last valise, and the last hat-box had been bundled into the boats and were on their way ashore. The ordeal of the Alexandrian boatmen—for years renowned as the worst on the Mediterranean—had been safely passed, and it is only fair to admit that the devil is not so black as he is painted.

On board with the hotel boatmen were some favored dragomans. These indefatigable gentry ear-wigged the passengers for employment, and urged them to have nothing to do with the dragomans ashore. "I number one dragoman," was their favorite remark; "all others very bad." Some of these fellows were not unamusing, although it must be admitted that their wit was of the cheap, machine kind to be heard in steamship smoking-saloons, on the variety stage, and in the conversation of smart "co-eds." The incongruity of "Let her go, Gallagher," "That's all-right-all right," etc., coming from the lips of Orientals was amusing. Some of these dragomans were white-skinned Osman lies, some were evidently of Bedouin-Arab blood, and some were Sudanese negroes, black as coal. Yet all had picked up some American and English slang. They probably began as Cairene donkey-boys and grew up into dragomans. The many-tongued head-porters in European hotels are said to grow up from the little pages who have broken out into a rash of buttons, who open the door for you, touch their caps ceaselessly, and learn to say "thank you" in twenty-seven tongues.

While the dragoman wit is not of a high order, it was sufficiently so to cover with confusion several of our steamship dudes who attempted to "take a rise" out of them. It is the usual fate of him who ventures chaff with a New York newsboy, a London crossing-sweeper, or an Egyptian donkey-boy or dragoman.

So amid a hurricane of American slang and cockney chatter we landed on the pier at Alexandria.

It is odd, but during all of this loud noise and vacar laughter there rose continually before my mind's eye a series of pictures of the ancient Alexandria—of Hypatia, the beautiful pagan lectures; of the rapt audiences listening to her discourses on the elder creed; of how she the aroused the jealousy of Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria; of the rabble of monks who, incited by Cyril, dragged her into church and murdered her before the high altar; of the historian Draper's fiery picture of the scene; of the very work with which he tells how she "fell beneath the club of Peter the Reader"; and how her white body was first defiled and then torn to pieces by the monks.

These were the pictures that rose before me on that starlight night, as we drove through the swarming streets of the ancient city where Hypatia lived and died.

JEROME A. HART.



## A MANIAC'S FREAK.

The Terrible Experience that Blanched a Woman's Hair.

"I have heard of persons whose hair was whitened through excessive fear, but, as I never saw myself any one so affected, I am disposed to be incredulous on the subject." The above remark was made to Dr. Maynard, as we sat on the piazza of his pretty villa, discussing the different effects of terror on dissimilar temperaments. Without replying to me, the doctor turned to his wife, and said:

"Helen, will you please relate to my old friend the incident within your own experience? It is the most convincing argument I can advance."

I looked at Mrs. Maynard in surprise. I had observed that her hair, which was luxuriant, and dressed very becomingly, was purely colorless; but, as she was a young woman, and also a very pretty one, I surmised that it was powdered to heighten the brilliancy of her fine dark eyes.

The doctor and I had been fellow-students, but, after leaving college, we had drifted apart; I to commence practice in an Eastern city, he to pursue his profession in a growing town in the West. I was now on a visit to him for the first time since his marriage.

Mrs. Maynard, no doubt reading my supposition by my look of incredulity, smiled as she shook her snowy tresses over her shoulders, and, seating herself by her husband's side, related the following interesting episode.

It was nearly two years ago since my husband was called on one evening to visit a patient several miles away. Our domestics had all gone to a wake in the vicinity, the dead man being a relative of one of our serving women. Thus I was left alone. But I felt no fear, for we never had heard of burglars or any sort of desperadoes in our quiet village, then consisting of a few scattered houses. The windows leading out on the piazza were open as now, but I secured the blinds before my husband's departure, and locked the outside doors, all except the front one, which I left for the doctor to lock after going out, so that, if I should fall asleep before his return, he could enter without arousing me. I heard the doctor's rapid footsteps on the gravel, quickened by the urgent ones of a messenger who awaited him; and, after the sharp rattle of the carriage wheels had become but an echo, I seated myself by the parlor astral, and very soon became absorbed in the book I had been reading before being disturbed by the summons.

But after a time my interest succumbed to drowsiness, and I thought of retiring. Then the clock in the doctor's study struck twelve, so I determined to wait a few moments more, feeling that he would be home very soon. I closed my book, donned a *robe de chambre*, let down my hair, and then returned to my seat to patiently wait and listen. Not the faintest sound disturbed the stillness of the night. Not a breath of air stirred the leaves. The silence was so profound that it became oppressive. I longed for the sharp click of the gate-latch and the well-known step on the gravel walk. I did not dare to break the hush myself by moving or singing; I was so oppressed with the deep stillness. The human mind is a strange torturer of itself. I began to conjure up vivid fancies about ghostly visitants, in the midst of which occurred to me the stories I had heard from superstitious people about the troubled spirits of those who had died suddenly, like the man whom my servants had gone to "wake," who had been killed by an accident at the saw-mill. In the midst of these terrifying reflections, I was startled by a stealthy footfall on the piazza. I listened between fear and hope. It might be the doctor. But no, he would not tread like that; the step was too soft and cautious for anything less wily than a cat. As I listened again, my eyes fixed on the window-blind, I saw the slats move slowly and cautiously, and then the rays of the moon disclosed a thin, cadaverous face, and bright glittering eyes, peering at me. O horror! Who was it? or what was it? I felt the cold perspiration start at every pore. I seemed to be frozen in my chair. I could not move; I could not cry out; my tongue seemed glued to the roof of my mouth, while the deathly white face pressed closer, and the great sunken eyes wandered in their gaze about the room. In a few moments the blind closed as noiselessly as it had been opened, and the cautious footsteps came toward the door. "Merciful heavens!" I cried in a terror-stricken whisper, as I heard the key turn in the lock, the doctor, in his haste, must have forgotten to withdraw the key."

I heard the front door open, the step in the hall, and, elpless as a statue, I sat riveted to my chair. The parlor door was open, and in it stood a tall, thin man, whom I never before beheld. He was dressed in a long, loose robe, sort of gaherdine, and a black velvet skull-cap partially concealed a broad forehead, under which gleamed black eyes, bright as living coals, and placed so near together that their gaze was preternatural in their distinctness; heavy, rizzled eyebrows hung over them like the tangled mane of a lion; the nose was sharp and prominent; the chin was verged with white hair, which hung down in locks as weird as the Ancient Mariner's. He politely doffed his cap, bowed, replaced it, and then said, in a slightly foreign accent:

"Madam, it is not necessary for me to stand on any further ceremony, as your husband, Dr. Maynard," here he again bowed profoundly, "has already acquainted you with the nature of my business here to-night. I perceive," he added, glancing at my *negligé* robe, "that you were expecting me."

"No," I found voice to stammer; "the doctor has said nothing to me about a visitor at this hour of the night."

"Ah! he wished to spare you, no doubt, a disagreeable apprehension," he returned, advancing and taking a seat on the sofa opposite me, where for a few moments he sat and eyed me from head to foot with a strange, glittering light in his eyes that mysteriously impressed me. "You have a remarkably fine physique, madam," he observed, quietly, "one

that might deceive the eyes of the most skilled and practiced physician. Do you suffer much pain?"

Unable to speak, I shook my head. A terrible suspicion was creeping over me. I was alone, miles away from aid or rescue, with a madman.

"Ah," he continued, reflectively, "your husband may have mistaken a tumor for a cancer. Allow me to feel your pulse," he said, rising and bending over me.

I thought it best to humor him, remembering it was unwise for a helpless woman to oppose the as yet harmless freak of a lunatic. He took out his watch, shook his head gravely, laid my hand down gently, then went toward the study, where on the table was an open case of surgical instruments.

"Do not be alarmed, madam," he said to me, as I was about to rise and flee, and in another instant he was by my side, with the case in his possession.

Involuntarily I raised my head, and cried: "Spare me! Oh, spare me, I beseech you!"

"Madam," he said, sternly, clasping my wrist with his long, sinewy fingers with a grip of steel, "you behave like a child. I have no time to parley, for I have received a letter from the Emperor of the French, stating that he is desirous of my attendance. I must start for Europe immediately after performing the operation on your breast," and, before I could make the slightest resistance, he had me in his arms, and was carrying me into the study, where was a long surgical table, covered with green baize. On this he laid me, and, holding me down with one hand, with the strength of a maniac, he brought forth several long leather straps, which bore evidence of having recently been cut, and with which he secured me to the table with the skill of an expert. It was but the work of a moment to unloose my robe and bare my bosom. Then, after carefully examining my left breast, he said:

"Madam, your husband has made a mistake. I find no necessity for my intended operation."

At this I gave a long-drawn sigh of relief, and prepared to rise.

"But," he continued, "I have made the discovery that your heart is as large as that of an ox! I will remove it, so that you can see for yourself; reduce it to its natural size by a curious process of my own, unknown to medical science, and of which I am sole discoverer, then replace it again."

He began to examine the edge of the cruel knife, on which I closed my eyes, while every nerve was in perceptible tremor.

"The mechanism of the heart is like a watch," he resumed; "if it goes too fast, the great blood-vessel that supplies the force must be stopped, like the lever of a watch, and the works must be cleaned, and repaired, and regulated. It may interest you to know that I was present at the *post-mortem* examination held over the remains of the beautiful Louisa of Prussia. Had I been consulted before her death, I would have saved her by taking out her heart, and removing the polyp, between which it was wedged as in a vise, but I was called too late. The king and I had a little difference; he was German, I am French. I trust that is sufficient explanation."

He now bent over me, his long white beard brushing my face. I opened my eyes hesecingly, trying to think of some way to save myself. "Oh, sir, give me an anæsthetic, that I may not feel the pain," I pleaded.

"Indeed, indeed, madam, I would comply with your wish were you not the wife of a physician—a of a skillful surgeon. I wish you to note with what ease I perform this difficult operation, so that you may tell your husband of the great *savant* whose services he secured, fortunately in season."

As he said this, he made the final test of the knife on his thumb. How precious were the moments now! They were fleeting all too fast, and yet an eternity seemed compressed in every one. I never fainted in my life, and I never felt less like swooning than now, as I summoned all my presence of mind to delay the fearful moment, fervently praying in the meantime for my husband's return.

"Doctor," said I, with assumed composure, "I have the utmost confidence in your skill; I would not trust my life to another; but, doctor, you have forgotten to bring a napkin to stanch the blood. If you will have the goodness to ascend to my sleeping chamber, at the right of the hall, you will find everything you need for that purpose in the bureau."

"Ah, madam," he said, shaking his head sagaciously, "I never draw blood during a surgical operation; that is another one of my secrets unknown to the faculty."

Then, placing his hand on my bosom, he added, with horrible *espiglerie*:

"I'll scarcely mark that skin whiter than snow, and smooth as monumental alabaster."

"O God!" I cried, as I felt the cold steel touch my breast; but with the same breath came deliverance.

Quick as thought a heavy woollen piano-cover was thrown over the head and person of the madman, and hound tightly around him. As quickly was I released, and the things that bound me soon held the maniac. My husband held me in his arms. He had noiselessly approached, and, taking in the horror of my situation at a glance, had, by the only means at hand, secured the madman, who was the very patient he had been summoned to attend, but who had escaped the vigilance of his keeper soon after the departure of the messenger, who had now returned with the doctor in pursuit of him. As the poor wretch was being hurried away, he turned to me, and said: "Madam, this is a plot to rob me of my reputation. Your husband is envious of my great skill as a surgeon. Adieu!" I afterward learned that the man was once an eminent surgeon in Europe, but much learning had made him mad. When he bound me to the table, my hair was black as a raven; when I left it, it was as you see it now—white as full-blown cotton.

The German war budget is \$136,000,000; France, \$125,000,000; Austria, \$56,000,000; and Italy, \$45,000,000. These are vast sums, but they pale into insignificance beside the \$250,000,000 spent on the American army last year.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Only one man who served in the Confederate senate during the war is now to be found in the United States Senate—Senator Vest, of Missouri. When he retires, which is expected to take place before long, the last of the Confederate senators will have passed from public life.

Dr. Donatus Sharretti, the new Roman Catholic bishop of Havana, is said to be one of the best linguists among the clergy of his church. He reads Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Greek, and Latin, and speaks English, Spanish, Italian, French, German, Russian, and Japanese.

The Duke of Norfolk, in starting for South Africa, carried out the mediæval traditions of the Howards. Before leaving London he took his sword to the private chapel in the Archbishop of Westminster's house, where it was solemnly blessed by Cardinal Vaughan, the duke kneeling before the altar.

The gold medal of honor conferred upon Giuseppe Verdi by the Emperor Franz Josef of Austria was personally consigned to the famous old composer on the feast of St. Joseph, Verdi's "name day," the eighteenth of March. The medal was accompanied by the emperor's good wishes and some sincere words expressing the deep esteem in which he held the veteran composer.

The Duke of Argyll, who died on April 24th, is succeeded by his eldest son, John George Edward Henry Douglas Sutherland, Marquis of Lorne, who was born August 6, 1845, at London. Like his father, he is something of an Admiral Crichton, striving to do many things and do them well. He is a poet, a traveler, a historian, a librettist, a shining social light, something of a politician, and a little of a scientist. In 1871 he married the Princess Louise, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria.

Dinner was kept waiting recently in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg owing to the unexplained disappearance of the imperial pair. They had taken an afternoon sleigh-ride accompanied only by a lady-in-waiting, and an indiscreet witness declared that he had seen the sleigh standing near the edge of a lonely wood outside the city, with the two ladies in it laughing like children, while the Czar of all the Russias hopped about on one leg in the snow, flopping his arms, and croaking like a crow.

Eleanora Duse, interviewed recently by the *Vienna Mode*, said that, in her opinion, Tolstoy stood by the side of Shakespeare. She thought the theatre could never take again the great place it deserves until the works of the great masters of dramatic poetry were restored to the stage. In reference to recent rumors about her own life, she said that every artist had legends invented about him or her, and she had no time or desire to give vitality to those about her, either by confirmation or denial, especially as life was bad enough, even with all the lies in it. She spoke against the custom of keeping memoirs. "The best solution of the problem of life is an early death. A woman ought not to live to a very old age."

William Thomas Turnour, Viscount Hinton, who is to succeed to the title and estate of Earl Poulett, displacing the younger son, by another wife, of the late extravagant earl, will not reside at Hinton St. George, the family seat, but at Southsea, where he was born. That was the home of his mother, the pilot's daughter whom his noble father married to win a wager. "I shall help the poor all I can," says the viscount and prospective earl; "I will come down and spend my money among the needy. Having suffered poverty myself, earning my living in the streets with my wife, I know how to sympathize with those who have neither nobility nor wealth." The late earl disowned his first son and tried to squander the estate to prevent its falling into the organ-grinder's hands. The new earl will settle an annuity on his half-brother. This compromise removes from the streets of London a picturesque character.

Professor Ernest von Bergmann, who opened the annual surgical congress at Berlin (to which have been attracted most of the eminent surgeons of the empire), occupies the high post of professor of surgery in the University of Berlin. He was born at Royen in 1836, and studied medicine and surgery at the universities of Vienna, Dorpat, and Berlin. Dr. Bergmann, during the Austro-Prussian War, was the head of the military hospital at Koeniginhof, and during the war between Prussia and France in 1870 he was the director of the hospitals of Karlsruhe and Mannheim. In 1876 he was appointed professor of surgery at the University of Dorpat, and thence joined the army of the Danube as its consulting surgeon. In 1878 he became surgeon-in-chief of the hospital at Wurtzburg, and in 1882 took the chair of surgery at Berlin. Dr. Bergmann is the author of several important works on the subjects of his specialty and is one of the renowned surgeons of his country.

It is announced that the entire collection of Admiral Dewey's trophies will be deposited in the National Museum at Washington, D. C., including the sword presented to him by Congress, the great loving-cup procured by popular subscription and made of some sixty thousand ten-cent pieces, besides other relics collected during the Civil and Spanish wars. Two large cabinets are being prepared especially for Admiral Dewey's collection of trophies, and they will be given a location of prominence in the museum, where they can not escape the eye of the most casual visitor. They will be situated on the right and left sides of the main entrance to the hall of history, surrounded by the collection of relics of Washington and Hancock, and directly in front of the extensive collection of General Grant, which is considered the most complete and valuable now in the hall of history. It is estimated that the collection of Admiral Dewey is worth at least one hundred thousand dollars, and it will undoubtedly be more costly than any single exhibit now in the museum.



## ON THE EVE OF THE OPENING.

Paris Ready, but the Exposition Far from Being Complete—Dismal Outlook for Visitors—Amiable Weaknesses of the French Nature.

As this letter leaves Paris, we here are piously believed to be trembling on the brink of the famous "ouverture," the formal opening of the Exposition Universelle. All the official world declares that the ceremony will assuredly take place one week from to-day; all the journalistic world affects to believe; the wise public shrugs its shoulders and doubts, yet hopes.

Whence ye may learn a lesson—that here we have our own way of doing things. In America such a doubt would scarcely be possible. The authorities would have taken counsel with the engineers, architects, and exhibitors at least a month ago; the bigger fry would have smoked the matter over with the smaller fry; all together they would have estimated down to a day the time it would take to put the last slate on the last roof, to empty the last paint-pot, and to pull down the last scaffolding pole. And at least a month ago we would have known absolutely whether or not the show would be inaugurated on the day fixed. In France they are quite capable of announcing calmly on the eve of the great day that the great day is put off.

A curious instance of the easy-going ways of officialism here was furnished in the case of the statue representing the City of Paris, designed to stand on the summit of the main entrance on the Place de la Concorde. It is the work of a sculptor whose twenty-five years have, naturally enough, not yet brought him distinction. And it is very ugly. But also it is very interesting. In the robes of a mediæval queen, a *gamine* of modern boulevards. There is a distinct suggestion in it of the peculiarly piquant ugliness of Yvette Guilbert; in some ways it is very symbolic of some sides—and some of the not least obvious sides—of Paris life. But, in addition to the probably intentional lack of beauty, it has marked defects. Seen from the river, for example, it is frankly clumsy. Well, this statue of Paris was solemnly hauled up over the unfinished gate the other day, and all Paris—Paris is really interested in art—flocked to see it. Controversy filled the air; hot was the war of factions. After the first round the thing was condemned—and disappeared. Two days pass, and the other side does brave battle: the "City of Paris" re-appears in all her *bizarre* coquetry. And just now nobody is quite sure that she will not duck under again to make place for some alternative "under-study" in scroll-work. These are the hesitating ways of Paris.

Yellow journalism, which, for our sins, we have always with us, has done its disreputable best to vulgarize the coming joys; but, with all its exaggerations, it has not told half the truth. The exposition will be finer far than all that the sensation-venders have daubed for us. But it will be a kind of crime to open on the preappointed day. For, really, there is nothing to open.

I spent, only yesterday, a whole morning in wandering over the immense grounds in the train of a courteous official. What went I forth to see? An exposition ready to be opened in a week? Expositions to be ready in a week do not look like that. An immense *terrain* stretching far on both sides of the river, joined by three new bridges, none of which were finished; a bewildering pile of stately buildings, some of which were not even roofed over, nearly all of which were veiled on one side or on another by hideous scaffolding; the whole ground a dismal swamp of sticky, yellow mud, with a few pitiful trees stuck in here and there, lone pioneers of the artistically designed clumps of greenery which are to come. Everywhere the pestilent-looking marsh was littered with piles of iron rails and railings, with heaps of timber, with discarded ladders and broken-down wheelbarrows and dirty barrels of paint—all the ugly *débris* of vast building operations. The air was filled with the sound of work, the clank of hammers beating on iron plates, the clink of masons' tools cutting into stone, the grinding of pulleys, the *teuf-teuf* of steam-engines. But it seemed to me—perhaps because of the exceeding desolation of the view—that even the workmen, working by the hundred, worked with only half a heart. I caught myself sighing for a stern-faced, quick-tongued Irish or German gang-master from over the ocean to put a little life into their movements.

No, most emphatically, there is nothing to open. The unprofessional stranger, taking away a casual impression, would have said that the great show might possibly be ready in two months. As the result of a careful scrutiny of what rests to be done, I would venture the guess that one month will probably put the whole thing ship-shape—but it will have to be a month well spent, a month of carefully directed labor faithfully accomplished.

Some one said once that the French would be a great people if only they knew how to build a fire and to produce a box of matches that would strike. It appears to be equally true that they would be a great people if they only knew how to be on time when they invite the world to make merry in their capital. It is a scandal that the exposition should be in this pitiful state on the very eve of the opening.

If the authorities persist in their present intention, they will be accomplices in a felony. Hundreds of strangers are already here, simply and solely because they have learned that the opening is not to be postponed; thousands more will accept the ceremony as proof that all things are ready. And Paris itches for the money they will bring. The proprietors of *cafés*, theatres, music-halls; the venders of the *dernier cri* in jewels and gorgeous robes; the whole world of Paris that has things to sell to the gilded stranger—would contemplate with horror the loss of a whole month's fleecing. If the exposition is not ready, what matter? We need not proclaim the fact from the housetops. Let 'em come. There are other, and better, ways to their money-boxes."

And there can be no doubt that a great many of "them" will come—and, when they see what they have come to, they will not think any the better of France.

It is not even as if the premature stranger would be able to console himself with the normal joy of Paris in the spring-time. The city has, of course, its lovely side even now—the life of the grand boulevards, the exquisite beauty of the public gardens. But, outside that, they are beautifying the city and improving the means of communication—in view, largely, of the exposition—and, in the process they have made, Paris is all but intolerable. Wherever one goes, even in quarters in the utter darkness, far from the expository centres, one finds inconvenience and hideousness. They are repaving the streets, or they are fixing in new street-lamps, or they are pulling up the trees to plant newer and fresher ones—country cousins that have not been poisoned by the evil communications of underground piping or enfeebled by the arid city soil—or they are tinkering up fountains that have not been working quite as self-respecting fountains should, or they are renewing the turf of the frequent green places that make one of the city's chief charms. The results of all this are ugliness, mud, and obstruction. Wherever one goes it is "*rue barrée*," or "*défense d'entrer*," or "*préire de passer de l'autre côté*." This is a cab-driving city. The expeditious, if murderous, American street-car not existing, one passes a considerable part of the working week in driving round as though one owned an oil-mine or were a trustee of a widows'-and-orphans' fund. Result: that this spring one does only half one's business for lack of time, and that one spends half one's monthly takings in the doing of it. It is probable that it would often be quicker to walk these days, but then one runs the risk of killing a few police agents, whose cold "on ne passe plus, monsieur," has forced one to retrace one's steps for a half-mile or so.

Ah, yes; the premature stranger will be matter for tears. From the first fortnight in May Paris promises to be a Moslem paradise; just now it is more like—well—

A final word: Those who leave the Pacific Coast about when this letter appears will arrive here at the right moment. But I strongly advise all whom it may concern not to pull up their stakes before that date. STEPHEN MACKENNA.

PARIS, April 7, 1900.

The death at Paris of Count Vincent de Benedetti recalls his famous interview at Ems with King William of Prussia in 1870, which led immediately to the Franco-Prussian War. Benedetti was the French ambassador to Prussia, and he was commissioned to demand that Prince Leopold should withdraw his acceptance of the Spanish throne. After Leopold did withdraw, France further demanded that King William should give assurance that no member of the Hohenzollern family should again become a candidate for the Spanish throne. It was Benedetti's duty to make this offensive demand, and he did it in a most conspicuous and embarrassing manner at Ems. The king, of course, refused to give any pledge for his future action in any matter whatever, and when Benedetti asked for another interview William the First refused to see him, thus answering one insult with another. Then King William sent his famous Ems telegram to Bismarck at Berlin. According to Busch's version, Bismarck immediately condensed the king's telegram, so as to give it a cogency and a menacing tone, which it did not originally contain, and then gave it to the newspapers. The publication had the effect which Bismarck intended, and which France probably desired—it led at once to war. In twenty-four hours all Paris was in an uproar, and the newspapers were printing "On to Berlin!" in their blackest headlines. Benedetti's part in all this, of course, was largely perfunctory, for behind him was the Duc de Grammont, and behind De Grammont was Napoleon the Third, and behind Napoleon was an irrefragable French populace, eager for war. All were alike ignorant of the weakness and rottenness of the empire. That transaction at Ems, however, was Benedetti's most famous as well as his last official act of any importance.

Experiments are being made in Germany with a view of testing the merits of a new description of food for use in campaigning, consisting of a biscuit, which its inventor claims is a perfect substitute for bread, and of meat and vegetables preserved by a special process. All that is known of the biscuit is that eggs enter into its composition. As to the preserves, they are meant to provide hot dishes, and their special feature is the short time in which they can be cooked, ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. The duty of testing the virtues of the new food has devolved upon the First Battalion of the One Hundred and Seventy-Fourth Regiment of the line. For a week the officers and men of this, perhaps luckless, battalion will be allowed no other solid nourishment of any kind whatever, and the most stringent precautions have been taken to prevent their regaling themselves surreptitiously with other fare. Moreover, throughout the trial period the battalion is to engage in manoeuvres comprising forced marches, camping out, and every species of fatigue. It would seem to be only justice (remarks the *Pall Mall Gazette*) that the inventor should have been made to live on his products for a fortnight before the soldiers were forced to content themselves with them for a week.

President Miller, of the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce, outlined in a recent message to that body a way to keep employees from gambling. He said: "Many of the surety companies of the United States have recently adopted one and the same form of bond for universal use. This contract provides that when the employer is in possession of the knowledge that his employee is an habitual gambler, then the bond becomes void. It seems that the damage to employers from gambling is so serious that no annual payment will justify any company in knowingly assuming that risk. Of course the inference is plain—each employer must protect himself against known gamblers."

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Dream of Clarence.

Methought that I had broken from the tower,  
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy;  
And, in my company, my brother Gloster,  
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches; thence we looked toward England,  
And cited up a thousand happy times,  
During the wars of York and Lancaster,  
That had befallen us. As we paced along  
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,  
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,  
Into the tumbling billows of the main.  
O heaven! methought what pain it was to drown!  
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!  
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!  
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;  
A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon;  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.  
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes  
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept  
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,  
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,  
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Often did I strive  
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood  
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth  
To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air;  
But smothered it within my panting bulk,  
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

My dream was lengthened after life;  
Oh, then began the tempest to my soul!  
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,  
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,  
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.  
The first that there did greet my stranger soul  
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,  
Who cried aloud—"What scourge for perjury  
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?  
And so he vanished. Then came wandering by  
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud—  
"Clarence is come—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,  
That stabbed me in the field by Tewkesbury;  
Seize on him, furies! take him to your torments!"  
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
Environed me, and howled in mine ears  
Such hideous cries that, with the very noise,  
I trembling waked, and for a season after  
Could not believe but that I was in hell;  
Such terrible impression made my dream.—*Shakespeare.*

## Darkness.

I had a dream which was not all a dream—  
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars  
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth  
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;  
Morn came and went—and came and brought no day;  
And men forgot their passions in the dread  
Of this their desolation; and all hearts  
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light.  
And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,  
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,  
The habitations of all things which dwell,  
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,  
And men were gathered round their blazing homes  
To look once more into each other's face;  
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye  
Of the volcanoes and their mountain-torch.  
A fearful hope was all the world contained;  
Forests were set on fire; but hour by hour  
They fell and faded, and the crackling trunks  
Extinguished with a crash, and all was black.  
The brows of men, by the despairing light,  
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits  
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down  
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest  
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;  
And others hurried to and fro, and fed  
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up  
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,  
The pall of the past world; and then again  
With curses cast them down upon the dust,  
And gnashed their teeth and howled. The wild birds shrieked,  
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,  
And flap their useless wings; and the wildest brutes  
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawled  
And twined themselves among the multitude,  
Hissing but stingless—they were slain for food;  
And War, which for a moment was no more,  
Did glut himself again; a meal was bought  
With blood, and each sat sullenly apart  
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;  
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,  
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang  
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men  
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;  
The meagre by the meagre were devoured,  
Even dogs assailed their masters, all save one,  
And he was faithful to a corpse, and kept  
The birds, and beasts, and famished men at bay,  
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead  
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,  
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,  
And a quick, desolate cry, licking the hand  
Which answered not with a caress—he died.  
The crowd was famished by degrees; but two  
Of an enormous city did survive,  
And they were enemies. They met beside  
The dying embers of an altar-place,  
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things  
For an unholy usage; they raked up,  
And, shivering, scraped with their cold, skeleton hands  
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath  
Blew for a little life, and made a flame  
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up  
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld  
Each other's aspects—saw, and shrieked, and died—  
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,  
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow  
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,  
The populace and the powerful was a lump,  
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—  
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.  
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,  
And nothing stirred within their silent depths.  
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,  
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropped  
They slept on the abyss without a surge.  
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,  
The Moon, their mistress, had expired before.  
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,  
And the clouds perished. Darkness had no need  
Of aid from them—She was the Universe.—*Byron.*



MRS. HOWE'S REMINISCENCES.

New York Society in the 'Forties—How She Came to Write "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Simplicity is the keynote of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's entertaining "Reminiscences: 1819-1899." In her opening chapter she says: "Oo the world's great scene each of us can only play his little part, often with poor comprehensioo of the mighty drama which is going on around him. If any one of us undertakes to set this down, he should do it with the utmost truth and simplicity, oot as if Seoea or Tacitus or St. Paul were speaking, but as he himself, pliao Hodge, or Dominie, or Mrs. Grundy, is moved to speak. He should oot borrow from others the sentiments which he ought to have entertained, but relate truthfully how matters appeared to him, as they aod he went oo. This much I can promise to do to these pages; aod no more." This Mrs. Howe does, and the result is unusually happy.

On May 27, 1819, Julia Ward was born in the city of New York, in Marketfield Street, near the Battery. As a growing girl she had many educational advaotages foreshadowing the culture and capacity of her maturer years. Her father was essentially a Puritan, aod the daughter's life between her mother's death and his was ooe of stern repression; so much so that she oteo felt herself a prisoner, though her jailer was iotient upoo her good. Of the early years of her youth, Mrs. Howe writes:

"They were passed in the seclusion not ooly of a home life, but of a home most carefully and jealously guarded from all that might be represented to the orthodox trinity of evil, the world, the flesh, and the devil. My father had become deeply imbued with the religious ideas of the time. He dreaded for his children the dissipations of fashionable society, and even the risks of general intercourse with the unsanctified many. He early embraced the cause of temperance, aod became president of the first temperance society formed in this country. As a result, wioe was excluded from his table. This privatioo gave me oo trouble, but my brothers felt it, especially the eldest, who had passed some years in Europe, where the use of wine was, as it still is, universal. I was walking with my father one evening when we met my two younger brothers, each with a cigar in his mouth. My father was much troubled, and said, "Boys, you must give this up, aod I will give it up, too. From this time I forbid you to smoke, aod I will join you in relinquishing the habit." I am afraid that this sacrifice on my father's part did oot have the desired effect, but am quite certain that he never witnessed the infringement of his command.

Here are a few of the customs Mrs. Howe mentions which show the great changes which have beo wrought in New York:

As a child I remember forks as io use at my father's dinner-parties. Oo ordinary occasions we used the three-pronged steel fork, which is oow rarely seen. My father sometimes admonished my maternal grandmother oot to put her knife io her mouth. Io her youth every ooe used the knife in this way. Meats were carefully roasted in what was called a "tin kitchen," before an open fire. Desserts oot state occasions consisted of pastry, wine jelly, *blanc-mange*, with pyramids of ice-cream. This last was always supplied by a French resident, Jean Contoit by name, whose very modest gardeeo long continued to be the principal place from which such a dainty could be obtained. It may have been M. Contoit who, speaking to a compatriot of his first days in America, said: "Imagine I woe I first came to this country, people cooked vegetables with water ooly, and the calf's head was thrown away!"

Of the dress of that period, Mrs. Howe says:

"I remember that ladies wore white cambric gowns, finely embroidered, in winter as well as io summer, and walked abroad in thin morocco slippers. Pelisses were worn in cold weather, often of some bright color, rose-pink or blue. I have found in a family letter of that time the following description of a bride's toilet: "Miss E— was married in a frock of white merino, with a full suit of steel: comb, ear-rings, and so on." I ooe heard Mrs. William Astor (*nee* Armstrong) tell of a pair of brides, twin sisters, who appeared at church dressed in pelisses of white merino, trimmed with chin-chilla, with caps of the same fur. They were much admired at the time.

Among the festivities of old New York, the observance of New-Year's Day held an important place:

In every house of ooy pretensions, the ladies of the family sat in their dressing-rooms arrayed in their best dresses, and the gentlemen of their acquaintance made short visits, during which wine aod rich cakes were offered them. It was allowable to call as early as ten o'clock in the morning. The visitors sometimes did little more than appear aod disappear, hastily muttering something about "the compliments of the season." The gentlemen prided themselves upon the number of visits paid, the ladies upon the number received. Girls at school vexed each other with emulative boasting: "We had fifty calls on New-Year's Day." "Oh! but we had sixty-five." This perfunctory performance grew very tedious by the time the calling hours were ended, but apart from this the day was ooe on which families were greeted by distant relatives rarely seen, while old friends met and revived their pleasant memories.

In our house, the rooms were all thrown open. Bright fires burned io the grates. My father, after his adoption of temperance principles, forbade the offering of wine to visitors, aod ordered it to be re-

placed by hot coffee. We were rather chagrined at this prohibition, but his will was law.

The pleasant custom just described was said to have originated with the Dutch settlers of the old time, and went out of fashion for these reasons:

As the city grew in size, it became difficult and well-nigh impossible for gentlemen to make the necessary number of visits. Finally, a number of young men of the city took it upon themselves to call in squads at houses which they had no right to molest, consuming the refreshments provided for other guests, and making themselves disagreeable in various ways. This offense against good manners led to the discontinuance, by common consent, of the new-year's receptions.

In her chapter oo "Literary New York," in which charming little fragments concerning William Cullen Bryant, Charles King, Domenico Lynch, and Charles Augustus Davies appear, Mrs. Howe relates the following incident oot Washington Irving:

I was present, with other ladies, at a public dinner given io honor of Charles Dickens by prominent citizens of New York. We ladies were oot hidden to the feast, but were allowed to occupy a small anteroom whose open door commanded a view of the tables. Woe the speaking was about to begin, a message came, suggesting that we should take possession of some vacant seats at the great table. This we were glad to do. Washington Irving was president of the evening, aod upoo him devolved the duty of inaugurating proceedings by aod address of welcome to the distinguished guest. People who sat oear me whispered, "He'll break down—he always does." Mr. Irving rose and uttered a sentence or two. His friends interrupted him by applause which was intended to encourage him, but which entirely overthrew his self-possession. He hesitated, stammered, and sat down, saying, "I can not go oo." It was an embarrassing and painful moment, but Mr. John Duer, an eminent lawyer, came to his friend's assistance, and with suitable remarks proposed the health of Charles Dickens, to which Mr. Dickens promptly responded. This he did in his happiest mood, covering Mr. Irving's defeat by a glowing eulogy of his literary merits.

During her twenty-second year Miss Ward visited Boston, where she met Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, whose wonderful achievement io the case of Laura Bridgman, the first blind deaf-mute who had ever been taught the use of language, had placed him in the forefront of the world's philanthropists. Oo April 23, 1843, they were married, and a week later sailed for Europe. In England they met all the celebrities of the day. Mrs. Howe tells this anecdote of Rev. Sydney Smith, at that time one of the idols of London society, who invited them to a entertainment given by his daughter, Mrs. Holland:

At this party, Sydney Smith was constantly the centre of a group of admiring friends. When we first entered the rooms, he said to us: "I am so busy to-night that I can do nothing for you." Later io the evening he found time to seek me out. "Mrs. Howe," said he, "this is a rout. I like routs. Do you have routs in America?"

"We have parties like this in America," I replied, "but we do not call them routs."

"What do you call them, then?"

"We call them receptions."

This seemed to amuse him, aod he remarked to some ooe who stood near us: "Mrs. Howe says that io America they call routs recep-tions."

He asked what I had seen io London, so far. I answered that I had recently visited the House of Lords. Whereupon he remarked, "Mrs. Howe, your English is excellent. I have only heard you make ooe mispronunciation. You have just said 'House of Lords.' We say 'House of Lords.'" Some one near by said, "Oh, yes, the House is always addressed as 'My Lords aod Gentlemen.'"

When I repeated this to Horace Mann, io so vexed his gentle spirit as to cause him to exclaim, "House of Lords! You ought to have said House of Devils!"

Their visit to Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth was a disappointing ooe:

The widowed daughter of our host had lost heavily by the failure of certain American securities. These losses formed the sole topic of conversation not only between Wordsworth aod Dr. Howe, but also between the ladies of the family, my sister, and myself. The tea to which we had been hidden was simply a cup of tea, served without a table. We bore the harassing conversation as long as we could. The only remark of Wordsworth's which I brought away was this: "The misfortune of Ireland is that it was only a partially conquered country." When we took leave the poet expressed his willingness to serve us during our stay in his neighborhood. We left it, however, oo the following morning, without seeing him or his again.

In the autumn of 1844, Mr. and Mrs. Howe returned from their wedding journey, and took up their abode near Boston. Besides her other literary work, Mrs. Howe wrote a play called "The World's Own," which was produced by Matilda Heron and the elder Sothorn, but it failed to score. Of her second effort as a dramatist, she writes:

While Edwin Booth was still completing his first engagement io Boston, I received a letter from his manager, proposing that I should write a play for Mr. Booth. My first drama, though oot a success, had made me somewhat known to theatrical people. I had become painfully aware of its defects, and desired nothing more than to profit by the lesson of experience io producing something that should deserve entire approbation. It was therefore with a good hope of success that I undertook to write the play. Mr. Booth himself called to see me, io support of his request. The favorable impression which he had made upon me was not lessened by a nearer view. I found him modest, intelligent, and above

all, genuine—the man as worthy of admiration as the artist. Although I had seen Mr. Booth io a variety of characters, I could only think of representing him as Hippolytus, a beautiful youth, of heroic type, enamored of a high ideal. This was the part which I desired to create for him. I undertook the composition without much delay, and devoted to it the months of one summer's sojourn at Lawton's Valley. I wrote my five-act drama, dreaming of the fine emphasis which Mr. Booth would give to its best passages, aod of the beautiful appearance he would make in classic costume. He, meanwhile, was growing into great fame and favor with the public, and was called hither aod thither by numerous engagements. The period of his courtship and marriage intervened, and a number of years elapsed between the completion of my work and his first reading of it.

At last there came a time in which the production of "Hippolytus" seemed possible. Charlotte Cushman and Edwin Booth were both in Boston, performing, as I remember, but oot at the same theatre. They agreed to act io my play. E. L. Davenport, manager of the Howard Athenaeum, undertook to produce it, and my dream was very near becoming a reality. But io ooe a sudden, the manager bethought him that the time was rather late io the season; that the play would require ooe scenery; aod, more than all, that his wife, who was also an actress, was not pleased with a secondary part assigned to her. A polite note informed me of his change of mind. This was, I think, the greatest "let down" that I ever experienced. It affected me seriously for some days, after which I determined to attempt nothing more for the stage. In truth, there appeared to be little reason for this action on the part of the manager. Miss Cushman, speaking of it, said to me: "My dear, if Edwin Booth and I had done nothing more than to stand upoo the stage aod say good-evening to each other, the house would have been filled."

The circumstances under which she wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," early in the Civil War, are thus related:

We were invited, ooe day, to attend a review of troops at some distance from the town. While we were engaged in watching the manoeuvres, a sudden movement of the enemy occasioned immediate action. The review was discontinued, and we saw a detachment of soldiers gallop to the assistance of a small body of our men who were in imminent danger of being surrounded aod cut off from retreat. The regiments remaining oo the field were ordered to march to their cantonments. We returned to the city very slowly, of necessity, for the troops nearly filled the road. Mr. Clarke was io the carriage with me, as were several other friends. To beguile the rather tedious drive, we sang, from time to time, stanzas of army songs, concluding, I think, with

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground; His soul is marching on."

The soldiers seemed to like this, and answered back, "Good for you!" Mr. Clarke said, "Mrs. Howe, why do you oot write some good words for that stirring tune?" I replied that I had often wished to do this, but had oot as yet found io my mind ooy leading toward it.

I went to bed that night as usual, aod slept quite soundly, according to my wont. I awoke io the gray of the morning twilight; and as I lay waiting for the dawn, the long lines of the desired poem began to twine themselves io my mind. Having thought out all the stanzas, I said to myself: "I must get up and write these verses down, lest I fall asleep again and forget them." So, with a sudden effort, I sprang out of bed, and found io the dimness an old stump of a pen, which I remembered to have used the day before. I scrawled the verses almost without looking at the paper. I had learned to do this when, on previous occasions, attacks of vertigo had visited me io the night, and I feared to have recourse to a light lest I should wake the baby, who slept oear me. I was always obliged to decipher my scrawl before another night intervened, as it was legible ooly while the matter was fresh io my mind.

At this time, having completed my writing, I returned to bed aod fell asleep, with the reflection, "I like this better than most things that I have written."

The poem, which was soon after published io the *Atlantic Monthly*, was somewhat praised on its appearance, but the vicissitudes of the war so engrossed public attention that small heed was taken of literary matters. I knew, and was content to know, that the poem soon found its way to the camps, as I heard ood aod then of its being sung in chorus by the soldiers.

Among the other valuable and interesting chapters may be mentioned "Second Trip to Europe," "Neo and Movements of the 'Sixties,'" "The Woman-Suffrage Movement," "The Boston Radical Club," and "Certain Clubs." In conclusion, Mrs. Howe thus sums up what she calls the successes of her long life:

"It was a great distinction for me when the foremost philanthropist of the age chose me for his wife. It was a great success for me when, having been born aod bred in New York City, I found myself able to enter into the intellectual life of Boston, and to appreciate the 'high thinking' of its choice spirits. I have sat at the feet of the masters of literature, art, and science, and have been graciously admitted into their fellowship. I have been the chosen poet of several high festivals, to wit, the celebration of Bryant's sixtieth birthday, the commemoration of the centenary of his birth, aod the unveiling of the statue of Columbus io Central Park, New York, in the Columbian year, so called. I have been the founder of a club of young girls, which has exercised a salutary influence upon the growing womanhood of my adopted city, and has won for itself an honorable place in the community, serving also as a model for similar associations

in other cities. I have been for many years the president of the New England Woman's Club and of the Association for the Advancement of Women. I have been heard at the great prison congress in England, at Mrs. Butler's Convention de Moralité Publique in Geneva, Switzerland, and at more than one convention in Paris. I have been welcomed in Faneuil Hall, when I have stood there to rehearse the merits of public men, and, later, to plead the cause of oppressed Greece and murdered Armenia. I have written one poem which, although composed in the stress and strain of the Civil War, is now sung North and South by the champions of a free government. I have been accounted worthy to listen and to speak at the Boston Radical Club and at the Concord School of Philosophy. I have been exalted to occupy the pulpit of my own dear church and that of others, without regard to denominational lines. Lastly and chiefly, I have had the honor of pleading for the slave when he was a slave, of helping to initiate the woman's movement io many States of the Union, and of standing with the illustrious champions of justice aod freedom for woman suffrage, woe to do so was a thankless office, involving public ridicule and private avoidance."

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York; price, \$2.50.

The Vogue of the Historical Novel.

A writer io the *Academy*, seeking to discover the causes for the present vogue io the United States of the historical novel, places the ultimate responsibility upoo the American girl, because it is she who rules the libraries in America. Concluding, he says:

"And if you would know what sort of an intellectual creature the American woman is, what a curious mixture of earnest aod gay, ardent and frivolous, splendid and absurd, read her special organ, *The Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia, which is ooe of the most brilliantly edited papers io the world, and has a circulation of over eight hundred thousand copies a month. Here, io this glowing and piquant miscellany, where religion runs column by column with modes aod etiquette, and the most famous English writing authors are allowed by the Tuppens and Friswells of New England, you will discern at large the true nature of Mr. C. D. Gibsoo's girl—the width of her curiosity, the consuming fire of her energy, her strange knowledge and her stranger ignorance, her fierceness and crudity, her imperial mien and her simple adorations. It is fitting to remark of the American woman that she has a magnificent future. In the meantime she can oot gainsay her *Ladies' Home Journal*, which stands as absolutely irrefutable evidence both for aod against her. She is there in its pages, utterly revealed—the woman of the culture-clubs, the woman who wistfully admires the profiles of star actors at matinees, the woman from whom Paderewski, at the Chicago Auditorium, has to be rescued by the police, the Madonna of the home, the cherisher of aspirations, the desire of men. It is she who reads aod propagates 'Richard Carvel' aod 'Jocice Meredith,' artlessly enjoyiog the sugar of them, made oblivious of their tedium by her sincere eagerness to 'get instruction' from them, to treat them as 'serious' works—oot as 'ordinary novels.'"

The etymology of the word "pickaninnee" is discussed by a writer in the current number of the *American Anthropologist*, who says that its possible derivation was pointed out by Sir Hans Slooe, io 1707, io his "History of Jamaica." "Piganinnes," says Sir Hans, "is a corruption of *pequenos niños*, applied to the black or slave babies of Jamaica."

The widow and children of Richard Parks Bland are in straitened circumstances. The great apostle of silver left only a small farm. A book of his life is to be published, the widow to receive the profits.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Man Who Did Not Care.

Nothing but praise was given the volume of short stories by Edith Wharton which appeared a few months ago, and it was easy to predict even greater success for the author. The predictions have been verified, for Mrs. Wharton's new story, "The Touchstone," will achieve the distinction of being one of the most widely read and earnestly discussed books of the year. It is original, strong, and clever. From its pages one could cull a score of epigrams that would not lose their brilliancy in any company, and every paragraph displays the insight and gift of expression that endow the masters of literary art.

The theme of the story is a new one, so far as its treatment by the novelist is concerned, but its suggestion may be found in one of the notable works of the past year. Stephen Glennard, while a youth, had the friendship of a woman who became a great writer, and his admiration for her awakened a feeling of greater depth in the woman's heart. The young man was not in love with her, for the writer was not possessed of beauty or winning graces of manner, but he could not help looking up to her and appreciating her tenderness toward him. She went away to Europe, saying she did so "to be nearer him," and from across the ocean wrote him letter after letter in which her heart was frankly revealed. But Glennard had found a woman whom he could love, and when the gifted writer died, far away, he did not mourn. He was poor, just starting in his profession, and the young woman who attracted him was only the companion of an aunt who had no intention of furnishing her with a dowry. A sudden decision of the aunt to go to Europe and take her niece with her for a two years' stay, urged Glennard to action. Just at this time an advertisement in a London journal asked for any information or letters of the writer who had passed away, for use in a biography, and Glennard awoke to the commercial value of the packets hidden in his desk. He struggled against the temptation, asked the advice of an acquaintance whom he believed to be more sound in judgment than in principle, and finally fell. Publishers eagerly grasped the opportunity, paid him a sum large enough to make his marriage possible, and promised him still greater returns in royalties.

The temptation and the fall of the man are but the beginning of the story. He keeps his secret from his wife for a time, but from day to day it grows heavier. The publication of the letters—though his name is suppressed—makes a sensation. They are advertised everywhere, reviewed at length in the periodicals, and discussed in every gathering of readers. The prying curiosity of the public is condemned in terms only less scathing than those applied to the one who could violate a confidence and give such personal communications to the world. The first stings of Glennard's punishment are trivial compared with those that follow, when he feels that his secret has been told by his false friend, and that his wife knows all and despises him. The story of his expiation is written with sympathy and power.

The book is something more than a psychological study. Its characters are real, their motives and actions thoroughly human. And the author's art is sufficient to bring out the strength of every situation.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

## For Novelists and Their Readers.

Francis Hovey Stoddard, professor of English literature in New York University, offers in his recent volume, "The Evolution of the English Novel," an essay of interest to all readers, and of special value to all literary workers engaged in the creative or the critical form of production. The range of illustrations given, their analysis, and the biographical notes accompanying them are convincing evidence of Professor Stoddard's thorough knowledge of the branch of literature discussed. His subject is developed logically, his classification gives little opportunity for dissent, and his thoughts are expressed in clear-cut phrases. There is no show of dogmatism in his book, and it is illuminating throughout.

The difficulties of his task are pointed out in the first chapter, in which the essayist shows that a regular and sequential development is hardly to be looked for in literature, where some of the highest forms, the poems of the scriptural writers and of Homer, and the dramas of Æschylus appear before the day of literary history. Yet he believes that in the novel we have to do with a kind of literature separate in method and in extent from other sorts, that has a character of its own, limited in extent, and specific in its selection of subject and in its plan of treatment. His second chapter deals with the growth of personality in fiction, and presents as illustrations careful studies of "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Pride and Prejudice," "Jane Eyre," and "The Scarlet Letter," and the character and career of their authors, as affecting their works. In the section devoted to the historical novel he treats of Sir Walter Scott, the father and master of the type; of Dumas, of Bulwer, Ebers, and other novelists and their subjects. The romantic novel, from "The Sorrows of Werther" to "Lorna Doone," is considered in its many phases, and the derivation of the terms romance and romantic, and

their changes in meaning, are pleasingly illustrated. The infrequent "novel of purpose," from Charles Kingsley's "Alton Locke" to Mrs. Ward's "Marcella," is carefully examined, and the leading examples noted. A comprehensive view of the modern novel and its mission makes up the concluding chapter.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

According to the London *Daily Chronicle*, Ernest Vizetelly is now finishing his long-interrupted translation of Zola's novel, "Fécondité," and the book will probably be issued in London this month. As may be remembered, the English version was originally intended to be issued simultaneously with the French, but the nature of the story proved to be so brutally outspoken that the translator despaired of the possibility of making it palatable to an Anglo-Saxon public. It seems, however, that he has received full permission to perform an unlimited amount of "editing," and now sees his way to a satisfactory solution.

The authorized "Life of Dwight L. Moody," which, in accordance with the expressed wish of the late evangelist, has been prepared by his son, William R. Moody, promises to be a formidable rival to many of the popular novels of the day in its selling capacity. The advance orders alone have required a first edition of one hundred and fifty thousand copies.

"The Last Lady of Mulberry" is the title of a novel just published by D. Appleton & Co., whose author, a new writer, Henry Wilton Thomas, has found an unexploited field in the Italian quarter of New York.

Dr. J. M. Ludlow's historical story, "The Captain of the Janizaries," is the latest romance announced for dramatization. It will be remembered that this is the novel which General Wallace was accused of having laid under contribution for a portion of his "Prince of India."

It is requested by Miss Martineau that recipients of letters written by the late Dr. Martineau will be so good as to send them to her at 35 Gordon Square, London. The letters will be used for biographies and will, of course, be returned.

Princeton has followed the lead of Yale, and is now printing a *Princeton Alumni Weekly*. The first issue appeared last week. Jesse Lynch Williams, the well-known story-writer and a Princeton graduate, is the editor.

Anthony Hope Hawkins is said to be contemplating another visit to this country.

Morley Roberts's story of adventure, "The Plunderers," is to be brought out soon in England.

The late St. George Mivart's forthcoming novel, "Castle and Manor," is not entirely new—to English readers, at least. It appeared anonymously some years ago under the title of "Henry Standon."

Dr. Conan Doyle, who is now an assistant volunteer surgeon with the British forces in Natal, is writing a history of the Transvaal war.

At the double election of the French Academy to fill the places of Pailleron and of Cherbuliez, the choice fell on M. Paul Hervieu, novelist and playwright, and M. Emile Faguet, a professor of literature and dramatic critic. Neither adds distinction to the Academy, but their competitors were even more insignificant. The election created unusual scandal, as politics and the Dreyfus affair came into play, and accusations of sharp practice were brought against some Academicians.

"Janice Meredith" has passed into its thirteenth edition, representing two hundred and thirty-three thousand copies printed.

Hall Caine's new novel, "The Roman," with a new series of Anthony Hope's "Dolly Dialogues," will be features of R. H. Russell's *The New Magazine*, to be issued about June 1st. It is said that W. R. Hearst is a large shareholder in the new magazine.

"Empress Octavia," a romance of the reign of Nero, by Wilhelm Walloth, is to be published at once. The work is translated from the German by Mary J. Safford.

"The Farringtons," by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, author of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" and "A Double Thread," has just been brought out in this country by D. Appleton & Co. The dedication of the book runs as follows:

"For all such readers as have chanced to be  
Either in Mereshire or in Arcady,  
I write this book, that each may smile and say,  
'Once on a time I, also, passed that way.'"

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, widow of the famous novelist, is strongly protesting against the proposal of her husband's friends to remove his remains from Samoa to Scotland. In an extract from a letter to the London *Speaker* she says that the mountain peak where Mr. Stevenson lies is her own property, and that she expects one day to lie there beside him. So far as the quarrel between her husband and the German authorities bears upon the case, she says it was always political and never personal, and that he selected the spot for his burial just when

the friction was most acute. To disturb his grave now merely because Germany, instead of Britain, controls the island would be "contrary to his character, teachings, and desires." Mrs. Stevenson's letter is a passionate outburst against any plan to modify her husband's wishes, and she declares that she has no intention whatever of allowing such a plan to succeed. She speaks of Mataafa as Stevenson's "dearest friend in Samoa," and reminds the world that the British and American shells which crushed through Stevenson's study and plowed up his lawn were sent against that Samoan chief. Evidently her communication to the *Speaker* will put an end to the suggestion which provoked it.

Replying to the charge that "literature is degraded by attention to the business side," Sir Walter Besant says:

"So what does not degrade the clergyman, the painter, the sculptor, the architect, the physician, the lawyer, the actor, does degrade the author. In the words of Dr. Johnson, 'What skumble skamble stuff is this!' It rests upon a confusion of ideas between commercial value and literary value. The two are distinct—they are separate, they are incommensurable. We can not estimate the literary value of a work by any standard of money; we can not estimate the commercial value of a work by any literary standard. We ought to be able to do both; a perfected humanity will be able to do both—at present we can not. Some worthless books circulate largely; some excellent books hardly circulate at all. The trouble is that authors too often expect their commercially successful books to be rated as high literature. Are we to call an author great because his works circulate by the hundred thousand? In that case, not to speak of English writers, Mr. Charles Sheldon is the greatest of living authors. Also for three-fourths of his life Robert Browning was the smallest of his contemporaries."

## What is Great Fiction?

In a long review of Mrs. Humphry Ward's writings about the Brontë sisters, the *Athenaeum* raises the "question whether the reading world, on the whole, realizes what great fiction ought to be":

"It is to be feared, as a matter of fact, that England and the Continent have paid more attention to the body than to the spirit in fiction; and, despite Mrs. Ward's high opinion of latter-day developments of the novel, it is by no means yet certain that it can become a supreme medium of literature. A worthy instrument it has been, in some instances a noble one. We have even seen achievements that have suggested the supreme, the novelist in such rare cases showing great soul in action, giving embodiment to, as we might say, spiritual romance, indicating in characters and destinies something of the soul above souls, vision of the power that 'ever accompanies the march of man.' The general desire, however, is that he should walk 'rationally' upon earth, and paint the body and circumstances of his age or another. Much—too much—is expected of him as a delineator of daily manners, till often he becomes but the photographer of individuals, the Autolycus of data that have no more than a transient importance. It might almost seem that the great novelist must be a master of two arts—that of revealing spiritual forces, permanent passions, like a great poet or dramatist, and that of imparting imaginative significance to more ordinary actualities. The two powers—the interaction of the two worlds—make the true novel. To be thus a seer and a convincing delineator of actuality so far as actuality is essential—a keen problem—necessitates vision, intuition, opportunity, and experience on such a scale that we must needs be honest in our expectations on the score of permanent fiction. The vision and the intuition are of the greater importance; on their possession and cultivation depends the fact whether fiction can be absolute literature rather than excellent description or analysis, or the work, as it were, of a syndicate of reporters in the service of a 'time spirit,' which may not be by any means a true daughter of the eternal."

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Wife and a Star.

Carla Brookfield, the central figure of "The Action and the Word," the latest novel by Brander Matthews, is a curious study of feminine character. Whatever may be said of woman in general, it is certain that this one can not be understood by any man. Perhaps it was the intention of the author to offer an enigma, and base his justification on the sphinx-like characteristics of the sex, but it is not the usual thing with the novelist. Mr. Matthews has drawn many life-like characters in his earlier stories, and, in fact, there are no other human riddles in his new book, but the conclusion is impotent because of the unexplained and inexplicable change in the impulses and character of his heroine.

A young married woman, possessed of charms that are irresistible when exerted upon members of either sex, happy in her home, her husband, and her child, she narrowly misses entering upon a career that would have brought ruin and sorrow to all, though it might have gratified the ambition which seemed to control her for a time. The temptation comes through taking a part in amateur theatricals and achieving a notable success. Her triumph is won not so much by eminent histrionic power as by her womanly graces and the magnetism that makes instantly all men and most women her friends. But the first appearance, in a dramatic trifle, is followed by a second, as the ill-fated Froufrou, and the occasion being a great society affair in aid of a charity, and the Metropolitan Opera House filled with the world of fashion, her achievement brings such praise that even stronger heads might have been turned by it. The company, partly made up of professional actors and actresses, is taken in Washington by the social leader who manages the charity fund, and in the capital city the new star not only repeats her success on the stage, but enjoys the delights of being made the leading figure of society functions during her visit.

All this time the husband has drifted with the current, consenting reluctantly to his wife's appearances, and smiling indulgently at the innocent artifices with which she seeks to gain his approbation of the plans made for her. But when a theatrical manager comes forward, glowing with the prospect of a fortune to be gained through the attraction of a society star, and offers a contract for a long season, and the wife, intoxicated with her triumphs, seriously considers his proposition, the husband rebels. There is a decisive interview just before he leaves for a business trip, and the two part in anger, for she manifests an unwillingness to give up the offered engagement, though he announces that it means a separation. He returns a day later to find her terribly alarmed by the illness of their child, and at the little one's bedside the mother's better nature must have won a victory, for when the fateful subject—the theatrical tour—comes up, shortly afterward, she declares that she had never thought of accepting the manager's offer.

However inconsistent this ending, the story is attractive, brightly told, with many touches of artistic value that show the author's skill and intimate acquaintance with the circle to which the reader is introduced. But it is not as satisfactory as "A Confidential Tm-Morrow."

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

Among the "Butternuts" of Indiana.

The great war governor of Indiana, Oliver Perry Morton, played a conspicuous part in history, yet some of his most important services are comparatively unknown, and their consequences still less understood. A novelist has now chosen for her field one in which Governor Morton's close surveillance and active readiness prevented the carrying out of plans that might have disrupted the Union, and, while keeping close to the official records of the time, has connected with the stirring events of that history a story of romantic and tragic interest. The book is by Caroline Brown, and its title, "Knights in Fustian," is a paraphrase of the high-sounding name chosen by plattening disunionists in the troublous times of the Civil War—"Knights of the Golden Circle."

The climax of the story comes with the trials for treason that finally broke up the organization, and the wise measures of Governor Morton are described, with their results, to the end that there are to-day no claimants in the spurs of the knights. The figures in the story are drawn faithfully, their movements on the stage are seen, their passions are felt, and their words are understood. The author has made good use of her material, and the novel will be remembered as a series of realistic pictures.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Prose Tales by a French Poet.

Eleven stories by François Coppée, translated by Myra Lennora Jones, make up a little volume entitled "Tales for Christmas and Other Seasons." The name is not a happy choice—though five of the stories are of Christmas time and its associations—for the other stories are more numerous, and these sketches are suited to any hour when romance, sentiment, and pathos, twined with the fancies of a poet can be enjoyed. Such stories as "The Lost Child" and "The Christmas Lovers" can not lose

their charm with a second or a third reading, and there is none in the collection that will be missed willingly. The translator's work has been well done, and her choice of "The First Chapter" as an introduction is to be commended without reservation. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

Charles Alvin Gillig's "London Guide" for 1900 is the fourteenth annual edition of that notable work. Published by the author, London; price, 50 cents.

Scripture passages and prayers for every day in the year are given in "A Book of Family Worship," edited by W. Robertson Nicoll, and contributed to by twelve ministers. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.75.

"On the Heights of Himalay," by A. Van der Naillen, is a story containing many discussions and impressions of occultism. It was first brought out some years ago, and is now in its sixth edition. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Beginners in the study of art will find well-considered instruction in "Renaissance and Modern Art," by W. H. Goodyear. It is a sketch of the works of the masters in architecture, sculpture, and painting, profusely illustrated. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

In letter-press and illustration, "Our Rarer English Breeding Birds," by Richard Kearton, is an attractive and admirable work. The naturalist is an entertaining writer, and the engravers have made fine reproductions of his unique photographs. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

A Scottish story, told in the first person and yet with few dialect hurdles, is "Kennedy of Glenhaugh," by David MacLure. The book has other merits, among them some vivid pictures of life in the closing years of the eighteenth century. Published by the Merseon Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Seumas MacManus offers ten more of his inimitable Irish sketches in "The Bewitched Fiddle, and Other Stories," and they need no recommendation to those who have read his earlier volumes. And his preface will win new admirers with the first glance. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

"Southern Hearts" is a collection of short stories by Florence Hull Winterburn, most of which have been published in the magazines. All are sincere, and some of them have a homely attractiveness that will secure for them more than a single reading. Published by the F. M. Lupton Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

"The Science of Life: An Outline of the History of Biology and Its Recent Advances," by J. Arthur Thomson, is more than a historical sketch. It is a solid volume, well planned and tersely written, scientifically exact in statement and yet not above the needs of the general reader. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

The author of "The Windjammers," a sea-story of stirring features, has written another story on similar lines, but with more romantic interest. It is a sailor's yarn, and pictures many thrilling situations. "Those who read 'Mr. Trunnell,'" by T. Jenkins Hains, will not complain of any dullness in the book. Published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.25.

M. H. Spielman has devoted no little time to searching out "The Hitherto Unidentified Contributions of Thackeray in Punch," but the result, as shown in his volume, is not altogether pleasing. Only the most enthusiastic of the admirers of the great satirist and story-teller will value the entire collection. In fact, many of these fugitive pieces might better have been allowed to remain undisturbed. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.75.

There are employers numerous enough to be worthy of consideration who have put in practice a system of profit-sharing with their employees, either directly and regularly, or indirectly and at the discretion of the management. A study of such plans was made some time ago by Nicholas Paine Gilman, and that volume on profit-sharing has been followed by another from the same pen describing employees' welfare institutions, and entitled "A Dividend to Labor." It is a concise, dignified, philosophical, and well-informed treatise. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.75.

The intensity and art of that tragic story, "Dinnisday," won favorable notice when it appeared a year ago, and it is not yet forgotten. A second time it is given to the public—now accompanied by another story, of equal strength and literary finish, named "April." The volume bears the title "Passengers," which the author, Myles Hemenway, has chosen because of the aspects which the two stories have in common. There is a fascination about them that is not easily thrown off, but in each there is a repelling influence, the psychological study of a mind unbalanced, and the hopelessness of its striving. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

THE WATCH-TOWER OF THE SOUL.

In the high watch-tower of the soul  
I tarry all day long.  
The days flit by like flocks of birds,  
But not one has a song.  
My soul has found no other soul  
To which it does belong.

In this deep loneliness God set  
Each soul as in a shrine.  
He made His virgin she should keep  
Her separate light ashine,  
While others on strange hearths attend  
The flames that are not mine.

When that I speak to them my voice  
Falls from me like a star.  
It trails their atmospheres, but not  
The dim worlds where they are.  
Than gulfs of time or seas of space  
Our souls are set more far.

My soul is girt in secreties  
Like the petals of a rose.  
My breath, which is among them, floats  
On every wind that blows.  
They are like sleep around a dream  
There is no one that knows.

Yet that great wind that blows away  
From heart to heart will rove  
Across all spirits and hear up  
Some fragrances above.  
I hear some voices that I know,  
Some accents that I love.

I weep when that I feel their tears  
Blown in mine eyes like rain,  
My heart is touched by that which is  
The faint dew of their pain.  
I smile when that I see them smile,  
And is this all in vain?

I smile when that I see them smile;  
The gladness in their eyes  
Like a slow dawn is in my heart,  
Like a pale light in the skies.  
But why they smile or why they weep,  
These things are mysteries.

All night I watch from my high tower  
The great world come and go.  
Their faces flare along the dark  
Like wandering stars below.  
But who has seen two stars that touch?  
And space has said me no.

Though his sweet presence, like a light,  
Is shed about the place—  
My love, to whom I am most near—  
I have not seen his face.  
My tears, which are not his, must drip  
To reach his heart, through space.

He smiled and folded my two hands  
So close upon his breast.  
"These are my doves," he said, "and so  
A little while shall rest."  
But I, who smiled not, felt them grate  
Through space—they found no nest.

He smiled and said, "Thy cheek shall lie  
In my hand, hollowed so!"  
But I, who smiled not, felt all time  
A wind betwixt us blow.  
I leaned my cheek into a void  
Of which he did not know.

See they not how alone we are,  
Like faint clouds wandering—  
All these who have not felt the breath  
Of any living thing?  
Do they not know we are alone  
That they should dance and sing?

I will be silent in my soul  
Since God has girt me round  
With His own silences in which  
There is no space for sound.  
Only His voice perchance may drip  
Like dew upon the ground.

I will be silent, leaning so  
Myself into all space.  
Love, didst thou think in all this life  
That thou couldst touch my face?  
Nay, for God bade that I should turn  
Unto Himself for grace.

I will be silent, watching so  
Thy life down breaking red.  
("I thought thy breast should warm mine own  
A little while," he said.  
An we were dead this might be so,  
But, love, we are not dead.)

In the high watch-tower of the soul  
I tarry all day long.  
The days flit by like flocks of birds,  
But not one has a song.  
My soul—it has no other soul  
To which it does belong.

—Anna Hempstead Branch in May Harper's Magazine.

The hotel of the late Dr. Evans, in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, Paris, which has been rented by the French Government from the city of Philadelphia for the accommodation of distinguished personages who may be the official guests of France during the exposition, has been thoroughly refitted and redecorated. The only official visit to France during the exposition of which the French Government has had as yet formal intimation is that of the Shah of Persia. Several other royal and distinguished personages are expected to attend, but in most cases the foreign office has been advised that these visitors will preserve *incognito* during the greater part, if not throughout, their stay.

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

## The Neill Company at the California.

Those who enjoy a wholesome, typically American comedy, abounding in humorous situations and sparkling dialogue, with just enough pathos intermingled to arouse the sympathy of the audience here and there, will find Henry Guy Carleton's "A Gilded Fool" an especially enjoyable performance. It is just the style of play in which the Neill Company appear to best advantage, and, as each member of this modest, well-balanced organization seems to delight in working in perfect unison with the star, the result is a series of delightful stage-pictures.

In his make-up, Mr. Neill succeeded in looking remarkably like Nat Goodwin, the creator of the rôle of Chauncey Short, but with the exception of a few mannerisms and facial expressions, the similarity in the two impersonations ends here. His conception of the rôle, while pitched in a quiet key, is nevertheless plausible and introduces us to a lovable spendthrift, who would doubtless have died young from dissipation had he not fallen in love with Margaret Ruthven, who was destined to bring out the better side of his nature by her indifference and contempt for his manner of living.

One can scarcely realize that Edythe Chapman, who plays Margaret Ruthven, is the same actress who used to be leading lady of the James-Warde company some five or six years ago, when those stars were in the height of their popularity and used to crowd the Baldwin Theatre. Her spirited acting in such plays as "Francesca da Rimini," "The Lion's Mouth," "Othello," "Julius Caesar," and Greer Harrison's short-lived "Runnymede," is in striking contrast to the quiet, colorless style which she has adopted since her last visit to this city and which is certainly not suited to all her rôles. She is a conscientious, intelligent actress, however, and while one could wish for more fervor and earnestness in the pretty love-scenes which Mr. Neill handles so well, she never offends.

As for the other members of the cast, Julia Dean again stands out most conspicuously. She is a dainty little ingénue, with a magnetic personality, the best we have had here in a stock company since little Gladys Wallis went East and gave up the stage for a millionaire husband. Lillian Andrews, as the old maid whose father had always advised her to cherish the antique, Frank MacVicar as Matthew Ruthven, and Ben Howard as Bannister Strange, the villain, are especially worthy of mention for their clever character work. Mr. Howard, however, should modify his melodramatic exit in the last act, for surely no man who was so unscrupulous and fearless up to within five minutes of the *exposé* of his perfidy would change so suddenly and leave those he had sought to ruin in such a slow, studied, shamefaced manner. The stage settings, full of suggestive detail, were excellent, but hardly justify the long waits between the acts.

Next week "The Parisian Romance," which has always been associated with Richard Mansfield, is to be the bill. It will be interesting to see how Mr. Neill will treat the difficult rôle of Baron Chevalier—especially the toast-scene in which Mansfield scored such a hit.

"An American Citizen," another of Nat Goodwin's successes, follows.

## The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

Milton and Dollie Nobles, who are great favorites in this city, will head the bill at the Orpheum next week, presenting their latest comedietta, "A Blue Grass Widow," which has scored a big hit in the East. The other new-comers will be Mark Sullivan, an entertaining monologist, who has a budget of catchy songs, jokes, and imitations, and W. E. Bates, a cornet soloist, who will introduce some stirring new musical selections. An interesting collection of timely pictures is also to be shown by the biograph, including a number of the most exciting episodes of the Transvaal war, and a few late scenes showing what our own soldiers are doing in the Philippine Islands.

Among those retained from this week's bill are Etta Butler, whose imitations are received with enthusiastic applause; Little Fred, with his trained acrobatic and equestrian animals; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sidman, who will present a sequel to the sketch which they have been giving this week entitled "Back Home"; Bowman and Ardell, in their dancing and singing sketch; and the Forrest brothers, in their amusing clown act.

## "The Evil Eye" at the Columbia.

"The Evil Eye," or, "The Many Mishaps of Nid and the Weird Wonderful Wandering of Nod," is

the rather lengthy title of Charles H. Yale's latest extravaganza, which is to begin a two weeks' engagement at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night. It is described as "a series of startling stage surprises, secured by wonderful mechanical and electrical effects, gorgeous scenery, brilliant ballets, dainty music, and a clever company of comedians, singers, dancers, acrobats, and specialists."

Among the novelties to be introduced are a human windmill, a catapultic drawbridge (whatever that may be), disappearing rooms, electric dances, a revolving stage, ballets by the famous Phassey troupe of English dancers, assisted by a bevy of *corymbes* and *figurantes*; acrobatics by Rosaire and Elliott, who take the leading rôles of the mischievous mutes, Nid and Nod; Al. H. Wilson, the droll German comedian; and Fanny Bloodgood, the *chic* sou-brette.

John Drew and his company in "The Tyranny of Tears" are to follow, and as the engagement is to be limited to six night performances and a matinée, there will doubtless be a rush for seats.

## At the Tivoli.

Next Monday evening "The Wizard of the Nile" will be played at the Tivoli Opera House for the twenty-fifth time, and the occasion will be a gala one. All the officers and men of the French cruiser *Protet*, now in port, are to attend in a body as the guests of George P. Hall, the Turkish consul, and the most prominent members of the French colony have signified their intention of being present in honor of their fellow-countrymen. The succession of large houses which have been the rule during the past three weeks of the run of this opera promises to continue for many weeks to come. This is as it should be, for "The Wizard of the Nile" is in many respects the most delightful comic opera which has been put on at this popular opera house for many a day. All the principals, including the inimitable Ferris Hartman as the wizard Kibosh, Alf C. Wheelan as the king, Frances Graham as the queen, Helen Merrill as Cleopatra, and William Schuster as Cheops, the weather prophet, are excellent in their respective rôles, while the gorgeous scenery, pretty costumes, and graceful dancing of the chorus are in every respect equal to those of the Frank Daniels production.

"The Three Guardsmen" is in preparation.

There are many theatres and places of amusement generally, both in London and the provinces, where particular seats are the property of private individuals, no matter who the manager may be, through all time, and these are as much devisable by will as any other property. At Drury Lane Theatre these seats are very numerous. At Covent Garden one box and two stalls are forever held by one distinguished family, and in the case of the Albert Hall a large number of persons have the hereditary right of entrance on all occasions when the place is open to the public. At one time comparatively enormous sums were offered to the Drury Lane free-seat holders in order that their rights might be extinguished; and in a recent case in the provinces, where ten persons had the perpetual right to as many seats in a hall in which many high-class concerts were given, no less than five hundred pounds each was offered for the seats. The Albert Hall free seats often change hands for sums averaging about three hundred pounds. In most cases the hereditary free-admission holders have to be consulted in any reconstruction of the premises, and any readjustment which would render the view from a seat less favorable means a demand for compensation. In some cases a gold disk is the passport held—such a pass, that given to Hogarth, the artist, was sold for twenty guineas the other day; and in one case at Liverpool these gold passes have engraved upon them, "Pass two to stalls—forever!"

## No More Counterfeits—Only One Napa Soda.

In deciding that there is no genuine Napa Soda on the market save that which is bottled by Jackson's Napa Soda Springs in Napa County, the courts have at last done something for the protection of the public stomach. For years now the cheap bars have been dispensing the cheapest kind of carbonated water from bottles similar to those used by the Napa Soda people. The crime is nothing short of forgery and counterfeiting. Of course no reputable saloon man or restaurateur would conspire to foist a spurious article on a people who are willing to pay a legitimate price and profit for the genuine, but there are thieves and thugs in every trade, and these have made it necessary for the Napa Soda people to appeal to the law. For forty-five years Napa Soda has been known as a pure mineral water of exceptional tonic properties. Now that the public and the proprietors are protected by the courts, it will cost no more to be served with the genuine article, and you may be sure of getting it at every place that pretends to sell Napa Soda.—*News Letter*, April 14th.

In kilts: Smith—"Every Englishman is willing to bear arms for his country." Brown—"Yes; and every Scotchman is willing to bare legs."—*Chicago News*.

The American corn kitchen at Paris will be in charge of a colored woman trained as a cook in Maryland.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

## The Place for News and Advertisements.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 2, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: No casual wanderer through the dips, spurs, and angles of metropolitan topography, unless he be *particeps criminis* in the disgusting practice of destroying optical serenity by means of lurid fence-advertising, will fail to sympathize with an effort now being made by the daily press to suppress that evil. It is of no special consequence how this end be accomplished, so that relief from the nuisance be obtained. True, one might naturally prefer that his sympathies were enlisted with an agency less palpably actuated by self-interest than is the newspaper combine, whose motives for a tirade against this form of competition in the advertising field is scantily concealed under an appeal to popular taste regarding municipal pulchritude. Even muddy water is better than none to quench a fire. When it has served its purpose, attention can be directed to cleaning up the mud. In this view of the case, when the daily press has triumphed over the street-signs, and driven the public into newspaper columns for the acquisition of commercial intelligence, the press itself may become amenable, by logical sequence, to a sense of its own infringement of public decorum, in maintaining its own detestable bulletin-boards. The fence-signs and "ads" are not street obstructions. They do not attract gawking crowds of idle, ungainly, unkempt, and usually unwashed humanity to blockade and render sidewalks utterly unavailable for the purpose of their being. Street advertisements are principally objectionable for their unlovely appearance to the eye—and their competition with newspaper "ads."

Now, if the press is at all consistent, if people must be driven to its columns for commercial intelligence, under pretense of public welfare, why may not the wayfarer who wishes to progress unimpeded in search of his destination expect the press to invite the public to peruse its columns for news, as well as for advertisements?

It may be that a philanthropic spirit underlies a gratuitous display upon outer walls of the very commodity which it is the province of the press to sell, but it is hardly likely to be very gratefully appreciated by the stagnant mob that profits (?) by the costly outlay of liberality. Of what possible benefit is this perversion of roadway? Does it matter to the crowds of idlers in San Francisco whether they hear of the *status quo* in South Africa to-day or to-morrow? What have dates to do with the feeling of joy or sorrow imparted by British or Boer advantage? The news is generally a day or two old anyhow. It is also entirely useless to us non-combatants so many miles away, and certainly of less local importance than the preservation of right-of-way to the individual citizen of San Francisco.

This matter of newsmongering upon the part of mankind, which nowadays has become more of a vice than virtue, is a species of intemperance that needs no special mentioning or consideration. We are all so addicted to the habit that we have lost the ability to appreciate its absurdity, and that it is only a form of gossip, differing in degree rather than in quality from that undue interest in other people's affairs that among villagers is only excusable on account of their ill-mindfulness. How thoroughly ephemeral the daily newspaper is can be estimated by the degree of importance accorded the paper of yesterday, which, even though its contents were entirely unknown to the reader, he would hardly rescue from the waste-basket.

The anxious solicitude of Hodge, the laborer, and Grind, the mechanic, regarding the speed of Aguinaldo or the activity of "Oom Paul's" army, both of which topics are not much nearer our borders than is Palestine, remind one of a certain Scotchman's attention to his fellow-men in a little Highland hamlet. Tam Fleck, a flighty lad, had delved into the archives of ancient history so deeply that out of the fullness of his heart his mouth overflowed to his neighbors. Tam used to wander about on Peebles, retailing passages from Josephus as the very latest news, to the amazement of the villagers, who believed implicitly any statement he made, though he carried the book along with him without a blush wherever he went. "Weel, Tam, what's the news?" they would ask, when he entered their cottages. "Bad news, bad news. Titus has begun to besiege Jerusalem. It's goan to be terrible business." Then he opened his budget of intelligence, to which all paid reverent attention.

The protracted and severe famine which the besieged Jews endured was a theme that kept several families in a state of agony for weeks at a time, and when Tom brought the "news" of the destruction of the city by the Romans, there was a general paroxysm of horror. This news, though two thousand years in transit, was quite as interesting and important to the Highlanders as is the stuff regarding the Boers and British, also ten thousand miles away, that gets here in a couple of days, and, being blazoned upon the newspaper bulletins, renders the corners of Third, Kearny, and Market Streets impassable.

Why not, logically, confine it with all other street announcements to the columns of the press?

Yours truly, B. H.

Last Sunday, when the wind proved so disagreeable in the city, there was hardly a breath of air stirring at El Campo, across the bay. The trip on the steamer *Ukiah* is delightful and El Campo offers an excellent destination point for those desirous of enjoying a pleasant day's outing. There is music, with dancing and a good time generally, every Sunday.

—The "Gadfly" is now issued in paper at fifty cents. For sale at Cooper's, 746 Market Street.

## Eye-Glasses You'll Take

Both comfort and pride in. They'll fit you; they'll be come you. Our clip won't slip. 50 cents. Opticians' prescriptions filled. Factory on premises. Quick repairing. Phone, Main 10.

**Henry Kahn & Co.**  
OPTICIANS PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS, SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS  
642 MARKET ST.  
OVER CHURCH BUILDING

## \*TIVOLI\*

Monday, May 7th, Begins the Fourth Big Week of the Enormous Comic Opera Success,

—THE WIZARD OF THE NILE—  
On Monday Evening, the Officers and Men of the French Cruiser *Protet* Will Attend.

Evenings at 8. Matinée, Saturday at 2.  
Popular Prices—25c and 50c. Telephone, Bush 9.

## COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning Monday, May 7th, First Time Here of Chas. H. Yale's Massive, Marvelous, Mechanical, Spectacular Romance,

—THE EVIL EYE—  
Introducing Al. H. Wilson, Rosaire & Elliott, and Fannie Bloodgood, the Famous Phassey Troupe.

Special Prices—25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00.

**California** THE POPULAR HOUSE

Second Big Month. Week Commencing Sunday, May 6th. Unprecedented Hit of Mr. James Neill and Company, Presenting the Tremendous Dramatic Sensation,

—A PARISIAN ROMANCE—  
By Special Arrangement with Richard Mansfield.  
May 13th....."An American Citizen."

**Orpheum**

Milton and Dollie Noble; Mark Sullivan; W. E. Bates; Little Fred; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sidman; Bowman & Ardell; Brothers Forrest; Etta Butler; and American Biograph.

Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box seats, 50c. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

## SHERMAN, CLAY &amp; CO.'S HALL

Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons,  
May 9th and 12th, at 3:15 o'clock.

## PALOMA SCHRAMM!

The Wonderful Child Pianiste and Composer,  
Assisted by Her Sister,

KARLA!

RESERVED SEATS.....50c, 75c, \$1.00

Sale begins at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Monday Morning, May 7th, at 9 o'clock.

## MT. TAMALPAIS

SCENIC RAILWAY. (Via Sausalito Ferry.)

Leave San Francisco, commencing April 22, 1900.

WEEK DAYS—9:30 a. m. and 1:45 p. m.  
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, and 11:00 a. m., 1:30 and 2:30 p. m.

"Crookedest Railroad in the World."

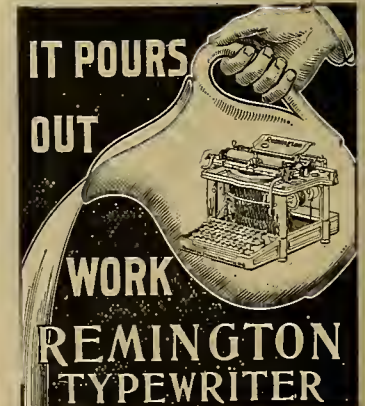
ROUND TRIP from San Francisco, \$1.40

## EL CAMPO!

The Popular Bay Resort. Now Open Every Sunday during the Season. Music, Dancing, Bowling, Boating, Fishing, and Other Amusements.

REFRESHMENTS AT CITY PRICES.  
Fare, Round Trip, 25c.; Children, 15c., including Admission to Grounds.

The Steamer *Ukiah* will leave Tiburon Ferry 10:30 A. M., 1:00, and 4 P. M. Returning, leave El Campo, 11:45, 3:00, and 5 P. M.



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BERNHARDT'S FIRST RÔLE.

How She Won the Favour of the Archbishop of Paris a Few Days before He Was Assassinated.

The *Gaulois* has just published another installment of the unfinished memoirs of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, written in her usual dashing and devil-may-care style. As translated by the New York Sun, it is as follows:

"It was St. Catherine's Day—a feast day in all the convents for young girls; but this particular year it had, with us, in the Convent of Grand-Champs, an altogether special character. The customary little play was on this occasion to be enacted with a far more than ordinary earnestness. The subject, which had been selected from the Bible, was the 'Journey of Tobias!' composed by Sister Theresa.

"The little girls to whom rôles had been assigned were in transports of joy. There were little groups in which the literary merit of the piece was the subject of discussion. I should add that it was unanimously considered marvelous. What joyous 'ahs!' and 'ohs!' I heard all around me! I was sad—horribly sad. I had no rôle. What grief amid the general rejoicing! My dear mother scarcely gave a thought to consoling me, or to reasoning with me; she was entirely taken up with the coming great event.

"I could weep and rage at my ease. I knew all the rôles, and I considered that my school-mates said them very badly. Finally, I undertook to coach Louise Bugnet, my little chum, in her rôle. She had the part of the leading angel, and was not making a success of it.

"She was my mate—a child of ten years. I loved her dearly. 'How stupid you are!' I said to her; 'I, in your place, should not be afraid at all. Now, this is the way I would say it!' But, the next day, at the general rehearsal, she was seized with such a fit of trembling that she could not utter a word. We were all assembled; Mother St. Appolina was giving us a rehearsal in her way; she was imitating Mgr. Sibour, who was to be present at the exercises, and was saying: 'When he does like this, you will clap your little hands in applause,' and her delicate head nodded gently, and a smile lit up her pale face, as her long, sickly hands clapped an applause.

"All that would have pleased me greatly, if I had not been so angry. I knew all the rôles, and had not a word to repeat. Most of my schoolmates glowed with pride; Louise Bugnet alone was sobbing. I thought her stupid. 'That child will never be able to fulfill her rôle,' exclaimed the superioress. 'Oh, no! no! I shall never be able!' sobbed my little mate, 'I shall never be able!' That upset everything. Then a wild joy caused my childish heart to leap. The blood rushed to my temples. I sprang from the stage, and, standing upon a bench, I exclaimed: 'Mother! Mother! I know the rôle! I shall play it!'

"All eyes were turned upon me. I was trembling, but I was full of courage. I knew the rôle, and felt sure of myself. Mother St. Sophia, superioress of the convent, an adored creature in the recollections of my childhood, answered: 'Very well, my dear; come, and repeat it for me.' I threw back my untamable hair, and repeated, breathless and hold, the whole rôle of the leading angel. 'There!' I exclaimed, as I finished.

"My schoolmates laughed, the sisters smiled, and, very much encouraged, I ascended the little stage. The rehearsal began: 'That will do! that will do!' everybody said to me. I was proud, and yep, I feared that I did not do it well enough. The rehearsal being finished, the breakfast-bell rang. My contracted stomach and strangled throat refused me all service. How many times since then have I felt that physical anguish!

"On the table there was an extra—a *crème renversée*—of which I was very fond, but I could not swallow at all. All discomposed, I gazed at the scholars, who would look around and would stop to listen. They were eating and laughing. Louise Bugnet took my share of the *crème renversée*. 'See! You took my rôle; I can fairly eat your *crème*!' I began to cry, for I liked *crème*. Happily, Sister St. Mary came in for me, to dress me. I was led into the large meeting-room of the committee. This room—rather mysterious for a child's imagination—was unfamiliar to me.

"I cowered, shivering, thinking that I heard all the regulations which were discussed there twice a month. A mirror had been brought in there—the only one I had ever seen in the convent, which belonged to old man Larcher, the gardener of the convent, the only man who had admission to the house.

"The mirror was an altogether too small affair, having an oak frame, surmounted by a sculptured bird. Its tin-foil had disappeared by chunks, and, all over it, numerous punctures spoiled its transparency. The nuns kept at a distance from it, as if from a danger, their black veils lowered over their white *crêpe* ones. The sister *voûtière*, or rouds-woman—the only one in the nunnery that was not cloistered, on account of being continually engaged in transacting business with those who furnished supplies to the convent—was charged with the duty of dressing us. Up to me was put a very long white

robe, with large sleeves. Two pretty wings were attached to me, and they, also, were white. My hair, highly frizzled, was tied around my forehead with gold braid.

"Oh! how my childish heart was beating, my heaven!

"Suddenly the bells of the convent began to ring out joyously; a carriage rolled into the yard. Mgr. Sibour was entering.

"I was too small; I could not see; and yet I was exerting all my strength to raise myself. The old gardener, Larcher, took me in his arms. What a magnificent spectacle for me!

"The monseigneur had got out of his episcopal carriage. Mother St. Sophia, our superioress, had knelt down, and was kissing his ring. All the other nuns, with bowed heads, were waiting for the signal to kneel down and receive the benediction. I thought that beautiful.

"All those black robes, with the white surplices, and then that grand man, in violet, with his gray hair, so majestic, and yet with such a paternally kind face; the carriage, the white horses, the big, hedizened coachman, so straight and grave on his draped seat, and the priest of our chapel, mild and firm—I thought all that superb, and I resolved to become a nun.

"An hour went by, and, all that time, I knew nothing of what was said or done. I was waiting, quite fatigued by my emotions, and in a somnolent state, in the arm-chair of aged Mother Alexis, the deaconess of the community.

"A light hand aroused me. I was dreaming of my rôle. I felt no surprise, and I ran toward the door, exclaiming: 'Ah! they are going to commence!' Unfortunately, I had forgotten my long dress, and fell sprawling in the very middle of the room. The laughter called forth by my accident put me in such a passion that my tears, brought by the hurt in my knee, dried up at once. 'I did not hurt myself, no!' I said, in a rage, and I went into the little room that served as one of the wings.

"The stage was represented by a plank, which kept one from passing its limit. A wooden bench acted as a table, upon which was the frugal repast of Tobias, composed the whole scenery.

"Ah! there were also two stools that a schoolmate had been charged to remove as necessity arose.

"We were eleven little girls in the little room, and not one uttered a word. The very heating of our hearts could be heard. Our feverish little hands, crossed from the habit of prayer, squeezed each other in fright.

"Finally, the larger girl, who was a hoarder in the convent, came to us after having been presented with a blessed cross, and told us that she had not been frightened; that it was very easy. We had only to keep looking at the bright spot which the sun made on the frame of the large tableau that represented the heavens filled with angels. In that way, each one could think herself alone.

"After her, Marie Hubert played a piece upon the piano. Then it was our turn.

"I felt paralyzed, and a cold shiver ran from the back of my neck down to my feet. I really believe I missed my turn, for one of my companions pushed me, as Provost, my professor, used to do, some years later, at the time of my *début* in 'Iphigénie' at the Comédie-Française.

"My entrance had a good effect; seized with sudden confidence, although half intoxicated with fear, I played my rôle well, adding entire phrases to it. I did not know exactly what I was saying, but I kept on just the same.

"When the play was finished, the leading angel was called to the archbishop. I was triumphant. I was then only a frail girl—interesting and pretty, they said.

"What is your name, my child?' asked the bishop.

"Sarah."

"We shall have to change that name," he said, with a smile.

"Yes," said the superioress, 'her father, who wants her to be baptized, desires her to be called Henrietta; the ceremony will take place in a month.'

"Well, Sarah, or Henrietta," said monseigneur to me, 'here is a medal which you must always wear, and the next time I come here, you will repeat for me the 'Prayer of Esther.'"

"He kissed me, and I promised to know the 'Prayer of Esther' by the time of his next visit.

"Alas! I was not to repeat the 'Prayer of Esther' before the bishop. A few days later, in the morning, after mass, as we were all assembled in the chapel, the chaplain announced to us, in a little speech, full of sincere emotion, that Mgr. Sibour had just been assassinated.

"Assassinated! A wave of terror passed over us. That word, sailing through the church, lashed me particularly. Had I not been his favorite of a moment? It seemed to me that the murderer, Verger, had at the same time robbed me of my little glory. I began to cry. The prayer for the dead, which they had us say, added the last straw to my grief. They carried me away in a faint.

"It was from that moment that I was taken with a mystic, an ardent love of religion, which practices maintained, as well as the *mise en scène* of the thing, and perhaps the cajoling and fervent encouragement of my educatrix, who loved me dearly, whom I adored, and whose recollection gives my heart such radiant impulses."

MAGAZINE VERSE.

The Task.

Said Duty sternly: "Take thy pen and write  
Life-throbbing lines, words weighed with import high!  
Enough of sonnetting on Sylvia's eye!  
Enough of singing of her rose and white!"  
I sit me down, when lo, upon my sight  
(My inner sight, since there is no one nigh!)  
A vision flashes; thoughts of Duty fly  
Like southern birds adown an autumn night.

O mentor stern, no task that thou canst set,  
I care not whatsoever thou bidst it be,  
Will far remove me from some dream of her!  
Look, I am wearing Love for amulet!  
And hence thou mayst as soon part land and sea  
As thoughts of Love from Love's true worshiper!

—Clinton Scollard in *May Cosmopolitan*.

Death in Battle.

His hand upon th' Impregnable, he blunders  
Headlong in the Cataract of War,  
Blasted on by flaming-throated thunders,  
Founders in the Deluge; sinks to soar,  
Hugely borne upon Jehovah-handed surges,  
Whose crests out-tower the hulwarks far of Mars,

Thro' hallowing abysses, till he emerges  
In the still sweet silence of the stars.  
From the roar of ruin'd firmaments and riot,  
He slides into his sleep,  
As a ship into the haven's sudden quiet  
From the clamor of the hungry outer deep.

Peace from th' intolerable jangling,  
Tumult, and drunken din of War;  
In place of petty worlds' perpetual wrangling,  
The Majesty of Peace for Evermore.

He lies in the hush of hallowed places,  
Sleeping; and ever, as he sleeps,  
Drifts through the silent starry spaces,  
Upward across the tranquil deeps  
Of Night and High Heaven; nor aught awakes him,  
Drifting, the Peace upon his brow,  
To the lattice whence the Lord leans and takes him

Gently, lest He wake him; whispering low—  
"Come, Weary Warrior! Art thou sleeping,  
Worn with thy faring o'er the deep?  
Sleep on until the time of reaping:  
Deep he thy sleep, deep he thy sleep."  
—Alfred Ollivant in *May McClure's Magazine*.

The Vigil.

Nay, Lord, I pray Thee call not me to fight!  
I have crept out of day to bless the night.  
Hush, Son, and gather courage for the fight!  
But see, I weary ere I have begun!  
Give Thou the battle to some worthier one!  
When have I offered Thee to choose, my Son?

Look how my eyes with loneliness are wet!  
But give me once warm arms and lips close met.  
Into the desert, Son, Thy way is set!

Nay, then, Thou leanest on a broken reed!  
Music and mirth and fire and friends I need.  
They walk alone whom I have called to lead!

How shall I lead who only know to stray?  
Am I to shepherd them, who lose the way?  
Yet I require them of Thee in that day!

What if I will not? Let me be as these  
That laugh and breed and die and have good ease!  
Nay, Son, the eye once bared forever sees!

This only, Lord: what shall my gladness be?  
Who fight disheartened in life's phantom sea?  
To make the bridge whereon they cross to Me!

What am I, Lord, that I should strive with fate?  
Bring on the dawn, before it be too late!  
My Son, the dawn shall come, and Thou wilt wait!

Yea, Lord, and I lie broken in Thy hand.  
Heat me white hot to forge as Thou hast planned.  
Fear not, my Son, but I shall understand!  
Melt out my yielded soul in one red stream,  
Perchance through Thy white furnace hope may gleam—  
My Son, a rest Thou hast not dared to dream!

—Josephine Dodge Daskam in *May Atlantic Monthly*.

A remedy: Cashier—"I can not possibly live on the salary you are paying me!" Employer—"H'm! just as I thought! You must give me a bond to-morrow for five thousand dollars."—Puck.

—The "Gadfly" is now issued in paper at fifty cents. For sale at Cooper's, 746 Market Street.

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CAN he made to brighten memories of the past, without fear of scratch or hicmish, if cleaned with SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH. It's as harmless as the flour you eat. It makes old silver new—in brilliancy—and keeps new silver always new. The proof is yours simply for the asking. Send address on a postal, or l.c. in stamps for box, postpaid. Grocers and druggists sell it. "SILICON," 30 Cliff St., New York.

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## VANITY FAIR.

To some it will appear incredible that people should be satisfied with an entertainment addressed solely to the sense of smell. Yet, according to Sir Edwin Arnold in the London *Telegraph*, "there are very many in Japan who appreciate the intense delight of delicate odors, and can discriminate their indescribable differences, and realize their exquisite contrasts, which are as strong as those of colors, as clear and softly harmonizing as those of musical chords." Sir Edwin thus describes the *ko-kwai*, or perfume party, which is so popular in Japanese good society: "Six, eight, or ten are usual numbers of the party, but there is no particular limit, only you must go seriously, full of natural gladness and interest about this mysterious world of perfumes, which holds such divine secrets as the violet's tender sigh, the heavenly breath of the rose, the jasmine's sweetness, and the rich aroma of the gardenia. You ought to go, too, newly bathed and nicely dressed, and, if convenient, without having lately partaken of any highly seasoned food or strong liquor, for the delights of this most delicate *ko-kwai*—this feast of the nostrils, which angels might sit and share, if only angels have noses—are, along with its prizes, only for clean palates and cleared nerves. You will do well to have walked in the open air a little beforehand, so as to dispel from female garments any lingering odor of camphor or lavender taken from the wardrobe, and to banish altogether from male habiliments the sadly disturbing reminiscence of pipe or cigarette. Please also to remember that once in the entertaining room you must not quit it again while the proceedings continue, or open the doors or windows, or indulge in loud or needless conversation. Moreover, in judging the fragrances in the manner to be afterward described, it will be good etiquette to take not less than three fair inhalations, and not more than five. Furthermore, one among the invited visitors must always bring a packet of special perfume, unknown and unnamed, the newer the better, which is called *kyakusama*, 'the guest,' and is added to the three varieties provided by the hostess to make up the entertainment.

"On repairing to the house of your hostess—for a lady always presides over this most graceful amusement—it will be polite and proper to enter with much caution the apartment reserved, taking care to open and shut the paper shutters (*shoji*) very quietly, in order not to disturb the tranquil air of the apartment. Like all Japanese rooms, that chamber will be celestially clean and sweet, but the probability is that you are entering a *yashiki*, or superior abode, where, besides the cream-white *tatami* and the silvery *shoji*, the wood-work around will be of finished workmanship, and the supporting columns of natural timber, the most valuable that the mountain forests can yield. With your feet bare, or in socks, you have knelt down in your place within a half-circle of pleasant friends (male and female), who salute you with soft words of welcome and polished compliments. Your dress will be new, or, at least, unsoiled, all upper garments being left outside that no smell of the street may enter this paradise of perfume. Opposite to the half-circle of happy guests kneels the fair hostess, in front of her being ranged a row of ten small packets of perfume, folded and tied in precisely identical fashion, their contents being known to her alone, either by their arrangement or by some private mark. Two or more incense-burners will be near her, with a metal bowl of lighted charcoal and various little implements with which to handle the incense. In *jitchu-ko* there will be ten packets, but only four different scents, and a specimen of each of these four is placed, distinctively colored and packed, at the left hand of the lady of the house. Let us say that they are the sorts called *tamatsumi*, in English, 'pile of jewels'; *shibafune*, 'ships of grass'; *mumei* 'the unspeakable'; and a fourth fragrance, which is not to be named or experimented upon. In the row of ten, all looking identical, there will be three of No. 1, three of No. 2, three of No. 3, and one of the mysterious compound. The guests receive ten little tickets, bearing a flower or some symbol corresponding to this division—three of No. 1, three of No. 2, three of No. 3, and one for the *kyakusama*, or unknown perfume. In a box near at hand there is a division for the tickets of each of those present, and now the graceful pastime is ready to commence.

"The lady of the house burns one of the extra parcels of No. 1, and all in turn inhale the aroma, the name and character of which she indicates while they familiarize themselves with it. Then, gently wafting aside the fragrant cloud, she gives her guests the flavor of No. 2, and afterward, in due form, that of No. 3, naming them all. But *kyakuko* is, as I say, not burned. Now the delicate ordeal commences in earnest. The lady host opens one of the ten mixed and shuffled parcels, and places its tablets on the glowing scarlet ashes of the *ko-kwai*. The blue vapor issues from the perforated lid, each guest, in turn of precedence, savors the smoke decorously three times, and then, making up his or her mind, secretly drops the ticket having his flower and bearing the number which is thought by him to agree with that particular odor. One after the other, the guests thus vote in silent ballot, not being allowed to

give any hint as to their individual persuasion, but softly conversing of other things as the incense-burner goes around. The hostess wraps the ballot-tickets in each stamped paper cover, while another and another packet is selected and consumed, and again and again those present cast their votes, each dropping the ticket into his own division of the ballot-box. Somewhere or other in the course of the play the secret scent—the 'guest'—will come in, but it is remarkable how often it fails to be recognized, the eager guests expecting it before it has arrived. Moreover, in spite of the frequent use of the fan, each of these fragrances intermixes with each, and it is quite astonishing how keen the nostrils needs to be to analyze and separate the fine differences of the various essences. At the close of the round, when all ten perfumes have been consumed in the *ko-kwai*, a scrutiny is held of the voting, and he or she who has made the highest number of happy guesses receives a valuable *hobi*, a prize of some pretty and useful kind, often costly, and always tasteful. It will be seen that no mistake can be made in the scrutiny, for the votes are wrapped in the paper bearing the title of a separate perfume, and there can be no 'gerrymandering' of the social ballot.

"What could be more delicate and refined?" asks Sir Edwin. "What could better prove the exquisite appreciation of her higher secrets which nature has bestowed on the Japanese people, and which is visible in their commonest daily life? It is permitted to refresh the mouth and nostrils occasionally with a whiff of pure vinegar, which restores the olfactory faculty, but many and many of the pure-blooded and simply living Japanese can detect each odor with unerring accuracy, and will exhibit the prizes gained at the *ko-kwai* as proudly as an Oxford rower shows his 'pewters' or a racing man his cup. Is it too exquisite and elevated a pastime, I wonder, for our Western atmospheres and Western drawing-rooms? Yet why should we neglect so habitually the subtle and manifold pleasures of the nose, an organ vilely treated by poets and in general literature, but surely noble, commanding, and momentous? The Japanese prepare their incenses as a powder, and then mix them into inflammable paste, or balls, or tabloids with honey. But the game might be played with handkerchiefs steeped in each perfume, or with sachets of special powder. At any rate, this is how a 'perfume-party'—the *ko-kwai*—is managed in Japan, if there be, as I wrote, any abode in England desirous to imitate the graceful tranquility and the artistic instinct which can find true joy in the perfect curve of a line, the contrast of pure color, and the subtle difference of one sweet odor from another nearly resembling it."

Foot-passengers on the streets who complain of the recklessness of bicyclers may thank their stars they are not in Germany (remarks the New York *Tribune*). They used sometimes to punish bicyclers there for running into pedestrians; then this practice fell into disuse, and now a Berlin court has just sent a man to jail for two months for recklessly running across one of the principal streets and knocking a bicyclist off his wheel. The most apologetic sort of defense was offered—the man was running home because his wife was about to become a mother for the seventh time. The prosecution, however, insisted upon the letter of the law, that pedestrians must leave the streets free for bicyclists; or, in case it was absolutely necessary to cross, must give every warning to bicyclists. These elementary measures of precaution having been neglected, it was only the fact that the fallen bicyclist received no injuries that induced the court to let the culprit off with so light a punishment. It is added that in view of the constantly increasing recklessness—nay, roughness—of pedestrians toward bicyclists, it would otherwise have inflicted a much severer penalty. If the paragraph in the *Berliner Tageblatt* imparting this item of news is ironical, the irony is hermetically concealed in it.

The blunder made by the Chicago authorities in inviting the Spanish minister to be present at the Dewey celebration in that city is not singular (points out the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*). In this case, however, it gained a prominence and character that would not have attached had it not been for the peculiar relations that the Duke d'Arcos naturally sustained to the celebration. It frequently happens that well-meaning persons, ignorant of the customs that govern the diplomatic corps, send its members communications of various kinds which are improper, and which, therefore, can not be given any notice whatever. All difficulties in this regard could be avoided if persons desiring to communicate with members of the diplomatic corps, or to send them personal invitations to attend public or private ceremonies, would do so through the Department of State. It has only recently become the custom for managers of ceremonials to address themselves directly to foreign representatives in Washington. With the best of intentions on the part of the projectors, much mischief may result from this laxity. In the present case, for instance, it may readily be perceived that the acceptance by a member of the diplomatic corps in Washington of an invitation to glorify the crushing defeat of the Spanish navy at the hands of Americans might constitute a gross

violation of the spirit of neutrality which is supposed to animate their governments, and might involve in difficulty with his own government the unwary diplomatist who accepted such an invitation. It is said at the State Department that it is too much to expect that there should be a general knowledge of all these little diplomatic intricacies, wherefore, to prevent humiliating incidents, it would be better for projectors of public demonstrations who desire to secure the attendance of members of the diplomatic corps to avail themselves of the knowledge and experience of the officials of the State Department.

Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria's betrothal to the Archduchess Anna of Austria-Tuscany is of interest to English people on the ground that he is the eldest son of the Stuart heiress to the thrones of Great Britain and Ireland. In the opinion of the Jacobite party he should therefore be Prince of Wales. It will be remembered that when Prince Rupprecht came over to England for the jubilee he had considerable trouble in avoiding the unwelcome attentions that his Jacobite partisans tried to shower upon him. He was born May 18, 1869, and is the eldest of his family. His bride-elect, the Archduchess Anna of Austria-Tuscany, was born on October 17, 1879. Her imperial highness is one of nine brothers and sisters, only one of whom is married—namely, the Archduchess Louise, who is the wife of Prince Frederick August, the heir to the kingdom of Saxony.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, May 2d, were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	1,000	@ 110			
Cal. St. Ry. 5%.....	2,000	@ 120			
Hawaiian C. & S. 5%.....	7,000	@ 105 1/2			
Los An. & Pac. Ry. 4%.....	4,000	@ 102 1/2			
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	6,000	@ 104 1/2			
Market St. Ry. 6%.....	16,000	@ 129			
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	6,000	@ 117 1/2			
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	2,000	@ 107 1/2	106 1/2		
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	8,000	@ 118	118		
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%.....	6,000	@ 114 1/2	114 1/2	114 1/2	
S. P. Branch 6%.....	12,000	@ 127 1/2-128 1/2	128 1/2		
S. V. Water 6%.....	14,000	@ 114 1/2	114 1/2		
S. V. Water 4%.....	12,000	@ 103 1/2-104	103		

	Shares.	STOCKS.		Closed.	
				Bid.	Asked.
Water.					
Contra Costa Water.....	225	@ 64 1/2-66 1/2	66 1/2	67	
Spring Valley Water.....	355	@ 93-95 1/2	95 1/2		
Gas and Electric.					
Equitable Gaslight.....	975	@ 2 1/2-3	3	3 1/2	
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	90	@ 46 1/2-47 1/2	47 1/2	48 1/2	
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	909	@ 47-48 1/2	47 1/2	47 1/2	
Banks.					
Cal. S. D. Co.....	50	@ 104	104		
Street R. R.					
Market St.....	655	@ 62-62 1/2	62 1/2	62 1/2	
Powders.					
Giant Con.....	695	@ 82 1/2-87 1/2	87 1/2	87 1/2	
Vigorit.....	350	@ 3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2	
Sugars.					
Hana P. Co.....	315	@ 8 1/2-8 1/2	8	8 1/2	
Hawaiian.....	95	@ 87 1/2-88	88	90	
Honokaa S. Co.....	1,860	@ 3 1/2-3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2	
Hutchinson.....	925	@ 23 1/2-24 1/2	23 1/2		
Kilauea S. Co.....	80	@ 21-21 1/2	20 1/2	21 1/2	
Makaweli S. Co.....	655	@ 47 1/2-48 1/2	48	48 1/2	
Onomea S. Co.....	225	@ 27-27 1/2	27 1/2		
Pauhaui S. P. Co.....	2,000	@ 30 1/2-31	30 1/2	31	
Miscellaneous.					
Alaska Packers.....	135	@ 118-118 1/2			
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....	100	@ 106			
Oceanic S. Co.....	100	@ 93-94 1/2	93	94 1/2	

Signs of life, and only signs, characterized the market during the week. Sugars were heavy, with very light business. San Francisco Gas and Electric held its own. The waters showed a small advance. Giant was the only one strong stock, and under very small purchases advanced five points, with no offering of stock. It would require very few buying orders to infuse life into the market and give everything an upward tendency. The public-utility scare is becoming a thing of the past, and stocks that are to a great extent dependent upon the action of the board of supervisors for their value are beginning to show merited strength.

Dividends will be paid on the 15th by Giant Powder Company, 75 cents, and Pacific Gas Improvement Company, 35 cents; on the 12th, Alaska Packers, 75 cents; on the 15th, the Contra Costa Water Company, 40 cents; Oakland Gas, Light, and Heat, 25 cents; Kilauea Sugar Company, 25 cents; and Makaweli Sugar Company, 50 cents.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

GEO. R. SANDERSON, A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO. Tel. Bash 24. 238 Montgomery Street, S. F.

ARTHUR W. MOORE, Member Stock and Bond Exchange. Stock and Bond Broker.

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Sold by all druggists. Refuse Substitutes. Mariani & Co., 52 W. 15th St., New York, publish a handsome book of endorsements of Emperors, Empresses, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops, and other distinguished personages. It is sent gratis and postpaid to all who write for it.



Fuzzy—"What is the name of the big gun who will manage the next election for Tammany?" Wuzzy—"Same as before—Long Green."—Ex.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco. Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,213,146.59 Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00 Deposits December 30, 1899..... 28,763,655.41 OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HOFSTANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNAY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW. Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, D. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street. Deposits, January 1, 1900.....\$26,110,681 Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000 Reserve Fund..... 210,067 Contingent Fund..... 407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERV, Vice-Pres. LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier. Directors—George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George Boardman, W. C. B. De Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, Geo. Tacheira, E. B. Fond.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000 SURPLUS..... 1,000,000 PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT..... 2,321,212 January 1, 1900.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President THOMAS BROWN.....The National Exchange Bank PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier ALLEN M. CLAV.....Secretary

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New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co. The Bank of New York, N. B. A. Baltimore.....The National Exchange Bank Boston.....The National Shawmut Bank Chicago.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank Philadelphia.....The Philadelphia National Bank St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank Virginia City, Nev.....Agency of the Bank of California London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Freres Berlin.....Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft China, Japan, and East Indies. Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

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## WELLS FARGO &amp; CO., BANK

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000 JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager; H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LAFMAN, Asst. Cashier; H. L. MILLER, Second Asst. Cashier. Directors—John J. Valentine, Andrew Christensen, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Berningham, Dudley Evans. Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869,451.75; Surplus to Policy Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager. COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco, 411 California Street.



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Yorkshire clergyman, the other day, visiting a poor man who had just lost his little boy, endeavored to console him. The poor man burst into tears, and in the midst of his sobs exclaimed: "If 'twarna aoin 't law A should ha' liked to have 't little beggar soofed."

The undaunted Corporal Caithness, so conspicuously daring in a "pinch" at the Battle of Waterloo, was asked if he did not fear they should lose the day. "No, no," said he; "I knew we could not do that. My only fear was that we should all be killed before we had time to win it."

A French journal reports a certain unpopular and tiresome author as saying to an acquaintance: "I should like to do something which no one has ever done before, and which no one will ever do again." "Easy enough," said the acquaintance. "But what shall I do?" "Write a favorable notice of one of your books!"

President Eliot, of Harvard, at an alumni dinner some time ago, said: "I can not acknowledge that as the years go by I am growing old. I have evidence to the contrary. When I was proctor at Cambridge, a few years after my graduation, I learned that the students spoke of me habitually as 'Old Eliot.' A few nights ago, on the other hand, I met a group of students in the street, and when I passed them I heard one say to the others: 'I wonder where Charlie has been so late?'"

Somebody asked William M. Evarts, not long ago, how it was that he had contrived to reach the age of eighty-two. "You have always eaten just what you pleased, gone to bed when you got ready, and recklessly violated most of the health homilies. You haven't much of a constitution, you are extremely delicate of physique, and yet you are still with us. How do you account for it?" Mr. Evarts slowly smiled. "Well," he said, with grim humor, "I suppose it's because I never took any exercise!"

One day, in advocating a more liberal loosening of the purse-strings at the recent Methodist Conference in Washington, D. C., Bishop W. A. Candler said that several years ago he sent an article to a paper in which he wrote that "we pray too loud and work too little." The intelligent compositor got in his fine Italian hand, and when the article appeared it read, "We pray too loud and work too little." "I let it go at that," said the bishop; "the fact is, I believe the printer was right, and I never attempted to correct it."

H. C. Barnabee, the popular comedian of the Bostonians, tells a story about a baby which made the hit of the evening at a certain performance of "Patience," in which he took part. "There was a young couple up in the gallery," he says, "and they had the baby contingent along. My thunderous tones repeating my lines, 'Where the dust of an earthy to-day is the earth of a dusty to-morrow,' awakened the baby, and it began to cry loud and long. Then came my lines, 'It's a little thing of my own.' I made the most of them, and the house caught on and yelled itself hoarse."

One day at dinner a gentleman—moved, it may be, by the sight of Mr. Gladstone's conscientious mastication of his food, for the great statesman was not one to eat in haste and repent at leisure—remarked what a victim to dyspepsia Carlyle had been. "Yes," said Mr. Gladstone, "he smoked too much, I have been told that he ate quantities of sodden gingerbread, and he was a rapid feeder. I lunched with him one day, and he tumbled his food into his stomach. It was like posting letters." After a slight pause, Mr. Gladstone added: "Carlyle did not seem to use his jaws except to talk!"

Carl Hertz, the noted conjurer, has rather a horror of small-boy confederates, and no wonder. On one occasion he was performing in London, and, borrowing half a crown from one of the audience, he placed it in the centre of an orange. The idea of the trick was for the coin to disappear and find its way into the pocket of a youngster at some distance from the stage. Mr. Hertz, at the proper moment, called upon a boy in the crowd to produce it. Fumbling in his pockets for a moment or two, while all eyes were turned upon him, the boy at last fished out a quantity of small change. "Here's two and threepence-halfpenny, sir," he shouted; "I got thirsty, so I changed that half-dollar you gave me."

A short time ago, some American ladies who were visiting Rome, wishing to attend a Papal reception, made their appearance in ordinary court dress, having availed themselves to the fullest extent of the *decolletage*. Pope Leo was horrified when he noticed them, and determined to take steps for its prevention in future. A certain well-known cardinal was instructed by him to inform the ladies of their breach of etiquette. The cardinal was a man of the world, and realized that the matter must be approached with the utmost tact and delicacy;

after due consideration he approached the ladies, and, addressing them, said: "The Pope is old-fashioned and does not like *decoulet* dresses; but," he continued, waving his hand lightly in the air, "for me, I am quite accustomed to them, you know, I have been so much among savages that I do not mind them." It was some little time before the ladies grasped the full significance of the cardinal's words.

THE APPLICATION OF IT.

Mrs. Lascell began it by remarking: "I had such a lovely time at the club this afternoon."

Lascell laid down his paper like a well-trained husband. "Which club?" he inquired; "the Political Discussion Society or the League for the Advancement of Humanity?"

"Neither; it was the Circle of Ethical Harmony. This is Wednesday, you know; the other two meet on Tuesdays and Thursdays."

"I had forgotten," said Lascell, apologetically; "somehow I can never keep those days straight in my head."

"For a business man you're undeniably stupid about some things," commented his wife; "but I notice you never forget on what night your lodge meets."

"Oh, that's different," "I should hope so; I shouldn't like to think that I ever came from my club in the condition—"

"You are forgetting, my dear, that you were going to tell me about your affair this afternoon."

"Oh, yes, so I was. Well, we had the most interesting time you can imagine."

"Who was the freak?"—Lascell coughed violently—"I mean the speaker of the occasion?"

"Mrs. Van Dyker, of Boston; you must have heard of her."

"I believe I have," said Lascell, who did not believe anything of the kind.

"She always appears at her lectures," continued Mrs. Lascell, "in a long, flowing robe of India silk. The India silk is symbolical, you know, because she has gone so deeply into Hindu philosophy. In fact, they say she is almost a Buddhist."

"Almost?" repeated Lascell, wondering where she drew the line.

"Yes. But she goes to church to please her husband and for the sake of the children, although she knows a great deal more about philosophy and religion than the minister. She says it's the most painful thing in the world for her to sit through the sermon every Sunday, and that she just aches to get up and tell the man what balderdash—that was the word she used—what balderdash he's talking. It's dreadful trying for her."

"I should think it was trying for the minister, too," suggested Lascell.

"The meeting to-day was the most successful we have ever had," continued Mrs. Lascell, ignoring her husband's irrelevant remark. "Mrs. Van Dyker spoke for nearly three hours."

"Nearly three hours!" echoed Lascell.

"Yes. She began at two o'clock and didn't leave off until five minutes to five."

"She might as well have kept it up till five o'clock while she was about it."

"Yes, but it's our invariable rule to leave five minutes for discussion."

"I see. What was the subject of the—the discourse?"

"The Ethical Value of Trifles." Mrs. Lascell paused impressively. "Did you ever stop to think that the so-called little things of life don't count at all, and that it's the little ones that are important?"

"Well, no," replied Lascell. "The idea hadn't occurred to me in just that form."

"It's true, though, if you'll only give the matter a few moment's consideration. And then there's the question of the moral responsibility which we share with all the universe."

Lascell took a deep breath.

"Viewing life from this standpoint," continued Mrs. Lascell oracularly—she was beginning to warm up to the subject—"we perceive that we can not do the slightest thing without affecting everybody else. For instance, if I take anything that doesn't belong to me, even though it be but a pin, I am not the only one affected."

"You mean," suggested her husband, "that the owner of the pin would also be concerned?"

"Not exactly that." (A sense of humor is not Mrs. Lascell's strong point.) "I mean that my act would set in motion a wave of guilty influence which would roll through limitless space and affect every human being in the world. You see, it isn't the magnitude of the theft that counts—it's the ethical and psychological principle involved."

"That must have been a most interesting address," said Lascell, suppressing a yawn.

"Oh, it was wonderful. I only wish you could have been there to hear it."

"So sorry I missed it," murmured Lascell, as he thought of the two hours and fifty-five minutes.

"You can't imagine how it impressed me," concluded Mrs. Lascell, in a final burst of enthusiasm. "It was so uplifting, you know—gave one such a tremendous sense of personal responsibility. I came away feeling like a different woman. Oh, I forgot to tell you. Coming home I actually made five cents out of the Broadway cable road."

"How? By walking?"

"No, in a much easier way than that. The car I got into was very crowded, and when the conductor came round for the fares I looked him straight in the face so unconcernedly that he took it for granted I had paid."

"But that wasn't exactly according to the doctrine of the moral responsibility of the universe, was it?"

"How ridiculous you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Lascell, indignantly. "Just as if the moral responsibility of the universe had anything to do with my getting a free ride out of a horrid old traction company."—*Harold Stuart Eyre in Life.*

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Poem.

The kiss I stole from Eulie  
With my choicest poems ranks,  
Because, to tell you truly,  
It was: "Returned with thanks."  
—Puck.

A Bachelor's Dream and His Awakening.

A rustic rambling cottage,  
Half hid by eglantine;  
A study full of wisdom,  
A cellar full of wine;

Sweet voices in the nursery,  
My sweetheart at the door  
To welcome my home-coming—  
What could a man wish more!

A bleak house in the suburbs,  
Babes whooping night and day;  
My poor wife looking daggers,  
Because the cook's away;  
The cellar full of water,  
Because the pipes have burst;  
Of all my grim home-comings,  
I'm sure this is the worst!

—Adam Dow in Life.

The Gymnastic Girl.

There were foils on the wall  
And the rules of basketball  
Done in red!  
There were dumbbells on the floor  
And a strength-weight closed the door—  
Overhead!

There was some blue trophy flag  
And there swung a punching-bag  
Near her seat!  
She could box like any man  
And his photo formed a fan—  
Athlete!

There were books—a heaping stack—  
And I read across one back—  
"How to fence!"  
And a hundred other rules—  
From the athletic schools  
"That teach sense!"

Every volume headed "How!"  
And she said: "I know them now—  
Like a book!"  
But she in a passion flew  
When I asked her if she knew  
How to cook!—*Chicago Record.*

A Political Paradox.

'Tis part of our most beneficent plan  
That the office should always seek the man;  
And yet the office, commonly speaking,  
Can never find the man it is seeking.

—Chicago Tribune.

British Aristocracy Blamed.

Many people attribute the recent reverses of the British to the degeneracy of the aristocracy. The life of luxury certainly does not produce vigor. Indigestible suppers, late hours, constant nerve strain, and lack of exercise upset the stomach and weaken both physical and mental vitality. The blood that makes men heroes must come from active, healthy stomachs. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters purifies the blood and strengthens the stomach. It cures constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, and biliousness.

Moore's Polson Oak Remedy.

Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS  
(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.

Scotch Whisky

Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

Paris Exposition

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PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU

Tours and tickets, hotel accommodations, etc. Superior arrangements for all classes of travel.

THOS. COOK & SON,

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**Armour's**  
**Extract**  
**of**  
**Beef**  
**for**  
**Soups, Gravies**  
**and**  
**Beef Tea**  
**Armour & Company**  
**Chicago.**

**HARTSHORN**  
**SHADE ROLLERS**  
are perfect in action. Over 40 years' experience guides the manufacture. Get the improved. No tacks required. To avoid imitations notice script name of STEWART HARTSHORN on label.

**OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL**  
**STEAMSHIP COMPANY.**  
**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.**  
NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING!  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
**YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG.**  
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1900.  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu)..... Friday, May 11  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu)..... Wednesday, June 6  
Doric. (Via Honolulu)..... Saturday, June 30  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu)..... Thursday, July 26  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

**Toyo Kisen Kaisha**  
(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)  
**IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND**  
**U. S. MAIL LINE.**  
Steamers will leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1900.  
America Maru.....Saturday, May 19  
Hongkong Maru.....Thursday, June 14  
Nippon Maru.....Tuesday, July 10  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

**OCEANIC**  
S. S. Alameda sails via Honolulu to Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, May 16, at 8 p. m.  
S. S. Anahulu, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, May 30, 2 p. m.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agents, 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

**Pacific Coast Steamship Co.**  
Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31; June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30; July 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30; August 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, 31; September 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, 30; October 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, 30; November 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, 30; December 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, 30.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., May 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, June 2, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.  
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month. The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice. Ticket Office a New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel)  
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St. S. F.

**International Navigation Co.'s Lines**  
**AMERICAN LINE.**  
New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.  
St. Paul.....May 16 | New York.....May 30  
St. Louis.....May 23 | St. Paul.....June 6  
**RED STAR LINE.**  
New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.  
Southwark.....May 16 | Kensington.....May 30  
Westernland.....May 23 | Noordland.....June 6  
**EMPIRE LINE.**  
To Alaska and Cold Fields.  
For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



## SOCIETY.

## The Harrison-Crocker Engagement.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Mary Crocker and Mr. Francis Burton Harrison. Miss Crocker is the elder daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Crocker, and spent the past season with Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander in New York, where several notable entertainments were given in her honor by Mrs. Alexander, her cousin Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, and Mrs. Ogden Mills. Miss Crocker had contemplated an extended European tour, in company with Miss Mary Scott, and chaperoned by Mrs. Alexander, but this has been given up in view of her approaching marriage. Mr. Harrison is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Burton Harrison, of New York, and is a member of the Knickerbocker Club. He was graduated from Yale University in the class of 1895 and from the New York Law School two years later, and then entered the law office of Evans, Choate & Beaman. During the Spanish war he went to the front with Squadron A, the New York cavalry troop, and later received from President McKinley a commission as captain, A. A. G., and remained in the United States service until January 1, 1899, when he resigned and returned to the practice of his profession in New York.

The wedding is to take place in New York on June 7th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander; Miss Mary Scott is to be maid of honor, and Miss Caro Crockett and Miss Genevieve Carolan are to be among the bridesmaids.

## The Allen-Sharon Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Florence Sharon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Sharon, of Piedmont, and Mr. Peter Coole Allen, the well-known musician, was celebrated on Wednesday, May 2d, at St. Paul's Church, Oakland. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. Robert Ritchie. The bride's father, Mr. W. E. Sharon, gave her into the keeping of the groom; the bridesmaids were Miss Ethel Valentine, Miss Pauline Lohse, Miss Pauline Fore, Miss Jean Hush, Miss Enid Williams, and Miss Charlotte Laws; Miss Blanche Sharon was the maid of honor; Mr. Robert Allen, the groom's brother, was the best man; and Mr. Claude Sharon, Mr. Adolph Cheek, Mr. Robert Newell, Mr. Harry Farr, Mr. Walter Leimert, and Mr. Wallace von Helms served as ushers.

A wedding breakfast for the bridal party and relatives followed at the home of the bride's parents, at

Piedmont, and later in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Allen left for the south. They will reside in San Francisco for a short time after their return.

## Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Beulah Hobbs Jones was married to Count Artsomevitch at the Greek Church, in New York, on Sunday, April 30th.

Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase will open her summer place, "Stag's Leap," in Napa County, to-day (Saturday) with a large house-party. Among those present will be Mr. and Mrs. Hatch and Miss Hatch, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, and Miss Laura McKinstry.

Mrs. Edmund Burke Holladay recently gave a luncheon at her home, 2215 Buchanan Street, in honor of Mrs. C. P. Huntington. Those present were Mrs. Samuel W. Holladay, Mrs. Sheldon Wright, Mrs. William F. Herrin, Mrs. John H. Jewett, Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, Mrs. Payson, Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Mrs. William S. Wood, Mrs. A. H. Voghties, Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Miss Campbell, and Mrs. J. Kruttschnitt.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins have closed their town house and gone to their country place at Menlo Park for the summer, where they expect to entertain several house-parties.

Miss Katharine Dillon gave a dinner in honor of Miss Voorhies and Mr. James Bishop on Wednesday, May 2d. Among others present were Miss Patricia Cosgrave, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey, Mr. Roy M. Pike, Mr. Fred Greenwood, and Mr. Frank Goad.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Childs gave a dinner in Los Angeles on Monday of last week in honor of Rear-Admiral Lester A. Beardslee, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Beardslee, Miss Morrison, of San José, and Mr. and Mrs. Stephen M. White.

Mrs. Marian P. Maus recently gave a luncheon at the University Club, at which she entertained Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, Miss Blanding, Miss Azalea Keyes, Miss Helen Hopkins, Miss Edna Hopkins, Miss Fanny Loughborough, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Mary Kip, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Florence Josselyn, Miss Adelaide Murphy, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Thérèse Morgan, and Miss Cora Smedberg.

Mr. Fred M. Greenwood gave a dinner in honor of Miss Katharine Dillon at his residence, on Tuesday, May 2d.

Mrs. Walling, who, with Lieutenant-Commander

Burns Walling, U. S. N., are among the latest additions to the army and navy colony at Manila, was honored by a tea given for her by Mrs. Cornwell at the commandant's quarters, at the Cavite naval station, on the afternoon of March 9th. The guests were from Cavite and the American and foreign men-of-war in the harbor. Mrs. Walling has been with her husband at Hong Kong for the winter, where he has had charge of the equipment of the lately acquired Spanish gunboats.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## May Festival for Charity.

A May festival for the benefit of the Children's Hospital is to be given at the Hamlin School and Van Ness Seminary, 1349 Jackson Street, this (Saturday) afternoon and evening. At the afternoon concert, which will begin at four o'clock, the soloists will be Mrs. Charles Olcott Richards, soprano; Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, contralto; Mr. Robert Tolmie, pianist; Mr. Hother Wismer, violinist; and Miss Constance Jordan, accompanist. The musical programme is as follows:

Siegfried, "Idyll," Wagner, Mr. Wismer; old English songs, Mrs. Richards; sonata in E-flat, op. 31, No. 3, allegro, scherzo, minuetto, presto, finale, Beethoven, Mr. Tolmie; "Der Doppelgänger," Schubert, "Kypria," A. Holmes; "There was an Ancient King," Henschel, Mrs. Birmingham.

The evening programme will consist of music by the Neapolitan Mandolin and Guitar Club, under the direction of the Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood, and scenes from Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," and "Twelfth Night," presented under the direction of Miss Maud Taylor.

## The Paloma Schramm Concerts.

Paloma Schramm, the remarkable child-pianist and composer, assisted by her sister, Karla, is to give two concerts at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, May 9th and 12th. The programmes will consist of selections by Bach, Scarlatti, Mozart, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Grieg, Leschetzki, Rubinstein, Godard, and several of her own compositions. The sale of seats begins on Monday, May 7th, at nine o'clock.

## What Parisians Have for Sale.

If New Yorkers who go to the Paris Exposition do not find what they want it will not be the fault of the Parisians who have things to sell (according to the New York Sun). Enterprising dealers in lists of addresses have evidently been selling them to Frenchmen, and many strange circulars written in what passes for English in Paris have been received in America, offering everything that a tourist might want, from boarding-houses, soap, patent medicines, and guides, to lawyers. A young lawyer in New York received, a few days ago, this circular letter from an advocate in Paris:

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to inform you that I represent in all matters of court at Paris and any other place of France, to say:

Procedure, acts of society, divorces, liquidations, bankruptcies, encash and recovery of debts, debtors disappeared, successions, inheritances, etc.

In case of want of a correspondent in France you will find in me an advocate highly experienced in which you may have all confidence.

If you desire I will give you references of first order.

Quite to your orders believe me to be,

Dear Sir,

The advocate's offer as to "acts of society" seems to encroach on the field that was pre-empted some weeks ago by a "woman of the nobility," who wrote to a number of New Yorkers inviting them to place themselves in her hand, socially, if they wanted to see the best society that Paris had to offer. In return for her services she expected a fee in proportion to their success.

The annual excursion of the Bunker Hill Association, one of the most popular and best-managed affairs of the year, is to take place on Saturday, June 16th. The beautiful grounds at Glenwood, in the Santa Cruz Mountains, have been secured as a destination point, and two trains, leaving here at 7:45 and 8:45 A. M., will carry the excursionists. The Society of California Pioneers and the Sons of the American Revolution have been invited to unite in the celebration of the day.

The Tavern of Tamalpais is being entirely reconstructed and greatly enlarged with an addition of over thirty rooms in suites and private baths, extensive dining-halls, huge, open fire-places, cheerful apartments, thoroughly heated and lighted with gas, hot and cold water, and improved sanitary arrangements, between twenty and thirty thousand dollars being expended to make it one of the finest resorts in California, and it will be opened about the first of June.

The board of managers of the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art has decided to keep the rooms of the Art Association open every Sunday from 10 A. M. until 5 P. M., to accommodate members and others who are unable to visit the exhibitions on other days. The exhibition will continue throughout the summer.

## Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not exoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

## Eureka Ranch.

A delightfully situated home among red-woods in Santa Cruz Mountains. Large, shady grounds, large, sunny rooms, cream, poultry, fruit. Terms reasonable. Box 93, Rural Delivery, Santa Cruz, Cal.

## TAVERN OF ...

## Castle Crag

.. and ..

## Soda Springs

## SEASON OPENS JUNE 15th

Located in the midst of grand and impressive mountain scenery, with Mt. Shasta and the Craggs for a background.

## FINE HUNTING AND FISHING.

Unsurpassed cuisine and service, and reasonable rates.

RAILROAD FARE, round trip, including sleeper both ways, \$14.00.

For rates, terms and other information, address:

E. B. PIXLEY, Manager,  
Care Pacific Improvement Company,  
Crocker Building, San Francisco.

Nervous Prostration and the  
Liquor, Morphine, and Tobacco  
Habits Cured at the

Keeley  
Institutes

No. 1170 Market Street,

—AND—

Carson City, Nevada.

Adopted by the U. S. Government.

THE LATEST STYLES IN  
Choice Woolens

## H. S. BRIDGE &amp; CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 MARKET STREET (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

## HOTEL BELLA VISTA

1001 PINE STREET.

THE PIONEER FIRST-CLASS FAMILY  
HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. M. W. DENVER.

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE  
LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee  
San Francisco, Cal.

## THE HOTEL RICHELIEU

N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.

The Principal and Finest  
Family Hotel of San Francisco

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

## THE LENOX

628 SUTTER STREET.

First-class quiet Family Hotel.  
D. W. JAMES, Proprietor,  
Late of Paso Robles Hotel.



## Absolutely Pure

Makes light, flaky, delicious hot biscuits, rolls, muffins and crusts. Makes hot bread wholesome. These are qualities peculiar to it alone.

I have found the Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.—C. Gorju, late Chef, Delmonico's.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.



## SOCIETY.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and enast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker and the Missesutherland sailed for Liverpool from New York on the White Star line steamer *Tautonic* on April 25th. They expect to remain abroad about two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Scott, Miss Mary Scott, and Mr. Lawrence Scott, Mr. Joseph B. Crockett and Miss Caro Crockett, and Mrs. P. McG. McBean and Miss Edith McBean, are in New York.

Mr. John W. Mackay, who has been visiting this city for the past few weeks, has departed for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Postley, Mrs. Brooke Postley, and Miss Postley left for New York on Wednesday. The many friends of Mrs. Sterling Postley (*de Cook*) will regret her departure, as she will hereafter reside in New York.

Mrs. Harry M. Gillig and her daughter, Miss Edys Crocker, sailed from New York for Liverpool on the White Star line steamer *Tautonic* on April 25th. They will join Mr. Gillig in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Osgood Hooker expect to leave on for their new home at San Mateo.

Mrs. Harry Dibblee has come down from Grass Valley and is at San Rafael, where she will remain for some time.

Mr. Emile Bruguière will spend part of the summer at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus L. Gerstle have gone to San Rafael for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey and Miss Katharine Casey expect to go to San Rafael about June 1st, where they will pass several weeks.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair leave in a few days for New York en route in Europe. They will remain abroad several months.

Mrs. E. E. Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre departed for New York on Sunday, April 30th, where they will remain for a couple of weeks before sailing for Europe. They intend to travel during the summer in France and England, and if Miss Eyre's health improves, may spend the winter on the Mediterranean.

Mrs. A. H. Voorhies and the Misses Voorhies sail for New York for Europe about the 20th of this month, to be gone until November.

Miss Adelaide Murphy is the guest of Miss Florence Jesselyn at Redwood.

Mrs. William Whittier and Miss Gertrude Carroll have gone to San José for a visit of three weeks.

Colonel and Mrs. Irwin and Mrs. Barnes (*de Min*) expect to return to Chicago in a few days.

Mrs. Barnes has been the guest of Mrs. Joseph Soc Tobin at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Peixoto are at present in Paris, where they have taken an apartment for a year.

Mrs. O'Leary (*de Rix*), who left here some three months ago with the intention of going abroad for an extended stay, has changed her plans and will remain in Philadelphia, where she has accepted a position on the staff of the *North American*.

Miss Genevieve Carolan is visiting her sister, Mrs. Snow, at Englewood.

Miss Azalea Keyes leaves in June for a trip to Honolulu, Australia, China, and Japan. She expects to be gone eight months, and will be accompanied by her chaperon, Mrs. McKensie, and Miss Highborough.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant left for Europe on April 27th, to be gone six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles von Hoffman will leave on for their annual fishing trip, and expect to be six weeks in the Humboldt Mountains.

Miss Alice Boggs left for the East on Tuesday. She will travel with friends, spending most of the summer on the Maine coast.

Miss Morrison, of San José, who is sojourning in Southern California, is at present the guest of Senator and Mrs. Stephen M. White, of Los Angeles.

Mr. Theodore Wores, the artist, leaves for the continent soon. He will make quite an extended stay in India, where he expects to do some fine work.

Mr. and Mrs. Brander (*de Enman*) leave for Alaska the latter part of this month, and will remain there a year.

Mr. George Chismore was in Washington, D. C., on Tuesday.

Prince and Princess Kuloo Kalaniannle returned from Paso Robles on Tuesday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson and the Misses Wilson are in New York, en route to Europe.

Mrs. J. A. Folger and daughter, Mrs. Le Grand Folger, and Mrs. G. W. Cook, of Oakland, left a few days ago for Paso Robles, where they expect to remain for a month.

Mr. A. B. Chandler, of New York, who has been touring in California for the past two months, is at the Palace Hotel early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Tillman, Jr., registered at the Hotel Tamalpais during the week.

Mr. Charles F. Lummis, of Los Angeles, was at the California Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Jacobs and Miss Jacobs will be in the summer months at Mill Valley.

United States Circuit Judge W. B. Gilbert, of San Francisco, and Judge S. F. Geil, of Salinas, were at the Occidental Hotel early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kahn were in Paris last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Petrie Hayle and family leave for Europe for a year's stay abroad.

Colonel D. B. Fairbanks came down from Petaluma last week and made a short stay at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pryor and Miss Anna A. Pryor, of Sausalito, enjoyed a visit in the Taverna alpais a few days ago.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Bacon and Miss Bacon,

of Boston, Mr. F. J. Falkenburg, of Denver, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hutton, of Honolulu, Dr. T. Z. Bull, of Indiana, Mr. and Mrs. B. K. Pearce, of Guatemala, Mr. A. N. Barrett, of Los Angeles, Mr. J. J. Schmiedel, of Chicago, Mr. M. Hillard, of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Charlesworth, of Pleasanton, Mr. I. Dinkelspiel, of Bakersfield, Dr. A. M. Gardner, of Napa, Mrs. J. R. Carroll, of San José, Mr. W. R. Rainey, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Stein, of Stockton, Mr. E. Waldo Ward, of New York, and Mr. T. S. C. Lowe, of Pasadena.

Among the week's visitors at the Taverna Tamalpais were Mr. John Bightin, Miss A. A. Davis, and Mr. W. R. Chester, of Boston, Mr. Charles J. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Duraux, and Mr. J. B. Duraux, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Laidlaw, of Cincinnati, Mr. W. R. Spinney, Dr. and Mrs. G. T. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Barton, and Mr. J. R. Drexler, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Beldin, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Phelps, Mrs. C. E. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. James Langhorne, Mr. A. Gerberding, Mr. William Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Richter, Mr. and Mrs. J. Coughlan, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Townsend, Mrs. L. Robinson, Miss Kate Gibbons, and Mr. J. W. Carroll.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Colonel Richard I. Eskridge, Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., turned over the command of the Presidio on Tuesday to Colonel Jacob B. Rawles, Third Artillery, U. S. A. Captain David J. Rumbough, Adjutant, Third Artillery, U. S. A., relieved Lieutenant James S. Parker, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., who has been acting as post-adjutant for the past few months.

Mrs. McIver, wife of Captain George W. McIver, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., will spend the summer with her father and mother, Colonel and Mrs. Smedberg, in San Rafael.

The family of Captain Charles M. Thomas, U. S. N., of the *Brooklyn*, will sail from this city on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Coptic* on Friday, May 11th, to join Captain Thomas on the Asiatic station.

Rear-Admiral Albert Kautz, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kautz came over from San Rafael on Monday, and registered at the Palace Hotel.

Captain James O'Hara, Third Artillery, U. S. A., whose leave of absence has expired, has been assigned to the command of the post at Angel Island, relieving Captain George T. Bartlett, Third Artillery, U. S. A., who has been granted a sick leave.

Commander Charles G. Bowman, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bowman came over from Mare Island on Tuesday, and registered at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant Rny C. Smith, U. S. N., has been very ill with pneumonia developing from an acute attack of the grip, which has been epidemic in Cambridge, Mass. Lieutenant Smith is under orders to the Asiatic station, and was detailed for passage on the *Solace*, which left San Francisco for the Orient last week. Mrs. Smith will for the present remain in her Cambridge home, which will keep her pleasantly located near her father, Rear-Admiral Sampson, U. S. N.

Rear-Admiral Lester A. Beardslee, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. Beardslee came up from Southern California last week, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. McCalla, wife of Captain B. H. McCalla, U. S. N., is a guest at the Occidental Hotel. She is accompanied by her daughter and Mrs. William G. Miller.

Commander Harrison G. O. Colby, U. S. N., of the *Marblehead*, was at the Palace Hotel early in the week.

Captain A. Caldwell, Seventeenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to Fort Gibbon, Alaska, to join his company.

Captain J. B. McIntire, U. S. V., who went to Manila as commander of Company G, Montana Volunteers, returned home on the *Sherman* last week and was at the Occidental Hotel for a few days.

The following changes in officers on the Asiatic station have been made: Lieutenant-Commander J. H. Bull, U. S. N., has been ordered from the *Bennington* to the *Newark*; Lieutenant H. Gage, U. S. N., from the *Bennington* to the *Yorktown*; Lieutenant-Commander H. T. Cleaver, U. S. N., from the *Bennington* to the *Monterey*; Lieutenant-Commander C. S. Richmond, U. S. N., from the *Newark* to the *Bennington*; Captain G. E. Ide, U. S. N., from the *Yosemite* to the *New Orleans*; Lieutenant-Commander W. H. Nauman, U. S. N., from the *Yosemite* to the *Petrel*; Captain E. Longnecker, U. S. N., to the Mare Island Hospital; Lieutenant-Commander D. H. Mahan, U. S. N., to the hospital at Yokohama; Pay-Inspector W. J. Thomson, U. S. N., to the hospital at Yokohama; Ensign R. Z. Johnston, U. S. N., from the *Oregon* to the *Bennington*; Assistant-Surgeon W. E. G. High, U. S. N., from the *Manila* to the hospital; Ensign G. Chase, U. S. N., from the *Garibaldi* to the *General Alava*; Lieutenant M. M. Taylor, U. S. N., from the *Petrel* to the *Manila*; Lieutenant D. V. H. Allen, U. S. N., from the *Concord* to the *Nashville*; Lieutenant F. C. Bieg, U. S. N., from the *Concord* to the *Monadnock*; Lieutenant F. C. Sampson, U. S. N., from the *Monadnock* to the *Celtic*; Ensign C. M. Tizer, U. S. N., from the *Baltimore* to the *Wheeling*; and Acting-Surgeon D. G. Beebe, U. S. N., from the *Yorktown* to the *Isla de Luzon*.

The annual bench show of the San Francisco Kennel Club opened at the Pavilion on Wednesday and closes this (Saturday) evening.

—The "Gadfly" is now issued in paper at fifty cents. For sale at Cooper's 746 Market Street.

## OLD GLORY'S REMARKS TO DEWEY.

Oh, George,  
Dear George,  
What the dickens and Tomwalker  
Do you mean by knocking out your underpinning  
In the confidence, esteem, and affection  
Of the American people  
Like this?

Don't you know a good thing  
When you see it?  
Goldam it, man,  
I thought that You and Me  
And the Eagle Bird  
And the Fourth of July  
And G. Washington  
Had organized a combine,  
With head-quarters in the Temple of Fame,  
That was as everlasting as the adamantite hills  
And the Palladium of the Nation's liberties.

Indeed I did, George,  
And when you came back, a Conquering Hero,  
I floated over you and your utterances  
With a swelling pride,  
Second only to that I felt  
When I shook out my folds over the wrecks  
Of Castile and Aragnn in Manila Bay.

But now—  
Oh George!  
By George, when I read that interview of yours  
I dropped to half-mast  
With a dull thud.

You've got down to the common level, have you?  
And you've stuck a yearn for votes  
Out into the seething current of  
Political ambition?

For votes!  
Votes, George,  
Common ordinary votes  
That candidates go down on their hunkers for  
To him that hath  
Yet may withhold.

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!  
Are you arrived at such a pass?  
Ain't Me and the Fourth  
And G. W. and the Bird of Freedom  
Good enough for you?

Isn't a whole Nation's gratitude sufficient,  
Without humiliating yourself  
To stand as the figurehead  
Of half of it?

What is a figurehead anyhow, George?  
Do you steer a ship by it?  
Or bustle her o'er the waves,  
Or fight a battle,  
Or make a new map  
With it?

George, George,  
The more I think of you  
Letting a nasty little insect  
Like a Presidential bee  
Buzz you out of the glorious combine  
In which you were an ornament  
Of more than Oriental splendor,  
The more am I inclined to hope  
Earnestly and pray devoutly  
That you will get it in the neck  
In a way that will make you wish  
You had filled a sailor's grave  
Among the sun-kissed hills  
Of listless, lazy, luxurious Luzon.

George, George,  
You make the Temple of Fame  
Feel like sticking up a "To Let" notice  
Over your niche;  
You make your illustrious namesake  
Turn over in his sarcophagus;  
You make the Eagle  
Drop his wings and refuse to soar  
In the useless flight for  
Stuff to make a hero of;  
You make the glorious Fourth of July  
Feel like a thirty-second.  
And you make Me  
Tired.

Indeed, you do, George.  
—W. J. Lampton in *New York Sun*.

—The "Gadfly" is now issued in paper at fifty cents. For sale at Cooper's 746 Market Street.

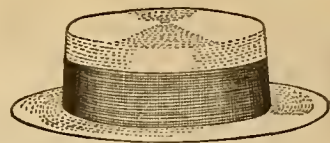
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aristocratic classes in Europe and better custom all  
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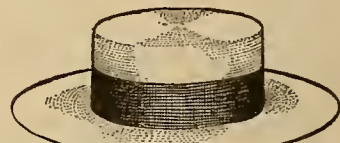


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*7:00 A.	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Rumsey, and Sacramento.	*7:45 P.
*7:00 A.	Shasta Express—Davis, Willows, Red Bluff, Portland, Ogden and East.	*7:45 P.
*7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	*6:15 P.
*8:30 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.	*5:15 P.
*8:30 A.	San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.	*4:15 P.
*8:30 A.	*Milton, Oakdale, Sonoma, Carthers.	*4:15 P.
*9:00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.	*11:45 A.
*9:00 A.	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.	*7:45 P.
*9:00 A.	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.	*9:45 A.
*9:00 A.	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.	*12:15 P.
*9:00 A.	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles.	*6:45 P.
*10:00 A.	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.	*6:45 P.
*11:00 A.	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.	*4:15 P.
*12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.	*2:45 P.
*1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	*18:00 P.
*1:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.	*5:45 P.
*4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	*9:15 A.
*4:00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.	*10:45 A.
*4:30 P.	Niles, San Jose, and Stockton.	*7:15 P.
*5:00 P.	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	*10:45 A.
*5:30 P.	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.	*12:15 P.
*5:30 P.	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	*8:45 A.
*5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	*6:45 P.
*6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.	*7:45 A.
*6:30 P.	Vallejo.	*12:15 P.
*6:30 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.	*9:45 A.
*6:30 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.	*4:15 P.
*7:00 P.	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.	19:55 P.
*8:05 P.	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	*8:15 A.

COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).			
(Foot of Market Street.)			
17:45 A.	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.	18:05 P.	
*8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.	*6:20 P.	
*12:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.		*10:50 A.
*4:15 P.	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.		*8:30 A.
*4:15 P.	Glenwood, Felton, Santa Cruz.		*8:50 A.

CREAK ROUTE FERRY.			
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—			
*7:15	10:00	11:00 A. M.	11:00
*7:45	10:30	11:30 P. M.	11:30
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—			
10:00 A. M.	11:00	12:00	12:00
10:00 A. M.	11:00	12:00	12:00

COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge).			
(Third and Townsend Streets.)			
16:10 A.	Ocean View, South San Francisco.	16:30 P.	
17:00 A.	San Jose and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).	*1:30 P.	
17:30 A.	Sunday Excursion for San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.	18:35 P.	
*9:00 A.	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Santa Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.	*4:10 P.	
*10:40 A.	San Jose and Way Stations.	*6:35 A.	
*11:30 A.	San Jose, Los Gatos and Way Stations.	*5:30 P.	
*12:45 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.	*10:36 A.	
13:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.	*7:30 P.	
14:15 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.	*9:45 A.	
15:00 P.	San Jose, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.	19:00 A.	
*5:30 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.	18:35 A.	
*6:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.	18:00 A.	
*1:45 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.	*7:30 P.	

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.  
Couldn't stick Willie: Teacher—"Willie, what's the masculine of 'laundress'?" Willie Wiseguy—"Chinaman!"—Brooklyn Life.  
Photographer—"How shall I finish your photographs, madam?" "Madam—"Well, retouch half of them to look ten years younger than I am. I want those to send out of town."—Chicago Record.

"Have you read 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde'?" asked the man from the States. "No, not yet," replied the illiterate Puerto Rican; "my attention is being monopolized by 'Mr. McKinley and Mr. McKinley.'"—Life.

"I've bought a bulldog," said Parsniff to his friend Lessup, "and I want a motto to put over his kennel; can you think of something?" "Why not use a dentist's notice—'Teeth inserted here'?" suggested Lessup.—Tit-Bits.

Following instructions: "Young Sammie Spender is carrying out his governor's wishes faithfully, isn't he?" "How's that?" "Why, the old gentleman left instructions in his will that after his death his dust was to be scattered to the winds."—Life.

Her finish: Beautiful Cleopatra gazed moodily out of the window. "Oh, great queen," faltered the slave, "knowst thou the number of days thou hast yet to spend here?" "No," responded Cleopatra, "bring me an adder and let me figure it out."—Chicago News.

Mamma—"What is Willie crying about?" Bridget—"Shure, ma'am, he wanted to go across the street to Tommy Green's." Mamma—"Well, why didn't you let him go?" Bridget—"They were having charades, he said, ma'am, and I wasn't sure as he'd had 'em yet."—Ex.

Stage-manager—"By Jove, there's a nice thing happening on the stage!" Proprietor—"Eh? What's up?" Stage-manager—"The hero and villain are doing their duel act, and the latter won't die until you signal him that he'll get his arrears of salary at the end of the piece."—Tit-Bits.

Harder still: Mr. Jones—"A minister out West tried to run a newspaper the way the Lord would run it." Mrs. Jones—"If he had succeeded, it would have been a wonderful thing." Mr. Jones—"Yes; but not half so wonderful as if he had run a church the way the Lord would run it!"—Puck.

"Did you ever call upon Dr. Moque professionally?" "Yes. Once; I was drowning." "Drowning?" "Yes. He diagnosed my case on the instant, and wrote a prescription on a chip, which he threw into the water where I could get it." "What was the prescription?" "Rx. Swim."—Harlem Life.

Modern warfare: The heavy guns were trained. "Why this delay?" thundered the general. "The moving-picture operators have signaled that their machine is out of order," elucidated the colonel. "Then the battle is called off! Order our forces to spend the rest of the day washing their shirts."—Chicago Daily News.

"Your American soldiers," said the disgusted Filipino envoy, "are dead to the rules of civilized warfare." "What have they done now?" inquired the dignified president of the commission. "Perhaps you won't believe it," said the envoy, with great bitterness, "but they actually ambushed one of our ambushes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I want you to be more careful about the use of firearms." "Why, I haven't—" "Charley, dear," she proceeded, with sweet severity, "you mustn't try to deceive me. I heard you telling yesterday about how you fell down on a long shot. If you must go in for such things, please get a gun that won't kick."—Washington Star.

"Well, Maggie," asked a teacher of a little girl, "how is it you are so late in coming to school to-day?" "Please, sir," was the reply, "there was a wee bairn came in to our house this mornin'." "Ah," said the teacher, with a smile, "and wasn't your father very pleased with the new baby?" "No, sir; my father is awa' in Edinburgh the noo, an' disna ken about it yet; but it was a guid thing ma mither was at hame, for gin she had been awa' I wadna hae kent what tae dae wi't."—St. Andrews Gazette.

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At the dinner-table: "Georgie, don't stare at Mr. Crumley that way; it isn't polite." "I was just waitin' to see him pick up his glass of water, ma; I heard pa tell you that he drinks like a fish."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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On June 16th Cuba will have its first experience of a popular election, this presumably the initial step toward the stable government promised the islanders. Upon the conduct and results of the election will be based the estimates of capacity for self-control. At present this is conjectural, and while the census just completed throws considerable light on the situation, it leaves problems still to be worked out.

The census established two facts which will be gratifying to the friends of Cuba. One is that control of affairs can not be in the hands of the negroes. The fear of another negro republic has been dissipated. The other is that the Spanish element can not predominate. Knowledge of this has prevented many Spaniards from seeking Cuban citizen-

ship, and, perceiving there is no chance for them to rule, they prefer to maintain allegiance to their native land. The excess of whites over blacks was one of the surprises of the census; at least, the real ratio had not been suspected outside of Cuha.

General Sanger, director of the census, has set forth in tabular-form much of the information gathered. He shows that under the restrictions imposed there will be about 140,000 Cuban voters. He groups the whites born in Cuba, the whites born in Spain, the whites born in other countries, and colored—including under the last head, blacks, mixed, and Chinese. The total population of the island is 1,572,797, of whom 148,577 are Chinese, 237,398 of mixed blood, and 563,132 whites. There are 815,205 males, 757,592 females. There are 447,372 white males, and 462,925 white females of native birth. The foreign-born whites number 115,760 males and 26,458 females. There are 111,898 male negroes, and 122,740 female negroes.

In the summary it will be observed that there are 187,826 white males twenty-one years or over, born in Cuba, as against 96,083 born in Spain, 6,794 born in other countries, and 127,300 colored. Of the whites, native to Cuba, there are 79,455 entitled to vote on educational grounds, as against 55,767 white males over twenty-one years of age, born in Spain and with their citizenship still in suspense. From this number must be deducted a large proportion who have chosen to preserve Spanish citizenship. There appear to be 25,692 colored Cuban citizens who can read and write. The literate white Cubans swell this to 105,147 answering to the educational qualification. Cuban soldiers are to have the franchise regardless of the test of education, this adding 18,000 to the ranks of voters. There is a property qualification that will admit still others, so there will under the proposed basis of suffrage be 140,000 native Cuban voters.

Concerning the social conditions, quite apart from the effect on the election, there is much of interest to be discerned from study of the returns. Negroes constitute but 32 per cent. of the population, while native whites constitute 58 per cent. Forty-three out of each hundred above ten years of age are literate, a better showing than had been expected. Altogether there are 443,426 who can read and write, while almost 20,000 possess what the enumerator vaguely classifies as a superior education. Ninety out of each one hundred living in Cuba are natives. Above the age of five the proportions may be regarded as normal, but below this age are relatively few, this being an effect of war upon domestic living. It seems remarkable that while fifty-six out of each one hundred inhabitants are over eighteen years, only fifteen are married, and these, added to the number reported as living together by consent—a common form of union there—and the widowed make up only 29.5 per cent., or half of those of marriageable age.

Of the Cubans born outside the islands, three-fourths were born in Spain. Among those born in Cuba 104,000 either claim other citizenship, or the matter is still in suspension. In Havana the literacy is high, the illiterate being twenty-five out of each hundred, while in Pinar del Rio the illiterate are seventy-five out of each hundred, these two districts representing the extremes. There are, of course, many native white Cubans whose parents were from Spain, and whose sympathies may remain essentially Spanish. Just what view these will take of a form of government which, if not actually hostile to the mother country, at least will not be subject to its dictation, remains to be determined. They may oppose any plan for local government, but the effect of this opposition, provided it eventuate, can hardly be surmised. However, to organize a nation out of the crude and untried material available will require the greatest tact and delicacy. The residents of Spanish extraction for the most part declined to bear arms on behalf of island liberty, but may enter with more spirit upon the task of voting. Even the white inhabitants whose feelings do not make them at heart allies of Spain are far from being of one mind as to the wisdom of trusting to purely Cuban control the destiny of large business interests and the management of diplo-

matic intercourse. No leaders have yet come to the front, none to inspire confidence or give rise to definite hope. Considering all the complex elements and the diversity of proportions, it is probable that the local governments to be erected by election will not be of one sort. Some may be good and others bad, but whatever follows will show both the temper and ability of the people. The impressions of visitors are not always to be relied upon, nor are the accounts of partisans to be regarded as infallible.

The census shows the Spanish enumeration more nearly correct than had been supposed; and, also, that the ravages of warfare had been over-stated. The losses in battle could not have been extremely heavy, but the hardship fell with a rigor almost equal upon the women and children left at home to suffer from famine and disease.

Since the dissolution of the great army of the Civil War, and up to the summer of 1898, this country drifted along with its small army of about 25,000 men, organized under the old methods, and scarcely effective enough for the needs of a piping time of peace. Our readiness for war, such as it was, found a basis in the facts that we had plenty of financial strength, a superabundance of patriotic fervor, and a citizen soldiery scattered about as the private armies of the various States. We said to ourselves, "Here are so many hundred thousands of militia always under arms at a moment's call; here are so many millions of able-bodied men on the census-rolls liable to be called into active service at need." But the actual precipitance of war with Spain disillusionized those who believed that a mass of men, however willing, will serve for an army of aggression, or even of defense. We did raise 275,000 men without serious loss of time, and thanks to the feebleness of Spain, we finished the war with considerable credit. The experience, however, proved conclusively that army matters had been neglected and overlooked; that the organization was behind the times; that prompt mobilization was impossible; that trained officers were scarce; and that reliance on the State militia as a national army in time of sudden need was, in practice, not all that its friends had claimed for it in theory.

These considerations led the Secretary of War, in his report to Congress last fall, to recommend radical changes in army reorganization, and the same reasons are behind the army bill which passed the Senate last week. One of the important objects hoped to be attained by the new measure, which practically revolutionizes the prevailing methods of staff appointments, is the evolution of competent officers in every grade of staff positions. Heretofore these appointments have been permanently made, or for indefinite periods. By the present measure a method of evolution and rotation is introduced tending to train the whole line in staff positions. This plan is to be applied to the departments of the adjutant-general, inspector-general, quartermaster-general, and commissary-general. When vacancies occur on the staffs of these departments they will be filled from the line, the appointees to serve for a period not exceeding four years, and to be followed by new appointments. The engineer corps, medical and pay departments, and the judge advocate-general's department are not included in this provision. Also in the line of providing and training military officers is the section of the bill which increases the corps of cadets at West Point by one hundred, who will be selected by appointing two at large from each State, and adding ten to the twenty now chosen from the United States at large.

Another radical change is the abolishment of the regimental organization of the artillery, and providing for an artillery corps consisting of two branches to be known as coast and field artillery. The corps as proposed will require 17,448 men, formed into 126 batteries of coast artillery and 18 batteries of field artillery. The bill also creates a veterinary corps for the army, consisting of a colonel and thirty-five other commissioned officers.

The new measure revives the grade of lieutenant-general for the commander of the army, and makes it permanent



This grade had been specially created in honor of Generals Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, and had not been revived since the death of the latter. By the present bill General Miles will become lieutenant-general and Adjutant-General Corbin will be given the rank of major-general.

The case of General Eagan is provided for by empowering the President to place on the retired list any officer who has been suspended from duty by sentence of a court-martial, or by legislative order in mitigation of such sentence, for a period extending to or within one year of his compulsory retirement for age.

The method by which staff appointments are to be made was recommended by Secretary Root, and clearly intended to do away with favoritism and secure competency in the departments, but a part of the recommendations made by the Secretary have evidently not found favor in Congress, or, at least, have not been incorporated in the bill. Mr. Root's plan was the creation of a war college where every officer below the field grade, and not a graduate of military schools, might receive the necessary instruction. He proposed that this war college should comprise the commander of the army, the heads of the staff departments, and a number of the ablest officers of high rank, and that staff appointments should be made upon their recommendation for efficiency. It will be seen that this plan has been only partially followed. While favoritism in the selection of appointees has been curbed to a great extent by making advancement from the line obligatory upon the appointing power, Congress has not seen fit to establish the war college, where officers might be trained for these positions and recommended for their technical efficiency and their active records.

To say the least, the new bill seems to be a move in the right direction toward attaining a well-organized and dependable organization for defense, and for service in any sudden emergency which is always to be expected. Our army at best is small compared with those of the military nations of Europe, and our safest hope is in having it perfectly organized and instructed as a nucleus around which a great army can be quickly organized in an emergency. Trained officers are more important in this country than a large standing army. We have men in abundance always ready to respond to a call, but our late experience showed that trained officers were scarce, and the necessity for appointing from civil life dragged in too much politics and personal favoritism and seriously weakened the whole organization. If the bill just passed proves to have done away with this single feature of our proverbial unreadiness to protect our interests on the field of war, it will be a substantial benefit and one of the few important outcomes of our late brush with Spain.

Last week the Democratic State Central Committee met and decided to hold at Sacramento on June 14th a convention to select delegates to the national convention at Kansas City. Although it was expected that there would be some wrangling among the unfettered, the meeting passed off very peaceably, and in the only event approaching a conflict the Phelan wing of the party in this city was victorious. Before the committee met there was some contest between the representatives of Sacramento and those of Los Angeles, to determine which should secure the convention, but this was settled by an understanding that the June convention should be held in the capital city, while Los Angeles should get that in August, when electors and congressmen are to be chosen. The question that aroused most discussion was as to the method of electing delegates for the Sacramento convention. At the last municipal convention the county committee was captured by the Phelan wing of the party, and the opponents of the mayor desired to have the delegates to the State convention, or those to a county convention to select delegates for the State convention, elected at primaries. The Phelanites naturally opposed this, and the committee decided that the matter rested with the county committee. This latter body may call primaries if it desires, or it may appoint delegates to a county convention or to the State convention. The last course will certainly be adopted. During this discussion an attempt was made to resurrect the Committee of One Hundred that held sway in this city two years ago, but it was promptly killed. The question of apportionment brought out a difference of opinion between the advocates of large and small conventions. The former wanted the basis of apportionment to be one delegate for each two hundred votes, or majority fractional remainder, cast for Bryan at the last Presidential election; the latter held out for three hundred votes as the basis. The question was decided in favor of the advocates of a large convention, and thus the convention at Sacramento will be composed of seven hundred and eighty-six delegates. Had their opponents won, the number of delegates would be about two hundred less. San Francisco, on this basis, will have one hundred and fifty-four delegates—slightly less than one-

fifth of the whole number. Southern California will have just one delegate more than this.

Exports from the United States are increasing at a satisfactory rate, a circumstance not due wholly to the country's richness, or its facility in manufacture. Part of the credit must be given to the energy of merchants in seeking a market abroad, and to manufacturers for placing their wares within the reach of the most distant peoples to whose wants the products may be adapted. The National Association of Manufacturers has just held, at Boston, its fifth annual convention, the assemblage being the greatest of the kind ever brought together in this country. The purpose of this association is to devise means for stimulating the export of American-made goods. In this it has been notably successful, using much the same methods as have been found useful in the conduct of the Commercial Museum of Philadelphia. It is a bureau of information, maintaining at various foreign ports warehouses which are places not alone of sale and distribution, but object-lessons of display.

Concerning political expansion, questions may arise, but as to the utility of trade expansion there can be only one opinion. The latter expansion during the last ten years has been immense, the gain since 1890 being nearly thirty-three and one-half per cent. In 1897, for the first time, the total passed the billion-dollar mark. In 1899 it was \$1,203,931,222, manufactures being represented in this by \$338,675,558, a fourfold increase since the close of the Civil War. Much of this growth has been recent, an immeasurable capacity not being content to cater to the home market alone. American machinery whirs in the wheat-fields of Russia, Brazil, and Argentine. American plows turn the soil of England and Continental lands. The lumber of the Scandinavian peninsula falls before the American axe. This industrial invasion has, in some instances, been accomplished through individual effort, but it has received a new impetus by the action of such bodies as the Association of Manufacturers, purveyors of trade intelligence, finding the market and then supplying it. This association has at Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, a warehouse that has been an aid throughout South America. Venezuela has for the United States a friendly feeling, due, perhaps, to an act of intervention, and this made the securing of a foothold there somewhat easier. Still, there is in business a paucity of sentiment, and goods must stand on merit. A constant effort is made to keep every article up to a high standard, the extension of traffic being a success and this necessity one of its fundamentals.

The largest warehouse at Shanghai has been established by the association, the effect being an immediate and tremendous impulse. Similar warehouses in the near future will be opened at Hamburg, Berlin, London, and at least one place in Japan. The object is not only to introduce goods, but to accumulate useful data which are used for the general benefit. The "open door" of China is regarded by the world of harter as the crowning triumph of a time marked by war, and yet it is absolutely the victory of peace. It affords new possibilities, of all of which the American producer and manufacturer expects to take full advantage. That this may be done is the purpose of this association. It will ascertain, first, what is wanted, and then the best way of meeting the demand. Greatly as exports of manufactures have been augmented, only enough has been accomplished to show what may be expected of the future. American energy is making itself felt everywhere, and there is nothing to discourage it.

Justice Brewer is one of the members of the Supreme Court of the United States whose opinions carry weight on questions that are outside of the strict field of the law. He has lately been discussing the position of labor in this country, and his remarks prove his intimacy with the conditions that now obtain. As he justly remarks, the great economic problem in this country is not how can a few men make more money and pile up larger fortunes, but how can the great body of the people make a fair and comfortable living. The right to work is again and again insisted upon by the laboring classes, and this is coupled with a demand that when private enterprise can not or does not do so, the State should furnish work. But unnecessary employment upon public work involves an increase of taxation, and thus places upon the employed the burden of supporting the unemployed. In the Southern States we have ten million or twelve million unskilled colored laborers, many of whom can not find work in that section of the country. Yet, when they seek to migrate elsewhere, they are met by the active opposition of laborers on the ground, and the governor of a great Northern State threatens that he will stand at its borders with Gatling guns and shoot them down if they attempt to compete with its white laborers.

This being the situation—the struggle for existence being

already so strenuous—are we likely to aid in solving the problem by bringing into our national life ten million or twelve million unskilled Malay laborers, asks Justice Brewer. Shall we introduce into this nation more cheap labor? For labor is cheap when the cost of living is cheap, and the Malay needs but a little rice in his body and a little cotton cloth outside—and a very little rice and a very little cloth is sufficient. The Federation of Labor protests against a new competition of cheap labor, as well as against an increase of the army, with its consequent increase of burden and taxation on the employed laborer.

When the *Argonaut* first pointed out these dangers it was met by a storm of abuse, and accused of seeking to turn the laboring classes against the Republican party. It had no such intention; but it clearly foresaw that the workingmen, who are keen to protect themselves against threatened attack, would soon take the alarm. It realized that should the Republican party do nothing to avert the danger, the laboring classes would feel that they had been betrayed and would seek their revenge at the ballot-box. It has ever been a fundamental principle of the party that the strong arm of the government should be thrown about the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow—that his compensation should not be reduced by competition with cheap foreign labor. The *Argonaut* then urged the representatives of the Republican party in Congress to enact such legislation as was necessary to protect the workingmen of this country from an invasion of Malay laborers. It urges them to do so now.

The position of Dr. Samuel J. Jones is a most unfortunate one. He is a man of extremely nervous diathesis and he resides in Chicago. It is not that he is out of sympathy with the average Chicagoan, though the latter is a hustler while the doctor's soul would undoubtedly revolt at the thought of his joining in such activity. It is perfectly possible to live even in Chicago without joining in the characteristic pastime. But while he can shut his eyes to the activities of his neighbors, he can not shut his ears to their noises. Within two years he has changed his residence six times in search of a quiet neighborhood where he may pursue his practice free from the disturbances that have heretofore assailed him. For two years his life has been made miserable by the tooting of whistles, the cries of street venders, the wails of adjacent babies, the yells of newsboys, the tolling of bells, the murderous attacks upon the key-boards of neighboring pianos, the whistles of toy-balloon merchants, the whirr of trolleys and the rattle of elevated cars, the noisy quarrels of ball-playing hoodlums, wrangling dogs and cats; from morning until night his own door-bell has been kept active, not by welcome patients, but by unwelcome peddlers, male and female, with all sorts of impossible wares to sell. With such a catalogue of grievances, what wonder that the worthy doctor complains?

The doctor's exasperation, however, promises to be not in vain. Every reform must have its pioneer advocates, who are also its martyrs, and the doctor's suffering bids fair to bring relief to his equally afflicted though less sensitive neighbors. Upon his initiative an anti-noise crusade has been inaugurated. The city council in January last organized an anti-noise commission, composed of the corporation counsel, the prosecuting attorney, the health commissioner, and the chief of police. It was made the duty of this commission to revise the city ordinances in order to put an end to all unnecessary noises. Several ordinances have already been prepared for the regulation of locomotive whistles and bells, the blowing of fish-borns, and the cries of street peddlers. Others are in course of preparation to abate other nuisances. The doctor's crusade has met with the approval of the citizens of Chicago generally, and promises to achieve at least temporary success. The progress of the crusade will be watched with interest throughout the country, for there is not a large city where life is not made a burden by such impositions.

The movement in Chicago contains a suggestion for the people of San Francisco. Is there not some self-sacrificing Dr. Jones in our midst who will gain everlasting gratitude and renown by organizing the forces of reform and leading them to victory? The members of the present board of supervisors have displayed unusual zeal in searching out new objects of legislation. Here is a worthy subject ready to their hands. Dr. Jones, of Chicago, has pointed out the way for them.

An indisposition on the part of the Sultan to pay his debts is known to be chronic, and ordinarily a manifestation of it would create little surprise. However, the claim of \$90,000 awarded for the destruction of buildings belonging to American missionaries is wholly just, and as a matter of policy the Sultan would seem but discreet in liquidating. This he has promised to do, but instead of keeping the

DEMOCRATIC  
CONVENTION AT  
SACRAMENTO.

JUSTICE BREWER  
ON MENACE OF  
FILIPINO LABOR.

OBSTINACY  
OF THE  
TURK.



promise, has resorted to evasion until patience has become exhausted.

The structures at Harpoot and Marash were burned in 1895, when the Sultan's subjects were engaged in slaughter of Armenians to whom the missionaries were friendly. This is a form of diversion with which the people of the United States have no sympathy; but sentiment does not figure in the demand for compensation for property wantonly put to the torch. For the nonce, the missionary has become the man of business, and his claim has the backing of the home government. He needs the money so as to be able to continue the work to which he deems himself called.

It was eighteen months ago that the Sultan acknowledged the justice of the claim and said he would hand over the amount. Instead of doing so, he has offered flimsy pretexts for delay, and worked himself into a temper of which the outward manifestations are not pleasing. Among other things, he has by *irade* interdicted the import of American pork, and as America does not send to Turkey—and never did—enough pork to supply a good-sized family with food, the interdiction must be construed as a deliberate insult. Minister Straus is absent from Constantinople on a vacation that will be indefinite in length unless the Sultan pays the fifty-thousand-dollar bill, and there is a prospect that the Turkish minister at Washington may be handed his passports. The pretense that the Ottoman Empire could not stand the drain upon its treasury is too flimsy to be considered seriously. To be in other than a state of bankruptcy would be to this treasury a novel experience, and yet, to get hold of a necessary trifle like the one involved would be easy. The Sultan, clearly, is giving an exhibition of pig-headedness, and the chances of obtaining condign rebuke are excellent. There has even been the suggestion of sending a cruiser to Constantinople, and if that were done, all doubt about the ability of his obstinate highness to get the money would vanish. It would be forthcoming on the moment.

The solitary American defender of the Sultan is General Lew Wallace, who, while a representative of this country to Turkey, conceived for the Sultan a friendship tinged with admiration. The general explains that the Sultan is no more responsible for the acts of the anti-Armenian rioters than the United States would be for the conduct of the Apaches. The trouble with this explanation is that it leaves the *status quo* undisturbed. If the Sultan is not under any burden of responsibility, he made a mistake in tacitly acknowledging otherwise when he agreed to foot the charge for damages. Out of the esteem of General Wallace he is free to extract such comfort as it may contain, but the course of the State Department will not be swerved, nor the demand either withdrawn or modified. The only thing for the Sultan to do, aside from sending Wallace a note of thanks, will be to hand over to the accredited representatives one certain \$50,000, in accordance with stipulations already mutually agreed upon.

The supervisors who are considering the problem of more rapid transit and better accommodations on the street cars in this city would do well to investigate the overhead railway system that is being constructed at Barmen, in Prussia. A brief description of this road has been sent to the State Department by the United States consul at Barmen. When completed the road is to be eight and one-third miles in length, and is to extend through Barmen and Eberfeldts Vohwinkel. Through the two former cities the road follows the River Knpper, and here it is supported by buttress piers of iron-work inclined toward each other. In the public highways it is supported by vertical iron columns, which require no more space than lantern-posts. The cars are suspended on two trucks twenty-six feet in length. Each truck has two axles, between which an electric motor is placed. The frame surrounds the rail carrier in such a manner that the wheels can not rise from the rails, and the cars can not slip off in case a fitting breaks or there is some other mishap. The current is fed by a contact shoe from the rail. The traveling speed, which is regulated by a motorman in the same way as on electric street-cars, is twenty-five miles an hour, and with a stop every half hour a speed of eighteen and three-quarter miles will be maintained. Each car holds fifty passengers, and is divided into first-class, second-class, and smoking compartments. The number of cars is not limited, nor is the speed affected by the number, as each car carries its own motor. Braking is effected in four different ways—by a pneumatic brake operated by the motorman, by a band-brake operated by the motorman and conductor, by an electrical brake, and by an electrical return-current brake serving as a distress brake. Counting the rolling stock, the cost is about two hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars per mile. This is somewhat more than that of the cable or electric lines, but far less than that of underground lines, or any other efficient overhead line.

## A GLIMPSE OF EGYPT.

The Valley of the Nile—Cairo's Hotels—Fashion at the Pyramids—  
A Mohammedan University—Foot-Ball in Petticoats—  
Oriental Idlers—Long-Lived Lies.

Probably the average dweller in Western America looks upon Africa as a Dark Continent in everything, even in railways. He would probably smile on hearing that the Egyptian railways are better run than many American ones. Yet the fact is indisputable. The railway that runs from Alexandria to Upper Egypt is one after which many American railways might pattern. It is a double-track road. It has heavy steel rails. The track is well ballasted. It has an elaborate system of signal-towers and pneumatic switches. Much of its roadway is lined with heavy cut-stone masonry parapets. Its station platforms are also built of cut-stone masonry. Its station buildings are of stone. Its bridges and other viaducts are of steel. Its trains run smoothly and swiftly, averaging thirty-five miles an hour. There are many crossings in which the railway is carried over the roadway on steel viaducts; the few grade crossings are guarded by gates, with gate-keepers. Signal-men with flags stand at all switches, stations, and crossings. Altogether, the equipment and operation of the road are admirable.

For hundreds of miles this modern railway goes through the fertile fields of Egypt—most incongruous amid the primitive methods of husbandry to be noted there. For, as the express trains whirl and shriek past the toiling *fellaheen* in the fields, you see that they are using the same primitive implements that their forefathers used when Pharaoh reigned. They still plow with a simple wooden implement, hauled by patient buffalo oxen. They still laboriously lift water with a sweep, to the head-level of irrigating ditches. They still use the sickle, as they did in the days when Ruth followed the reapers of Boaz. And they still carry their bundles of fodder upon the backs of patient asses, or, in default of asses' backs, upon their own.

Of course, all agriculture in Egypt is not on such rudimentary lines. Rich men and corporations own land as well as *fellaheen* peasants, and many tall chimneys testify to the existence of pumping works. Then, too, the Egyptian government has dammed the Nile at an enormous cost, and is engaged in other water-storage schemes that will enlarge the narrow strip of irrigated land on either bank of the great river, and thereby enlarge the resources of this wonderful country.

For it is a wonderful country. To talk of its temples, its pyramids, its ruins, and its dead cities would be telling twice-told tales. But no man can gaze on this flat and fertile river valley without being amazed at its productiveness. I have been shown in Virginia worthless lands which the wasteful Anglo-Saxon had exhausted by two centuries of tobacco-raising. But here in Egypt I see fields still as fertile as when the first dynasty began, although they have been tilled for four thousand years.

Some historians believe that Egypt was the cradle of our Aryan civilization. Here, they say, nomadic man paused at the great river when wandering from Arabia-Felix into Africa. Gradually those tired of wandering settled upon the fat and juicy banks of the Nile River, and began a fitful husbandry of the soil. Ticked with a stick it laughed with a harvest, as the old saying goes. Gradually villages grew up, and thrift brought peace and prosperity. The rich lands were divided among the villagers. This was the beginning of Real Property. The property boundaries were annually obliterated by the rise of the Nile; regulations were made to settle disputes concerning them; this was the beginning of Law. Wise men among the villagers observed that the sun, moon, and stars had much to do with the volume of the Nile flood; this was the beginning of Astronomy. The simpler villagers looked with awe upon these wise men, who spent their time communing with the stars; this was the beginning of the Priesthood. The priests soon claimed supernatural knowledge of the celestial bodies and imposed rules regarding the manners and conduct of men, and ordered the villagers to follow them and to erect temples wherein these rules should be expounded; this was the beginning of Religion. But the fierce nomads of the desert found profit in harrying and plundering the weaker villagers by the riverside. Therefore the priests chose from among the villagers those who were not only brave but crafty, cunning, and leaders of men. These bold and cunning villagers succeeded in defeating the fiercer nomads by ambuscade and stratagem; this was the beginning of the Science of War. To protect their cities they erected mighty walls and fortresses; thus grew up Engineering and Architecture. And at last, a bolder leader among the bold parleyed with the priesthood, terrified the mass of common men, and made himself lord over all,

priests and commons. And thus grew up Monarchy, and thus there resulted Church, State, and King.

These long-forgotten scraps of reading came to my mind, as from a luxurious compartment in an express train between Alexandria and Cairo I looked out upon the Valley of the Nile.

It was toward evening, and the peasants were returning from the fields to their homes. Picturesquely clad, they reminded one irresistibly of old Bible pictures. You would see what was evidently a family—father, mother, grown children, and little ones, some mounted, some on foot, and with most nondescript collections of animals—all burden-bearing. In one group I noted a camel, several asses, a buffalo bull, and a flock of sheep, all placidly pursuing their homeward way, carrying their fodder for their supper on their backs—except the sheep. And the mild-eyed *fellaheen* looked up with much the same gaze as did their animals as the express train whirled by. For the express train was nineteen hundred years after Christ, and they were nineteen hundred before.

The hotels of Cairo are among the best in the world. They are as good as the best Continental hotels, better than the best American hotels, and very much better than the best London hotels—which, in my opinion, are poor. Even the newer London hotels, like the Savoy and the Cecil, have restaurants which are none too good. I am aware that this will be considered heterodox, but I stick to it, notwithstanding. I have eaten some very bad dinners at the Savoy. For that matter, London restaurants are nearly all bad. I think it was Voltaire who left England, declaring in disgust that the English had forty religions and only one sauce.

The taunt is true to-day. They still have but the one sauce—melted butter. But there may be a few more religions now.

The fashionable hotels of Cairo are Shepherd's, the Continental, the New, the Ghizreh Palace, the Savoy, and Mena House at the Pyramids. They are run on both the European and American plan—*en pension*, as they call the latter over here. They are large, handsome buildings, with spacious corridors and with luxuriously furnished smoking, writing, reading, tea, and billiard-rooms. Gorgeous rugs from Persian and Arabian looms, rich Oriental bronzes and brasses, elaborately carved wooden Muehribiyeh work—beautiful objects like these surround you on every hand. Even the bedroom floors and the staircases are covered with Persian rugs. Through these richly furnished corridors flit silent servants—white-clad, turbaned, slippered, cringing Orientals, who almost anticipate your every wish. But the servants are not all Orientals. The cooks are, of course, Europeans, for the *cuisine* is French. The table-waiters, the hall-waiters, and the chambermaids are also European. The service in these hotels is excellent. So is the food, and so is the cookery.

In addition to the elaborate *table-d'hôte* meals, most of the fashionable hotels have grill-rooms. Here you may see pleasant little parties who do not like the formality of the *table d'hôte*, although the women all wear evening-gowns and the men are also conventionally dressed. It is the formality of manner, doubtless, rather than the formality of dress, to which they object at the *table d'hôte*, for these handsomely gowned ladies do not scruple to toss off a little glass of cognac and smoke a cigarette after dinner in the grill-room. About some of the women at these Cairo hotels there is a tinge of "sportiness"—I do not use the word in an invidious sense—and Shepherd's seems to be just a trifle more "sporty" than any of the others.

The grill-room at Shepherd's is notable not only for its "sporty" parties, but for its cookery. It is excellent. Everything they set before you is of the best. Hot things are served *hot*. Cold things are served *cold*. The hot plate there is not unknown, as it is in so many American hotels. And their steaks and chops are super-excellent. You can get at Shepherd's grill an excellent porterhouse steak—something, by the way, almost unknown abroad. Even in England it is almost impossible to get a porterhouse steak—they cut up the beeves differently there. And Shepherd's rump steaks are delicious. In fact, the beef there is the finest I ever ate. Up to this time the finest beef I have found in the world has been in Chicago. Chicago is the great beef centre in the United States, and the hotels there used to have the choice of the choicest beef. I still remember the savory steaks and roast beef of the old Richelieu there—now, alas, closed. It was too good for Chicago.

I said just now "even in England." Doubtless some may think me presumptuous in saying there is better beef in Chicago—or anywhere—than the "roast beef of Old England." Not so. The "roast beef of Old England" is a myth—a fairy-tale. As Sir Boyle Roche might say, "They haven't any there."



and what they have is bad." Most of England's beef is refrigerator beef from the colonies.

There is a famous eating-house in London—Simpson's in the Strand—whither anglo-maniac Americans repair for beef. It is a not very clean place, divided into boxes like horse-stalls, in front of which hang dingy curtains. Upon the tables are table-cloths, with maps of Europe in cold gravy, and large leather bills of fare frequently smeared with butter. You seat yourself in one of these horse-stalls, rap on the table, and a grimy waiter asks "What will you please to 'ave, sir?" The awe-stricken American replies in hushed tones that he will have some of the "roast beef of Old England." The grimy waiter howls something and a rumbling is heard. Propelled through the place comes a table on wheels, which stops at the entrance to your horse-stall. Upon it is a large and mangled rib-roast of beef in a covered chafing-dish. It may have been originally roasted, but has simmered long. It is not inviting. Behind it stands a person in a dirty white cap and a dirtier white apron, who lifts the cover, hews off two slabs, dishes you some of the sediment, and rolls his beef sarcophagus away. This is the roast beef of Old England as served at Simpson's in the Strand.

It is only fair to add that there are other choice viands at Simpson's. You can also obtain there boiled turbot, with the only English sauce, melted butter; boiled beef, with vegetables; boiled salt beef; and boiled leg of mutton. All these delicacies are trundled about on tables bearing chafing-dishes, and when the lids are lifted—which they often are—a rich and mingled perfume of roast beef, boiled beef, boiled mutton, and boiled fish permeates the air. It is much like the odors which rise from the basement of a cheap boarding-house on corned-beef day.

From these guarded remarks it is evident that I do not like the roast beef of Old England, as served at Simpson's—nor, for that matter, anywhere else in London. I look upon that great city as a gastronomic Sahara. There are only two or three oases in it. One is the Café Royal, a pretentious restaurant, but only fairly good. The other is an unpretentious little restaurant in Berkeley Square, the name of which I have forgotten, but which is very good indeed.

But to return to Shephard's. Its grill-room is excellent and its grill is a type of the whole hotel. From what I have seen of the Cairo hotels—and I dined at several—the first-class hotels all seem to be as good as Shephard's. But it may be well to add that all of them are high-priced. Cairo is a very expensive city.

While I speak so highly of Shephard's, I may add that the English aristocracy and the "smart set" seem very largely to have left it for the Savoy, the Continental, and the Ghizeh Palace. This latter is across the Nile some little distance out of Cairo. It was a palace specially arranged and decorated by the late Khedive Ismail to entertain his royal guests at the opening of the Suez Canal, among them the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, the Empress Eugénie of France, and the Prince of Wales.

One of the most unique of the Egyptian hotels is the Mena House, at the foot of the Pyramids. Its name comes from Menes, who, tradition says, was the earliest king of Egypt. An invalid Englishman built a house near the Pyramids, some seven years ago. He found that the climate benefited him so much that a syndicate imitated him, and erected there a large hotel. It is possible that the climate is suited for invalids, as the air has the extreme dryness characteristic of the desert, but, like all desert climates, the utter absence of humidity causes a sharp fall in temperature about sunset. This is notable in the towns on the edge of the desert in Southern California. It seems to me that the sudden fall would be bad for weak lungs.

However that may be, pleasure-lovers rather than invalids have invaded Mena House. When we were there a majority of the guests seemed to be English army officers, Anglo-Egyptian officials, and English women of the "smart set." They devote themselves to riding, driving, quail-shooting, and golf. Most of the men and many of the women are always in riding togs, and their conversation is decidedly horsey. There is some coaching done, too, and the hotel people regularly run a coach to Cairo. The hotel is comfortable, well furnished, and well kept. It is surrounded with wide verandas looking out upon prim gardens—necessarily very small, owing to the surroundings, for all vegetation stops with the inclosing wall, and beyond is the desert.

A few hundred yards from Mena House is the great Pyramid of Cheops. Its base is surrounded by hordes of tourists and gangs of greedy Arabs. Up the Pyramid are other toiling tourists, pulled and propelled by other Arabs. In a tent sits the old Sbeik of the Pyramids, who collects toll from the tourists for the labors of his Bedouins at the rate of twenty piastres (or one dollar) per tourist. Then the Bedouins themselves wheedle and extort as much more from the hapless tourists when they get them up on the Pyramid. The climb is fatiguing, but with the aid of the Arabs is not difficult. These barefooted fellows offer to race up and down the great Pyramid in ten minutes for two shillings. If you remain obdurate they will do it for one.

When we were going on camels from the Pyramids to the THE ARAB'S BACKSHEESH TAFFEE. Sphinx we were beset by numerous unattached Arabs, despite the protests of the camel-drivers, to whom we had been farmed out by the sheik. These gentry exhausted every possible means of raising backsheesh. If one was mounting or dismounting, they would place a hand upon the camel's saddle and demand backsheesh. If a photograph were being taken, they would stick themselves into the landscape and demand backsheesh. One nimbly climbed up to the Sphinx's face, and when he descended sternly demanded backsheesh from every one within view of his feat. One particularly persistent Arab demanded backsheesh of me because he stood behind me while a man was taking a photograph of the scene. The camera man being a total stranger to me, I

told the Arab to go to him for backsheesh; the Arab blandly replied that he had already collected from him, and that it was my turn now. I gathered that a partial table of backsheesh would run about as follows:

To walking by your camel's side .....	1 piastre
To stroking your camel's rump .....	1 piastre
To forming background for photograph .....	2 piastres
To smiling in same .....	1 piastre
To asking after your health .....	1 piastre

Some of these fellows speak English fairly well. One of them said to me, "How do you do?" I replied that I was fair to middling, and asked him how he was. He admitted that he was able to be about. "Now," said I, "how much do you charge for asking about my health?" He replied that he thought one piastre would about settle it. "But," said I, "I asked you about your health and I always charge two piastres for that. So you owe me one piastre. See?" He grinned and remarked: "Ah, you not Ingleese, you Amareek."

I wonder how he knew my nationality? I think my American accent must have betrayed me.

Cairo has been so much written about during the last decade that it would be idle to attempt here to describe its sights. Every visitor to the Midway at the Chicago fair knows his Cairo—or thinks he does. Hence I shall spare the reader any description of sights and sounds and smells or any guide-book lore.

But there is one place in Cairo which the average tourist does not visit. It is the famous university in the Mosque of El-Azhar. Most tourists know nothing of it; those who hear of it are told that they will not be welcome there. Furthermore, they are warned against loud talk, noisy laughter, attempting to use cameras, or even staring intently at the students, who, oddly enough, do not seem to like it. They are very "queer"—these Mohammedans—are they not? If a troupe of Cook's tourists from Cairo, personally conducted by Dragoman Said Mohammed, should visit Palo Alto, go into the class-rooms, peer over the students' shoulders at their note-books, examine them with lorgnettes, chatter loudly in Arabic, laugh noisily and incessantly, and take kodak snap-shots of them, it would doubtless be considered not at all rude, and the Stanford students would not resent it. But the Mohammedan students are very queer, and they do. And as life to the average tourist and the traveling girl without loud talk and vacant laughter would be intolerable, they keep away from El-Azhar, thereby preventing what dwellers in Cairo call "possible outbreaks of fanaticism"—and it is very much better for all concerned.

This seat of learning is in an ancient mosque. A mosque, it may be well to say, is not necessarily a single building like a church. It is a sacred or consecrated inclosure, but it may be devoted to other than strictly religious uses. For example, one of the most beautiful buildings in Cairo is a modern mosque, which is practically a mausoleum wherein lie the remains of Kbedive Tewfik, and in which the other members of the Khedivial family are to repose. It is so gorgeously decorated that the interior of the little mosque looks like a jewel-box, aflame as it is with stained-glass windows, beautiful rugs, and carpets and tapestries from Ormuz and from Ind—which is not an exaggeration, for there hang upon its walls beautiful rugs and prayer-carpet sent from further Islam. For example, every year Mecca sends from the looms of her most cunning weavers a rug emblazoned with texts from the Koran—sends it to the Khedive, not in token of fealty, not as a vassal to a suzerain, but in greeting and gratitude for aid extended yearly by the Khedivial family to hungry and foot-sore pilgrims in Mecca.

On the other hand, the ancient Mosque of El-Azhar is devoted to education. It is a vast pile of buildings, quadrangles, courts, offices, and shrines. It is still a sacred place. True believers cross its threshold barefoot, and Christians must don sandals before they can enter it. Before the shrines facing eastward toward Mecca you see at all hours pious Mohammedans engaged in their devotions. Last Friday we read in the French daily, *Le Journal du Caire*: "His Highness the Khedive goes to-day to El-Azhar for his Sabbath-day's prayers." So while it is still a mosque, a place of prayer, it is primarily an institution of learning.

On entering the great quadrangle, the sight which presents itself is most extraordinary. Many hundreds of students are seated in groups upon the stone floor. By the way, the number of students is said to be at present about eight thousand. Most of these groups are engaged in study. They are poring over books, swaying the body to and fro (which they believe to be an aid to memorizing), and muttering the words which they are transferring to their brains. From the vocal chords of these thousands of throats there arises a loud humming noise not unlike the buzzing of insects' wings in a meadow on a summer day. Other groups are gathered round their teachers. The students vary greatly in age. Some are as old as their instructors, but the majority seem to be about eighteen or twenty.

In the first quadrangle under the colonnade there were even some primary schools—classes of fifty or sixty boys and girls learning to read and write. These are not part of the university—it is a common thing to find these primary classes in the mosques. The discipline is sharp and stern. While we were in one mosque an offending school-boy was seized by the master, flogged with a bamboo rod with all the strength of a sinewy arm, and then his wrists twisted until he shrieked with pain.

In El-Azhar, court after court succeeded the great quadrangle, all filled with students seated cross-legged upon the marble floor. In the further quadrangles were the older students and the more advanced "classes"—if they may be called so—for the teachings are almost entirely religious and almost the only text-book is the Koran. Mohammedans believe that everything worth learning is in the Koran, that all learn-

ing outside of it is pernicious, and that all who disbelieve in it are dogs and blasphemers. Under the latter polite terms they include us Christians.

If dwellers in the Occident believe the curriculum does not interest the students, they are mistaken. I never saw such concentration of mind on the part of both teacher and student. Take one of many groups: At the base of a pillar, on a low stool, is seated a swarthy man of some forty years, wearing the turban with its distinctive mark indicating that he has been to Mecca. At his feet, seated in a circle, are some two-score students, most of them bearded men. In his left hand he holds a copy of the Koran, from which he reads—not with the measured tones of one of our clergymen or college professors, but with fiery eyes, with sweat rolling down from his swart brow, with right hand in his excitement fiercely beating the book, with a voice which at times rises into a shrill scream, while around him the dark circle of students listen with almost equal excitement, indicating approval at times by sudden gestures, and so wrapped up in their master (at whose feet they sit in sooth as Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel) that they do not even see the hated Christians, who stand by the circle looking down at them curiously.

"Hated Christians?" Yes. For they do hate us. They are taught to hate us. This fiery-eyed fanatic tutor is teaching them to hate us. This book which he is now construing breathes hatred to Christians in nearly every line. The blind beggar at the door, clad in caked dirt and filthy rags, who asked for alms as we entered, secretly despises us because we are Christians, and despises us none the less for our piastre.

Yet, if its curriculum and its methods are mediæval, this institution is a great one in point of numbers and influence, for its students are numbered by the thousands, and they come from all Islam, from the Straits of Sunda to the Pillars of Hercules. There are students here from Java, and there are also students from Morocco. There are teachers expounding the Koran in all the tongues of the sons of Mahound. You see groups with their instructors from India, from Persia, from Syria, from Algiers, from Tripoli; white-skinned Osmanlis from European Turkey, brown-skinned Bedouins from Arabia, and black-skinned Ethiopians from the Sudan; and on the faces of all there is the same intentness, the same concentration, the same fanaticism.

As we left this remarkable institution I could not help contrasting its devotees with some of our dilettante college professors and dissipated college students of the Occident. It seems to be the rule in the Occident that the college professor should be interested in things foreign to his teaching, and that the college student should look upon study as a huge joke. Contrasting these Occidental ideas with the Mohammedan ones, I wondered whether Occidentalism could ever make any breach in Mohammedanism. Looking at Mohammedans performing their devotions regardless of the presence of amused or sneering strangers, I wondered how many boys in a college dormitory would have the courage to kneel down and say their prayers before their mates, and I wondered what would happen to them if they did. I wondered how soon our boards of foreign missions would succeed in evangelizing the Mohammedans, and I wondered how long it would take our government to civilize and Christianize our fierce Mohammedan citizens in the Philippines. If they are one one-hundredth as fanatical as those we saw in the University of El-Azhar, I think it will take some time—probably five or ten years.

I have often heard women rail bitterly at their skirts, and declare it to be impossible for them even to ride a bicycle as well as a man on account of their petticoats. This I have always secretly doubted. I once saw a female acrobat appear in "full evening-dress"—that is, to all appearances. She wore a low-cut bodice, long skirt, gloves, stockings, and slippers, and looked as most women do in their evening garb, except that her slippers were heelless. Yet she went through an elaborate series of flip-flaps, turned forward, backward, and twisting somersaults, "skinned the cat" on the bar, and finally went through the dashing trapeze act technically known in circus circles as "zampillerostation." After that, when I saw young women adopt tight-fitting knickerbockers, visible silk stockings, and high-heeled shoes for bicycle wear, because they "could not ride a wheel in skirts," I opined that it was not the exigencies of the bicycle but the possession of curvilinear advantages which made these young women eschew skirts.

Egypt confirms my belief. Nearly all the men wear petticoats. High up in the air on unfinished buildings you see bricklayers and stonemasons hard at work, with the wind blowing their petticoats about their shanks. You see railway "navvies" or "section men" digging along the line in petticoats. You see ships' pilots clambering up the lofty sides of ocean steamers, over dangling hempen ladders, in petticoats. You see the plowman plodding his weary way across the lea in petticoats. You see, astride of donkeys, grave and gray-bearded Mohammedans in petticoats. You see Arabs running up and down the pyramids in petticoats. And in a school-yard near the Mosque of Omar you see boys playing foot-ball in petticoats. Foot-ball is a sort of breeches apotheosis in the minds of young persons, both male and female. If ever a girly-girl sighs to be breched it is when she gazes on the gridiron. Therefore, after noting the petticoated Oriental, I shall no longer heed the plaint of the American-girl against the "tyranny of skirts."

But if the Egyptian clings to his petticoats, it is not so with other articles of his apparel. They seem to incline to wearing slop-shop Occidental coats and waistcoats to go with their Oriental petticoats. They are like Gilbert's comic-opera hero who was a man from his waist up and a fairy from his waist down.



It is this variety of Oriental that you find principally at the Cairo *cafés*. There are said to be over one thousand *cafés* there, and I can easily believe it. At almost any hour of the day you see the tables in front of these places thronged with dreamy Orientals, sipping mild beverages like lemonade and sugared water, and smoking cigarettes—for the *hookah*, or hubble-bubble pipe, you rarely see, and it is principally used to sell at exorbitant prices to ingenious tourists. It is remarkable how all these idle *cafés* frequenters make a living, although doubtless their method of living costs but little here. Yet the amount of idleness is really astounding, side by side as it is with the hard, grinding, unending labor from dawn to dark of the field-laboring *fellaheen*. In Cairo one sees idle men by the scores of thousands. They have not the apologetic air of the idle workmen in Occidental countries. On the contrary, they seem to be idle and glad that they are, and they pass their time gazing with idle curiosity at the other idlers. The more active idlers at times make some sudden movement, such as to light a cigarette, and then the idlers around him follow his movements with idle curiosity. If a new idler arrives and goes to sleep, the earlier idlers gaze upon him with interest until he begins to snore. It is a common sight in Cairo to see one man doing nothing with five men watching him do it.

As to slumbering idlers, I do not think there can be any word for "insomnia" in the Arabic tongue. I have seen men asleep here in every conceivable posture and in every imaginable place. On the top of a wall, leaning against a camel, astride of a donkey, on top of a fodder heap, on an ambulant cart, in the shade by the bank of the Nile, on the parapet of a bridge across that river, and on the scorching stones of a mosque quadrangle at mid-day with the habble of thousands going on around the sleeper. And I even saw a man asleep seated on the lever of a Nile water-wheel—one of those primitive contrivances for raising water from the river into irrigating ditches, worked by a buffalo plodding in a circle, mercifully blindfolded lest the creature see whither it was going and grow weary of its monotonous task.

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Elsewhere I speak of lifting water by sweeps for irrigating. If the lifting of water by such primitive means seems odd in this day and generation, what do you think of lifting it by band? Yet even that primitive operation is to be seen from the Nile bridge near Cairo. The patient peasant, with bent back, stooping to the river level, and hour after hour lifting jars of water into a higher-level irrigating ditch, is a not uncommon sight. So, too, is the crooked stick for a plow, of which we have all heard so much. The American who is used to our elaborate agricultural implements and modern methods of farming is amazed. His first thought is to sell out his own business and at once bring over here a stock of American agricultural implements. But he would be doomed to bankruptcy. The people here prefer the crooked stick. Very absurd of them, doubtless, but they do. It is the case in other primitive countries besides Egypt. They decline the ingenious reapers, binders, and headers, and gigantic gang-plows of America, and cling to the crooked stick, the sickle, and the scythe. Their excuse is calculated to fill any "hustling" American with disgust. They say that if they buy a machine by which one man can do the work of twenty men, the other nineteen would have no work to do. This puerile argument makes them contented with their degraded condition. In America we know better. We have so improved agricultural machinery that one man now does the work of twenty. Hence populism. This is due to the other nineteen men who are out of a job. Most of them voted for Bryan four years ago. They will probably vote for him again this year.

There is a moral in this somewhere, but I do not know exactly what it is.

On the other hand, if Egypt's peasants cling to primitive agricultural methods, Egypt is certainly up to date in other things, such as methods of transportation, railway bridges, handsome buildings, and modern hotels. From the hent-backed peasant raising water by hand, you can lift your eyes to the fine steel bridge spanning the Nile, and over it you will see pouring at all hours a motley throng—English ladies and gentlemen in the nattiest of riding togs, mounted on fine, satin-skinned horses; veiled harem ladies looking out from the windows of elegant closed carriages, with gorgeously arrayed *saisies*, or running footmen, in advance; hordes of tourists in hackney carriages; strings of camels and camel-drivers; dashing young Egyptians in fezes, tooling swift automobiles; a four-in-hand coach with a gay party, bound from Cairo to the Pyramids; lofty loads of green fodder, depending from one end of which may be seen the switching tail of a minute donkey; Cairo clerks, mounted on bicycles; and, through the mass, a stream of peasants on foot, borne on asses, borne on camels, and themselves bearing burdens like the beasts of burden. Thus you may see the new and the old Egypt on the Nile bridge.

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In the citadel at Cairo stands the famous alabaster mosque of Mohammed Ali, founder of the Khedivial dynasty. I am not going to describe it. Suffice to say that it is a large and beautiful building, within it a magnificent mausoleum to the first Khedive. What leads me to speak of it is the long life of a lie. For it is from the eastern terrace of this mosque that Emin Bey is said to have made his wild leap to the rocky depths below.

You remember the old story—the massacre of the Mameluke Beys. Mohammed Ali scented a conspiracy, and invited them to parade in the court of the citadel. They entered through the Bab-el-Azab gateway, mounted on their Arabian horses and wearing their brilliant uniforms, the finest cavalry in the world. But when the portcullis fell behind them they found the dark walls spitting fire. From behind the battlements came volleys of musketry. They were ruthlessly shot down, and soon the brilliant Mame-

lukes were a bloody and writhing mass of men and horses.

All except Emin Bey. He spurred his charger over a heap of bodies to the battlements, and leaped from the dizzy height to the rocks below.

This is the story the dragomans tell. They luxuriate in it. They roll it as a sweet morsel under their tongues. They used to point out on the old wall the hoof-marks of Emin Bey's charger. But when Mohammed Ali built his beautiful alabaster mosque, the old wall was torn down and a new one took its place. It is scarcely credible, but hoof-marks have been cut in the new wall in order that the guides may tell their old story about the new wall!

It may be interesting to add that Emin Bey was not there at all. Being warned of the massacre he fled into Syria and there died of old age.

But the story of his leap will never die of old age. There is nothing like the life of a lie. To most minds nothing appeals so strongly as that which is incredible. But still it is remarkable that such foolish lies as this should endure. That they do is shown by the grave way in which the guides show you "Joseph's Well" in Old Cairo; "Mohammed's foot-print" on a stone in the mosque of Kait Bey; and in the ancient Coptic church in Old Cairo, "the place where Mary and Joseph rested."

At this Coptic church, by the way, the Christian beggars are worse than the Mohammedans. They kept assuring us "Me Christian—give me *backsheesh*!" and one particularly persistent girl actually had a cross tattooed on her wrist, at which she pointed incessantly to prove that she was indeed a Christian—blown in the hottle, as it were.

Another long-lived lie is that about the Caliph Omar and the Alexandrian library. When asked about the hooks—so the story runs—he replied briefly:

"If the hooks contain matter against the Koran, they are heretical. If they contain matter that is in the Koran, they are superfluous. Burn them." Which was done.

I have among my hooks a curious volume by Edouard Fournier, entitled "L'Esprit dans l'Histoire." It demolishes a great many traditions, among them this Alexandrian story. Fournier says that Caliph Omar burned no library at all, and that he did not destroy the great library at Alexandria, because it was accidentally burned many years before he was born.

But "the season" in Cairo is short. The time came when we must quit Egypt. It was rapidly growing too hot for non-Orientals. The so-called winter was giving way to summer—for there is no spring. Already the fields were dotted with wild-flowers. And regretfully we prepared to take our leave.

Ever since we journeyed southward from Alexandria, there have been running in my head some lines from Victor Hugo. I think they are in "Les Orientales." I have no books, and am quoting from memory—hence the imperfections. The lines run like this:

"L'Egypte! Elle était toute blonde des blés  
\* \* \* \* \* ses champs bariolés,  
Plaines qui des plaines prolongent.  
L'eau vaste et froide au Nord, au Sud le sable ardent  
Se disputent l'Egypte—elle rit cependant,  
Entre ces deux mers qui la rongent."

Before I had ever seen Egypt the lines had always impressed me as of exceeding beauty. The metaphors are striking—they might be paraphrased thus:

*Egypt unrolls her vast fields extending to the horizon, plain upon plain, all flower-bespangled; upon the North the cold waves of the Mighty Midland Sea—upon the South the hot waves of the ardent Sea of Sand—fight for the fair one. But Egypt, flower-crowned and blonde with wheat, laughs at the two seas gnawing at her sides.*

Now that I have had a glimpse of Egypt, Hugo's lines will always have for me an added beauty.

The subtle charm of the ancient land was upon us. We were loath to go. But from "the ardent Sea of Sand" there came the Khamseen—the hot wind—the evil wind. It is a warning to the wise traveler. So there began a great hegira. And wafted forth on the wings of the Khamseen, wandering wind from the Sea of Sand, we sailed out on the Mighty Midland Sea, and bade farewell to Egypt.

JEROME A. HART.

IN THE IONIAN SEA, April, 1900.

"If the unhappy event of the annihilation of the Boer republics is realized, can not France make this valiant race, which is the admiration of the entire world, an offer worthy of it and worthy of us?" This is the question of a French newspaper, which is inspired to make a generous offer. "Would it be impossible to say to the depopulated Boers, 'Come, all of you, to Madagascar. The island is immense and sparsely populated. You will find there a climate similar to that of the Transvaal, rich lands to cultivate, tranquillity henceforth assured under the shadow of the French flag. Come, you who have no longer a country. Four times has that which you founded been taken away from you—you shall have ours; you shall have France, loyal and generous. You were our friends; you shall be our brothers. And France, faithful to her tradition, will have once more served the cause of humanity, justice, and civilization.'"

Givet, in the Ardennes, is taking steps to put an end to the depopulation of France. Hereafter, in all town offices, first, fathers of more than three children, and next, married men, will be preferred to bachelors. Prizes of five dollars will be awarded yearly to those parents who have sent the largest number of children to school regularly, and scholarships in the national schools will be reserved for families only of more than three children. Fathers of families will also have the preference for admission to almshouses and old peoples' homes.

The average charge for tuition fees in American colleges is seventy-five dollars a year, while the cost to colleges is one hundred and fifteen dollars.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Captain T. Jenkins Hains, the sea-story writer, will leave for Panama soon to go over the route of the canal, being much interested in the isthmus canal project as author, sailor, and engineer.

There are only three members of the original McKinley Cabinet of three years ago still in office—Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury; John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy; and James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture.

William F. Miller, manager of the notorious get-rich-quick Franklin Syndicate, of whose methods our New York correspondent wrote some weeks ago, received the maximum penalty for his crime, a sentence of ten years in Sing Sing, at the hands of Judge Hurd, in the County Court, Brooklyn, on April 29th.

Mrs. Capron, widow of the Rough Rider captain who was one of the first officers killed in Cuba, will sail for the Philippines during this month to do Red Cross work. Since the death of her husband she has interested herself in the welfare of discharged soldiers, securing employment for many of them. She is also prominent in a movement to secure an appropriation from Congress for the erection of a monument in the plot at Arlington where are buried the soldiers who died in Cuba.

Queen Victoria has granted to the Duke of Fife, son-in-law of the Prince of Wales, the dignities of an earl and duke of the United Kingdom under the titles of Earl of Macduff and Duke of Fife, with the remainder in default of a male heir to the elder surviving daughter, and successively to the male heirs of the daughters by his wife, the Princess Louise of Wales, thus practically precluding the extinction of the title. The Duke and Duchess of Fife have two daughters, Lady Alexandra and Lady Maud Fife.

Siegfried Wagner, son of the famous composer, has successfully produced "Der Baerenheuter," an opera in three acts. The librettist founds his plot on German legends, and it is said that in the opera the love element is predominant, the music is melodious, rich, and rhythmical, and the influence of Meyerbeer, rather than of the composer's father, is strongly manifest. It has been called by some of his admirers the best of recent German operas, and the German audience upon the first night manifested unmistakable approval.

Major-General John R. Brooke has been ordered to assume command of the Department of the East this week, instead of waiting for General Merritt's retirement from active service on June 16th, when he will reach the age limit of sixty-four years. The change in arrangements has been made by the War Department on General Merritt's request to be relieved on May 10th, and his request, made at the same time, for permission to remain abroad for six months has been granted. General Merritt expects to sail for Europe about the middle of this month.

Mrs. Harriet Butterfield Littlehale, a life-long resident of Tyngsboro, Mass., was one hundred years old on April 14th, and gave a birthday-party in honor of the event. People drove from miles around to extend their congratulations, and she received many gifts, among them a hundred large peppermints, for which Mrs. Littlehale has an inherited New England weakness. She received callers at the home of her son, Peter Littlehale, surrounded by her descendants, reaching to the fifth generation. She has fourteen grandchildren, thirty-seven great-grandchildren, and twelve great-great-grandchildren. Mrs. Littlehale is the granddaughter of one of the patriots who rallied to his country's call at Concord and Lexington. Her husband died forty-four years ago.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, whose story of the French Revolution, "The Adventures of François," is to be dramatized by his son for production next season, although known to the public at large for his many interesting novels, enjoys an almost equal fame as a specialist in diseases of the nerves. He is also a naturalist of note, and has genius as a poet. This many-sided man was born in Philadelphia, educated in the University of Pennsylvania, and graduated from the celebrated Jefferson Medical College in 1850. His anatomical study of the rattlesnake (1860) is still standard. His works on subjects cognate with medicine number one hundred. He began to write novels, as a form of relaxation, about twenty years ago, and so brilliant were his early successes that he has devoted his vacations to this form of amusement ever since. He is now seventy-one years old.

Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, is slowly but surely losing all his popularity in Spain through the manner in which he treats the children of his first wife, a sister of the Duke of Parma (says London *Vanity Fair*). The duke is at present engaged in a law-suit with his second daughter, the Princess Elvira, who, it will be remembered, caused a considerable scandal some few years ago by eloping with an artist named Folchi. Since that time she has remained away from her family, but she has at times been almost in want of necessities. It seems that the late Duchess of Madrid (*née* Princess of Bournon-Parma) left a large fortune equally divided among her four children; but since her death (in the year 1893) the interest of the money has been used by Don Carlos, and he has made his children only scanty allowances. Since her elopement the Princess Elvira has determined to obtain her rights. According to Spanish law, the princess is in the right, and would win her suit in a court of law; but her father, who is determined, if possible, to retain the use of his first wife's fortune for his own pleasures, has declared that he can not be tried as a Spanish subject, since he and his family do not reside in that country; and, as his mother was a member of the Austrian imperial house, he demands to be tried by the Austrian law. The trial would seem to be most fortunate for the present Spanish dynasty; and it may be that it will put an end to the Carlist intrigues.



## A GAME YOUNG TENDERFOOT.

The Quest for a Brother, and Its Ending.

"Two-Horse" Charlie drove the spurs into the flanks of his bronco and turned his back on the last settlement between Marysville and the "diggings." There was something like a home-sick feeling that came with the thought that he had eaten his last meal in a house presided over by a woman, for although civilization has its terrors, the parting, when one has grown up in it and known nothing better thirty years and more, sometimes brings a pang. The week spent in the city had had an unsettling effect.

The few houses that clung to the rocky hill-side along the road had fences around them which suggested a domestic life within, pigs and chickens to be kept from straying, or even children to be kept from running away—little tousle-headed youngsters with warm breath and soft arms. In the windows of a house that had its front door painted were beautiful red things growing in kegs and tin cans, and running down from the door-post to the front gate was a clothes-line that told the history of the home. A blue-checked apron and a pink sun-bonnet swayed and courtesied as if they knew they were the belles of the line, and the little children's torn togs lollicked and kicked in the wind, and almost shouted in their glee as they struggled to free themselves from line and clothes-pins to follow the wind up the hill-side.

However, the keen mountain air cutting against the rider's face as he galloped up the trail was not conducive to sentimental reveries, and his sharp lookout for "road agents" soon dissipated even the memory of the pink sun-bonnet. The crack of a twig or the scampering of a chipmunk might mean the proximity of Monte Jack or some of his men, and although he was going from instead of toward the city, he still had enough gold dust about him to make a sharp lookout worth while.

At every step the trail grew steeper and the wind sharper. The little bronco sniffed the air and straightened out into a swinging gait as he felt his native heath beneath his feet. The rider felt its influence, too; he threw back his head, squared his broad chest, and in the stillness of the gathering darkness hummed snatches of old songs he had not thought of for years. Somehow, although the pink bonnet itself was forgotten, the sight of it had done its work, and "Nelly Was a Lady," and "The Girl I Left Behind Me," went tripping as blithely through his brain as if years of hard work and sordid living had never banished them. The lookout for road-agents was finally forgotten in the train of associations that came in their wake, and after "Lubly Nell" was safely laid, the "Old Folks at Home" came up before him. A few faint stars began to peep out, while the rugged solitudes listened breathlessly to the unusual sounds, and away back among the pines Echo took it up and whispered softly to herself "—kind old mudder," and the hills in front of him murmured with a sigh, "—mudder, mudder."

The old folks who had meant home to him were gone long ago, but the memory was fresh and vivid, because it had been so deeply stowed away at the bottom of somewhere, it had never grown dim from being dragged up to the light. The old farm back in "the States" was still there, and the house, too, perhaps, with the pump on the porch, and the corn-husk mat before the door, where your boots had to be scraped before you were allowed to come into the kitchen; and, in all probability, there was a dog under the stove. Not old Blaze, in whose shaggy mane he had hidden his shamed-face tears the day he started West, but any dog would complete the picture. The younger children were probably leaving home by this time and going through the same "wolfish" feelings with the same hardy front.

When, after many miles of steep trail-climbing, Two-Horse finally reached the camp, he found the boys had all turned in, and the place was deserted. Their hoots were ranged around the fire drying, and sent out a hot steam and strong odor of old leather, but it was a sort of home-coming after all, and he laid himself down contentedly before the fire, and soon was dreaming that the boys in the camp were hanging their stockings up in the old kitchen at home, all crowned with pink sun-bonnets.

The morning brought a general surprise when the boys discovered their lost man was among them again. No one had heard him come in, for when they had "turned in" it was exclusively for the purpose of sleeping. As head after head popped up, questions flew like missiles about the newcomer's ears, till finally he found an opening to say, "What's the news with you?"

At this the boys exchanged glances, they had deferred to his story because he had just reached home, but there was much suppressed excitement in the camp. "Sandy Jim" was the only one who could give a coherent account, for he had met the fellow and knew the direction he had taken. A horse had been stolen from "The Dead Luck" a few days before, one of the boys had met the stage across the ravine, and the driver had told him about it, and that very night, he, Sandy, had seen a young chap riding a fine, big, black horse for all he was worth down toward the valley. The fellow was only a sapling, and the horse had looked mighty jaded, so they would not have much trouble running him down. Sandy was not given to much speaking, and when he got sufficiently warmed up to his subject to remove his tobacco and make a five-minute speech, it was proof enough that he knew what he was talking about.

With scant ceremony over the breakfast the boys drew on their boots and were ready for the start. The horse-thief couldn't have gotten very far, for, as Sandy had said, he and the horse were both pretty nearly "petered out" when he had seen them.

After the first heavy snow-fall the digging had to be given up, and all the boys who could get away had gone down to the city for the winter, so the few stayed with the claim to prevent "jumping," and those who had been in the city the

winter before and for various reasons found it safer to stay away this winter, scented the chase with the zest of a bloodhound. They ramped up and down impatient for the start, and when they were fairly mounted and off the blood leaped through their veins and their ears were pricked up to catch the slightest sound. They did not bay or hark, because they could not; it is in this respect the one animal shows his superiority over the other—the bloodhound can. The flurry of snow the night before had covered up all tracks, but any one who took the trail had to keep on, for there were no detours.

There had not been an excitement like this for nearly two years. The last horse-thief had fallen into the hands of a tenderfoot camp who had taken him down to the alcalde for a trial, but by the time they had done all that every one had lost interest in the affair and the fellow had cleared himself by proving he had not stolen the horse. This posse was of quite a different sort. They were bound by the love of law and justice to preserve order in the mountains, and he who caught up with a horse-thief was sheriff, jury, and hangman all in one.

Toward noon the party met the stage out from La Porte, but the driver could give them no information about the man they were looking for. Just as their spirits began to flag and a suspicion began to creep over them that they might after all be harking up the wrong tree, they saw something that brought the hope back to their hearts and the blood to their eyes—a little pile of charred sticks which told a story of cold and fatigue. The fellow was evidently a stranger in these parts and not used to riding all day in the cold. Sandy had said he was a young-looking chap, which explained he was new to the business, or he would never have left his tracks uncovered behind him. If this proved to be his first offense there might still be some good in him; if they could get the horse back without any trouble they would be easy on the chap—some of them had younger brothers themselves—and, as it was only law and justice they were after, they would let him have a last say and blindfold him before they strung him up.

When the shadows closed in around them they had just begun to find his scent warm, but Heaven, which is always on the side of law and justice, sent them a clear night and a full moon for the round-up. Suddenly, from the top of a ridge from which he could command the whole country, a whoop from Two-Horse warned them their prey was in sight, and with an answering whoop they opened on the scent. Leaning almost flat over their horses' ears and scattering the loose snow behind them like spray, they rode down upon the horse-thief.

To their surprise the fellow on the jaded black horse stopped and waited for them to come up, but after all that was the only thing he could do, for their horses were still comparatively fresh. He was so muffled between his coat collar and slouch hat that not much of his face was visible, but his hands showed he had not always preferred horse-stealing to hard work.

Sandy Jim, as master of ceremonies by virtue of having seen him the night before, was the first to speak: "Wall, stranger, pretty cold ride ye've given us after this critter, but I guess we'll laugh last, this time."

The stranger turned quickly from the speaker as Two-Horse, who, after having ridden around him and sniffed his prey, ordered him to dismount.

Here Sandy, suspecting a rival in his own enterprise, took the reins out of his hands, and said to Two-Horse, "No, you don't!" Then, turning to the fellow, "Stranger, stay on yer hoss, it's easier talkin' when ye feel a saddle under ye. Now young feller, we are goin' to he fa'r and squar' with ye; all we are after is law and justice; ye stole that hoss, and ye knowed the penalty. If you'd got off safe she would ha' been yourn, but as yer caught, we'll have to ask ye to give her up, but I guess we can let ye have the bridle to swing by."

This little sally of wit brought a murmur of approval from the others, but the fellow looked from one to the other of his captors, and began rather blankly: "I'm sorry I've put you fellows to all this trouble, but if you'll let me explain—"

"Yes," interrupted Two-Horse, cutting in over Sandy's proprietary airs, "I reckon you will explain, but we'll excuse the trouble you've put us to if you'll just tell us whether you're the fellow that stole this horse or not."

"Well, yes; that is, not exactly—"

"No hedgin'," chipped in Sandy, with a defiant glance at Two-Horse; "it either is or is not yer hoss. Now say quick, 'yes' or 'no.'"

Sandy's fumbling with the bridle admonished the prisoner his only chance was in getting in a prompt explanation. "I'll tell you the whole story if you'll only give me the chance," pursued the stranger. "It is not really my horse now, I suppose—"

"Gentlemen," said Sandy, solemnly, "you hear his own confession. Hoss-stealin' is hoss-stealin' in my opinion. Stranger, ye'd better git off yer hoss; it's gittin' late."

The five men closed in around the central figure; there was a moment's pause, and the horse-thief, at the second command, took off his hat. They were surprised to see how young he was when the moon shone into his face, for, despite the strained look in his eyes and the haggard lines about his mouth, he was very boyish, and his hair curled on his forehead like a woman's.

The sight brought something to Old Peak's mind. "Boys," he said, "the fellow's only a kid; can't you see that? You ain't givin' him a fair show. Let him have his say, can't ye?"

In their exultation over having run down their prey they had forgotten for the moment that it was only law and justice they were after.

The boy didn't notice the speaker, but seized his opportunity greedily. "There is just one thing I would like to say," he began, breathlessly; "there are five of you, and if you want to hang me, I guess you'll do it anyway. I'm not going to beg for my life. I may steal a horse—"

his lip dropped, but he pulled himself up and went on: "I ask you now, and you're bound to respect a man's last request, don't let Nell fall into the hands of the man who owns her. You see, it's this way: she has carried me all the way from Georgia, we've been four months getting here, and I tell you on my word of honor that up to the day before yesterday she was mine."

That the word of honor of a horse-thief was not the best security in the world did not seem to daunt the young fellow in the least.

"I tell you honestly I stole that horse," he continued, seeing the feeling was turning; "but even then she was more my horse than anybody's else. I raised her on the farm, and when I started West she was everything I had in the world. I've got a brother somewhere in California. He struck out when I was a little chap, and although we've about lost track of him we know he is somewhere in the mines. When we got to Poker Flat, Nell and I were both awful seedy, and I hated to meet Charlie looking that way, for I guess he's pretty rich now—he's been in California a long time, and I was afraid he'd be ashamed of us. I've heard all about how people get rich in a night playing cards, so when I fell in with a man who asked me to take a hand at *vantoon*, I jumped at the chance. At first I won like anything, and then I began to lose. I lost my coat, and my blankets, and my saddle; then the man said he'd give them all back and call it square if I'd put up Nell. There was nothing else I could do, so I had to let her go. Then, when he had got her, he said it was the horse he had had his eye on all the time, and he had intended to have her from the moment he saw her. When the fellows had all cleared out of the bar-room I went around to the shed to have a last look at her and tell her good-by. She seemed to know I had done her a dirty trick. She rubbed her nose up and down my sleeve and whinnied and pawed till I got on her back just for a little good-by trot. Then I got to going pretty fast, and the air was crisp, and the snow was hard, and I kept on, till all at once it came over me that if I got far enough away we might be safe, and I knew if I could only find Charlie he'd help me out. He's got me out of lots of scrapes before now, when I was a little chap."

The boy put his arm around Nell's neck, and buried his head in her shaggy mane. The next moment he raised his white face and confronted the representatives of law and justice. "That's all I've got to say," he said, hoarsely, "but if you take Nell, be good to her."

No one seemed quite ready to make the first move after listening to his story. Sandy edged up to his rival and whispered:

"Why don't ye say something, Two-Hoss? Ye was awful anxious to chip in a little while ago; why don't ye speak up now?"

Just at the moment when the scales hung even, Sandy's taunt fanned up Two-Horse's antagonism. Without looking at the boy, he spoke up: "If Sandy's going to weaken, I guess he sees he's given us all this day's ride after the wrong chap. Maybe he didn't see him yesterday, after all. I say, are we a party of law-abiding citizens bound to preserve law and justice in these mountains, or are we a society for the protection of tenderfeet?"

Two-Horse's sentiments turned the scale. The boys had had a feeling all along that they were being harked off their prey, after an all day's chase. "It's too bad, young fellow," they said, "but it's law and justice we are bound to uphold. We've got to make an example of somebody, or we'll have these parts overrun with outlaws of all kinds. I guess you'd better get off your horse."

The fellow was game. Not a man in the crowd but looked on with admiration. No one had asked his name, for it did not in the least matter, so long as the principle was being maintained, and there was nothing on his person that disclosed his identity. And as the posse, bound by the love of law and justice, turned campward, the riderless Nell was led by Two-Horse, the brother for whom the hoy had been searching.

MARGUERITE STABLER.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1900.

The Dutch minister of foreign affairs was attacked by the Catholics because he did not send the Pope an invitation to send a delegate to the International Peace Congress. The minister replied that this would have been done had not the Italian Government objected. The Amsterdam *Standaard* thereupon published a series of articles intended to show that many other valid reasons should have prevented the invitation to the Pope. The following argument is condensed from them by the *Literary Digest*: "The Pope is no longer a monarch; that in itself should have been enough. As a pretender, he could not well expect to hold the same rank with established powers. Had he been invited to cooperate, the ex-king of the two Sicilies and the pretender of Hanover also could have claimed an invitation—clearly an impossibility. Next comes the claim of the Pope as spiritual head of Christendom. This the Pope was once, but he is so no longer. He is not even the spiritual head of the most powerful governments. His secular influence does not, therefore, warrant that he should receive the consideration of a power. It should further be considered that in such cases either the secular or the spiritual authorities, or both, are summoned. The Pope can not pass for both. But if his cooperation had been asked as head of a church, the assistance of the head of three hundred thousand Confucians should have been invited, as well as the head of the Greek Church, the Moderator of the Pan-Presbyterian Council, etc. But such considerations would have been of little avail. The Pope has no intention to take his place among stars of equal magnitude. He recognizes no coordination of churches; he claims to be the head of the one and only Christian church. In the case of a purely European congress, an invitation to the Pope could have been defended on the grounds that only an old conventional habit was being followed. But a world's congress would not permit such excuse."



## "THE UNKNOWN."

Camille Flammarion's Contribution to Psychic Literature—Some Remarkable Instances of Telepathic Communication Made by the Dying—A Premonitory Dream.

The publication of "The Unknown," a translation of M. Camille Flammarion's "L'Inconnu," which created a sensation in France last year, is sure to arouse interest in this country, for it is an eminent scientist's study of the phenomena of the so-called "spirit world." In order to make his volume as complete as possible, M. Flammarion, on March 26, 1899, appealed to the readers of the *Annales Politiques et Littéraires*, and a few months later to those of the *Petit Marseillais* and *Revue des Revues*, asking them to tell him of any facts which had fallen under their own observation or had been reported to them on good authority by those connected with them. He received 4,280 answers; 2,456 were no, and 1,824 were yes.

Out of these last there were 1,758 letters that gave more or less details, but the greater number were documents that did not suit my purpose. I picked out, however, 786 important ones, which have been classified, copied as to their principal facts, and the information they contained is added to my stock of knowledge. What struck me in all these narratives was the loyalty, good faith, frankness, and delicacy of their writers, who were careful to tell only what they knew and how they came to know it, without adding to or subtracting anything from the subject. Each correspondent affirms upon his honor that he is reporting facts exactly as he has known them.

These 786 letters, when copied and numbered, contained 1,130 different facts, and were classified thus:

Manifestations from and apparitions of the dying, manifestations from and apparitions of living persons not ill, manifestations and apparitions of the dead, sight of things taking place far off, premonitory dreams, foresight of the future, dreams showing the dead, meetings foreseen by some inspiration, presentiments realized, doubles of persons living, movement of inanimate things without apparent cause, communication of thought at a distance, impressions felt by animals, cries heard from a great distance, bolted doors opening of themselves, haunted houses, and experiments in spiritualism.

The first fifteen cases given in the volume were reported to M. Flammarion by people with whom he was personally acquainted and whose word he finds it impossible to doubt. The following incident, related to him by Mme. Ulric de Fonvielle, was observed by herself and by all her family:

She lived at Rotterdam. One night about eleven the household, according to their usual custom, had family prayers, then each went to his or her own chamber. Mme. de Fonvielle had been in bed but a few minutes, and was still awake, when she saw before her at the foot of her old-fashioned headstead with its canopy, that its curtains were pulled aside and one of her early friends (whose name was never mentioned in the family, and whom she had not seen for three years because of some misunderstanding with her family) stood before her as distinctly as if she had been a living person. She was dressed in a large white wrapper, her black hair hung loose upon her shoulders, she looked fixedly at her former friend with her great black eyes, and, stretching out her hand to her, said in Dutch:

"Madame, I am going away now. Can you forgive me?"

Mme. de Fonvielle sat up in bed and stretched out her own hand to grasp the hand extended to her, but the vision disappeared suddenly.

The room was lighted by a night-lamp, and everything in it was visible. Just then the clock struck the hour of midnight.

The next morning, as Mme. de Fonvielle was telling her mother of this extraordinary apparition, there was a riq at the front door. It was a telegram from The Hague, with these words: "Marie died last night at 11:45."

Here is another from a correspondent signing "A. Hess":

"My dear mother died Saturday, April 8, 1893. The previous Wednesday I had received a letter from her, saying that she had no more trouble with her heart, and speaking of an expedition she had made on Saturday, April 1st, to our country-place at Wasselonne. I had intended to go out on this Saturday, April 8th. I dined quietly at noon, but about two o'clock I felt excruciating pains. I went up to my room and flung myself into an easy-chair, where I burst into tears. I saw my mother lying on her bed, wearing a white muslin cap with ruffles, such as I had never seen her wear, and she was dead. My old servant, becoming anxious because she did not hear my footsteps, came up and was surprised to see me in such despair. I told her what I had seen and the anguish that I felt. She said it must be my nerves, and made me complete my toilet. I went out of the house like a person who knows not what she is doing. Five minutes later I heard the steps of my husband coming up behind me. He was hring me a dispatch: "Mother hopeless. Will not live through the night." "She is dead!" I cried. "I knew it. I saw her."

"I went home, and we made ready to start by the next train. It was 2:30, Paris time, when I saw my mother lying on her death-bed, and three hours later we learned by telegraph that she had died suddenly at 3:30, Strassburg time. She had not felt ill, but had lain down two hours before her death, complaining of being very sleepy, and she had no idea of dying, for she got my father to read her a letter, standing at the foot of her bed. She did not ask to see her children, but I think she must have been thinking of me in her last moments. When I arrived at Strassburg, Monday, about 11 o'clock, my mother had been buried, but those who dressed her wrote to me that, just as I had seen, she wore the muslin cap and was laid with it in her coffin."

Mrs. Isabelle Allom, 18 Batoum Gardens, W. Kensington, London, writes:

"I see no reason why I should not tell you how my mother appeared to me on the day she died, although it is a subject on which I have seldom spoken, because it is an event very sacred to me, and because I would not like to have any one throw doubt upon my story or make a mock of it.

"I went to a school in Alsace in the month of October, 1832. I was then seventeen. My mother remained in England. Her health was delicate. Towards Christmas, 1833, fourteen months after I left home, I heard that my mother had grown worse, but I did not imagine that her life was in any danger. On the last Sunday of February, 1834, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, I was sitting in the great study at school. I was reading, when suddenly the figure of my mother appeared at the farthest corner of the room. It leaned backward, as if she were lying in her bed, and she had on her night-gown. Her face, with a sweet smile, was turned toward me, and one of her hands was raised to heaven.

"The apparition passed slowly across the room. It seemed to ascend as it walked, until the moment it disappeared. Her body and her features seemed contorted by sickness. I had never seen my mother looking like that while living. She was deathly pale.

"From the moment when I saw the apparition I was certain that my mother was dead. I was so much impressed by what I had seen that I found it impossible to fix my mind upon my studies, and it was real pain to me to see my younger sister playing and amusing herself with her companions.

"Two or three days later, after prayers, my school-mistress called me into her private room. As soon as we were there I said: 'You need not tell me. I know my mother is dead.' She asked me how I could possibly know this. I would not give her any explanation, but I assured her I had known it for three days. I learned later that mamma had died on Sunday at the hour when I saw her, and that she had been unconscious for a day or two. I am not an imaginative woman, I am not easily impressed, and neither before nor after has anything like this happened to me."

A strange, premonitory dream is furnished by one Martin Halle, who writes:

"I was living at Cete with my wife, her mother, and my two daughters, in a villa on the slope of a mountain. I went every morning into the town in a carriage that I hired by the month, and which came for me always at 8 A. M. Now, one day I awoke at five, after a horrible dream.

"I had seen a girl fall out of a window, and she was killed on the spot. I told this dream to my family. It was seven o'clock, and they were all getting up. They were much startled by it. I went down into the garden to wait until eight o'clock, when the carriage would come for me as usual. But it did not arrive until half-past nine. I was much annoyed at this delay, which would interfere with my business. But the driver told me that the reason he had come instead of his master was because that morning at five o'clock his little girl (ten years old, I think) had fallen out of a window, and was dead. I had never seen the child."

Space will not permit further quotations, but those interested in the matter will find much material for consideration in the varied assortment. From this mass of evidence M. Flammarion claims to have proved that there really are manifestations from the dying, psychic action from a distance, mental communications, and a knowledge of things by the mind without the intervention of the senses. We may see without eyes and hear without ears, not by unnatural excitement of our sense of vision or of hearing, for these accounts prove the contrary, but by some interior sense, psychic and mental. The soul, by its interior vision, may see not only what is passing at a great distance, but it may also know in advance what is to happen in the future. The future exists potentially, determined by causes which bring to pass successive events.

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## OLD FAVORITES.

### A Leave-Taking.

Let us go hence, my soogs: she will not hear;  
Let us go hence together without fear.  
Keep silence now, for siogio-time is over,  
And over all old things and all things dear;  
She loves not you nor me as all we love her;  
Yea, though we sang as angels in her ear,  
She would not hear.

Let us rise up and part: she will not know.  
Let us go seaward as the great winds go,  
Full of blown sand and foam. What help is there?  
There is no help, for all these things are so,  
And all the world is hither as a tear.  
And how these things are, though ye strove to show,  
She would not know.

Let us go home ad hence: she will not weep.  
We gave love many dreams and days to keep,  
Flowers without scent, and fruits that would not grow,  
Saying, "If thou wilt, thrust in thy sickle, and reap."  
All is reaped now; no grass is left to mow:  
And we that sowed, though all we fell on sleep,  
She would not weep.

Let us go hence and rest: she will not love.  
She shall not hear us, how we sing hereof,  
Nor see love's ways, how sore they are and steep.  
Come hence, let he, he still: it is enough.  
Love is a barren sea, hither and deep;  
And, though she saw all heaven in flower above,  
She would not love.

Let us give up, go down: she will not care.  
Though all the stars made gold of all the air,  
And the sea moving saw before it move  
One moon-flower making all the foam-flowers fair;  
Though all those waves went over us, and drove  
Deep down the stifling lips and drowning hair,—  
She would not care.

Let us go hence, go hence: she will not see.  
Sing all once more together; surely she will see,  
She too, remembering days and words that were,  
Will turn a little toward us, sighing; but we,  
We are hence, we are gone, as though we had not been there.  
Nay, and though all men seeing had pity on me,  
She would not see.—A. G. Sainburne.

A number of negroes have presented to Señor Tamayo, secretary of government in Cuba, a petition, to be submitted to Governor-General Wood, asking the latter to issue a decree making illegal the use by newspapers, official documents, and police warrants of such terms as "mulatto," "colored," and "brown," which distinguish a man by his color. The petition asks that the papers and the authors of such documents shall be instructed to use the word "citizen." It says: "The colored race has already proved its value and capability; and the continuance of the use of such descriptive epithets only tends to perpetuate the barrier between the black and the white."

Twenty years ago a poor family in New York was evicted in a cold rain from a tenement owned by Henry Bergh. At the very time Mr. Bergh, then the head of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was in court making a tearful plea for the punishment of a restaurant proprietor who had exposed turtles on their backs as a sign of a toothsome feature of his dinner bill of fare. Mr. Bergh, when seen about the case, declared that his "wicked partner," his house agent, was responsible.

There is nothing mediæval about the pilgrimage to Rome in this year of jubilee. Within the Eternal City electric cars and horse-cars to St. Peter's keep down the greed of cab-drivers anxious to overcharge, and now the *Tablet* announces that the pilgrims from Padua will pedal their way to Rome on bicycles along the old Via Emilia. Punctured tires will test the pilgrim's patience in place of the peas in his sandal shoon.

Four New South Wales lepers have been treated by the leprosy serum method devised by Dr. Juan de Dios Carrasquilla, of Bogota, and declared by him to have been successful in a hundred cases. The Australian doctors, however, declare that after a very careful test they were unable to detect any improvement, and that the disease continued its progress in the patients.

## THE GRAU COMPANY'S GOOD-BY.

New York's Season of Grand Opera Closes in a Blaze of Glory—Profits of a Successful Winter—Plans for the Return of the Singers.

New York's opera season closed last evening with a grand benefit performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, at which the largest and one of the most brilliant audiences was seen, and Maurice Grau received as a tribute to his successful methods no less than \$12,000, gained by the last appearance of his great artists. The programme was a long one—the second act of "The Magic Flute," the second act of "Carmen," the third act of "Tristan and Isolde," and the mad scene from "Lucia"—and midnight had come and gone before the last thunders of applause had died away, the last avalanche of flowers fallen upon the stage, and the *impresario*, after repeated calls, appeared and spoke his thanks and farewell. Emma Calvé, Marcella Sembrich, Lillian Nordica, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Clementine de Vere, Suzanne Adams, Susan Strong, Zélie de Lussan, Herr Dippel, M. Plançon, M. Van Dyck, Signors Scotti, Salignac, and Campanari were prominent among the singers who added to their list of triumphs, and, in fact, all of the stars of the company appeared except Mme. Emma Eames-Story, who was ill, and Edouard de Reszké, who begged off on account of dinner engagements. So the long season came to an end in a blaze of glory and an atmosphere of mutual satisfaction.

While the season had many pleasing features, it was not so brilliantly successful as that of last year. The company was a strong one—the finest we have ever had, with the exception of a lack of tenors—and the orchestra and its conductors were satisfactory. The stage management, however, has been criticised for slipshod work, especially notable in the Wagner representations, but there were some extenuating conditions. Thirty operas have been given, and of the one hundred and two performances Wagner's works made up the programme just one-third of the time. Gounod was next in favor with thirteen representations, Bizet with ten, Mozart (strange to say) with ten, Mascagni with six, Meyerheer and Donizetti with five each, Rossini with four, and Beethoven, Leoncavallo, Nicolai, and Thomas had but one performance each to their credit. There were no new operas presented, but four old favorites were revived, "The Magic Flute," "Don Pasquale," "Fidelio," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and the one first mentioned was undoubtedly the event of the season. "Die Meistersinger" was given for the first time in German by the Grau Company, and perhaps should be mentioned among the revivals, as it gave a number of the artists opportunity to appear in new parts, and was more satisfactory as a whole than most of the Wagner operas. The fact is that the attendance has not been large on Wagner nights, and it is evident that the curiosity of the public concerning the master's works has been sated.

Plans for next season have already been made known in a general way. It has been said that Calvé will not come to America this fall, but that conclusion is by no means assured. More probable is the rumor that she will again appear as Carmen—the part in which she wins the highest praise, making that opera the most popular of any given by the company—and in two other rôles. Melha is to come, but that means that Sembrich will not be a member of the company, though she will be heard in concerts. Mme. Sembrich has worked hard to win the American public, and has succeeded, though it has taken her nearly ten years to establish herself as an operatic favorite, and even now her contract is not renewed. Mmes. Eames and Nordica and Jean de Reszké are to be among Mr. Grau's stars, and, of course, Scotti—the haritone who has made a very favorable impression—Plançon, and Dippel. By the way, it is announced that the company will leave France in October, land here, and be carried by special train across the continent, to open the season in San Francisco early in November, and remain with you three weeks. After Grau's disappointing experience in Chicago, it is almost certain that he will leave that city off his route on the return journey to this city.

From the *impresario* down to the least important of the members of his company, there can hardly be found one who has reason to consider the results of the season's work with anything but smiling content. Mr. Grau's profits are not much under \$125,000. Mme. Sembrich has at least \$90,000 to reward her for her six months' work and console her for past disappointments; Mme. Calvé has earned \$65,000; and Mme. Eames and Mme. Nordica have been paid no less than \$40,000 each. M. Van Dyck will return to Belgium with about \$65,000 to show for his earnest efforts, and Edouard de Reszké would have earned as much had illness not prevented his appearance a number of times. Not all the singers have secured such awe-inspiring amounts, but all have been well paid. To the manager, whose plans must insure the taking in of enough to meet such demands, the figures are quite as formidable as they are to the public. Opera in New York made bankrupts of such financiers as Colonel Mapleson and Henry E. Ahhey, and Edmund Stanton and Walter Damrosch found it a costly amusement. There is talk often of another organization to take the field here, to be headed by such artists as Mme. Brema, Lillian Blauvelt, and David Bispham, but it will come to nothing. Grau has no reason to fear any schemes for a rival company.

Hurried farewells were said behind the scenes at the opera-house last night, or, rather, this morning, for to-day the Havre steamer *La Touraine* sails, and hooked for passage on her are a number of the leading figures in the Grau Company. Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Grau, Emma Calvé, Pol Plançon, and Edouard de Reszké are among those who turn their faces eastward, and others will soon follow. Six months later these birds of passage will be with us once more, warbling their sweetest notes, for in no other country can they be sure of such material appreciation.

NEW YORK, April 26, 1900.

FLANCO



## LITERARY NOTES.

Gertrude Atherton's Novel of Washington Life.

"Politics are very complicated," remarks Senator North, the hero of Gertrude Atherton's latest novel, and the reader will say as much of life in the higher circles of the national capital after a conscientious study of the book. It is evident that Mrs. Atherton has attempted to give a veritable representation of Washington conduct. Many of her pictures are well drawn, and could have been sketched only by a spectator of the scenes portrayed, but her hero and heroine are not real. They are strange mixtures of passion and calm intellectuality, and win neither admiration nor sympathy. There are four or five characters in the drama who move naturally and speak convincingly, but they are not the ones upon whom the author has lavished her powers of analysis and description. And in her efforts to create the atmosphere of legislative and official existence, and to use the impulses and interests of the world of politics as parts of the machinery of her story, she betrays not rarely the limitations of her knowledge.

Betty Madison, twenty-seven years of age, of honored Southern ancestry, rich and attractive, decides, after the distractions of travel and social gayeties pall upon her, to take up the study of politics and representative government, and for the first time makes the acquaintance of congressmen and diplomats, although practically all her life has been passed in Washington. Almost immediately she falls in love with Senator North, a man of sixty, who has been for years one of the honored representatives of a New England State in the highest legislative body in the world, and divided his time between the weighty duties of his position and attendance upon his invalid wife. The emotions kindled in the heart of this ambitious woman of twenty-seven, who seems more like a romantic maid of sixteen, are recognized at once by the elderly statesman, and responded to frankly. Tardily, however, Betty discovers that the attachment has become dangerous, and accepts another suitor in self-defense. At this juncture the senator's wife dies.

The sub-plot of the story contains a more tragic interest. Betty's father left an illegitimate daughter, bearing the stain of negro blood, and her existence is made known to her white half-sister after both have grown to womanhood. The efforts of the girl of the superior race to make secure the happiness of her father's ill-fated child, and their utter failure, are described with art and sincere purpose. This motive, not meant to be dominant, is, after all, the most impressive one of the book.

There is little of Mrs. Atherton's usual brilliancy in "Senator North." Her epigrams are charily bestowed, and her satire upon men, women, and manners of the capital is seldom keen or amusing.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Under Orders of John Paul Jones.

The romance of Barry O'Neill, lieutenant on the *Ranger*, and afterward on the *Bon Homme Richard*, under that brave and gallant commander, John Paul Jones, is told in Cyrus Townsend Brady's latest novel, "The Grip of Honor." It is a story of the sea, containing stirring descriptions of some of the exploits of that first of American sea-fighters—notably his desperate battle with the *Serapis* and capture of the English frigate after his own vessel was in a sinking condition—yet some of its most picturesque and thrilling situations are on land.

Lieutenant O'Neill was the son of a marshal of France, and bore a French title in his own right, though he was of Irish blood. He was captivated by the appearance and enthusiasm of John Paul Jones, and joined him gladly when the *Ranger* first came to France, receiving permission with other French officers to enter the American service temporarily. One of his earliest adventures was the rescue of a high-born English lady from a vessel which had been run upon the rocks to keep her out of the hands of the American captain, and this lady, the ward of Lord Westbrook, was from that time the star of his hopes. Lady Elizabeth was already promised to Major Coventry, the son of her guardian, but the dashing young Irishman soon gains a higher place in her favor. The first meeting of the rivals develops into a duel in which O'Neill is the victor, but his refusal to triumph over a defeated foe wins the admiration of the Englishman, who is no less brave and honorable.

After more than a year's absence at sea O'Neill seizes an opportunity to land once more on English soil and visit the castle where Lady Elizabeth anxiously waits to hear from him, but the governor captures him, and condemns him to death as a spy. Before the sentence is to be carried out the English officer makes O'Neill an offer which is calculated to test his honor, for it is no less than a promise of freedom and the hand of the fair Lady Elizabeth if the young lieutenant will consent to betray his captain into the hands of his enemies. O'Neill spurns the proposal, and nearly loses his life in consequence, for he is saved only by a desperate stratagem of the heroine, after the rope has been tightened about his neck.

That great sea-fight off Scarborough follows closely, and though O'Neill was not one of those who participated, he was only a short distance away, floating in a little boat, in which he had escaped

from the *Serapis*, and before the smoke had cleared away he had reached the vessel, now in the hands of her captors. And in her cabin, where only a few hours before the chaplain had offered a prayer in his behalf, thinking an execution was at hand, the same chaplain makes secure his title to the prize he had won.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"Robert Tournay," a novel of the French Revolution, by William Sage, just published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is being dramatized for Daniel Frohman by the author and his mother, Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, the well-known writer on American history and English literature, and the adapter to the stage of several well-known books.

Sir Walter Besant is the latest English author to announce that he is considering a lecture and reading tour in the United States.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard College, who was appointed one of Ruskin's literary executors, sailed for Europe a fortnight ago in order to examine and arrange the manuscripts and other papers left by Mr. Ruskin. He will not, however, take any active part in the preparation of the forthcoming biography that will be issued under the authority of another executor, Arthur Severn.

Edmund P. Dole's Hawaiian novel, "Hiwa," is to be brought out soon.

A new edition of Mary Cholmondeley's "Diana Tempest" has just been published by D. Appleton & Co.

Before he left for England, Clement Scott, the noted English critic, had completed a new work, entitled "Twelve Notable Hamlets," and a new "Life of Ellen Terry." Mr. Scott's "Hamlets" includes criticisms of the impersonations of Bernhardt, Henry Irving, Beerbohm Tree, Wilson Barrett, and Forbes Robertson.

Rudyard Kipling's three delightful soldiers, in their own way a trio as notable as Dumas's, will re-appear, we are told, in the new novel which he will bring out in the autumn.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish in the early autumn four new fables by W. D. Howells. They will appear separately, and in very attractive form.

Preparations are being made to publish in English "Reminiscences of My Life," the latest book of Maurus Jókai, the famous Hungarian novelist. Inasmuch as Jókai has taken a prominent part in all Hungarian affairs for the past fifty years, it will practically cover the political, social, and literary history of his country from 1845 until to-day.

General Lew Wallace is said to be at work upon another historical romance, the scene of which is laid in Thebes.

Professor Fiske's history of "The Mississippi Valley in the Civil War," which has been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., marks his first entrance into this important field of historical research and writing.

In order to make the illustrations of "The Last Lady of Mulherry" as accurate and true to life as possible, Henry Wilton Thomas, the author, and Emil Pollak, the artist, visited the scenes of the novel in the neighborhood of Mulherry Park, formerly known as Mulherry Bend, where they obtained photographs and sketches which Mr. Pollak has utilized most effectively in his drawings. Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have just issued the novel.

Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca" is in its tenth thousand in England, and his volume of "Poems" has gone into its sixth edition.

One of the best selling books recently published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. is Jack London's Alaskan tales, entitled "The Son of the Wolf."

In his preface to "Fruitfulness," the first of Zola's "Four Gospels," Mr. Vizetelly, the translator, says:

"Fruitfulness" is the first of a series of four works in which M. Zola proposes to embody what he considers to be the four cardinal principles of human life. These works spring from the previous series of the three cities: 'Lourdes,' 'Rome,' and 'Paris,' which dealt with the principles of Faith, Hope, and Charity. The last scene in 'Paris,' when Marie, Pierre Froment's wife, takes her boy in her arms and consecrates him, so to say, to the city of labor and thought, furnishes the necessary transition from one series to the other. 'Fruitfulness,' says M. Zola, 'creates the home. Thence springs the city. From the idea of citizenship comes that of the fatherland; and love of country, in minds fed by science, leads to the conception of a wider and vaster fatherland, comprising all the peoples of the earth. Of these three stages in the process of mankind, the fourth still remains to be attained. I have thought then of writing, as it were, a poem in four volumes, in four chants, in which I shall endeavor to sum up the philosophy of all my work. The first of these volumes is 'Fruitfulness,' the second will be called 'Work,' the third 'Truth,' the last 'Justice.' In 'Fruitfulness' the hero's name is Matthew. In the next work it will be Luke, in 'Truth,' Mark, and in 'Justice,' John. The children of my brain will, like the four evangelists preaching the gospel, diffuse the religion of future society, which will be founded on Fruitfulness, Work, Truth, and Justice."

## RECENT VERSE.

## Let Me Forget.

Love, who hath granted many prayers and set  
My wayward feet into thy happy ways,  
Behold, I send thee supplication yet—  
Let me forget my wasted yesterdays.

I wrought so many follies in thy name,  
So many frail, false alarms did I raise,  
Too weak to hold thee—nay, for very shame,  
Let me forget my wasted yesterdays.

See, I blot out my sinning with my tears,  
And ever cry my prayer with this my praise:  
For sake of all the coming, happier years  
Let me forget my wasted yesterdays.

—Theodosia Pickering Garrison in *May Cosmopolitan*.

## We Two.

We two make home of any place we go;  
We two find joy in any kind of weather;  
Or if the earth is clothed in bloom or snow,  
If summer days invite, or bleak winds blow,  
What matters it, if we two are together?  
We two, we two, we make our world, our weather.

We two make banquets of the plainest fare;  
In every cup we find the thrill of pleasure;  
We hide with wreaths the furrowed brow of care,  
And win to smiles the set lips of despair.  
For us life always moves with lilting measure;  
We two, we two, we make our joy, our pleasure.

We two find youth renewed with every dawn;  
Each day holds something of an unknown glory.  
We waste no thought on grief or pleasure gone;  
Tricked out like hope, time leads us on and on,  
And thrums upon his harp new song or story.  
We two, we two, we find the paths of glory.

We two make heaven here on this little earth;  
We do not need to wait for realms eternal.  
We know the use of tears, know sorrow's worth,  
And pain for us is always love's rebirth.  
Our paths lead closely by the paths supernal;  
We two, we two, we live in love eternal.  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in *May Century Magazine*.

## Half-Way Home.

Do you remember the wayside nook  
Under the lee of a laurel ledge,  
With a wild dog-rose in the blackberry hedge,  
And an elm that bent like a shepherd's crook;  
And the story we read in a green-leaved book  
With a buttercup border about its edge—  
Where we stopped to rest in the shadows cool,  
Half-way home from school?

The lovely laurel! I see it now,  
Like sunset spilled in a sky of gray!  
And the regal trilliums, how they sway;  
And the red azaleas simper and how,  
Like dancers that lead, scarce knowing how,  
In the minutest that the wind-harps play.  
Done for the day with lesson and rule—  
Half-way home from school.

The brook sang on with a sea-shell croon,  
To the mermaid ferns with their long, green hair;  
And the sounds of summer were in the air,  
In the yellow heart of the afternoon.  
O days of pleasure! O days of June!  
What after days can with you compare!  
What draughts with the draughts from the sun-  
flecked pool,  
Half-way home from school!

Friend, dear friend! Let us turn aside  
In the road that leads from the school-house door:  
We must be half-way home or more,  
Half way to dew-fall and eventide.  
Let us stop in the shade where our paths divide,  
In the sweet old way that we did of yore.  
And we'll talk it over, the way we've come  
Resting, half-way home.  
—Emma Herrick Weed in *The Independent*.

The scene of Mary E. Wilkins's new historical romance, "The Heart's Highway," is laid in Virginia in the seventeenth century, and is full of dramatic incidents, one of them being the burning of an entire crop of tobacco to avoid payment of taxes in accordance with the newly inaugurated Navigation Act. This was actually the first sign of resentment of the American colonies against the mother country.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Winning of a Noble Daughter of France.

Pictures of France in the tumultuous closing years of the eighteenth century are not rare in fiction, but familiar as they are there is still power in them to stir the blood when the skill of the artist is not mastered by the glory or the infamy of his subject. William Sage has chosen those years for the time of his story, "Robert Tournay," and the scenes he has sketched with a free hand are full of the tragic interest surrounding the events of the French Revolution. The romance is finely conceived and written as the story-tellers of an earlier day might have told it, with simplicity and directness. The figures stand out clearly, there are not too many of them, and there is a captivating swing to their movements.

Robert Tournay, the hero of the story, is the son of an old and trusty servitor on the estate of the Baron de Rochefort, and the heroine, the proud daughter of his father's master. The young man has been educated beyond his station, and when a worthless young marquis secures the promise of Mlle. de Rochefort's hand from the baron, the wish to save her from a misalliance stirs the serving-man to action. He surprises the marquis in a compromising situation, quarrels with him, runs him through, and, thinking the nobleman's wound fatal, escapes to Paris. The first mutterings of the storm about to break over the monarchy are disturbing the city, and in a little time the young republican is a leader among those who tear down the Bastille and march to Versailles. To aid his king the baron leaves on a secret mission to England, and dies there, his daughter still on the family estate, alone and friendless, for her noble suitor, though recovered from his hurt, deserts her when the losses and dangers of the revolution come upon the city. Robert returns to the *château* in time to save his young mistress when a force sent from the Committee of Public Safety break in and attempt to carry her off to prison.

From this time to the overthrow of Robespierre and the end of the Reign of Terror one adventure follows another in quick succession. Both the young aristocrat and her humble protector are bunted down by the citizen officials, and there are many narrow misses, captures at last, dreary days of waiting in the prison of the Luxembourg and on the prison-boats at Tours, and strange deliverances at the hour of greatest need. How Tournay wins the title of colonel in the army, how he falls under the displeasure of Robespierre, and how he conquers the pride and gains the love of the woman for whom he risks his life time and again, are but parts of the moving story, but there are no pauses in the narration. In spite of all the stress of ill fortune and the many crises in which life trembles in the balance, there is no glut of fighting, no reveling in carnage. The pictures are impressionistic, with no wealth of descriptive detail, but there is force and passion in all of them.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

## Essays on the Poets.

The nineteen essays by George Edward Woodberry, which have been collected from the publications in which they appeared during the past ten years and presented in a volume under the title "Makers of Literature," are of value, though more for their associations and the art of the author than for their critical standards. They include papers on Byron, Coleridge, Landor, Browning, Whittier, Lowell, and Matthew Arnold, but the study of Shelley, in three separate essays, is more nearly complete than the sketches of other writers and their work.

The personality of the poets impresses the essayist, and in some instances influences his judgment of their writings. He finds much to praise where his sympathy is enlisted, and does not hesitate to condemn when he discovers something repugnant to his sensibilities in the record of the man who has written. His appreciation of Matthew Arnold and of Shelley is particularly fine; his summing up against Byron not so well justified. The essays are of varied interest, yet marked by many charms of style.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Passing Before the Sun.

A new and revised edition of Mabel Loomis Todd's work, "Total Eclipses of the Sun," has been prepared by David P. Todd, professor of astronomy at Amherst College, and its publication is timely, in view of the approaching eclipse, the last one of totality to visit the United States for nearly a quarter-century. The character of the work, which was "not written for astronomers, but to give very unprofessional information to those without technical knowledge who are yet curious as to these strangely impressive phenomena," will commend it to the general public. It contains a store of carefully arranged information of eclipses and eclipse tracks in general, of minor phenomena, of eclipses of the remote past as well as those of later years, of the uses of the telegraph in the work of observation, of automatic eclipse photography, and of the eclipses of the near future. The recurrence and prediction of eclipses

furnish matter for a specially interesting chapter, little of which has been offered before in any popular work. The volume is illustrated with over ninety engravings, and a complete index makes all its information readily accessible.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

## Distinctive Devices for the Writing-Desk.

It is a comprehensive title that F. Schuyler Mathews has chosen for his useful work, "The Writing-Table of the Twentieth Century: Being an Account of Heraldry, Art, Engraving, and Established Form for the Correspondent," and it will impress the reader of leisure and taste. The book contains over three hundred illustrations and the heraldic blazonry of more than five hundred colonial American families, and its arrangement evinces the care and study given to the work.

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Published by Brentano's, New York; price, \$1.50.

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Two days and a night in the life of a brown-skinned enchantress of India hold the happenings described in "Kela Bai: An Anglo-Indian Idyll," by Charles Johnston, a retired officer of the Bengal Civil Service; and the record is an entertaining one, though strange and almost confusing in some of its details. The enchantress is no mystical creation, but well-named for her bronze beauty, grace of movement, and feminine arts, and her power is shown for the softening of the white official who is called upon to judge her on the complaint of an enemy, the sub-inspector. The sketch—it is hardly more—is a notable achievement for its color, its vivid presentation of scenes foreign to most readers, and its artistic touches revealing the kinship of youth of all races.

Published by the Doubleday & McClure Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

## New Publications.

Political failures and needed reforms are discussed in an optimistic tone by Orlando J. Smith in "The Coming Democracy." Published by the Brandur Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"Bread and Bread-Making," by Mrs. S. T. Rorer, is another of that accomplished culinary teacher's helpful volumes, thoroughly informed, plain, and practical. Published by Arnold & Co., Philadelphia; price, 50 cents.

In the English Readings Series the latest issue is Tennyson's "The Princess," with an introduction, notes, and analytic questions by Professor L. A. Sherman. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, 60 cents.

The many youthful readers of Ellen Olney Kirk's delightful books will gladly welcome another, "Dorothy and Her Friends," which introduces some former acquaintances. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Seven stories from the note-book of a clergyman are presented in "The Parsonage Porch," by Bradley Gilman, and fancy, humor, and emotional interest will be found in all of them. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

"Lessons of the War: Being Comments from Week to Week, to the Relief of Ladysmith," by Spencer Wilkinson, does not justify its title. Its record is not complete, and its philosophy presents only the British military view. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

One of the most instructive and practical of the many books newly issued on the subject is "A Woman's Paris: A Handbook of Every-Day Living in the French Capital." It is well arranged, carefully written, and profusely illustrated. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

"The Mutiny on Board H. M. S. *Bounty*," being the narrative of Lieutenant William Bligh, with charts and plans, describes the long voyage which was taken in the ship's launch after the mutineers set it adrift with its load of nineteen men. Published by M. F. Mansfield, New York; price, \$1.25.

Suggestive quotations from ancient and modern authors, on such topics as God, man, the Trinity, the soul, religion, etc., make up the little volume entitled "Answers of the Ages." It is offered to those who desire to "enlarge the boundaries of faith." Published by H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, 75 cents.

The fifth volume in the Haworth edition of the works of the Sisters Brontë contains "Wuthering Heights" and "Agnes Gray," with much of interest in the way of introductions by Mrs. Humphry

Ward and the biographical notice of "Ellis and Acton Bell," and a portrait of Emily Brontë. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.75.

An attractive and valuable book for pupils beginning the study of geography and history is "Discoverers and Explorers," by Edward R. Shaw. With a brief introduction, there are telling accounts of the achievements of Marco Polo, Columbus, the Cabots, Vespucci, Balboa, Cortes, De Soto, and many others, and in scope, style, and illustration the little volume is thoroughly praiseworthy. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 35 cents.

"Some Educational Aspects of Ethics" is the sub-title of Professor John MacCunn's volume, "The Making of Character," and it explains the plan of the work. There are chapters on heredity, temperament, educative influences, moral ideals and judgment, self-development and self-control, and many other related topics. The author's style is direct, clear, and attractive, and the book is worthy of study. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

Max Pemberton's latest story, "Feo," is a romance of many charms. The heroine is a singer, of a distinguished French family, who wins her way to honor and happiness after many disappointments. The chronicle opens in London and follows the fortunes of the young artist to Paris and Vienna, and the pictures of Continental life are well drawn. The singer and the prince who pursues her are pleasing figures, and there are other good characters in the book. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Socialism, the general term applied to many movements of the present time which are not distinctly in harmony, some of which, indeed, oppose each other, is receiving closer attention than ever before. Thomas Kirkup has prepared a useful volume, entitled "A History of Socialism," which will be instructive to many readers. It is not exhaustive, but it is fair and not over-enthusiastic. The attitude of the author is as commendable as the result of his labors. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

The recollections of a musician who was born in Bavaria, wandered over Europe, emigrated to America, taught his art in the North and in the South, experienced many turns of good and ill fortune, and during his long career met and knew eminent and obscure players of all nationalities, could not fail to be entertaining. Morris Steiner has written the chronicle of such a life in his "Reminiscences," and the story is well told and charmingly illustrated. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

Comedies and tragedies of the toilers in the great cities are written by the press reporters day after day, and many of them are not only true in word and feeling, but worthy of preservation for the lesson they teach or the humor that brightens them. "Toomey and Others," by Robert Shackleton, is a volume of such stories, and each one has its value. The author has found wit, courage, patriotism, and unselfish love among the workers, and sketched their manifestations with free strokes. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

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"To the most beautiful matter incarnate!" That ghastly scene at the California Theatre haunts the memory, persistently crowding the rest of "A Parisian Romance" out of sight. The gay supper-table wreathed with bright flowers and bright corymbes, the merry quip and heartless jest, the doddering, livid Croesus of the Bourse mumbling his last blasphemous toast, and the skeleton at the feast, felt though unseen, extending his icy clutch over the dying *roué*. Among all the ghoulish effects with which stagecraft has familiarized us none more ghoulish has ever been devised, and it says much for Mr. Neill's talent that admiration for his work outweighs repulsion excited by his rôle and its revolting climax.

In truth, it requires no small artistic skill to impersonate this Baron Chevalier, round whose vices "A Parisian Romance" is built. It would be so easy to exaggerate his offensiveness, so easy to vulgarize his iniquities and attenuate his *vraisemblance*, so easy to forget that the cynical old wreck remained to the last *grand seigneur* in the matter of external polish. A subtle conception and subtle interpretation alone can make such a character possible, and this subtlety James Neill brings to bear on his part in a fashion that might well satisfy Octave Feuillet himself. Not only is his Baron de Chevalier a frank and unblushing old *roué*—he is also, most emphatically, a French *roué* and a French gentleman of the wicked old school. He leers with a Faubourg St. Germain air; he gambles in stocks with dignified hauteur; he makes damnable love by suggestion rather than word; he never forgets his manners, not even with the *danses* he is wooing, not even with his wife! Above all, he is not *blasé*; his grievance is not the lack of capacity for pleasure but the lack of physical endurance of pleasure. And all this is admirably, almost painfully, expressed in Mr. Neill's striking impersonation. The tottering, trembling Mephistopheles of the drawing-room, in his feeble eagerness, is a repellent reality from his first entrance to his sensational ending as an abandoned corpse at the spread feast. And one last point should be gratefully noted: Mr. Neill has the good taste not to let his corpse arise and make its howl to the public. The latter, indeed, would be well advised if it desisted from the persistent plaudits that bring back revelers to smile in the hall of Death.

But all San Francisco knows that "A Parisian Romance" does not begin and end with Baron Chevalier. At his gold-shod feet there is enacted a little domestic drama which stamps the play as peculiarly French. Not the "Frenchness" commonly associated with stage productions, but that other wide-spread, national characteristic, steadily ignored by outsiders, which idealizes the poetry of the hearth. Now, Octave Feuillet has always been recognized as a prose poet of the hearth *par excellence*, and in the De Targy interior he has given us a sketch after his own heart. Henri de Targy and his mother are a typical mother and son of the best French pattern; and Lillian Andrews shows us one of the sweetest, cheeriest, most winsome old ladies that ever made a grace of poverty, and strengthened a son's heart. Benjamin Howard's Henri de Targy is worthy of his mother, a high-bred young fellow, who makes no parade of his manly virtues, holds himself well in reserve, and attunes his voice marvelously to the emotions he has to express.

But the glory of the domestic drama falls to the share of Edythe Chapman, who, with her loose Titian hair and "passionate pale" face makes a most seductive Marcelle. Least so in the drawing-room scene, where she is somewhat conventional in her shimmering robes; most so in the hour of poverty, where the humble attire she dons enhances her picturesque beauty. In this scene of the third act Miss Chapman displays a dramatic strength which till that moment was totally unexpected; her high-strung interview with the baron, and its after soliloquy, are instinct with vital passion and finished work, and our sympathies become absorbingly excited in weak, wayward Marcelle, who returns so inconveniently to die like another Froufrou, but a Froufrou who has neither sinned nor joyed in the ordinary way; a Froufrou who simply craved luxury and did not yet realize that "a woman with a good mother and a good husband can not be wholly unhappy."

It is poor Mme. Chevalier who utters the above sentiment; she had neither a good mother nor a good husband to set against her millions. A fine part in the hands of a capable actress, a hopelessly wooden part as interpreted by Grace Mae Lamkin. We may be a little impatient of the baroness's suances, we may wish she showed more character in her opposition to the baron's grasping proceed-

ings, but we can not withhold admiration of the rôle and its sentiments. Yet Miss Lamkin does not apparently feel the sentiments she utters, and she perpetually converts admiration into irritation. Miss Julia Dean gives a very bright, crisp representation of Rosa Guerin, who has evidently a mania for reviving the old "heauty patch," and Helen Nelson makes a good Maria.

And ah, who would not single out bluff, lovable Dr. Chesnel, as played by Mr. Burton, an ideal old-school doctor who does not wear his heart on his sleeve, but feels it thumping loudly beneath his waistcoat! There is nothing more tender in the play than the little love reminiscences between the gruff old surgeon and Mme. de Targy. Neither is there anything more human than that moment when he appeals to her, pleading for Marcelle: "Your God, what about him?" and the old lady's retort: "What is that to you? You do not believe in him!" It is this current of human emotion, rippling beside a vein of revolting cynicism, that makes "A Parisian Romance" a play of absorbing interest despite its repelling centre-piece.

Dresses and scenery are attractive, and Tosti's "Good-by Sweetheart," played *pianissimo*, is a touching accompaniment to poor Marcelle's death, though it is doubtful whether the words can be considered exactly suggestive of the situation.

For some three hours Nid and Nod execute antics at the Columbia that put the ordinary Harlequin and his policeman into the shade. The way in which these acrobats go through furniture and masonry, leaving everything "not a penny the worse," is a caution to jugglers; they tumble, scramble, wriggle, kick one another and their neighbors lovingly, as though life was one long, joyful knockabout; and round them revolves the curious medley which calls itself "The Evil Eye." Of course there is a tangible evil eye; it glows at us as we enter the theatre, and glares at us from under the shaggy brow of the *jettatore* and general villain; but one fails to discover what else it does beyond causing the imprisonment of a fair, pale fisher-maid, who is gracefully hypnotic, sings pathetic songs, and kisses her lover through prison bars. And if the evil eye did not do this there would be no one to rescue, nothing to do, nothing to sing, no one to punish, and no excuse even for the existence of Nid and Nod.

As it is, they keep us on the *qui vive*, and so do a good many others of the large company, high-kicking, singing, screaming, and generally rushing through existence. The most energetic rusher of them all is Mr. Wilson, otherwise Peleg Kalsenheimer, with endless *cateras*, a peregrinating German-American with a marked accent, a universal-bousewife bicycle, and a tongue that is never still. The bicycle, which is at once arsenal, pantry, kitchen, and dining-room, is an undoubted novelty, whereas many of Peleg's jokes are like his breakfast egg, undoubtedly stale, and it must be ruefully admitted that we get quite an undue allowance of these worn jokes. The gentleman at one time has the stage all to himself for a weary quarter of an hour, and calmly hands out to us, with an admirable German accent, the specimens of fun that set our grandfathers laughing. But the grandsons are indulgent, Wilson's yodeling is hugely appreciated, and he and his hicycle are prime favorites. Then there is the fascinating young woman with that terrible stage-name, Bloodgood, who, as Peleg's adored Adora Van de Voort, of the many millions, skips on in various radiant costumes and sings fetching songs, of which the most successful is her angling ditty, when, armed with a fishing-line, she throws her kiss-baited hook abroad for sweethearts. And Zeph Goudreaux, the young lover of the medley, blessed with a really good voice, has a pretty ballad, "By Your Side," which returns to us at intervals and gives a mimic musical thread to the general jumble.

But in the "Evil Eye" style of performance legs take precedence of lungs, and legs at the Columbia are many and agile, the chief attractions being furnished by the much-advertised Phasesy troupe from the London Alhambra. As a matter of fact, however, it is not in their high-kicking that these eight graceful damsels are unique, for nowadays high-kicking is a universal stage accompaniment which "anybody" can do if they train long enough and high enough; the real Phasesy phenomenon is their drumming, which "anybody" can not do to do it well. Now, the eight Phasesys are the prettiest, trimmest, light drummers to be heard in the length and breadth of the land, and their execution of "The British Grenadiers" is a delight to the ear. So thinks the American audience, applauding as vigorously as though the grenadiers were a patriotic institution, and only the excellent rule which makes the "Evil Eye" close to encores prevents a repetition of the perfect drumming. But in the last act comes something quite superlative in the form of the electric ballet, in which, by the way, the dancing matters not one whit. Doubtless the pretty, electrified damsels dance charmingly, but it would make no difference if they ambled like cows, their movements being quite undisciplined. What we do see is a brilliant May-pole dance, in which legs, arms, bosoms, heads are alternately spangled with colored lights, till at last the whole forms shine out resplendent, and the May-pole whirls round in a myriad flashing tints. It may not be high art, but it is excellent spectacular effect.

And then there are all the other "effects" in many lands to be counted in, for we wander from Holland to St. Petersburg, and from St. Petersburg to Drachenschloß on "the castled Rhine," with gray monks and skeletons in armor, and other properly weird accessories. And there are divers performances which must make the performers feel queer in the upper story, such as the whirling windmill to which they cling, and the revolving rooms in which they whirl with the inevitable Nid and Nod popping in wherever they are least wanted. Altogether there is no doubt as to the audience getting its "penny's worth" as far as quantity goes; the quality may be a matter of opinion, but the child who never grows old seems perfectly satisfied and laughs his loudest all through the extravaganza. ROSE SOLEY.

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Daddy's pelf.  
Keeps you goin'. After that—  
Keep y'rself.

Then, unless the lady picks you  
Fer a "brother,"  
Fer another little while you  
Keep another.

Such is life—first you are kep',  
Then you keep.  
You're awake a little while—  
Then you sleep.

Here a laugh, 'n' there a tear—  
Or a sigh—  
So you put in year hy year—  
Then you die.

—Baltimore American.

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—Leslie's Weekly.

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DEAR SIR,—You wish to know my notions  
On sartin p'int's that rile the land;  
There's nuthin' thet my natur so shuns  
Ez hein' mum or underhand;  
I'm a straight-spoken kind o' creetur  
That blurs right out wut's in his head,  
An' ef I've one peecoler feetur,  
It is a nose that wunt be led.

So, to begin at the beginnin'  
An' come directly to the p'int,  
I think the country's underpinnin'  
Is some consid'le out o' j'int;  
I ain't a-goin' to try your patience  
By tellin' you done this or thet,  
I don't make no insinuations,  
I jest let on I smell a rat.

Thet is, I mean, it seems to me so,  
But, ef the public think I'm wrong,  
I wunt deny but wut I be so,—  
An', fact, it don't smell very strong;  
My mind's to fair to lose its balance  
An' say wich party hez most sense;  
There may be folks o' greater talence  
That can't set stidder on the fence.

I don't approve o' givin' pledges;  
You'd ough' to leave a feller free,  
An' not go knockin' out the wedges  
To ketch his fingers in the tree;  
Pledges air awfe breachy cattle  
Thet prudent farmers don't turn out,—  
Ez long'z the people git their rattle,  
Wut is there fer'm to grout about?

Ez to my princerples, I glory  
In hev'in' nothin' o' the sort;  
I ain't a Wig, I ain't a Tory,  
I'm jest a candidate, in short;  
Thet's fair an' square an' perpendicler,  
But, ef the Public cares a fig  
To hev me an'thin' in particler,  
Wy I'm a kind o' peri-Wig.

—James Russell Lowell in the "Bigelow Papers."

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## His Wife's First Visit to the Theatre.

ARGUMENT—*The husband has treated his wife to the theatre. The action takes place in two reserved seats during the first act of the play.*

SHE—Considering that this is the first time you have deigned to take me anywhere, I am surprised that you paid so little attention to my comfort. A devoted husband would have secured better seats; but you said, of course: "Oh, anything is good enough for her!"

HE—But, my dear, these are the best seats in the house, and I can not see what more you could ask, for I hardly suppose you would wish to occupy the emperor's box.

SHE—You mean that I am not good enough for it! I don't thank you for bringing me here, since it was only to have an opportunity of paying me such compliments.

HE—You are wrong, my love. I simply wished to point out, when you reproached me with neglecting your comfort, that I came to the theatre, and said: "Give me two of the best seats in the house," and paid down my sixteen francs, as I would have paid sixty to give you pleasure.

SHE—So you squandered sixteen francs without knowing what seats we were getting; so that if, when we arrived, they had opened a dark cupboard, and said: "Get up on the second shelf," we would have no recourse but to do so.

HE—That is going to an extreme, my love. When you pay to see a play, it is manifest that they can't put you into a dark cupboard. Any one with common sense sees that.

SHE—Oh, thank you! So I don't possess common sense. But I see what it is—I understand it all. You are trying to take the sixteen francs you have wasted out of me. As if I was to blame because some one else swindled you by giving you such seats.

HE—No one swindled me; I selected them myself on the diagram.

SHE—Yes, you parted with your money on the strength of a diagram, without asking to see the seats and find out if they were comfortable.

HE—But it is not customary.

SHE—When you buy a two-franc chicken you feel it to see if it is tender.

HE—And in the day-time the theatres are dark.

SHE—Easy enough to get a lantern.

HE—Bosh!

SHE—Bosh? Do you want me to believe that in a city of the size of Paris such a thing as a lantern isn't to be found? But, no! The least little thing costs too much trouble—you would sooner see an unhappy woman, whose health and happiness the law has confined to your keeping, suffer agony on a seat harder than a rock.

HE—I'll go for a cushion, my dear. [*Rising.*]

SHE—Oh, thank you. Do bring me a cushion every one has sat on. And, while you are about it, see if you can find a cast-off bouquet that has been lying under a seat for a few weeks.

HE—You want flowers? How stupid of me to forget. I'll get them this—

SHE—If you took the trouble to reflect about such a trifling matter as my health, you would know that the smell of flowers makes me sick.

HE—Forgive me, my love. I had forgotten—

SHE—Your confession was not needed to convince me of your neglect. Any other husband, on finding that the wife of his bosom was placed alongside of a fat woman escaped from a circus and reeking with patchouli, would have seen to it that a door was opened.

HE—I will, with pleasure, my love, only as the act has been begun, I shall have to disturb every one.

SHE—Rather than incommode strangers you would see the mother of your children suffer. I suppose that's her husband there—that grinning idiot—

HE—S-s-h, my love. He's doing what we should do—following the play.

SHE—And a nice play it is, too; no one can make head or tail out of it.

HE—If you were to listen instead of talking—

SHE—I suppose you'd like a poor woman never to open her mouth when she's away from home.

HE—I do not say that; but it is customary after the curtain goes up to listen to the actors; and, indeed, the practice conduces to obtain an idea of the story.

SHE—A nice story it is, too. Your countess who receives Tom, Dick, and Harry—ha! there they're singing, while she shows him out. Do people in good society sing when they go from one room to another, I'd like to know? And only just now they said there was a nervous notary had his office in the lower story. He must have a nice, quiet time of it, poor man, if they howl a duet every time a door is opened. And look at those doors! Every door has two leaves, and each time any one goes in or out he opens both leaves. Is that the fashion in good society? I suppose they draw the bolts at the top and bottom each time. And they never shut the door—not they! The door has to shut itself.

HE—You see, my dear, on the stage it is assumed that there is a lackey on the other side to close the door—

SHE—Oh, then there was a lackey in the count-

ess's bedroom when she went into it to dress, as she said? A nice countess, that! If those are the morals and manners of the noble age of Louis the Fourteenth, I thank heaven that I'm only a common woman. And that's what you paid your sixteen francs to see!

HE—You are severe, my love.

SHE—I am out; but since the theatre is a school of manners, I don't want to hear people screech in a notary's house, or see a countess lock herself up with a footman. There! one of them has begun to dance.

HE—Didn't you hear him say, "Let me take advantage of the countess's absence to practice the pas? I am to dance with her to-night"? That's why he is dancing.

SHE—And what about the notary down-stairs? He must pay a very low rent to induce him to remain in such a place. And who is this new character that enters the countess's apartments as easily as a knife enters a pound of butter? She's a countess that takes precautions about her dressing-room. I'd as soon think of dressing myself in the street.

HE—S-s-h. He said—didn't you hear him?—that he found one in the ante-chamber to announce him.

SHE—Then who shut the door from the outside? It must be a nicely run household—not even a servant to answer the door. I hope the notary's clients don't leave their securities with him.

HE—Oh, if you come down to such trifles—

SHE—Trifles! You consider it a trifle to call on a lady while she is dressing. But I am not surprised. You have no sense of decency. I am only astonished that you haven't quitted me hours ago to go and meander round the countess. I have been waiting to hear you say you had an engagement with the notary.

HE—Hush, my dear; everybody is staring at us. You forget that you are at the theatre.

SHE—Now I see why you were so ready to spend sixteen francs to take me to the theatre. It was with the triple object in view of breaking me on a stoic bench, poisoning me with patchouli, and perverting my moral sense. You wished to reduce me to the level of your countess, who opens her doors to whole cities—races.

HE—I beg of you, my dear—They are laughing at us.

SHE—I won't stay here another instant. I'll go and get the money back; let them deduct the price of the act we have seen, if they are mean enough to exact it. Oh, heavens! There, all five of them are kissing the countess.

HE—You see she has just recognized her five long-lost brothers.

SHE—Don't tell me! No woman ever recognized five long-lost brothers at once. If she pretends they are her brothers, it is only because there is some faint spark of shame left in her.

HE—If you understood the plot you—

SHE—So, I'm an idiot, am I? Here, let me out.

HE—Wait till the end of the act.

SHE—I won't.

HE—We will have to derange everybody.

SHE—Come this moment, or I'll prance along the knees of the audience, O—oh! [*Goes into hysterics, and is removed to her carriage by her husband and a stranger.*]

STRANGER—I hope the air will revive your wife, sir. If I can be of any further service to you, here is my card.

HE—Thank you. [*Reads.*] "Mr. Lion King, Wild Beast Tamer!"

[*Curtain.*]

—Adapted from the French of Eugene Chavette.

## STAGE GOSSIP.

## "An American Citizen."

The Neill Company will be seen in another Nat Goodwin success next week. This time it is Madeline Lucette Riley's four-act comedy, "An American Citizen," which has certainly had a rather remarkable career. It was given its first presentation in Australia, just before Nat Goodwin closed his unfortunate season in the antipodes, and was received differently, but on his return to the United States it proved a great money-maker to the droll comedian. Last summer Goodwin produced Clyde Fitch's "The Cowboy and the Lady" in London, and when it failed to suit his English audiences, he fell back on "An American Citizen," and scored an unequalled success. After an extended run, he returned to America just in time to escape the theatrical slump in London at the outbreak of the war in the Transvaal.

The rôle of Beresford Cruger, who marries his cousin Beatrice simply to fulfill a condition of his uncle's will and allow her to share his inheritance, will give Mr. Neill an excellent opportunity to appear to advantage. Edythe Chapman will play the part created by Maxine Elliott, Beatrice Carew, who, despite a former infatuation finally learns to love her husband. Julia Dean will have the sourette rôle in which Gertrude Elliott was seen here before. A notable feature of the production will be the stage setting of the second act, showing Nice during the floral carnival season.

## Second Week of "The Evil Eye."

The most novel and pleasing feature of Charles H. Yale's extravaganza, "The Evil Eye," which be-

gins the second and last week of its engagement at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, is the butterfly ballet in the third act. The electrical arrangements provided to produce the ballet are very interesting. A huge storage-battery supplies the currents, and cables run from it to the rigging above; here the cables are connected with wires, which hang down the centre of the stage to the floor, each being concealed by a garland of roses. A small wire setting, to which are attached the little electric lamps, covers each dancer, and the connection is made with the current by the girls, whose hands are protected, grasping the wires concealed in the strings of flowers. The effect is beautiful. Although there is said to be a certain amount of danger, there has never been any accident to the ballet. The invention is the work of P. C. Armstrong, who personally manipulates the varying effects at every performance.

John Drew, who has not visited this city for several years, will be the next attraction at the Columbia Theatre, and, as his engagement will be limited to but six night performances and one matinee, there will doubtless be a rush for seats on Thursday morning. Haddon Chambers's "The Tyranny of Tears" will be the play which he will produce, and in his supporting company will be Isabel Irving, Ida Conquest, Arthur Byrroo, and Frank E. Lamb.

## Another Record-Breaker.

"The Wizard of the Nile" has settled down to a prosperous run at the Tivoli Opera House, and on Monday night begins its fifth week. New songs, jokes, and stage business are constantly being introduced, so that those who hear the opera a second time are sure to find something new to amuse and interest them. Ferris Hartman, Alf C. Wheelan, William Schuster, Helen Merrill, Annie Myers, and Frances Graham are excellent in their respective rôles, and act and sing with as much dash and enthusiasm as on the opening night.

Great preparations are being made for the forthcoming production of "The Three Musketeers," the music of which was written by the French composer, Varney. Before the next grand-opera season begins, the management intends also to revive "Madeline"; or, "The Magic Kiss," and "The Sea King."

## The Orpheum's New Bill.

There will be no less than five new acts at the Orpheum next week. Ezra Kendall, the popular monologist, heads the list, and, as he is armed with a budget of new jokes, stories, and songs, he will doubtless receive an enthusiastic reception. Among the other new-comers are the Newsboys' Quintette, composed of five clever singers, who will introduce some catchy new songs; Louise Gunning, a dainty vocalist, who has made a big hit in the East with her charming rendition of simple Scotch ballads; Charles Ulrich, who has won for himself the title of "the barrel king," through his remarkable manipulation of an enormous barrel; and the Kleist Brothers, in a novel musical act.

Those retained from this week's programme are Milton and Dollie Nohles, who, assisted by Eva Westcott, will appear in their new sketch, "Mr. Walker Reformed"; Mark Sullivan, in his clever imitations of Stoddard, Dan Leno, Frank Daniels, and other theatrical celebrities; and the Biograph in a new series of views.

Speaking of the origin of the word "dead-head," Frederick Stanley says: "In the museum at Naples I was much interested in a case of theatrical tickets found in a tragic theatre in Pompeii. They were made variously in bone, ivory, and metal. You are aware, perhaps, that to this day the gallery of an Italian theatre is called the pigeon-loft. Well, the little tickets for this part of the auditorium were in the shape of pigeons, while varying devices were used for other parts of the house. What attracted my attention most curiously, however, was a set of diminutive skulls modeled in ivory. These were used solely for those having the right of free admission. Now, does this not suggest the very possible derivation of the term?"

Prince Maximilian of Baden, prospective heir to the Grand Duchy, is engaged to Princess Mary, eldest daughter of the Duke of Cumberland. The engagement is looked upon as evidence that the Kaiser and the Guelphs are coming to an understanding.

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## VANITY FAIR.

In the course of a birthday dinner given in his honor at the Montauk Club, Brooklyn, a fortnight ago, Senator Chauncey M. Depew said: "A man or woman who can not enjoy dining or meeting in any form of entertainment with friends and such strangers as they know about are unfortunately constituted. They are dissatisfied with themselves and disagreeable to others. Society, after all, is a sort of trust for mutual enjoyment. Every stockholder must contribute something to the general pleasure. Cynical sneers or platitudinous preachings have never affected it, and never will. People want to be happy, and all forms of association and pleasant activity which are free from immorality or bad breeding are part of the good things which in various ways, adaptable to their years, smooth the pathway of life for childhood, youth, maturity, and old age. The cost of an entertainment has little to do with social enjoyment. Luxury is very good, if the host can afford it, but not necessary to a good time. I have found more pleasure in a two-dollar dinner at the Lotos Club, when the lights of literature or the press were brilliantly scintillating, than in any number of ten-dollar ones. The most stupid and unutterably boring dinner I ever suffered through cost the giver thirty-six dollars a plate. I was at General Garfield's home, at Mentor, the day after Maine went Democratic. It was believed all over the country that this presaged the general's defeat for President. The fickleness of political worshippers had a fine illustration in his experience. From his nomination up to the day after the election in Maine his visitors numbered hundreds daily. That day no one came but two old army comrades of the general's. The noonday dinner was a simple country meal of beefsteak, potatoes, and apple-dumplings; but story, personal incident, and debate were memorably keen and bright. The general himself gave a word-picture of the Battle of Chickamauga which was the most realistic description of an historic struggle I have ever heard or read. When called to catch my train I found that at the general's table had sped three of the most enjoyable hours of my life. I remember sitting beside Browning one evening in London when hours seemed minutes. Six hours at dinner and the opera with Gladstone are to me an ever-living memory of a memorable night. Lincoln, Grant, Seward, Chase, Greeley, Raymond have each contributed to that enrichment of my life which I value more than any material accumulations. Kingsley, Holmes, Farrar, Lowell, and men and women of the lyric and dramatic stage have stamped upon my mind recollections as realistic and fascinating as the tales of the Arabian Nights in boyhood's memory."

Senator Depew disagrees with the statement that the Senate has deteriorated since the days of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. "A careful comparison of the conditions then and now," he says, "will demonstrate that this is not so. The Congress of their time was legislating for thirty millions of people and the wants of a rocky lying between the Atlantic Ocean and the Rocky Mountains, while the welfare of seventy millions, the development and protection of a country of continental area, the governing of distant possessions and alien races, and complex international obligations because of contact with the great powers, and the need of markets for our increasing surplus, are the problems of to-day. The debate in both Houses of Congress upon the Philippine and Porto Rican questions has been on as high a plane and shown as great ability as any of the famous historic discussions. In the days of Webster the congressional orator was the spokesman of his party and furnished opinions both for the people and the papers. He became a popular idol, and tradition always enlarges the proportions of an idol; but now the newspapers are so cheap that every one reads several. They discuss and inform on all public questions with fullness and authority. They give scant space to the debates in Congress, and they have greatly diminished the reputation and power of the speaker, no matter how eloquent he may be. With the exception of Webster's, none of the speeches of the idealized period of senatorial debate is read or can be read. The finish, style, literary quality, and scope of Webster will make his efforts American classics for all time. The methods of debate have changed in the Senate, as oratory has in the pulpit, at the bar, and on the platform. The preacher is now more direct and more practical than doctrinal. The lawyer has become careless and slipshod in order to be plain and conversational, and the sky-scraper who enchanted our fathers is laughed off the platform. Careering among the stars, knocking out constellations and strewing the floor with star-dust, are memories of the barbaric amusements of a ruder age. The Senate is patient and long-suffering, and will stand anything but eloquence. The senator who has something to say and says it lucidly and incisively is sure of a respectful hearing, even if halting in speech and awkward in manner. It is the matter which is wanted, though preparation and the graces of good English, cultured style and fine delivery are appreciated."

Here is an extract from a letter from a San Francisco girl in London, describing her amusing experiences with the street omnibuses. "Several times,"

she says, "I have seen them stop for an old lady, but never for a young lady, unless it is one of their stopping-places or a number want to get on or off. You wave your hand and the conductor signals you to come on. He rings, the driver slows down a little, and then you run. If you succeed in getting near enough, the conductor grabs you by anything he can reach, and gives you a boost that sends you flying half way up the spiral stairway that takes you up on top. Then you climb up, and perhaps have to walk along the top clinging to heads or shoulders or anything handy until you get a seat. By that time you are a long way on your journey. My skirts are long, I need both hands, and I have yet to find some way of fastening my hat to my head so that it will stay on in these winds. I usually make several attempts before I finally succeed in getting on to an omnibus. I run a little distance, and then give it up. I never can tell what 'bus I want until it is past, for they are all a flaming mass of advertisements with the destination of the 'bus in small letters somewhere. At night it is almost impossible to tell where they go, for they carry no lights and the streets are dark."

When the suit brought by Mlle. Mirabella, a Fifth Avenue dressmaker, against Mrs. Howard Gould for eighty-five dollars for a blue panne velvet and Russian lace waist made by the plaintiff, was heard in New York recently, the courtroom presented a unique spectacle. The three front rows of seats were filled with an assortment of dressmakers from avenues other than Fifth, who were well supplied with pencils and note-paper. They took notes of all technical expressions used by Mlle. Mirabella relative to her art. Mrs. Gould declared that an attempt was being made to impose upon her because her husband is wealthy, and that rather than wear misfit waists and pay exorbitant prices for her gowns she would fight the dressmakers in the courts, regardless of personal discomfort. Judge Stiner, who presided, after listening patiently to both sides, decided that Mrs. Gould was in the right, and Mlle. Mirabella not only failed to get the coveted eighty-five dollars, but had to pay the court expenses as well. One New York paper, commenting on the decision said: "Every woman who has ever employed a dressmaker must rejoice with Mrs. Howard Gould. What women have to put up with at the hands of their dressmakers is hardly to be believed by men. If the patron be prominent in any way, the dressmaker knows that she is always sure of a lot of false sympathy on her side by representing the case as the poor, hard-working, down-trodden working-woman against the pampered and capricious daughter of the rich. A common trick with dressmakers, when they have fitted a frock badly and the frock shows it, is to take refuge in the statement: 'Oh, but that's the way you ordered it. You wanted it made with double revers and an extra broad waistcoat, and made that way you can't expect it to fit. No bodice having double revers and an extra broad waistcoat was ever known to fit.' It doesn't do the slightest good for the victim to insist that what she ordered were but details, and details of trimming, and that the fit of the foundation bodice is a matter for which the dressmaker is alone responsible. If all the women whose lives are made miserable by perpetual friction with their dressmakers were to bring their cases to court, magistrates wouldn't have time to consider any other kind of cases. Mrs. Gould is to be congratulated upon her pluck in facing the situation so determinedly."

One way of wearing a mustache which is a novelty for New York, although common enough abroad, is now seen frequently in the metropolis (says the New York Sun). It is not to be regarded, however, as an especially desirable fashion in any way. It was displayed here first by a prominent architect who had just returned from Paris, where he had seen the style for the first time. His friends were not able to say truthfully that they admired it, nor were they more reconciled to the mode after it had grown more general. The mustache is trained to grow up instead of down at the ends, and the upper lip is shaved at both ends in a way that gives the mustache the appearance of growing only from the centre of the lip and not at the ends as well. The effect is rather Japanese than French, gives the face a sardonic expression, and has an appearance of artificiality that gives the style rather the charm of some exotic fashion, like a dwarfed tree or a cedar growing in the form of some animal, than the more substantial beauty supposed to reside in a mustache. This method of trimming a mustache has grown popular during the winter, however, and the only encouraging incident of the vogue is that it requires too much trouble to remain permanently popular.

Card-playing is said to have well-nigh died out in England. Ladies over there seldom play now, and the men confine themselves to occasional games of piquet, while baccarat is restricted almost entirely to the gambling-rooms. This leads the New York Press to ask whether card-playing is on the decline in America, and in answering its own question, it says that many games which were popular a few years ago—such as California Jack, seven up, smut, vingt-un, railroad euchre, seat, keno, auction pitch, pedro, cassino, and hearts—have almost been forgotten. Poker, too, it is asserted, is much less prevalent than it used to be. In view of the fact

that the American people pay on an average of \$3,000,000 for the 30,000,000 packs sold annually, the Chicago Times-Herald thinks there is no reason for believing that card-playing will cease to be fashionable here for some time to come. And adds: "As long as ladies are inclined to put in their spare time trying to win prizes there will be card clubs, and as long as men ride hither and thither through the country on railway trains there will be games of various kinds going on. There seems to be something about a railroad train that makes some men want to play cards as soon as they get aboard. To the man who likes to look at the country through which he is passing, and the traveler who has a taste for literature, there is nothing more absurd than the person who goes through a car trying to get up a game of euchre or cinch; but he is always on every train that pulls out of a station. When he is put down, and the women quit yearning for prizes, we may cease to be a nation of card-players, but until then there is no reason to hope or expect that England will be able to set the fashion for us in this particular."

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, May 9th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.
	Shares.		Bid. Asked.
Cal. St. Ry. 5% .....	1,000 @ 118 1/2	118 1/2	119 1/2
Hawaiian C. & S. 5% .....	11,000 @ 105 1/4-105 3/4		
Los An. Ry. 5% .....	6,000 @ 104 1/4		104
Market St. Ry. 5% .....	10,000 @ 117 1/2		117 1/2
N. R. of Cal. 6% .....	25,000 @ 115 1/4		115
N. R. of Cal. 5% .....	6,000 @ 116 1/2		
N. Pac. C. Ry. 6% .....	4,000 @ 107 3/4		
Oakland Transit 6% .....	4,000 @ 115-115 1/2	115	
Omnibus C. R. 6% .....	2,000 @ 107 1/4		
Oceanic S. Co. 5% .....	10,000 @ 127		
Park & C. H. Ry. 6% .....	5,000 @ 104 1/4		
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5% .....	1,000 @ 118 1/2		118
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6% .....	5,000 @ 114 1/2		115

	STOCKS.		Closed.
	Shares.		Bid. Asked.
Contra Costa Water .....	675 @ 66 1/2-67 1/2	67 1/2	67 1/2
Spring Valley Water .....	148 @ 94 1/2-95 1/2	94 1/2	
Gas and Electric.			
Equitable Gaslight .....	680 @ 2 1/2-3	2 1/2	2 1/2
Pacific Lighting Co. ....	100 @ 41-41 1/2	41	
S. F. Gas & Electric .....	990 @ 45 1/2-46 1/2	45 1/2	45 1/2
S. F. Gas .....	25 @ 47	47	47

## Street R. R.

Market St. ....	11 @ 63	62 1/2	63
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## Powders.

Giant Con. ....	2,370 @ 87 1/2-92 1/2	91	91 1/2
Vigorit .....	1,850 @ 3 1/4-3 1/2	3 1/4	3 1/2

## Sugars.

Hana P. Co. ....	250 @ 8 1/2	8 1/2	8 1/2
Hawaiian .....	50 @ 87 1/2		90
Honokaa S. Co. ....	650 @ 32 1/4-32 1/2	32 1/4	32 1/2
Hutchinson .....	1,820 @ 23 1/4-25 1/2	23 1/4	25 1/2
Kilauea S. Co. ....	240 @ 20 1/2-21 1/2	20 1/2	21 1/2
Makaweli S. Co. ....	1,180 @ 48-48 1/2	48	48 1/2
Paauhau S. P. Co. ....	635 @ 30 1/4-31 1/4		

## Miscellaneous.

Alaska Packers .....	50 @ 117 1/2	117 1/2	118 1/2
Cal. Fruit C. Assn. ....	49 @ 105	104 1/2	106

Adroitness and nerve of some manipulator caused Giant Powder to go skywards last week. Shorts took hurriedly to cover, and some smart ones, who always rush in when they think they see good buyers or sellers at work, loaded up with top-notch stock. Activity was confined to Giant without any sympathetic effect on the general market. Vigorit obtained a slight recognition from the street by some apparent inside orders. A report of a combination to be made by all of the powder companies has created a feeling of hope that they will advance, but no action has been taken toward effecting this consolidation by any of the corporations. The demand for sugars has been insignificant.

At the annual meeting of the Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company, held on the 8th, President Buck, in his report, stated that the year ending on the last of March had been a dry one, and yet the crops came within some 640 tons of the estimate made by the manager of the company; \$300,000 was paid in dividends during the year, and over \$75,000 in permanent improvements, and yet a balance was carried over of \$19,000.20. The statement shows sugar of the estimated value of \$98,185 to be afloat, which guarantees uninterrupted dividends.

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Sold by all druggists. Refuse Substitutes. Mariani & Co., 52 W. 15th St., New York, publish a handsome book of endorsements of Emperors, Empress, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops, and other distinguished personages. It is sent gratis and postpaid to all who write for it.

**MENNE'S TOILET POWDER**

A Positive Relief for BRISTLY BEARD, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all affections of the skin.

"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving.

Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original.) Sample free. **GEORGE W. MENNEN CO., NEWARK, N. J.**

A great difference: "Jerry Pontoon, tell us something about Oliver Cromwell." "Which version, ma'am?" "I don't understand." "Magazine or history?"—Chicago News.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,213,146.59

Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00

Deposits December 30, 1899.....28,563,655.41

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNAI; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.

Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhardt, Emil Rohde, D. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1900.....\$26,110,681

Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000

Reserve Fund.....210,607

Contingent Fund.....407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier. R. M. WELCH, Asst. Cashier.

Directors—George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, Geo. Tascheira, E. B. Pond.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000

SURPLUS.....1,000,000

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.....2,321,212

January 1, 1900.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President

CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President

THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier

S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier

IRVING F. MOUTON.....2d Assistant Cashier

ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

## CORRESPONDENTS:

New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.

Baltimore.....The Bank of New York, N. B. A.

Boston.....The National Exchange Bank

Chicago.....The National Shawmut Bank

Philadelphia.....The Union National Bank

St. Louis.....The Philadelphia National Bank

Virginia City, Nev.....Boatmen's Bank

London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons

Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Freres

Berlin.....Director der Disconto Gesellschaft

China, Japan, and East Indies.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China

Australia and New Zealand.....The Union Bank of Australia, Ltd., and Bank of New Zealand

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

## WELLS FARGO & CO., BANK

San Francisco, Cal. Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

Jno. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager; H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst-Cashier; H. L. MILLER, Second Asst-Cashier.

Directors—John J. Valentine, Andrew Christeson, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Birmingham, Dudley Evans. Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869,451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,339.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco, 411 California Street.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A congressman tells the story that, being selected to deliver a eulogy on a deceased colleague whom he had not known, he consulted Mr. Reed, then the Speaker, upon what to say. "Say anything except the truth," was the reply; "it's customary."

A gem from the records of a Missouri court, given in an address by Hon. William H. Wallace, is the following lucid verdict in a lunacy case: "We, the jury, impaneled, sworn, and charged to inquire into the insanguinity of Ezekiah Jones, do occur in the affirmative."

After a recent ecclesiastical gathering, as the clergymen were trooping into luncheon, one of the most unctuous observed: "Now to put a bridle on our appetites." "Now to put a bit between my teeth," retorted the Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Randall Davidson.

An old tradition recounts that when William the Conqueror landed for the first time on English soil, he slipped and fell on his face. Divining by a swift intuition that his followers might regard this as an evil omen, he rose with his hands full of earth, and exclaimed: "Thus do I take possession of England! I grasp it with both hands."

The day Queen Victoria entered Dublin, a few weeks ago, the number of visitors was so great that it was impossible to get a room. A certain stranger on arriving at the Irish capital entered a cab and said to the driver: "Take me to a good hotel, jarvey." "Well, sir, which d'ye want?" "Any will do so long as I can get a room." "Then, axin' yer lave, sir, ye'd better go across an' throw stones at a peeler." "Why?" "Ye'd get locked up thin, sir, an' 'tis the only way to get a room in Dublin this night, sir, heav'n he praised it!"

Sir William MacCormac, the president of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, is at times quite absent-minded. He is an indefatigable worker, and often to save time when studying in his laboratory has a light luncheon served there. Once his assistants heard him sigh heavily, and, looking up, saw the doctor glaring at two glass receptacles on his table. "What is the matter, doctor?" asked one of the youngsters. "Nothing in particular," was the reply, "only I am uncertain whether I drank the beef tea or that compound I am working on."

At one time, during the border war (says Mrs. Julia Ward Howe in her "Reminiscences"), John Brown had taken several prisoners, among them a certain judge. Brown was always a man of prayer. On this occasion, feeling quite uncertain as to whether he ought to spare the lives of the prisoners, he retired into a thicket near at hand, and besought the Lord long and fervently to inspire him with the right determination. The judge, overhearing this petition, was so much amused at it that, in spite of the gravity of his own situation, he laughed aloud. "Judge ——" cried John Brown, "if you mock at my prayers, I shall know what to do with you without asking the Almighty!"

The late Lester Wallack once told a story of his still more famous father, James W., that as either an actor or a manager he could never tolerate the ballet, even where it was seemingly necessary according to custom as part of an entertainment or in the opera. One day there came to him a friend, a man about town, who said: "My dear Wallack, it is very curious that you do not see the beauties of imagination shown by the poses of the ballet." Going on in this strain the visitor at last wore out the patience of the actor-manager, who replied: "Look here, it is bad enough to stand these absurdities in an opera, but though I can comprehend people singing their joys, I am d—d if I can their dancing their griefs."

A candidate for the position of teacher in a New Hampshire district school was found sadly deficient in spelling, grammar, and mathematics, and it was with a perfunctory air that the examiner turned to the subject of geography. "Where is Chicago?" he asked, selecting a question at random from a sheet of miscellaneous queries. "Well, it's out West," replied the candidate, with the tone of one who had unexpectedly landed on solid and familiar ground. "In what part of the West?" persisted the heartless examiner. "Well, now," said the young man, with an ingenuous but fleeting smile, "I know whereabouts in the Union Chicago is, just as well as anybody. I could go right there if I had a ticket, but I haven't got the flow of language to make it clear, that's the only trouble!"

Shortly after ex-President Cleveland was first inaugurated, a Buffalonian bade his friends good-by, explaining that he was going down to Washington to see "Grover," and, "considering that they were old friends, he was confident that "Grover" would give him some nice office. In due time he reached Washington and the President; hut, alas, his efforts to induce Grover to give him any office,

foreign or domestic, proved unsuccessful. Finally, in desperation, the Buffalonian said: "Now, look here, Grover; before leaving home I told my friends that I thought you'd give me something, and I hate, you know, to go back empty-handed. I don't care so much about getting an office, but I don't want that Buffalo crowd to have a laugh at my expense." Cleveland reflected a moment, and then said: "Well, Jim, I'll tell you what's the best I can do for you. You can go back and tell your friends that I offered you the consulship at Liverpool—and that you declined it."

## DOOLEY DISCUSSES CURRENT EVENTS.

Admiral Dewey as a Presidential Candidate—Rev. Sheldon's Newspaper—The Paris Exposition—The Servant-Girl Problem.

In our issue of April 2d, we commented on Peter F. Dunne's failure as a novelist, apropos of the sudden discontinuance of his serial story in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, entitled "Molly Dunahue." The inimitable humorist has by no means fallen from his pedestal in public favor, however, for his recent Dooley sketches in *Harper's Weekly* abound in happy touches, and are as droll as ever. That his wit is apparently inexhaustible is apparent from the following extracts taken at random from his latest effusions on the current topics of the day.

If Admiral Dewey is made a candidate for President, Dooley predicts the following result:

"George'll wake up th' mornin' after illiction, an' he'll find a sore head an' a sorer heart, an' he'll find th' only support he got was fr'm th' Gold Dimmy-crat party, an' th' chances ar-re he caught cold fr'm goin' out without his shawl an' couldn't vote. He'll find that a man can be right an' be President, but he can't be both at th' same time." An' he'll go down to breakfast an' issue Gin'ral Order Number Wan, 'To All Superior Officers Commandin' Admirals iv th' United States Navy at home or on foreign service: If any man mintsions an admiral fr' President hit him in th' eye, an' charge same to me.' An' thin he'll go to his office an' prepare a plan fr' to capture Dublin, th' capital iv England, whin th' next war begins. An' he'll spind th' r-rest iv his life thryin' to live down th' time he was a candy-dote."

Dooley considers the Paris Exposition merely "a blind fr' the hootchy-kootchy dance," although he admits "they'll be some gr-reat exhibits at th' fair." He adds:

"Th' man that has a machine that'll tur-n out three hundred thousan' tooth-picks ivry minit 'll sind over his inthrestin' device, they'll be mountains iv infant food an' canned prunes an' pickle castors an' pants an' boots an' shoes an' paintin's. They'll be all th' wondhers iv modern science. Ye can see how skirts ar-re made an' what gives life to th' sody fountain. Th' man that makes th' glue that binds 'll be wearin' more medals thin an officer iv th' English ar-rmy or a cinchry bicycle rider, an' years after whin ye see a box iv soap ye'll think iv th' manufacthrer standin' up before a hundred thousan' frinized Fr-rinchmen in th' Boss du Boloney while th' president iv th' Fr-rinch places a goold wreath on his fair hrow an' says: 'In th' name iv th' ar-ris an' science, under th' motto iv our people, 'Lib-erty, insanty, an' frugality.' I crown ye th' champion soapmaker iv th' wurld.' (Cheers.) 'Be ye'er magnificent invintion ye have draw'n closer th' ties between Paris an' Goshen, Indyanay' (frantic applause), 'which I hope will never be washed away. I wish ye much success as ye climb th' ladder iv fame.' Th' invinter is thin draw'n ar-round th' shreetes iv Paris in a chariot pulled by eight white horses amid cries iv 'Veeve Higgins,' 'Ahase Castile,' et cetera, fr'm th' populace. An' many a heart beats proud in Goshen that night. That's th' way ye think iv it, but it happens diffrent, Hin-nissy. Th' soap king, the prune king, an' th' porous-plaster king fr'm here won't stir up anny tumult in Paris this year. Th' chances ar-re th' President won't know they're there, an' no wan 'll speak to him but a cah-driver, an' he'll say: 'Th' fare fr'm th' Chang All Easy to th' Roo de Roo is eighteen thousan' francs, but I'll take ye there fr' what ye have in ye're pockets.'"

"Th' millyonaire that goes over there to see th' piled-up riches iv th' wurld in sausage-makin' 'll take a look ar-round him an' he'll say to th' first policeman he meets: 'Gossoon, this is a fine show an' yon palace is full to th' seams with chinyware an' wushutts, hut wid ye be so kind, mong haw', as to pint out with ye'er cluh th' particlar house where th' hours fr'm th' Sultan's harem dances so well without th' aid iv th' human feet?' I know how it was whin we had th' fair here. I bad th' best intintions in th' wurld to find out what I ought to have larned fr'm me frind Armour, how with th' aid iv gawdfigen machinery ye can make a bedstead, a pianolo, a dozen whisk-brooms, a barrel of sour mash whisky, a suit iv clothes, a lamp chinibly, a wig, a can iv gunpowder, a bal'r iv nails, a Presidential platform, an' a bur-rd-cage out iv what remains iv th' cow—I was detarmined to probe into th' wondhers iv science an' I started fair fr' machinery hall. Where did I bring up, says he? In th' fr-front seat iv a playhouse with me eye glued on a lady iv th' Sultan's court, near Brooklyn Bridge, thryin' to twist out iv herself."

Rev. Mr. Sheldon's special edition of the Topeka (Kas.) *Capital* is thus commented on:

"'Twas a gran' paper. They was an article on sewerage an' wan on prayin' fr' rain, an' another on muni-cipal ownership iv gas-tanks, an' wan to show that they never was a good milker owned be a profane man. They was pomes, too, many iv thim, an' fine wans. 'Th' Man with th' Shovel,' 'Th' Man with th' Pick,' 'Th' Man with th' Cash Register,' 'Th' Man with th' Snow Plough,' 'Th' Man with

th' Bell Punch,' 'Th' Man with th' Skate,' 'Th' Man with No Kick Conin'.' Fine poetry, th' editor askin' who pushed this here man's forehead hack an' planed down his chin, who made him wear clothes that didn't fit him, an' got him a job raisin' egg-plant fr' th' monno polist in Topeka at a dollar a day. A man in th' editor's position ought to know, but he didn't, so he ast in th' pomes. An' th' advertisin', Hinnessy! I'd he scandalized fr' to go back readin' th' common advertisin' in th' vile daily press about men's pantings, an' Doesannyoneknowwhere-Icanget a hiscuit, an' In th' spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to Pocahontas plug, not made he th' thrusts. Th' editor leit thim sacrilegious advertisements fr' his vental contimp'aries. His was pious an' nice: 'Do ye'er smokin' in this wurld. Th' Christyan Unity Five-cent See gar is made out iv th' finest grades iv excelsior iver projooched in Kansas.' 'Nehuchadnezzar grass-seed, fr'm an' haste, an' so on. 'Twas nice to r-read. It made a man feel as if he was in church—asleep."

Concerning the servant-girl problem, Dooley says:

"I see he letters in th' pa-pers that servants is insolent, an' that they won't go to wurruk unless they like th' looks iv their employers, an' that they refuse to live in th' country. Why anny servant shud refuse to live in th' country is more thin I can see. Ye'd think that this disreputable class'd give annything to lave th' crowded tinimints iv a large city, where they have frinds be th' hundhreds, an' know th' policeman on the hate, an' can go out to hateful dances an' moonlight picnics; ye'd think these unfor'chnate slaves'd be delighted to live in Mulligan's subdivision, amid th' threes an' flowers an' bur-rds. Gettin' up at four o'clock in th' mornin', th' singin' iv th' full-throated alarm-clock is answered by an invishble choir iv songsters, as Shakespeare says, an' ye see th' sun rise over th' hills as ye go out to carry in a ton iv coal. All day long ye meet no wan as ye trip over th' coal-scuttle, happy in ye'er tile, an' ye'er heart is enlivened be th' thought that th' childer in th' front iv th' house ar-re growin' sthron on th' fresh country air. Besides they're always cookin' to do. At night ye can set be th' fire an' improve ye'er mind be r-readin' half th' love-story in th' part iv th' pa-paper that th' ches came home in, an' whin ye'er through with that all ye have to do is to climb a ladder to th' roof an' fall through th' skylight, an' ye'er in hed."

"But wud ye helieve it, Hinnessy, many iv these misguded women refuse fr' to take a job that aint in a city. They prefer th' hustle an' roar iv th' busy marts iv thrade, th' shreet car, th' saloon on three corners an' th' church on wan, th' pa-pers ivry mornin' with pitchers iv th' society favrite that's just thrown up a good job at Ar-mour's to clope with th' well-known club man who used to be yard-masther iv th' three B's, G., L. & N.; th' shy peek into th' dry-goods stores, an' other base luxuries, to a free an' healthy life in th' country between liven P. M. an' four A. M., Wen-sdahs an' Sundahs. 'Tis worse thin that, Hinnessy, fr' whin they ar-re in th' city they seem to dislike their wurruk, an' many iv thim ar-re givin' up spindid jobs with good, large families, where they have no chanst to spind their salaries, if they git thim, an' takin' places in shops, an' gettin' married, an' adoptin' other devices that will give thim th' chanst fr' to wear out their good clothes. 'Tis a horrible situation. . . . They're no naytionally now livin' in this country that're nathal bor-m servants.' 'If ye want to save trouble,' I says, 'ye'll import ye'er help. They're a race iv people livin' in Cinthral Africa that'd be just r-right. They never sleep, they can carry twice their weight on their hacks, they have no frinds, they wear no clothes, they can't read, they can't dance, an' they don't thrink. Th' fact is they're thoroughly onedycated. If ye cud take thim to cook an' take care iv childer they'd be th' best servants,' says I."

## Few College Students Die.

The death rate in colleges is extremely low. The strict attention to the physique is given as the cause. People outside of colleges, as well, may have health and strength. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is recommended most highly for preventing as well as curing bodily weakness. It is for the blood, the nerves, and all stomach disorders, and its cures of constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, sluggish liver, or weak kidneys, are most remarkable.

## Moore's Poison Oak Remedy.

Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS  
(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.VVO  
Scotch Whisky

Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

## Paris Exposition

—AND—

## PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU

Tours and tickets, hotel accommodations, etc. Superior arrangements for all classes of travel.

## THOS. COOK &amp; SON,

621 Market Street, San Francisco.

Domestic Economy  
has no better aid thanArmour's  
Extract  
of  
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SOLD BY ALL  
Grocers and Druggists  
Armour & Company,  
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THE LATEST STYLES IN  
Choice Woolens

## H. S. BRIDGE &amp; CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 MARKET STREET (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets,  
at 1 P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and  
connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc.  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1900.  
Coptic (Via Honolulu).....Friday, May 11  
Gaelic (Via Honolulu).....Wednesday, June 6  
Doric (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, June 30  
Coptic (Via Honolulu).....Thursday, July 26

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha  
(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND  
U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan  
Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and  
connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1900.

America Maru.....Saturday, May 19  
Hongkong Maru.....Thursday, June 14  
Nippon Maru.....Tuesday, July 10

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
421 Market Street, cor. First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC  
Steamship  
Company

S. S. Alameda sails  
via Honolulu and  
Ankland for Sydney,  
Wednesday, May 16,  
at 8 P. M.  
S. S. Anstralla, for  
Honolulu only, Wed-  
nesday, May 30, 2 P. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agents, 114 Montgomery  
St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., May  
1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31; June 5, change  
to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11  
A. M., May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31; June  
5, and every fifth day thereafter.  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M.,  
May 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, June 2, and  
every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M.,  
May 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31; June 4, and every fourth  
day thereafter.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa  
Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11  
A. M., May 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29; June 2, and every  
4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.

For Mexican ports, 11 A. M. Seventh of each month.  
The company reserves the right to change steamers,  
sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.  
Ticket Office a New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel)  
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., in Market St. S. F.

## International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.  
New York and Southampton (London, Paris),  
from New York every Wednesday, 11 A. M.

St. Louis.....May 23 (St. Paul).....June 6  
New York.....May 31 (St. Louis).....June 13

RED STAR LINE.  
New York and Antwerp. From New York every  
Wednesday, 12 noon.

Westernland.....May 23 (Noordland).....June 6  
Kensington.....May 31 (Friesland).....June 13

EMPIRE LINE.  
To Alaska and Gold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. F. FINESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



## SOCIETY.

## The Stone-Havemeyer Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Wilhelmina Havemeyer and Mr. Andrew L. Stone, of Oakland, will take place in St. Paul's Church, Riverside, Ill., on Thursday, May 17th, at four o'clock in the afternoon. Miss Havemeyer is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Havemeyer, of Riverside, Ill., and came to Oakland last December to act as bridesmaid at the marriage of her cousin, Miss Mai Tucker, to Mr. A. S. Macdonald, and during her three months' visit to this coast was extensively entertained. Mr. Stone, who left for the East on Saturday last accompanied by his best man, Mr. James C. McKee, is a graduate of the University of California and a member of the leading Oakland Clubs. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at "Fairlawn," the Havemeyer home, and on May 19th the young couple will sail for Europe.

## The McKeown-Studebaker Marriage.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Dulin Studebaker, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Studebaker, of South Bend, Ind., to Mr. Scott McKeown, of Pennsylvania, took place at St. Paul's Episcopal Church at noon on Wednesday, May 9th. The ceremony was performed by the rector, the Rev. W. M. Reilly. The bride was unaccompanied, because Miss Catherine Hearne, of San Diego, who was to have officiated as maid of honor, was indisposed and could not attend. Mr. R. M. Greer, of Chicago, acted as best man.

After the ceremony the bridal party and a limited number of guests repaired to the Palace Hotel, where an elaborate wedding breakfast was served in the conservatory. Those at the table were: Mrs. S. A. Dulen, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Dulen, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Stolp, Mrs. Rose L. Eaton, Mrs. William V. Bryan, Miss Bergin, Miss Edna Bergin, Miss Ethelyn Dulen, Miss Stella Klaber, Mr. John Lewellyn, of Los Angeles, Mr. Ward Eaton, Mr. Albert Lang, Mr. and Mrs. George Habenicht, Mr. C. B. Stackpole, of New York, Dr. William M. Lawlor, Mr. Hugh Greer, of New York, Mr. J. C. Hines, and Mr. Noble Eaton.

Mr. and Mrs. McKeown left on Thursday night for Denver, where they will make their first stay. They will then proceed East, and, passing through Canada, will reach New York in about a month, where they will remain for some time. After their honeymoon they will reside permanently in their newly erected home on Figueroa Street, Los Angeles.

## Polo at Golden Gate Park.

An exhibition game of polo was played on the athletic grounds of Golden Gate Park on Thursday, May 10th, by members of the Burlingame Country Club, the sides being lined up as follows:

■ Reds—Mr. Charles Dunphy, No. 1; Mr. Law-

rence Waterbury, No. 2; Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, No. 3; Mr. R. M. Tobin, back.

Whites—Mr. Charles Raoul-Duval, No. 1; Mr. J. S. Tobin, No. 2; Mr. Thomas Driscoll, No. 3; Mr. John Lawson, back.

Mr. Peter D. Martin officiated as referee, the arrangement being to play four periods of twelve minutes each. The field was a trifle heavy from the previous night's rain and the surface was loose, not giving the ponies the foothold to which they are accustomed at Burlingame. After a spirited contest the Whites won by a score of 5 to 3 goals.

The game, witnessed by a large crowd of spectators, was a complete success, the only unpleasant incident of the day being the sudden death of the pony ridden by Mr. John Lawson. It is presumed a blood-vessel burst, as just at the end of a sharp scrimmage the pony staggered forward a few steps, then sank to its knees. Mr. Lawson stepped off and the pony rolled over on its back. He died immediately. A number of the park policemen fastened their *riatas* to him and dragged him off the field.

## Notes and Gossip.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Leila Grantland Voorhies, the youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, of 2111 California Street, to Lieutenant Guy Scott, Third Artillery, U. S. A., son of Senator and Mrs. Nathan Scott, of West Virginia, who are at present residing in Washington, D. C. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

The marriage of Miss Alice Moffitt, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Moffitt, of Oakland, to Mr. George Doubleday, of New York, is to take place on June 21st, at the residence of the bride's parents, Webster and Twenty-Second Streets.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Phoebe Winslow Painter to Dr. Gardner Perry Pond. Miss Painter is the granddaughter of the late Mr. D. J. Staples and the niece of Mrs. K. S. Yeamans. Dr. Pond is a son of the Rev. W. C. Pond, pastor of the Bethany Congregational Church. The date of the wedding has not been set, owing to the fact that the bride's family are in mourning for the grandfather of the bride-elect.

Miss Jennie Blair gave a farewell tea to her friends at her home on Van Ness Avenue on Sunday, May 6th. Miss Blair and her brother, Mr. William S. Blair, leave to-day (Saturday) for a five months' tour of Europe.

Miss Genevieve Carolan, who is visiting relatives in the East, was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of Miss Sara Tracey Whitney to Dr. Leonard C. Sanford at New Haven on Thursday, April 26th.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Luning gave a dinner in honor of the French consul, Count de Tobriand, and the Countess de Tobriand, on Sunday, May 6th, at their home, 2429 Telegraph Avenue, in Oakland.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Mary Woolworth and Count Pietro Macchi. Miss Woolworth is the daughter of the late Mr. R. C.

Woolworth, one of the founders of the Crocker-Woolworth Bank, and was born in Sacramento. Since the death of her father Miss Woolworth and her mother have been traveling in Europe, most of the time being spent in Italy. Count Macchi, according to the papers, is the nephew of Cardinal Macchi, of Rome, and is noted for his translations of many of Mr. F. Marion Crawford's works into Italian.

Colonel Alexander G. Hawes gave a dinner on Wednesday, May 9th, in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club. Covers were laid for twelve.

Miss May Denman recently gave a luncheon at her home in honor of Miss Anna Voorhies. Those present were: Miss Denman, Mrs. Denman, Miss Anna Voorhies, Miss Leila Voorhies, Miss Jean Rawlings, Miss Grace Baldwin, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Edith Stubbs, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Eleanor Davenport, and Miss Margaret Cole.

Captain and Mrs. Oscar F. Long gave a dinner in honor of Colonel and Mrs. Marion P. Maus on Saturday, May 5th, at their home in Oakland. Those at table were Mr. and Mrs. William A. Magee, Mr. and Mrs. Dunning, Mr. and Mrs. Worden, Miss Landers, Miss Hush, Miss Palmer, Miss Morgan, Mr. S. L. Palmer, Mr. J. B. Metcalf, Mr. Philip Abbott, and Mr. P. L. King.

## The Paloma Schramm Concerts.

Paloma Schramm, the child pianist, made her re-appearance after an absence of two years at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall on Wednesday afternoon, May 9th, assisted by Karla, her younger sister and pupil, when the following programme was presented:

Chromatic Fantasia, Bach; sonata, Scarlatti; fantasia, D-minor, Mozart; valse, op. 70, No. 4, Chopin; romance from the E-minor concerto, Chopin (accompanied on second piano by Paloma's little sister, Karla); Fruehlingsnacht, Schumann-Liszt; Schmetterling, op. 43, No. 1, Grieg; pastorale, op. 27, Paloma; valse caprice, Paloma; Walthers Preislied (from "The Meistersinger"); Wagner Bendel; Vogel als Prophet, Schumann; nocturne, op. 27, No. 2, Chopin; rondo capriccioso, Mendelssohn.

The programme for the concert to be given this (Saturday) afternoon is as follows:

Rondo, op. 57, No. 1, Beethoven; gigue, Bach; pastorale, Scarlatti; valse, op. 70, No. 1, Chopin; romance from the E-minor concerto, Chopin (accompanied on second piano by Paloma's little sister, Karla); berceuse, Chopin; Schmetterling, Paloma; romance, op. 44, Rubinstein; An den Fruehling, Greig; valse caprice, Paloma; Liebestraum, Liszt; Les Deux Alouettes, Leschetitzki; nocturne, op. 9, No. 2, Chopin; pastorale, op. 27, Paloma; overture to Dichter and Bauer, Suppé (duet played by Paloma and Karla).

## COMMUNICATIONS.

## Begging by the Steamship Servants.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 2, 1900.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Allow me to thank you for fairly stating the truth in the *Argonaut* regarding the shameless begging of the servants of the North-German Lloyd Steamship Company. That this wealthy company should descend to such methods to squeeze money out of their passengers seems unbelievable. I have crossed several times on both the German lines, and have always been attacked while at my dinner with the request that I give money to the musicians. What makes the matter worse is that the money subscribed for the servants does not reach them until from the amount enough is taken by the steamship company to pay for all the breakage of glass and crockery that has occurred on the voyage. If any money is left over, the poor devils of horn-tooters get it.

Good for the *Argonaut*. Long may it wave.

Sincerely, C. CUSHING.

## A Surprised Subscriber.

"GUY'S CLIFFE," AUCKLAND,  
NEW ZEALAND, April 2, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: That your high-class, attractive weekly is essential to the literary well-being of a transplanted Californian like myself, does not astonish, but to find your valued paper in the cottage of a tiny New Zealand village of not more than three hundred inhabitants is worthy of note.

Your subscriber (through a local news-agent) is a little old maiden lady, cultured, ultra-English, and the same age as the queen. And she has been reading her *Argonaut* these twenty years, until now her sight is failing. My astonishment at the discovery of the paper was only equalled by my delight. I am sure you will be gratified to learn of the *Argonaut's* world-wide popularity, even to the remotely obscure corner of Howick, New Zealand.

Yours sincerely, MARTHA W. S. MYERS.

"Le Five o'Clock" is doomed in Paris. At first welcomed as relieving the formality of afternoon receptions it has developed into a gastronomic nuisance. The original tea and cakes by successive additions turned into an elaborate cold lunch, which interfered with dinner. Dinner was put back an hour, but this worked havoc with getting to the theatre in time, and the stage has power enough in France still to put five o'clock teas under the ban.

Those who are anxious to enjoy a day's outing and escape the winds and rustle and bustle of San Francisco on Sundays will find El Campo an ideal destination point. The steamer *Ukiah* makes three round trips every Sunday, providing ample accommodations for all.

## Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

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## SOCIETY.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Mary Scott and Miss Caro Crockett anticipate a trip to the Paris Exposition after the Harrison-Crocker wedding takes place at Tuxedo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott are now in New York, where they will remain until the middle of June, when they expect to sail for Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels will leave next week for Europe. They expect to remain abroad about three months.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, of Oakland, and Miss Anna Voorhies departed for New York on Saturday last. They expect to sail for Europe on Thursday, May 17th.

Miss Jennie Flood returned from a month's visit to New York on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr. (*duke Fair*) and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs are in Paris.

Mrs. John P. Jones and Miss Marion Jones, who have been spending the winter in Paris, are in England. They will return to Paris to see the exposition before coming home in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Smith are in the East on a brief visit. On their return, Mrs. Smith and the Misses Smith expect to make a tour of the world by way of Japan.

Mr. Collis P. Huntington and Mr. H. E. Huntington spent a few days at Monterey early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Hobart came up from Sao Mateo on Wednesday for a few days, and were at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. E. H. Sheldon has returned from a month's visit to friends and relatives in the East.

Miss Ethel Keeney returned from her Eastern trip early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson have gone to their summer home at Burlingame.

Mr. P. N. Lilienthal left for the East on Wednesday last, and expects to be absent about three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Boardman have taken a cottage in San Rafael for the summer months.

Among those who went up to Sacramento last week for the carnival were Judge and Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Beldeo, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Cluoie, Mrs. A. Chesbrough, Miss Katharine Dilloo, Mrs. Albert Gallatio, and Mrs. W. S. Leake.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Butters are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gus Bray, at Piedmont, where they will remain till June, when they go to their country home in Staolslaus County.

Mr. Everett N. Bee arrived home from Costa Rica on Monday, May 7th.

Dr. Harry N. Sherman is attending the Congress of American Physicians and Surgeons in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilsoo will close up their home at 904 Devisadero Street on June 1st, and go to Sao Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa have gone to Santa Cruz, where they will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. Huotington.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters have returned from New York, and, after a few days' stay in this city, will go to Monterey, where they will remain for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raoul-Duval (*né* Tobio), of Burlingame, were at the Palace Hotel early in the week.

Mrs. George G. Carr and son returned from Los Angeles on Sunday last.

Mrs. Thomas B. Bishop and Messrs. Fraok and Edward Bishop left here on May 1st for a four months' trip in Europe. They will remain in New York about two days before they sail.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow have taken a house at San Rafael for the summer months.

Dr. George Chismore was in New York early in the week.

Mrs. J. B. Paioter has changed her residence from 2416 Webster Street to 2113 Baker Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Tallat have taken a house in Sao Rafael, where they will spend the summer season.

Mrs. Gorham, of Santa Monica, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gorham, of Gold Hill, Nev., were the guests of Senator John P. Jones in Washington last week. They will visit relatives in Cleveland, O., before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Simpson and family, who have moved into their new residence, 2200 Pacific Avenue, corner of Buchanan Street, leave very soon for the East.

Mr. John J. Valentine, who recently returned to New York from Europe, is expected home soon.

Mrs. C. F. Mullins and Miss Maud Mullins will spend most of the summer at Coronado Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. John Berkeley Hays arrived from Central America early in the week and are visiting Mrs. Hays's parents, 1401 Sutter Street.

Mr. F. C. Hotelling spent a portion of last week at Sao José.

Mrs. George A. Crux is staying at 1013 Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. C. L. Ashe has returned from her trip to Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Warner were visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Professor David Starr Jordan came up from Stanford University early in the week, and was a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Spivalo, of Belmont, were guests at the California Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Ruddy registered at the California Hotel early in the week.

Mr. Harry Samuels, the violinist, has arrived from New York, and is visiting his parents at 1322 O'Farrell Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert B. Bagley and their niece,

Miss Kate Garvey, will spend the summer at Richmond Hill, Long Island, where they have secured a cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Foster enjoyed a visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais a few days ago.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mrs. M. T. Blake and Miss T. H. Blake, of Boston, Mr. A. P. Dryden and Mr. H. McCrea, of New Zealand, Mr. and Mrs. N. F. George, of Sacramento, Mr. J. A. Phillips and Mr. C. C. Wright, of Los Angeles, Mr. J. Williamson, of New York, Mr. Jacob Schramm, of St. Helena, Mr. M. N. Muller, of Fresno, Mr. W. S. Thomas, of Troy, Mr. H. Morgan Hill, of Elko, Nev., Miss E. R. Allen, of Omaha, Mr. W. H. Bucher, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Gill, of Phoenix, Ariz., Mr. and Mrs. B. Roper, of Virginia, Mr. F. W. Guffin, of Oroville, Mr. and Mrs. E. Dinkelspiel, of Bakersfield, and Mr. F. Hazen, of Healdsburg.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Watson and Miss Helen P. Watson, of Pittsburg, Pa., Mr. W. F. Ralph and Mr. James Ralph, of Philadelphia, Pa., Mr. C. J. Humphreys, of Boston, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Spink and Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Tanner, of Providence, R. I., Mrs. C. H. Hobart, of Brooklyn, Mr. A. W. Taylor and Mr. E. Taylor, of Halifax, Mrs. S. P. Davis, of Carson, Nev., Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Orcutt, Mr. O. C. Ebner, and Mr. D. H. Neff, of Chicago, Ill., Mr. J. C. Cantwell, of Sausalito, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Catton, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Browne, Mr. Robert Kerr, Mr. Daniel T. Hayes, and Mr. J. E. Root.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Captain Edward Everts, assistant-surgeon, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Mason, and permanently retired from the service on account of sickness.

Commander Seaton Schroeder, U. S. N., who arrived here on Wednesday en route to the island of Guam, is a guest at the California Hotel.

Mrs. Lawton, widow of the late Major-General Henry W. Lawton, U. S. A., after a short sojourn at her Redlands home, has returned to Louisville, Ky., where she will reside hereafter.

Captain Charles R. Krauthoff, U. S. A., and Mrs. Krauthoff, have arrived in this city, and have taken apartments at the Occidental Hotel.

Paymaster W. W. Barry, U. S. N., and Mrs. Barry, after a short stay in Chicago, have arrived at New Bedford, Mass., where they will make their home in the future.

Major William F. Tucker, Pay Department, U. S. A., who has been chief paymaster of the Department of the Lakes for the past year, has been ordered to report to the commanding officer of the Department of Alaska, for duty as chief paymaster. He expects to leave Chicago in time to take passage on the dispatch-boat *Seward*, which leaves Seattle the latter part of May.

Mrs. Plummer, wife of Assistant-Surgeon Ralph W. Plummer, U. S. N., is en route from Dayton, O., to Cavite, where she will join her husband, who has been seriously ill at the naval hospital.

Assistant-Surgeon James H. Payoe, Jr., U. S. N., was a guest at the California Hotel during the week.

Mrs. James Parker, Mrs. R. L. Bullard, and Mrs. P. G. Wales expect to sail for Manila next week to join their husbands in the Philippines.

Captain John McGowan, U. S. N., formerly commanding the *Monadnock*, has been granted four months' sick leave, and is staying at 2025 Hillier Place, Washington.

Major M. C. Foote, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., Mrs. Foote, and Major H. S. Turrill, U. S. A., registered at the Occidental Hotel early in the week. Lieutenant-Commander R. H. Galt, U. S. N., who has been under treatment at the naval hospital, Mare Island, has been granted three months' sick leave, and is staying at Williamsburg, Va.

A richly dressed woman entered the office of a trust company in Philadelphia the other day to rent a box. "Have you any one to identify you?" asked the attendant. "Certainly not," said the woman, indignantly; "everybody knows who I am." "That may be," was the reply, "but I don't know that you are the woman of that name." Just then another woman, who had been transacting some business, raised her head, and a frigid nod passed between them. "Do you know this woman?" asked the bank official. "I don't want to know her," soaped the woman; "she lives next door to me, and instructed her footman to kick my dog, just because it chanced to be on her step. You needn't ask me to identify her, for I won't." "I wouldn't let you identify me," retorted the applicant for a box; "I think you have acted horribly about your old dog; and you left the Dorcas Society, telling everybody you wouldn't belong as long as I was a member. A nice Christian spirit!" In the meantime the bank official, entirely satisfied that the identification was complete, handed over the key to the box, to the ill-concealed chagrin of the other woman, who had identified her against her will.

## Fine Watch for Sale.

For sale cheap, a genuine Jules Jurgensen 18-Karat Gold Repeater. Strikes the hour, quarter, and minute. An excellent time-piece; key-winder. Cost originally \$1,000. Apply to Shaelein & Beveridge, No. 3 Hardie Place, off Kearny, between Bush and Sutter Streets.

SPECIAL ATTENTION IS GIVEN BY MESSRS Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, to the fine engraving of visiting cards and invitations.

## MAGAZINE VERSE.

## Music.

From reed and rill and turning sphere,  
From the unfathomed past,  
The future's darker vast,  
One harmony thy heart may hear;

The vale, the hill, the sea, the stars,  
Great Nature and the soul,  
I teach them, and out roll  
Forever my immortal bars.

The voices else fast-fettered, dumb,  
Beyond the poet's word,  
But ever by him heard,  
I free them, and they singing come.

In their bright songs the heights to be  
Gleam like the hills at morn;  
Back where thy soul was born,  
Thither thou goest, following me.

I rule the future and the past;  
What shines his face before  
I show thee, and once more  
The loveliness that could not last.

I call, I cease, yet am not gone;  
Although my voice speak not,  
Thou hearest me in thought;  
In deep of dreams I murmur on.

I speak for all that live and love,  
That sorrow and rejoice;  
Mine is the only voice  
All know on earth, all know above.

—John Vance Cheney in the Century Magazine.

## Nebulae of Song.

Dim nebulae of song!

First, a cold star-dust in the spirit's void,  
Whirling with measured sweep the shadows  
through,

Then more compact, centripetal and strong,  
Swifter and surer and of warmer hue!

Thy brothers wait thee in the blue above,  
Far through the silences their songs descend;  
Thou too shalt join their ancient choir of love,  
And send thy light across the paths of men.

Now the faint music of the early dawn,  
Feeling its way with broken chords and slow,  
Then the C-major, resolute and strong,  
Surer in conscious strength the measures go.

But thou, dim dust, that trailest through the night,  
Breasting the waves of that unsounded sea,  
Swift be the course of thy triumphant flight,  
And sweet thy music in the years to be!

—Herbert Miller Hopkins in the Bookman.

The Argyll estates, to which the Marquis of Lorne succeeds, comprise one hundred and seventy thousand acres, besides large properties in London, Glasgow, and other cities. The late duke was thrice married, and leaves three sons and six daughters. To illustrate the estimation to which he was held by the common people of Scotland, the story is told of an old clansman in Glasgow, who, on being informed that Argyll's son was to marry the queen's daughter, Princess Louise, remarked: "Ah! what a proud woman the queen must be this day."

Upon the completion of the additions to the Tavern of Tamalpais, it is the intention of the management to cut a wide trail entirely around the mountain, at about the level of the new tavern, thus affording a pleasant and level path of about half a mile, from which may be had a view of the entire surrounding country and giving an unobstructed panorama in all directions without the necessity of climbing to the peak. This, with the other projected improvements, will place the Tavern of Tamalpais far in advance of all other mountain resorts.

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Ladies' Chocolate Tan Oxfords, latest lasts, new toes, hand-turned soles. Regular price, \$3.00. Special Sale Price, \$1.95.  
Ladies' Black Kid Oxfords, new toes, latest lasts, hand-turned soles. Regular price, \$3.00. Special Sale Price, \$1.95.

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## The Argonaut in Paris

Persons visiting the Exposition at Paris, and desiring copies of the Argonaut during their stay in that city, may obtain the same at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera. It will also be found on tables of the reading rooms at the Southern Pacific head-quarters, 29 Boulevard des Italiens. The Argonaut will be sent direct from this office to those sending us their subscriptions.

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Arrive Salt Lake City . . . 2:10 P. M.  
Leave Salt Lake City . . . 8:05 P. M.  
Arrive Denver . . . 9:15 P. M.  
Arrive Chicago . . . 7:59 A. M.  
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**Burlington Route**  
Vestibuled Drawing-room Sleeping Car, via Salt Lake City, Denver, and Omaha.  
Leave San Francisco . . . 6:30 P. M.  
Leave Sacramento . . . 10:30 P. M.  
Arrive Denver . . . 9:00 A. M.  
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LEAVE	From April 15, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A.	Benicia, Suisun, Elmina, Vacaville, Rumsey, and Sacramento . . .	*7.45 P.
*7.00 A.	Shasta Express, Davis, Willows, Red Bluff, Portland . . .	*7.45 P.
*7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa . . .	*6.15 P.
*8.30 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago . . .	*5.15 P.
*8.30 A.	San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Jones, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff . . .	*4.15 P.
*8.30 A.	*Milton, Oakdale, Sonoma, Carthers, Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations . . .	*11.45 A.
*9.00 A.	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville . . .	*7.45 P.
*9.00 A.	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East . . .	*9.45 A.
*9.00 A.	Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno . . .	*12.15 P.
*9.00 A.	Port Costa, Fresno, Mojave, and Los Angeles . . .	*6.45 P.
*10.00 A.	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations . . .	*6.45 P.
*11.00 A.	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville . . .	*4.15 P.
*12.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations . . .	*2.45 P.
*12.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers . . .	*18.00 P.
*3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations . . .	*5.45 P.
*4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa . . .	*9.15 A.
*4.00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville . . .	*10.45 A.
*4.30 P.	Niles, San Jose, and Stockton . . .	*7.15 P.
*5.00 P.	The Owl Limited. Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles . . .	*10.45 A.
*5.30 P.	Stockton, Merced, and Fresno . . .	*12.15 P.
*5.30 P.	Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East . . .	*8.45 A.
*5.30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East . . .	*6.45 P.
*6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose . . .	*7.45 A.
*6.30 P.	Vallejo . . .	*12.15 P.
*6.30 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago . . .	*9.45 A.
*6.30 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago . . .	*4.15 P.
*7.00 P.	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations . . .	*19.55 P.
*8.05 P.	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East . . .	*8.15 A.

**COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).**  
(Foot of Market Street.)  
17.45 A Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations . . . 18.05 P.  
\*8.15 A Newark, Centerville, San Jose, San Jose, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations . . . 6.20 P.  
12.15 P Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations . . . 10.50 A.  
\*4.15 P Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos . . . 8.50 A.  
4.15 P Glenwood, Felton, Santa Cruz . . . 8.50 A.

**CREAK ROUTE FERRY.**  
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—  
\*7.15 9.00 11.00 A. M., 11.00 \*2.00 3.00 P. M.  
\*4.00 15.00 \*6.00 P. M.  
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—  
\*6.00 8.00 10.00 A. M., 12.00 \*2.00 12.00 \*3.00 14.00 \*5.00 P. M.

**OAKLAND DIVISION (Broad Gauge).**  
(Third and Townsend Streets.)  
16.10 A Ocean View, South San Francisco . . . 16.30 P.  
17.00 A San Jose and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only) . . . \*1.30 P.  
17.30 A Sunday Excursion for San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations . . . 18.35 P.  
\*9.00 A San Jose, Pacific Grove, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations . . . \*4.10 P.  
\*10.40 A San Jose and Way Stations . . . \*6.35 A.  
\*11.30 A San Jose, Los Gatos and Way Stations . . . \*8.50 A.  
12.45 P San Jose, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove . . . 12.36 A.  
13.30 P San Jose and Way Stations . . . 7.30 P.  
14.15 P San Jose and Principal Way Stations . . . 9.45 A.  
15.00 P San Jose, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations . . . 19.00 A.  
\*5.30 P San Jose and Principal Way Stations . . . 18.35 A.  
\*6.30 P San Jose and Way Stations . . . 18.00 A.  
8.11.45 P San Jose and Way Stations . . . 7.30 P.

\*Daily. †Saturday excepted. ‡Sunday only.  
a Saturday and Sunday. c Sunday and Monday.

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**THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.**

Doctor (to patient who wishes to be treated for an impediment in his speech)—"Do you always stutter?" Patient—"O-o—only when I—I—talk."—Judge.

"He said he'd sign the paper, but every time I put it under his nose he has some excuse." "Perhaps the gentleman doesn't write with his nose."—Judge.

"Bertha, I think I hear a burglar down-stairs." "Well, let him alone. If cook gets awake she'll call in seven policemen, and we won't have a bite left in the house for breakfast."—Chicago Record.

Forced economy: De Sporte—"Speaking of economy, my brother Jack hasn't spent a cent in five years." Chappie—"Indeed?" De Sporte—"Yes; but he'll be out next week."—Harlem Life.

"How do you suppose Mr. Quay felt when he heard the result of the vote in the Senate?" asked the observant boarder. "I suppose he felt put out," replied the cross-eyed boarder.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Even sooner: Foster—"Do all your employees drop their tools the instant the whistle blows?" Player—"Oh, no, not all of them. The more orderly ones have their tools put away before that time."—Bazar.

Declining utility: Interviewer—"Do you believe our missionaries do much good in the East?" Herr Landgrab (European statesman)—"Not so much as they used; the natives are getting afraid to kill them."—Puck.

Winkle—"As I was sitting in a crowded car yesterday, an old lady entered." Nodd—"And you got up and gave her your seat?" Winkle—"No; another man got ahead of me; but I had to wait for him for nearly five minutes."—Life.

Meligger—"Poor Henpeck; his wife never gives him a chance to say a word." Thingumbob—"You're wrong there; there are times when she becomes a very attentive listener. Henpeck talks in his sleep, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Newwed (handing tramp several biscuits)—"Here, my poor man, are some of my home-made biscuits; you will find the saw and axe in the woodshed." Tramp (closely examining the biscuits)—"Are they as bad as that, mum?"—Harlem Life.

Papa (reaching for the rod)—"Now, young man, I'll attend to you. What have you to say for yourself?" Tommy—"Let it come, pop; but, say, as a special favor, while you're doing it, please don't spring that old chestnut about it's hurting you more'n me."—Philadelphia Press.

"Strike!" The frail girl gazed steadily at the big strapping fellow with the oak stick. "Strike!" Again her high-pitched voice rang out. "Strike!" This time he dropped the stick and ran. It was not a threatened tragedy; it was merely a girl in the grand-stand acting as umpire.—Chicago News.

Coming events: Mrs. Wits (to sick husband)—"The doctor has arrived." Mr. Wits—"Then you had better telephone for the undertaker, my dear." Mrs. Wits—"Why, John, what do you mean?" Mr. Wits—"Well, you know, coming events cast their shadows before."—Chicago News.

Components of a proposal: Daughter—"No, mamma, Harold has not proposed as yet; that is, not in so many words." Mother—"Mercy me, Jane! You must not wait for words! Proposals are mostly made up of sighs, gurgles, stammers, coughs, hems, haws, and looks, you know!"—Puck.

"Lord Raleigh's graceful little act of sacrificing his costly cloak so that the queen could go dry-shod has been outdone by a western bride." "What did she do?" "On a very slippery day last winter she scattered the cremated ashes of her first husband on the front steps so that her second husband wouldn't slip down."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Scaddsligh—"Now, Laura, you go right into the library and study your French; here we expect to start for Paris the middle of next week and you haven't looked at a single lesson." Laura—"But, mamma, I—" Mrs. Scaddsligh—"There, there! Go right along now and learn French; I don't believe in this babbling of putting everything off till the very last minute."—Chicago Times-Herald.

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Mr. E. Conomy—"What do you mean by buying all these things?" Mrs. E. Conomy—"Don't get excited, dear; I didn't buy them. I had them charged."—Philadelphia Record.

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That any measure for the government of Puerto Rico would contain defects could have been predicted. The formulation of the bill was along lines for which American annals afforded no precedent, and was of necessity experimental. Happily, here is nothing in the way of applying such remedy as may be demanded when the operations of the scheme make manifest its weaknesses. There is, however, one error so glaring as to create wonder that it escaped the scrutiny of Congress, and this is in relation to the granting of franchises.

For a franchise there should be either a fixed and immediate compensation, or some plan of payment in accordance with future profits, based on a percentage. People who are looking for concessions in Puerto Rico would pay for them

rather than let the opportunity pass, but they will, if possible, obtain them for nothing. Even if they are unwilling to pay, somebody else will take advantage of the chance. A franchise is often a valuable piece of property, and there is hardly a State, Territorial, or municipal government that has not had occasion to regret the reckless habit of bestowing it upon whomsoever was first to make the request. The usual course has been a total ignoring of the ordinary law which attaches a price to a commodity; for, while a franchise is intangible—nothing to be weighed nor exactly to be measured—it is often as essential as land upon which to build, or a canal for the carriage of water. It is apt to be the most vital element of corporation prosperity, enables monopoly to thrive, and is held beyond the reach of the tax-gatherer. Once acquired without payment or obligation of any sort, it is finally beyond public control, and the public is cut off from participation in the benefits. That this works a gross injustice is a proposition so clear as to need no argumentative support. There is no occasion for repeating in Puerto Rico a mistake so often made nearer home.

Congress can have no excuse for neglecting its duty in this regard. At present a franchise in the island may be conceded by the governor and the local council. The country has every confidence in Governor Allen, but he is a busy man, full of trying responsibilities. As to his associates, less is known. It may readily be supposed that in haste or carelessness franchises might be handed out on demand, as has too often been the custom. Political influence turned into commercial channels has been known to exert a powerful spell, of which the official yielding to its potency might be unconscious. Doubtless in any given case a word from President McKinley would be sufficient to prevent the squandering of public rights, but the President can not be expected to keep track of every detail of colonial government. Virtually, there is nothing but the Puerto Rican governor and his aids to safeguard the people of the islands against the covert onslaught of capitalists anxious to obtain that for which they are unwilling to pay.

President McKinley, through a message to Congress, or by the expression of his opinion to the individual leaders, could in all probability cause the legislation so important to be enacted without delay. Surely he does not want his new subjects wronged, nor undeserved advantages to be showered upon those seeking to enter a virgin field of enterprise. He must be aware of the possibility of official carelessness or corruption, and the experiences had in this country show the gravity of evils resulting from donations of franchises, which amount in the end to confiscation of common property.

For some reason not clearly defined, the beginning of May seems to be regarded as the proper season for the inauguration of strikes. Several, however, were in full blast this year before this date, that among the building trades of Chicago being now three months old. Such havoc has been wrought by this outbreak that civil authorities are making strenuous efforts to crush it. One of the leading spirits of the outbreak has been Civil Service Commissioner Carroll, who has, tardily, been dismissed from office. The estimated loss of wages to workmen has reached \$15,000,000; contracts to the amount of \$15,000,000 have been prevented, and \$8,000,000 more held in abeyance. The losses to contractors have been \$3,000,000. There have been three union men killed, five non-union men, and one hundred and thirty of the latter class assaulted and beaten. For all the violence and crime there have been no punishments. It is proposed hereafter to make punishment swift and sure.

On the part of Chicago people and papers there is no hesitancy in ascribing this strike and its conduct to the Building Trades' Council, a body openly charged with venality, brutality, and black-mail. It assumes to order any or all unions to strike, regardless of the will of the workmen directly affected. It operates through the "walking delegate," a vicious and harmful anomaly, whose business seems to be to stir up and perpetuate discord. The papers are urging the unions to break from the domination of this con-

cern, and to deal with the contractors without the intervention of middlemen. The municipal government is promising them protection within their rights, but will not longer tolerate violation of the rights of others.

The strike at Buffalo directed against the New York Central was inspired and engineered by outsiders. The employees had been, as late as March, gratified by a voluntary increase of ten per cent. in wages. They did not know that they were being oppressed, and, instead of proposing to strike, were on their way to work when met by "agents"—personages evolved from the old "walking delegates"—and urged to drop their tools. Among the demands made is that no employee shall be discharged from the service of the company without the consent of the union to which he belongs, a demand so obviously unreasonable that to concede it would be ruinous to discipline and utterly destructive of confidence in the management of the company.

Both at St. Louis and Kansas City there are strikes among street-car employees extensive enough to have almost brought local transit to a standstill. In the latter city, at least, the situation has led to federal interference by injunction, and the strikers find themselves face to face with the power of the national government. In St. Louis there have been a number of disturbances approaching riot, and several deaths have occurred from gun-shot wounds or the impact of missiles, innocent passers-by being the victims. Dynamite has been used to blow up cars and tracks. Just what the declared grievances may be, beyond the question of wages—the increase asked being one cent. per hour per man—and recognition of the union, does not appear. But as in the other strikes prevailing, the mischief has been wrought at the instigation of outsiders. Men from distant places went to St. Louis and Kansas City for the avowed purpose of coaxing or intimidating the street-car employees to quit en masse. This they have accomplished, but it remains to be proved that they have in any measure strengthened the arm of organized labor, though they have caused hardship and suffering.

A most peculiar strike was that in a Lowell mill, where the union had decreed that no operative should do more than a certain amount of work daily, the amount specified being so small that the restriction necessitated considerable loafing. One woman persisted in doing a fair day's work, and eight hundred of her associates, the mill's entire force, walked out. The company stood by the woman, and after three weeks of idleness she triumphed, the union reinstating her, and all going back to their looms.

It has been noted that an ante-election period is often punctuated by strikes. The present one, despite such prosperity as the country has not known for years, despite the abundance of work, the general increase of wages, the difficulty in certain lines of procuring sufficient help, has been no exception. How much of the apparent unrest has a political basis is hard to determine; yet that a portion of it has such basis there can be no question.

In the character of the appointments made to colonial service President McKinley has set a standard so high as to be beyond hostile criticism. APPOINTMENTS TO COLONIAL SERVICE. Even those papers adverse to the whole colonial scheme, and others that on political or general principles are opposed to the administration, are forced to admit that the selections thus far made have been wise and judicious—based upon ability, experience, and demonstrated fitness. The New York *Evening Post*, which has seldom had anything favorable to say of President McKinley, finds itself not only disarmed, but virtually forced, in justice, to make friendly comment.

The Puerto Rican government, judged by American precedents, is still an anomaly. By the scheme of it the President is given extraordinary powers, which might easily be subject to abuse. In the beginning there were dire predictions of carpet-bag scandals and pending official corruption. Not only have these prophecies not been confirmed, but the situation shows them to have been absolutely



groundless. The appointment of J. H. Hollander to be treasurer of Puerto Rico is in keeping with the plan which has so far resulted well. Mr. Hollander is a specialist-connected with Johns Hopkins University, and regarded as an authority on taxation and finance. That a man of his standing could be induced to accept office was in itself a triumph. He was called to Puerto Rico particularly to study taxation and recommend changes in the prevailing system, and there displayed so high a degree of capability that he was urged to undertake important duties and remain.

The auditor just appointed is John R. Garrison, who for thirty years has been a trusted *attaché* of the Treasury Department. Naturally, his training has been thorough, and it is not strange that he should be reckoned one of the best accounting officials in the employ of the government. As is the case with Mr. Hollander, Mr. Garrison is a man of such repute that confidence in his integrity, as well as in his capacity for the work in hand, will not from any source be questioned. In the absence of a colonial civil service, which may, in time, develop, there could be no satisfactory course but the naming of recognized experts. These men will not only be a substantial benefit to Puerto Rico, but a credit to the United States. Together with a secretary, an attorney-general, and commissioner of education, they will be members, *ex-officio*, of the executive council. The last three have not been chosen, or, at least, there has been no announcement of choice.

Six months in advance is admittedly too early to draft any forecast of a Presidential election which would not need to be revised again and again as the contest developed; but this is an unusual year, in which candidates and platforms have been practically outlined so far in advance that the results in next November have already become the subject of interesting if not valuable speculation. The personality of candidates is now sufficiently well settled for the purpose.

The two leading candidates have faced each other before. The electoral college this year consists of 447 votes, requiring 224 to elect, which was the same in 1896. In the last contest McKinley received 271 electoral votes, and Bryan 176. Bryan must, therefore, gain 48 votes to succeed, while McKinley can lose 47 votes from his former strength and still be reelected. Two small tables will best show the geographical division of the electoral vote in 1896:

For McKinley—	Electoral vote.
All the New England States.....	39
All the Middle States.....	81
All the North Central States.....	101
Three Southern States (Kentucky, Maryland, West Virginia).....	27
Two Western States (Minnesota, North Dakota).....	12
Two Pacific States (California, Oregon).....	13
Less one vote each of California and Kentucky.....	273
Total.....	271
For Bryan—	Electoral vote.
Twelve Southern States (Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia).....	129
Nine Western States (Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, South Dakota, Utah, and Wyoming).....	41
One Pacific State (Washington).....	4
Plus one vote each from California and Kentucky.....	174
Total.....	176

Neither the Democratic nor the Republican platform has yet been drafted, but the public knows that the Republican fight will be one to sustain the policies of the current administration, and that the Democratic battle will be one of criticism and negation. The Republican party starts with the advantage of prestige and position, and reinforced by the conduct of a successful war and an era of prosperity. It is handicapped by the chances it has had in four years to make political enemies, and by its necessity to make clear to public judgment the value of those new policies which the results of war have brought forward and which have yet to be tested. They must convince certain voters that so-called imperialism is but a political bogey; they must prove to some that the retention of the Philippines is sound in a business sense and safe in policy; they must defend to others the policy adopted toward Puerto Rico, and show cause why the constitution does not follow the flag; they must support the new financial legislation with one hand and to some extent fight over the free-silver battle with the other; they must make clear their antagonism to dangerous combinations of capital, and establish the wisdom of their acts in foreign relations. It is the disadvantage of new, constructive, progressive political action, fitted to new fields, new plans, new powers, and new conditions, as against the inertia of conservatism which any radical movement appals.

The party has succeeded before in such a contest and has the less reason to be discouraged at the battle before it. At the opening of the campaign it seems a super-conservative estimate to concede to Bryan all of the Southern States

except West Virginia, and to give him besides the States of Delaware, Nebraska, Nevada, Idaho, and Utah, all of which make a total of 170 electoral votes. On the other hand, the States which seem surely Republican comprise all the New England States, all the Middle States except New York and Delaware, all the North Central States except Indiana, all the Pacific States, and the Western States of Minnesota, South Dakota, North Dakota, and Wyoming, and the Southern State of West Virginia, making a total of 209. This calculation leaves the 68 votes of the five uncertain States of New York, Indiana, Kansas, Colorado, and Montana to decide the contest, from which McKinley must gain 15, or Bryan 54 votes to be elected. If McKinley carries either New York or Indiana, or all of the three other doubtful States, he will be elected. Bryan, on the other hand, can not succeed without the vote of New York. If he carries all the other States classed as doubtful he will still be 22 votes short of a majority. We submit that we have done the best we possibly can for Mr. Bryan. We may be surprised by all sorts of revolutions in public sentiment, but from the present outlook we expect to see the Republicans elect their ticket by an electoral vote somewhere between 245 and 270.

The serious problem of what to do with the descendants of the negro slaves, that is pressing upon the Southern States, has been extensively discussed from the economic standpoint, but it is comparatively seldom that a competent student presents his views of the question from the point of view of medical science. Dr. Paul B. Barringer, of the University of Virginia, presented such a study of the subject at a recent meeting of the Tri-State Medical Association of Virginia and the two Carolinas. His conclusions are striking, though by no means reassuring. He approaches the subject from the standpoint of heredity, and emphasizes the fact that any possible development of the negro along the lines of civilized life must be racial and not individual. The American negro is a descendant of the savages of West Africa, who were regarded as the ideal slaves by the Egyptians as long as forty-four centuries ago. In them, as in their descendants, there was the willing and cheerful surrender of the will to a stronger and more forceful character. This caused them to be valued above all other slaves in ancient Egypt, Carthage, and Rome.

With this legacy of forty-four centuries of savagery and slavery it is little wonder that they require generations for development. The first slaves came to this country in 1620, and during the two and one-half centuries that they remained in servitude to the whites they made wonderful progress. The four million blacks who were emancipated at the close of the Civil War "were, in their average morality and character, so far ahead of any other four millions, or any other one million of the race to be found elsewhere on the earth, that they were not in the same class," although the raw material was almost entirely the West Coast cannibal.

Such was the result of the period of slavery; since emancipation the development has not been so encouraging. Instead of continuing the advancement be made under the discipline of slavery, the negro is following a natural tendency to revert to his original barbarism. There is not a State in the Union where the records have been published in which the negro population does not show a larger percentage of criminality than the whites. Under slavery the most conspicuous fact was the absence of serious crime. The further the race is removed from the condition of slavery the greater the tendency to relapse into savagery. Dr. Barringer refers to the negro in Hayti, in Guadeloupe, and in Martinique in confirmation of this conclusion. More than this, the white population has been made more criminal than it would otherwise have been by contact with this degraded race. The great problem, therefore, according to Dr. Barringer, is "to save the white man of the South from barbarism by reclaiming the savage to whom he is inseparably tied."

How is this to be accomplished? First, the negro must be removed from politics, "not, perhaps, forever, but certainly until the proper time." Secondly, the negro must be industrially educated, and the work of instruction must be taken out of the hands of negro teachers and intrusted to the whites. Even then Dr. Barringer despairs of restraining the tendency to relapse into savagery. The negro will remain in the South; but in the emigration of the whites Dr. Barringer sees a possible solution of the problem. Since the war there has been a steady emigration from the South to the North and West. Once white laborers went to escape the competition of slave labor; in late days they go to escape the impending savagery of the blacks—for, unless a brake is put upon the natural reversion of this savage, the South will be uninhabitable for the white race. This is the gloomy picture that Dr. Barringer draws. It reflects the

opinion of the people of the South, and illustrates how fully they realize the serious character of the problem that confronts them.

Efforts to discount the wave of Republican prosperity come to nothing, for indications that its benign touch has been felt in every part of the country are abundant and definite. There are signs which the student of economical problems has no difficulty in reading. The prevailing prosperity stands out boldly against the background of hard times that were nurtured under Democratic rule, and only disappeared with the coming of a new national policy. Notwithstanding studied efforts to show that prosperity is imagined, and that in reality the people are suffering, the facts remain unshaken.

Some of these facts relate to luxuries. In seasons of depression little can be spent on anything above the bare necessities. When the farmers of the wheat-producing North-West take to the purchasing of pianos, that they are not fretted by the interest on a mortgage, but that good crops have found profitable market, becomes certain. In 1899 there were sold to farmers of the section mentioned as many pianos as had been sold in the previous six years. The financial condition of the agriculturist is a sure indication of conditions in the nation at large.

It is said that at the East the extent to which people indulge in diamonds indexes the situation, but that at the West the top-buggy is the test. During 1899 diamonds to the value of \$12,000,000 and over were imported, against \$2,000,000 worth in 1897. In the region in which the demand for top-buggies is regulated by ability to pay for them, twice as many of these vehicles were disposed of in 1899 as had been sold in any previous year. Imported millinery must be classed as an absolute luxury, yet 1899 witnessed the receipt of it to the amount of \$2,650,000, an increase of more than half a million over 1897. There was also a gain of over half a million dollars in imported pictures and other works of art in the figures of 1899, contrasted with the year before, the larger total being \$2,800,000. All these are straws, showing the direction and speed of the financial wind, but investigation in a wholly different field brings forth information as direct.

There are people who abstain from luxuries, preferring to hoard their cash surplus, and these become patrons of savings-banks. In 1889 there were in the United States 3,800,000 depositors in such institutions, the average deposit being \$369. In 1899 the number of depositors had grown to 5,200,000, and the average deposit had swelled to \$419. There could not well be a more striking manifestation of prosperity than this dual gain.

Some authorities have cited the moral influence of prosperity as exemplified in statistics. For instance, in 1895, which was marked by general depression, there were nine hundred and twenty-seven sent as prisoners to the penitentiary of Illinois. During 1899 there were only five hundred and six, a decrease well toward fifty per cent. There seems for this betterment no reason except that changed conditions have removed want, and made practicable the earning of an honest living. Prosperity does more than promote happiness by enabling people to have luxuries or to save their money. It uplifts and ennobles, creates content, brings pleasures into home life, and places beyond reach or desire the mischief there is ever for idle hands to do. Politically, it has fortified the Republican party by showing the sincerity of its professions and the good faith of putting them into practice.

In his address to the graduating class of the State University at Berkeley last Wednesday, President Wheeler prefaced his remarks by a reference to the condition of the university's finances. He announced that, according to the estimate of the finance committee of the board of regents, \$225,000 will be received during the coming year from the regular State tax of two mills on each \$100 of valuation. The Morrill college aid fund, the experimental station fund, the scholarship fund, and investments bring the total income, as estimated, up to \$410,000. To one not familiar with the expenses involved in the conduct of a college, nearly half a million dollars might seem like a large sum to be expended annually for the purpose of furnishing higher education to a limited number of pupils. As President Wheeler pointed out, however, the reverse is the case. Under the law, \$56,000 will be spent in making permanent improvements during the year. The Lick Observatory will cost \$27,000, while the income from its special fund will be only \$5,400, leaving a considerable deficit to be made up from the regular funds of the university. For scholarships, \$10,000 more will be spent, and thus for the regular expenses of education there will be but little more than \$300,000.

A comparison with the incomes of other institutions



proves how inadequate this amount really is. Harvard receives \$371,000—or more than the California university has for educational expenses—from tuition fees alone, while the total annual expenses amount to one and one-half million dollars. Stanford receives an income double that of California. On the basis of attendance, the University of California has about one hundred and fifty dollars for the instruction of each student. At Columbia the cost for each student is three times as great. This discrepancy has resulted from the extremely rapid growth of the university in recent years. During the last ten years the income of the university has increased only seventy per cent., while the increase in attendance has been three hundred and seventy per cent.

These are facts that should engage the attention of every citizen of California. The people of this State are justly proud of their university, which forms a fitting head to the public educational system. They have fostered it until it holds rank among the leading institutions of higher education in the country. Private benefactions have relieved the pressure to a certain extent, Mrs. Hearst notably having taken the institution under her protection. But the great need is a permanent source of income that shall be adequate to the needs of the institution. It is the people's university and they should be prepared to deal generously with it. It may be true, as President Wheeler humorously remarked, that there are some people who believe that a university should not be run without an annual deficit, but it is to be hoped that these people are in a small minority.

When the civilized world was interested in the trial of Captain Dreyfus, there were many in this country who advocated the withdrawal of American support from the exposition that was opened in Paris this month, and not a few prominent merchants declared that they would make no exhibit there. This feeling has evidently died out, for outside of France, the United States has more exhibitors, and covers more space, than any other leading nation of the world. In the list of exhibitors France naturally comes first with 30,000. The United States is second with 6,564, and following these in regular order are Belgium, 2,500; Germany and Italy, with 2,000 each; Russia, 1,500; Scandinavia, 1,400; Austria, 1,000; and Great Britain, 600. The American exhibitors at Paris are three times as numerous as were the French exhibitors at Chicago. The exhibits cover eight acres, and in agriculture, food products, mining, and education they are far ahead of all competitors. American machinery, as usual, holds a leading position, and Europeans who have never visited this country will have an opportunity to realize the advance that has been made by American inventive genius. The small number of British exhibitors is undoubtedly due to the attitude that France has taken in regard to the South African war and the attacks by the French press upon the queen. The wisdom of such resentment may well be questioned, however. The exposition is primarily an advertising scheme, and sentiment has no proper place in business. The American exhibitors will certainly reap the benefit of their enterprise in closer trade relations with all the countries of Europe.

With rare lack of diplomatic shrewdness the trusts have brought themselves into unenviable prominence just as the national conventions of the two great political parties are about to meet. The latest performance was by the managers of the American Steel and Wire Company, and consisted in a stock deal in which a number of speculators were pinched. The managers kept up the prices of their goods and stock artificially until they had the market fixed, then they suddenly depressed the stock and made a large sum of money by the transaction. The manner in which this was done, as well as the transaction itself, is calculated to increase the unpopularity of these manufacturing combines. They announced that there was no market for their wares and closed up twelve of their mills without warning, throwing six thousand men out of employment. The leading financial journals have denounced the managers most strongly, and even the conservative New York *Evening Post* declares that "the rising tide of public opposition to the trust system will be considerably swelled by tactics like these, whatever may be their origin or partial justification." Trust management directed by any such impulses as those recorded will give few plausibility to the demands of the State Socialists, but their most obvious and immediate tendency in the business world is toward a state of chaos. Politically, the effect would be to promote the enactment of the proposed anti-trust legislation now before Congress, and both political conventions will without doubt advocate effective regulation and restraint of these combines.

The Australian rabbit is said to be as far from extinction as ever.

## SUNNY ITALY.

Queer Passenger List—Harem Ladies—Europe's Arctic Spring—Weather-Bound Nobility—Naples Newspapers—The Races—Four-in-Hands—A New House in Pompeii.

The steamships from Alexandria to Europe carry a much more polyglot passenger list than those from New York. The Americans are a well-dressed, well-to-do, well-behaved lot, but they seem monotonously similar. From Egypt, however, the passengers come from every quarter of the globe and form a rather curious array. There are Egyptians wearing fezes, young Englishmen wearing knickerbockers, and youthful German brides and grooms proudly wearing their trousseaux.

You see some very queer costumes among the passengers. One young man I noted was attired in sage-green knickerbockers, a short jacket with a seal-skin collar, tartan stockings, patent-leather slippers, and a velvet tam-o'-shanter cap. This, to me, was a new sea rig—he looked for all the world like Bunthorne. Another type was a fat and elderly Englishman who wore white kid gloves on deck, leaned on his valet's arm, and had his face painted. He recalled Joseph Sedley in "Vanity Fair."

The German brides and grooms were a never-ending source of interest. As the lofty snow-capped mountains of the island of Crete were sighted there appeared on deck a little German bride who had been absent from her dearest for at least a quarter of an hour. With lover-like alacrity he springs forward to meet her, crying "Ach, du—Hast du Crete gesehen?" and they repair to the rail and try to look at the island through one glass at the same time—and fail.

Alas! Even love has its limits. In addition to fez-wearers and other polyglot freaks, we have some harem ladies and many titles on board. The passenger-list says briefly and discreetly: "*Harem (quatre personnes)*." In another place: "*Trois dames du Harem du Prince Chawkar*." And there is a "*Monsieur Pappadopoulos, sa dame Mme. Pappadopoulos*," and four little Pappadopolises, together with other Greeks. Then we have a Russian prince and princess, look you; also a Baron von Blank and a Baronin von Blank; likewise a haronin without a haron, but with a famous name; we have an Italian count and countess, another haron and haronin without any Von, a French vicomte and vicomtesse, and an Honorable Mrs. and an Honorable Mister—of different ilk. Then we have an Oberst and a Frau Oberst, and also a Geheimrath. Of these last we would possibly have been proud under other circumstances. But not with a Russian prince and princess aboard—even if they speak to nobody except the stewards.

The prince and princess are not only Russian, but they bear a famous Russian name. There are names and names, and there are princes and princes. Italian princes count for little, Russian princes for more. There is a story told of one Anatole Demidoff, a Franco-Russian, rich but low-born who purchased a little estate in Italy, which carried with it the title of "Prince of San Donato." At first M. Demidoff was discreet, but he rang the changes on his name like plebeian Paul Granier, whose father was deputy from (de) Cassagnac, but who dropped the plebeian Granier, and who now uses the noble-sounding "Paul de Cassagnac." M. Demidoff's changes ran thus:

"M. Anatole Demidoff, de San Donato."  
"M. Demidoff, Prince de San Donato."  
"M. le Prince de San Donato."  
"M. le Prince Anatole Demidoff."

Under this name and style he came up for membership in the Jockey Club of Paris. After the Royal Yacht Squadron, this is the most exclusive club in the world. When his name was placed in the candidates' book, the secretary of the Russian legation entered one day, walked to the book, and through the line "*le Prince Anatole Demidoff*" deliberately drew a heavy pen. Under it he wrote, "*There is no Prince Anatole Demidoff*," and signed his name.

All Paris waited feverishly for Demidoff's seconds to be sent to him. But none came. So M. le Prince Anatole Demidoff was unanimously blackballed, and all Paris breathed again.

But to return to our traveling nobiliary menagerie. Probably the flower of our titles is an English marchioness and her two daughters. I know she is a genuine marchioness because she has her name and title painted on her steamer-chair in large black letters about an inch long.

Experts in heraldry do not wax enthusiastic over Continental titles. English titles are quoted higher in the American matrimonial market. Among Continental ones probably the Austrian rate the highest and the Papal the lowest. Even when the Pope ruled the States of the Church

his marquises and dukedoms did not count for much. Now that he is merely a spiritual sovereign his titles go for less.

If titles count for little, orders count for less. Papal and Turkish orders particularly go a-begging. The Legion of Honor at one time stood high in France, but I see they have made Paquin a chevalier. This shows how it has sunk. When a man-milliner is made an officer of the Legion of Honor, it remains a legion, but not a legion of honor.

This recalls an anecdote of Napoleon the Third. That luckless monarch was much worried by "politicians with pulls" making demands for French election workers. In addition to his famous plebscite, Napoleon the Third had a good many queer elections to "fix." One of the valued government gifts in France is a license to sell tobacco, a *bureau de tabac*. Tobacco is a government monopoly, and such a license means a small but comfortable living for life. Hence they are greatly in demand. To Napoleon came one day an importunate statesman demanding one of these places for a henchman. The emperor looked over his list, but was unable to comply. The statesman talked warningly of dissatisfied political workers. Napoleon's corrugated brow cleared. "I have it," said he; "I can not give your man a tobacco-shop, but I will give him the cross of the Legion of Honor."

The Italians have a habit of saying "The April of life," for to them April is the equivalent of May in colder climes. But this year the Italian April seems to have slipped a cog. It is raw and rainy, and so cold that one requires heavy clothing continually. Ladies driving are muffled in furs, and gentlemen wear heavy overcoats. Although April is here, Vesuvius is covered with snow. So are the mountains between Naples and Rome. Icy winds whistle over the Campagna from the Alban Mountains. The curious spectacle is presented toward the Paschal festival of ladies wearing furs with their new Easter bonnets.

I felt a little doubtful about putting on the heaviest clothes I had, for it was spring-time and we were in sunny Italy. But I met two shivering Canadians gazing with chattering teeth over the Bay of Naples from Capodimonte, and both swore it was colder than at Montreal in February. Then I became convinced that it was Naples that was cold, and not myself. For if the climate of sunny Italy can strike into the marrow of Canadian Blue-noses, a Californian is justified in feeling a little chilly.

The weather here is and has been execrable. Over most of Europe the weather reports show that it rained almost incessantly during January and February—except when it was snowing. There has been much snow, even in Southern Europe. During the first week of April a man was found frozen to death in a Viennese street, and the Easter races at Vienna are an utter failure, partly owing to the villainous weather, and partly because the horses had not been able to exercise on the frozen ground. During the first week of April snow was still lying in Vienna's streets.

From this it will be seen that while they have been enduring a good deal of weather in northern Europe, sunny Italy has also had her share. Still, had as the weather has been here, it has been better than in more northern climes. This is very evident from the crowded condition of the Italian hotels. And not only ordinary tourists but royal personages have been forced to flee from their own climates. The number of persons hearing royal titles at present in Italy is large. I have noted among them King Leopold of Belgium. Then there is the Duke of Cambridge, a member of the English royal family, now here in Naples. He is accompanied by his two sons, Admiral "Fitzgeorge" and Colonel "Fitzgeorge." Both of these gentlemen have prefixed the old Norman "Fitz"—symbol of hastard—to their father's Christian name to make a name for themselves, for both are illegitimate. However, one is a British admiral, the other a British colonel, and both are petted darlings of London society. So probably they hear up bravely under their har-sinister.

The royal family of England is further represented by the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The duke is one of Queen Victoria's sons—in England, the Duke of Edinburgh; the duchess is a daughter of Czar Alexander.

Another royal personage here is Archduke Ferdinand, heir-apparent to the throne of Austria since the death of Crown Prince Rudolph. Here also—although they do not speak as they pass by—is Princess Stephanie, widow of that same Prince Rudolph and daughter of the Belgian king. She has married a Count Lonyay, against the wishes of both her royal families, and is spending her honeymoon in Italy, shadowed by reporters.

Another royal highness is the Duke of Orleans, pretendi-



to the French throne. He arrived here from Spain the other day on his steam yacht. A letter of his concerning *Le Rire's* caricatures on Queen Victoria has caused much bitter feeling in England, and it is said that the English clubs to which he belongs will expel him.

Among other royal ladies here are the Princess Royal of Sweden, Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and the Princess of Schleswig-Holstein.

Prince Earnest, brother-in-law to Emperor William, is here; so is the reigning Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, and last and least of all, the contemptible Ferdinand, reigning prince of Bulgaria.

This list of names is not given because I believe these personages to be any better than the uncrowned kings of our great republic. But it shows what villainous weather they must have had in their own countries when they come here in such numbers. For there must be a certain lack of ease about foreign travel for royal personages, as all these royal personages are here *incognito*.

I never was a royal person, but if I were I think I should object to stopping at the Grand Hotel just like Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of Podunk, U. S. A. Royalty should entertain royalty, as in the old days. To put up at ordinary hotels like common folk "gives the thing away." And for Princess Stephanie and her lover to go billing and cooing through Italy, kodaked and snap-shotted at railway stations and hotels, makes an extremely comic royal honeymoon. But royalty is becoming more of an anachronism every day. About the only monarch left reigning "by divine right" (and without any sense of humor) is William, the War-Lord of Deutschland.

Pardon this digression on royalty. To return to the weather. If Californians ever doubt that their winter weather is the finest in the world let them try that of sunny Italy. If they have ever grumbled at their gentle rains, brought on the mild winds from the south, let them try the raw rain, hail, snow, and sleet storms of sunny Italy. And then forever after let them hold their peace.

Fortunately for us we have arrived at the end of this bitter winter, and are enjoying the first days of some beautiful spring weather. For sunny Italy apparently has a spring.

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Yesterday there took place at the Campo di Marti the first spring race-meeting of the "Societa degli Steeple Chases." The races were postponed from the preceding day, Sunday, on account of rain. In Latin countries races nearly always take place on Sunday. In France, for example, the Grand Prix is always run on a Sunday.

Not only the name of the Italian racing club is half-English, but many English terms were continually used; here is a sentence from a newspaper account of the race: "*Lo sport fu molto interessante, ed il betting animatissimo per un primo meeting.*" Such words as *book*, *book-making*, and *stairaire* could be heard on every side. Most of the horses had Italian names, but the jockeys who rode them all bore English names, among them Goddard, Jarman, Chapman, Wright, and Wheelan.

The races were not particularly interesting. We found the crowd in attendance more so. There were handsome private carriages there by the hundred, with well-groomed horses, clean-shaven coachmen, and footmen in shining hats and handsome liveries, and natty grooms in spotless buckskins and trig top-boots. We counted fifteen four-in-hands. Among these there were mail-coaches, breaks, drags, mail-phaetons, break-phaetons, and an eight-spring Daumont *calche* driven by the Marquis of Aqua Viva—for these were all great swells who were tooling the four-in-hands. Among them were many of the Neapolitan nobility and some dashing army officers. Of course we knew nothing of the social standing of these personages, but next day's *Mattino* gave a list of "among those present," from which we learned that we had gazed upon Neapolitan princesses, duchesses, countesses, marquises, and baronesses. Or, as the Italian paper put it, "*Nel ring moltissime dame della nostra aristocrazia.*"

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The procession of four-in-hands, tandems, and carriages down the Via Roma and the Chiaia was a brilliant one. The streets were thronged and the balconies filled with people. Although a fine carriage parade is an almost daily sight in Naples, the four-in-hands were evidently more novel. As to the attire of the ladies, although the day was raw they had donned spring costumes, and many wore straw hats with white plumes, which with heavy furs made a rather odd combination.

To show the use of English terms by the Italian reporters I copy a few lines about the races from the *Corriere di Napoli*:

"Abbiamo notate la duchessa di Guardialombarda con la figliuola, la baronessa Barracco-Doria, in uno *steach*; la contessa Filo-de Leone, la principessa di Spinosa, la baronessa de Rieis, la duchessa di Novoli, in uno *steach*; la contessa Piscicelli di Collesano, la principessa Pignatelli-Fici, la marchesa de Medici Acquaviva-Massa, la contessa de Marsi, in uno *steach-break*; la baronessa Silvestri-Genoio, la marchesa Torre, la baronessa Angeloni, la signora Ripandelli, in uno *steach-coach*; la principessa Melo-Baresse con la figliuola, in uno *mail-coach*, con quattro *steppheurs*."

Until I came to the end of this paragraph in the *Corriere*, I had no idea what a *steach* meant. But it is evident from the context that the Italian reporter believed that he was writing the English word "stage" for he subsequently compounds it with the word "coach." I am confirmed in this belief by the journal *Don Marzio*, which speaks of the "stage" of the Marchese della Castelluccia. This reporter, however, speaks of the Princess Melo-Baresse's *steppheurs*. He and the other reporters evidently meant the English word "steppers."

One of the four-in-hands returning from the races pulled up at the Palazzo Vittoria. It was evidently the rendezvous,

for here the party broke up. Some of the ladies lived in the palace, made their adieux, and disappeared in the gateway. Others had their private carriages waiting for them, into which they mounted and drove away. But there were two or three fashionably dressed couples who had to take the plain, ordinary, jay street-car of Naples—which is about as plain, as ordinary, and as jay as any cab in the world. The horse, while strong, is always a scrubby-looking little beast, the driver is sometimes ragged, invariably dirty, and the cab is generally so. To descend from a fine, well-appointed coach, behind four handsome horses, with natty grooms holding their heads, to be handed your umbrella by an obsequious servant, to bid farewell to a lot of swells, and to get into one of these decrepit cabs, drawn by a knee-sprung horse, and toolled by a dirty ruffian smoking a bad cigar—this certainly seems from a horsey point of view to be a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous.

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The Naples newspapers seem to be thick as leaves in Vallanbrosa. There are dozens of daily and scores of weekly newspapers. They are little four-page sheets, consisting principally of gossip signed articles on Naples happenings. As for the rest they are made up largely of dispatches from Rome concerning the proceedings of the Chamber of Deputies. The "local news" of Naples is very briefly chronicled. The reason probably is that most of it is about the unimportant half-million who make up the mass of the population, while the upper ten thousand do not stab one another and get into jail. The only two "spreads" or "sensational features" in the Naples press since we have been here are the races and a row at the San Carlo. The director of this famous opera-house is one Signor Musella. The theatrical critic of the Naples journal, *Roma*, Signore Petricone, criticised the management adversely. As a result Signor Musella fell upon the critic that night with intent to do him grievous bodily harm. But the critic immediately "slugged" him, or, as *La Libertà* puts it, gave him "una buona dose di pugno," to the great edification of the brilliant Neapolitan audience assembled in the largest opera-house in the world and the amazement of two American tourists seated near the scene. We have been expecting to hear of a duel, but nothing has been shed but ink. Both gentlemen have printed sarcastic letters in the newspapers, and there is great pother among the critical fraternity.

By the way, the newspaper spoken of, *La Libertà*, styles itself "the organ of the Neapolitan Catholics." Rather odd in a Roman Catholic country, but the church and politics here are inextricably mixed. It is, of course, a conservative journal and bitterly opposed to the extreme left, or Radicals. In a recent number it contains a fierce attack on Gabriele d'Annunzio, the well-known novelist, whose works have been translated and largely sold in the United States. D'Annunzio was recently elected as a Conservative to the Chamber of Deputies. He has, however, gone over to the extreme left, in consequence of a crisis in the Chamber. *La Libertà* denounces him under the heading of "Alcibiades d'Annunzio," calls him a renegade, a traitor, an apostate, and winds up by saying that his patrician patronymic is bogus, and that the parochial register shows that he rightfully bears the plebeian name of Carlo Rapagnetta.

*Il Giorno*, a daily paper, is running articles by D'Annunzio on the political situation, at which his political adversaries sneer as being "poetry" and "fine writing." They say he is a poet among politicians and a politician among poets. Another newspaper item of interest is that the *Corriere della Sera* is running daily "Il Cristiano, Romanzo de Hall Caine," translated from the English.

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Every tourist goes to see the Royal Palace in Naples, and I shall not describe it here. It is like many other royal palaces in Europe—sumptuous and magnificent. Palaces are very much alike. But when we were there we caught a glimpse of the Prince of Naples and his bride, the heir to the Italian throne.

The house of Savoy considers it politic to have a member of the royal family live in each of the large Italian cities. Thus there is a semi-regal state kept up by the Duke and Duchess of Aosta at Turin; the Duke of Genoa at Venice; the crown prince and princess at Naples and Florence. The royal family is thus kept ever before the people's eyes. Italy is still unified only in name. The Neapolitans differ as much from the Tuscans as the Tuscans from the French. The old kingdoms cling to old associations. In every large Italian city since 1870 some principal street has been called "Via Roma," after the capital, and there is generally another called "Via Umberto," after the king. But the people use the old names. The main street in Naples, for example, was called for centuries "The Toledo," after a Spanish viceroy. Although officially denominated "Via Roma" the people call it the Toledo still.

So the crown prince lives in a corner of the vast royal palace at Naples in order to win the Neapolitans' hearts. He is not particularly popular, however, although he gives away large sums in charity, in prizes for race-courses, etc. He is reputed to have the *jettatura*—the evil eye—and every second Neapolitan wears a charm against that evil omen.

Our visit to the Royal Palace was notable only because the prince and princess appeared unexpectedly in a corridor leading from their apartments to the private chapel of the royal family. They were accompanied by several ecclesiastics, and appeared so unexpectedly that the palace guardian who was taking around the two plebeian American tourists could do nothing except to "shoo" his charges into a little ante-room.

The prince is small, weazened, and sickly looking. His bride, on the other hand, is tall and very handsome. She was Princess Helena of Montenegro. The king and queen do not conceal their disappointment at the fact that this marriage has not been fruitful. If the prince and princess remain childless, the royal line will pass to the son of the Duke of Aosta.

It turned out that the prince and princess were a little ahead of time. Visitors are allowed in the royal palace up to twelve o'clock, and it lacked five minutes of that hour. The guardian escorted us to the staircase, and turned us over to a gorgeous flunkey in a cocked hat, scarlet coat, plush breeches, silk stockings, and a gold-headed staff. This imposing person conducted us from the staircase to the palace gateway. I had given the guardian twenty cents, and it seemed unjust to give as much to the lackey. So, after wavering a moment, I bestowed upon him ten cents. This the gorgeous lackey accepted with great gratitude, and bowed low. I never got such a magnificent bow and so much livery for ten cents.

I used to hesitate at times about offering tips to uniformed officials and liveried lackeys. But I never knew one to refuse. In fact, the only time I had a gratuity refused was in Paris once at the foot of the Eiffel Tower. I was pestered by a photograph vender, and finally to get rid of him I offered him a copper. He drew himself up to his full height, stared at me, and said: "Pardon, monsieur, I do not beg, I sell." He was the only man I found in all Europe who refused an offered gratuity. And he was in rags. Perhaps he was an anarchist. And then, perhaps, he was crazy.

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One of the institutions of Naples is the establishment of Luigi Caffisch on the Chiaia. It is a curious composite. In a way, it is the Huyler's of Naples, for Caffisch deals in confectionery, and of sweets the Neapolitans are very fond. But not only does he deal in confections, but also serves tea, coffee, and chocolate, and every afternoon the place is filled with women coming for a cup of tea and a *brioche* or some kind of cake that goes well with tea. Caffisch also serves *liqueurs*, wines, etc., and a great many men drop in for an *aperitif*. With the French this is often an absinthe or an "Americo-picon"; with the Italians it generally takes the form of vermouth. This cordial they drink in rather an odd fashion—in a tall glass like a brandy-and-soda glass, one-third vermouth and filled up with siphon soda-water.

As the women drop in for their tea and the men for their appetizers at about the same hour there are naturally a great many meetings. But the place seems to be of unexceptionable character, and the people who frequent it of the better classes. Ladies of position are never seen in the principal *cafes* here, like the *Café Gambirino*, *Café Staraci*, and the *Café di Torino*, although the guide-books say that these establishments are "respectable." But the term applied to a woman is not high praise. So with a *café*.

The Italian has a sweet tooth. At Caffisch's it is not unusual to see two or three gray-mustached Italian gentlemen enter, pick out, one a cream cake, another a chocolate puff, a third a lemon cake, amicably eat them together, wipe their mustaches, each pay for his own, and go out. But a more ludicrous sight is to see a tall cavalry officer, with nodding plume, long cloak, fiercely bewhiskered, booted and spurred, and with sword girt on thigh, enter the candy-shop, buy a nickel's worth of gum-drops, and go out eagerly eating them.

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There is nothing new to say about Pompeii. Talk in and of the city stopped eighteen hundred years ago. It was resumed in the last century, however, and has continued ever since. The little city has been described so often that many know it by heart who have never been there. The wheel-ruts in the stone-paved streets, the saucapans containing beans and oil, the grid-irons with remnants of meat upon them, the jars of honey—who has not heard of all these things? So there is nothing new to say of the old city itself.

But stop. There is a new house in Pompeii—at least a house has been newly uncovered since I was there a few years ago. It is the House of the Vettii, and it is the largest, handsomest, and best-preserved house in Pompeii. It far surpasses in interest any of the well-known sights of Pompeii, such as the House of the Tragic Poet, the House of the Faun, the House of Pansa, or the House of Sallust. In 1895 they were excavating in the Sixth Region in Pompeii, and it was there that the House of the Vettii was uncovered. This is one of the few houses in Pompeii which has not been stripped for the Museum at Naples. The government keeps it intact, with all the paintings and statuary *in situ*. There are locked gates to protect it from marauders, rooms with locked doors to protect them from lady tourists—or to protect the lady tourists from the locked rooms. Differing from most of the Pompeian houses—which are so small as to seem like little boxes—the House of the Vettii is quite spacious. The peristyle is large and contains numerous pieces of statuary and marble fountains. There are, also, some fine marble tables in the peristyle. There is a large dining-room which is elaborately frescoed with mythological scenes, and the work is rather better than most of the Pompeian paintings, which, from an art stand point, are frequently rather poor. There is a dining-room, several bedrooms, a kitchen, with all its utensils, a bake house, and a bath-room. All these are on the ground floor. The upper stories are, of course, gone. There are some fine mosaic pavements in this house, and the peristyle has been laid out as a garden, as was the Pompeian fashion eighteen hundred years ago. Probably the House of the Vettii more nearly reproduces a rich man's mansion as it was than any in Pompeii.

But if Pompeii is old, the people who go there are even new. And the number of tourists seems to have increased largely. When I was there, a few years ago, there were no more than a score of tourists in the ruins. There were only half a dozen at luncheon at the Villa Diomede—then the only tavern outside the Porta Marina. Now there is quite a cluster of taverns, and the day we were there a long train-load of tourists alighted—nearly two hundred. There were so many that one official guide was told off to a score of people while on my previous visit every tourist had a guide to him self and there were guides left over.



# STORIES FROM THE FRONT.

Stirring Incidents of the Transvaal War Described by British and Boer Correspondents—A Wild Ride for Life and Liberty—Reckless Bravery of Tommy Atkins.

From the latest English papers to hand, which continue to fill their columns with graphic letters from South Africa, we have selected a few of the most striking incidents depicted. A. C. Hales, the correspondent of the *Daily News*, gives a vivid narrative of his wild dash for liberty when he was captured with Captain Cameron's Australian scouts. He was riding with his companion, Mr. Lambie, of the Melbourne *Age*, a few hundred yards behind the advance party, but a good distance in front of the rear guard, when a number of Boer armed horsemen suddenly made a dash from the kopjes which they were skirting:

"There was no time for poetry; it was a case of 'sit tight and ride hard' or surrender and he made prisoners. Lambie shouted to me: 'Let's make a dash, Hales!' and we made it. The Boers were very close to us before we knew anything concerning their presence. Some of them were behind us, and some extended along the edge of the kopjes by which we had to pass to get to the British line in front; all of them were galloping in on us, shooting as they rode and shouting to us to surrender, and had we been wise men, we would have thrown up our hands, for it was almost hopeless to try to ride through the rain of lead that whistled around us. It was no wonder we were hit; the wonder to me is that we were not filled with lead, for some of the bullets came so close to me that I think I should know them again if I met them in a shop-window. We were racing by this time. Lambie's big chestnut mare had gained a length on my little white pony, and we were more than a hundred yards away from the Mauser rifles that had closed in on us from the kopjes. A voice called in good English: 'Throw up your hands, you d—d fools!' But the galloping fever was on us both, and we only crowded lower on our horses' backs and rode all the harder, for even a barn-yard fowl loves liberty."

All at once Mr. Hales saw his comrade throw his hands up with a spasmodic gesture:

"He rose in his stirrups and fairly bounded high out of his saddle, and as he spun round to the air I saw the red blood on the white face, and I knew that death had come to him sudden and sharp. Again the rifles spoke, and the lead was closer to me than ever a friend sticks in time of trouble, and I knew in my heart that the next few strides would settle things. The black pony was galloping gamely under my weight. Would he carry me safely out of that line of fire, or would he fail me? Suddenly something touched me on the right temple; it was not like a blow; it was not a shock; for half a second I was conscious; I knew I was hit; knew that the reins had fallen from my nerveless hands; knew that I was lying down upon my horse's back and my head hanging below his throat. Then all the world went out in one mad whirl. Earth and heaven seemed to meet as if by magic. My horse seemed to rise with me, not to fall, and then—chaos. When I awoke I knew I was still on this planet I found myself in the saddle again, riding between two Boers, who were supporting me to the saddle as I lay down from side to side. There was a halt; a mao with a kindly face took my head in the hollow of his arm, while another poured water down my throat. Then they carried me to a shady spot beneath some shrubbery and laid me gently down. One man bent over me and washed the blood that had dried on my face, and then carefully bound up my wounded temple. I began to see things more plainly—a blue sky above me; a group of rough, hardy meo, all armed with rifles, around me. I saw that I was a prisoner, and when I tried to move I soon knew I was damaged."

The same good-looking young fellow with the curly beard bent over Mr. Hales again and asked: "Feel any better now, old fellow?"

"I stared hard at the speaker, for he spoke like an Englishman, and a well-educated one, too. 'Yes, I'm better. I'm a prisoner, ain't I?' 'Yes.' 'Are you an Englishman?' I asked. He laughed. 'Not I,' he said; 'I'm a Boer horn and bred, and I am the man who bowled you over. What on earth made you do such a fool's trick as to try to ride from our rifles at that distance?' 'Didn't think I was welcome in these parts.' 'Doo! make a jest of it, man,' the Boer said, gravely; 'rather thank God you are a living man this moment. It was His hand that saved you; nothing else could have done so.' He spoke reverently; there was no cant in the sentiment he uttered—his face was too open, too manly, too fearless for hypocrisy. 'How long is it since I was knocked over?' 'About three hours.' 'Is my comrade dead?' 'Quite dead,' the Boer replied; 'death came instantly to him. He was shot through the brain.' 'Poor beggar!' I muttered, 'and he'll have to rot on the open veldt, I suppose.' The Boer leader's face flushed angrily. 'Do you take us for savages?' he asked; 'rest easy. Your friend will get decent burial. What was his rank?' 'War correspondent.' 'And your own?' 'War correspondent also. My papers are in my pocket somewhere.' 'Sir,' said the Boer leader, 'you dress exactly like two British officers. You ride out with a fighting party. You try to ride off at a gallop under the very muzzles of our rifles when we tell you to surrender. You call blame on one hut yourselves for this day's work.' He laid the blame on me. I played the game and am paying the penalty. They told me how poor Lambie's horse had swerved beneath myself and them after Lambie had fallen. Then they saw me fall forward to the saddle, and they knew I was hit. A few strides later one of them had sent a bullet through my horse's head, and he rolled on top of me. Yet with it all I had escaped with a graze over the right temple and a badly injured shoulder. Truly, as the Boer said, the hand of God must have shielded me."

For about a month Mr. Hales was a prisoner in the hands of the Boers, being moved from laager to laager along the fighting line:

"Every moment of that time was so fraught with interest that I fairly picked up more of the real nature of the Boers than I should have done under ordinary circumstances in a couple of years. I was moved from laager to laager along their fighting line; saw them at work with their rifles; saw them come in from more than one tough skirmish, bringing their dead and wounded with them; saw them when they had triumphed and saw them when they had been whipped; saw them going to their farms to be welcomed by wife and children; saw them leaving home with a wife's sob in their ears and children's loving kisses on their lips. I saw some of these old gray heads shattered by our shells, dying grimly, with knitted brows and fiercely clenched jaws; saw some of their beardless boys sobbing their souls out as the life-blood dyed the African heath. I saw some passing over the border-line which divides life and death, with a rictus of stern-horror comrades round them, leaning upon their rifles, while a brother or a father knelt and pressed the hand of him whose feet were on the very threshold of the land beyond the shadows. I saw others smiling up into the faces of women—the poor, pain-driven faces of the dying looking less haggard and worn than the anguish-stricken features of their womanhood who knelt to comfort them in that last awful hour—in the hour which divides time from eternity, the sunlight of lusty life from the shadows of unsearchable death. Those things I have seen, and in the ears of English men and women let me say, as one who knows and fain would speak the plain, unglad truth concerning friend and foe, that not alone beneath the British flags are heroes found. Not alone at the breasts of British matrons are brave men suckled; for, as my soul liveth, whether their cause be just or unjust, whether the right or the wrong of this war be with them—whether the blood of the hundreds that have fallen since the first rifle spoke defiance shall speak for or against them at the Day of Judgment—they at least know how to die; and when a man has given his life for the cause he believes in, he is proved worthy even of his worst enemy's respect. And it seems to me that the British nation, with its long roll of heroic deeds, wrought the world over, from Africa

to Iceland, can well afford to honor the splendid bravery and self-sacrifice of these rude, untutored tillers of the soil. I have seen them die."

Mr. Hales thus describes an incident which, he says, will "stay with me while memory lasts":

"They placed me under a wagon beneath a mass of overhanging rocks for safety, and there they brought two wounded men. One was a man of fifty, a hard old veteran, with a complexion as dark as a New Zealand Maori. The bard that framed his rugged face was three-fourths gray; his hands were as rough and knotted by open-air toil as the hoofs of a working steer. He looked what he was—a Boer of mixed Dutch and French lineage. Later on I got into conversation with him, and he told me a good deal of his life. His father was descended from one of the old Dutch families who had emigrated to South Africa in search of religious liberty in the old days when the country was a wilderness. His mother had come in an unbroken line from one of the noble families of France who fled from home in the days of the terrible persecution of the Huguenots. He himself had been many things—hunter, trader, farmer, and fighting man. He had fought against the natives, and he had fought against our people. The younger man was his son, a tall, fair fellow, scarcely more than a strapping, and I had no need to be a prophet to tell that his very hours were numbered. Both men had been wounded by one of our shells, and it was pitiful to watch them as they lay side by side, the elder holding the hand of the younger in a loving clasp, while with his other hand he stroked the boy's face with gestures that were infinitely pathetic. Just as the stars were coming out that night between the clouds that floated over us, the Boer boy sobbed his young life out, and all through the long watches of that mournful darkness the father lay with his dear laddie's hand in his. The pain of his own wounds must have been dreadful, but I heard no moan of anguish from his lips. When at the dawning they came to take the dead boy from the living man, the stern old warrior simply pressed his grizzled lips to the cold face, and then turned his gray beard to the hard earth and made no further sign."

Of the Boer hospital at Bloemfontein, to which he was afterward taken, he writes:

"The Boers have made most excellent provision for the treatment of wounded after battle. All that science can do is done. Their medical meo fight as hard to save a British life, or a British limb, as medical men in England would battle to save life or limb of a private person. At the Bloemfontein Hospital everything is as near perfection from a medical and surgical point as any sane man can hope to see. It is an extensive institution. One end is set apart for the Boer wounded, the other for the British. No difference is made between the two in regard to accommodation, food, medical attendance, nursing, or visiting."

Mr. Hales made it his business to get about among the private soldiers, to question them concerning their treatment by the Boers, and in every solitary instance they declared that they had been grandly cared for:

"Not by the hospital nurses only, but by the officials alone, but by the very meo whom they were fighting. Our 'Tommys' are not the meo to waste praise on any meo unless it is well deserved, but this is just about how 'Tommy' sums up the situation: 'The Boer is a rough-looking beggar in the field; he don't wear no uniform, 'od 'e doo't know enough about soldiers' drill to keep himself warm, but 'e can fight in 'is own bloomie' style, which ain't our style. If 'e'd come out on the veldt 'nd fight us our way we'd lick 'im every time, but when it comes to fighting in the kopjes, why, the Boer is a dandy, 'od if the rest of Europe doo't think so, only let 'em have a try at 'im 'nd see. But when 'e has shot you 'e acts like a hessed Christian, 'nd sers no malice. 'E's like a bloomie' South Sea coocoo, not much to look at outside, but white 'od sweet inside whoo yer know 'im. It's when you're wounded 'nd a prisoner that you get a chance to know 'im. See?' And 'Tommy' is about correct in his judgment."

These glimpses of Boer character as it appears to men who are opposed to them, it may be interesting to see what a Boer thinks of the Englishman as he finds him in the field. The following are extracts from a letter written by a hurgher who fought at Colesburg and Paardeshurg:

"At the commencement of the war, when there were but few British troops in South Africa, there was not much fighting to do, with the exception of the commandos who went to Natal and bottled up Sir George White and his army in Ladysmith. With the other Boer armies it was just one huge picnic. I was with one of the contingents that lay round Kimberley, and with the exception of a few small skirmishes, which fade into insignificance compared with recent battles, we had not much fighting to do. There was hardly any danger then, but still we were always very careful, and hid ourselves as much as possible. It is to our nature to take cover. We can out understand how men can charge across a flat and try to get into the trenches so that they can use the bayonet. We all own that it is plucky, but then it is not war. Our idea of fighting is to kill as many of the enemy as you can and lose as few of your own men as possible. The British officer—that is, as far as I know him, and I have only met him as an opponent on the battle-field—seems to me to be a sort of a careless dare-devil who aims but at one thing, and that is the Victoria Cross. He does things on the battle-field that no sane man would think of doing, and places himself in danger where there is not the slightest reason why he should do so. With the Boer it is quite different. There are no 'Distinguished Service Orders' for him, and he prefers to lie safe in his rifle-pit, or comfortably ensconced behind a huge iron-stone boulder, endeavoring to save the guns, or foolishly attempting to pick up a wounded man under a terribly raking fire. The ordinary sportsman will consider that in this case the Britisher is the best; but it is best, it is common sense? The Boer loses hardly any meo; the roll-call of the British regiment shows fearful gaps."

After describing how the British would homard a kopje with lyddite and shrapnel, having their fire drawn by a line of Boers firing Martins from the summit, while the men with the Mausers and smokeless powder lay quietly in trenches at the foot, he proceeds:

"The British general officer commanding would then think all the Boers out that kopje were killed, and would send some poor unfortunate regiment to take the position. The order to charge would be given, and the wretched 'Tommys' were sent into the mouth of hell, for our men, with their deadly Mausers, were waiting for them below the kopje, and when they came within about four hundred yards would rain lead on them. No living mortal could have stood the terrible, raking fire we used to give them, and I can not understand how the 'Tommys' used to reform and charge again with a cheer. Those khaki-clad beggars were veritable demons. I know that if we Boers had been in their places we should have taken to our heels and run. I had often read about British pluck, but had never seen it. It wants to be seen before it can be believed. But, after all, is it war? Just look at the many positions of ours that could have been taken with the greatest ease if common sense had only been used by the British officers, and when regiment after regiment was repulsed and sent by the officers right into our rifles' mouths to be shot down. I was fighting for some weeks at Colesburg, and had the honor to draw my sword against General French's forces there. French knew how to fight us Boers. He did not rush his men into death-traps when he could outflank them, and I must own, as an honest man, that he completely outgeneraled us. He made some mistakes, I admit; for instance, when he sent the ill-fated Suffolks to charge us. The poor chaps never had a show. There were very few Boers on that bill that morning, but, then, we were hidden and secure, while the charging Britishers made a splendid target for our Mauser bullets. The Suffolks did all they could, and no man can do better, but they never had the slightest chance, and, although we were completely outnumbered, they fell an easy prey into our hands."

Desiccated bananas are now being prepared in Jamaica. It takes six pounds of fresh bananas to make one of the dried.

At that visit I remember that some Italian musicians came in to play for us at luncheon at the Villa Diomede. I asked them if they knew the *intermezzo* from "Cavalleria Rusticana." No, they did not. Did they know what the "Cavalleria Rusticana" was? No, they had never heard of it. Did they know of the composer Mascagni—Pietro Mascagni? No, they had never heard of him, either. Yet at that time all northern Italy was ringing with the fame of young Mascagni, who had been discovered by Edoardo Sonzogno, the public-spirited music publisher, of Milan. But the Neapolitan musicians had never heard his name. Such is fame.

I asked these modern troubadours to play what they liked. There at the gates of the dead city of Pompeii, at the base of the mighty mountain whose ashes had covered it so many centuries ago, these Italian musicians played us "Daisy Bell."

This time they began with the "Washington Post March," but closed with the *intermezzo*, thus showing that Mascagni has "arrived" at Pompeii. A musician is not without honor even in his own country.

Among the large number of tourists, Germans seem to preponderate. You hear but little English around you. It is principally German, some French, a little Spanish, and Italian—for there are many Italians making the tour of Italy. The Germans are very energetic sight-seers, and very vociferous in their admiration or dislike. One of them became involved in a heated altercation with a guide as to whether a certain statue was that of "Martzelloos," or "Owgoostooos." Despite the guide's protests, he insisted that it was Owgoostooos, and from the chorus of "ja, ja," "ganz gewiss," "nicht wahr," and nods of the Teutonic circle, it was evident that they believed the German rather than the guide.

I could not help but admire the self-satisfied air of the German tourist. Sydney Smith once said that he wished he was as sure of anything as Macaulay was of everything. But while I admire the German cocksureness, I do not envy them its possession. They may keep it. Story, the sculptor, lived many years in Rome, and was a good classical scholar and archaeologist. He did not like the German "Yoolios Kaiser" and "Kikero" method of pronouncing Latin. He remarked sardonically that it was reserved for a people that had never settled the pronunciation of its own language to presume to settle that of a dead one.

But even the gabbling Germans with their guide-hooks were silenced at times. We were seated on broken pillars in the Forum, gazing at the ruined temple of Jupiter, which had Vesuvius for a background. Of the two summits of the mountain Monte Somma was black, while the crater summit was covered with a cone of snow extending far downward into the deep valleys on its flanks. On the snow was faintly outlined the dim zigzag of the roadway. A hail-storm had just passed off to the north-east, clearing the atmosphere, which had been misty. From the cone there arose a cloud of steam which was like the snow, but softer and more silvery, while above this arose a tall column of smoke broadening at the top so that it resembled a pine-tree. Looking up the slight incline of the Forum toward the ruined temple, the massive columns and jagged walls were sharply outlined against this background of purple mountain and shimmering snow, of silvery steam and inky smoke. The sight was a beautiful one, and it silenced even the gabbling Germans as they poured into the Forum.

In a few moments the scene changed. Another storm was coming up. Clouds gathered round the mountain, and soon it was nothing but a gigantic shadow looming vaguely through the mist, while the sun shone on the villages of Torre del Greco and Annunziata, and the dead cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum in the valley below. And with this picture in our minds we turned and silently left the ancient city.

JEROME A. HART.

NAPLES, April, 1900.

Some time ago, says a correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, a paragraph went the rounds of the newspapers of this country to the effect that there was practically no genuine mocha coffee in the United States. Consul Cunningham, at Aden, says this statement is wholly unfounded, as there were invoiced for exportation to the United States during the last fiscal year 32,156 bags, or 5,144,960 pounds, of genuine mocha coffee, worth in the neighborhood of \$900,000. He has made a careful investigation and finds that the regulations at Aden are such as to prevent the adulteration of the high-priced varieties of coffee there which are exported to this country direct. It appears to be true that mocha coffee is mixed with cheaper grades in Europe to a large extent and then shipped to the United States as pure mocha, but it is hardly possible that an importer who buys his coffee at an Arabian port would get anything but genuine mocha or harrar coffee.

Sanitary science now decrees the doom of the linen handkerchief, which is said to be the cause of the spread of the influenza bacillus. Dr. Pfeiffer, the sanitary expert, says we must pattern after the Chinese and Japanese and adopt the paper handkerchief, which is to be destroyed as soon as used. And yet our altruistic people say our principal mission is to civilize the Chinamen and Japanese. Civilization is evidently a hackneyed term, and is a game that two can play at.

Perry willow, the historic tree marking the last resting-place of some twenty British and American officers who participated in the Battle of Lake Erie, off Put-in-Bay, in the War of 1812, blew down in a recent spring gale. The far-famed tree was located on the north side of Put-in-Bay Island, in the park. Hundreds of people were on the spot immediately after the fall of the historic willow to secure portions of the bark or wood as mementos.



## THE BANDOLERO OF LOS ALAMOS.

A Story of the Mountain above the Mission.

Pancho Parco leaned lazily against his gate on the outskirts of the Southern California town, and looked down the road. It was a beautiful Sunday morning in May. Pancho was an old man, but there was nothing in his appearance indicative of his age except his bristling gray mustache, the deep lines in his brown face, and the dull, bloodshot black eyes which must once have been as fierce as those of an Indian. With his arms resting on the gate, Pancho rolled himself a huge yellow-papered cigarette, which he proceeded to enjoy. Suddenly he pulled the brim of his big white *sombrero* further down over his face as he descried a man walking toward him on the path beside the road. The newcomer was a young man and Pancho's opposite in every particular.

"Como esta, señor?"

"Good morning, Pancho. Has Señorita Helena gone to church?"

"No, señor. Pretty soon she come. You go with her?"

"If she'll allow me."

"Oh, she glad to take you to church—glad to take any one. She is good. She want to make poor Pancho go, but he no go any more."

"Did you hear of the hold-up on the Santa Maria road, Pancho?" asked the American, casually.

At once it seemed that the *sombrero* cast a darker shadow over Pancho's face, while his eyes narrowed into slits: "Sí, I hear of him. They make big fuss 'bout little thing. It was deefferent, señor, in early days before—" His inborn politeness gave him pause.

"Before the *gringos* came?" supplemented the other, laughingly.

"Sí, señor, before the *gringos* came. I born here, señor, feefty—seexy—seventy years ago. My father had *un rancho grande* near here. Every one know *el Rancho Parco*. No banks those days, señor. We keep all the money in the *casa de rancho*—what you call house. Plenty of *bandoleros* then, you bet. You not know a *bandolero*. You meet him in the mountains; he take all you got; the next day you meet him in town and shake his hand, but you not know him."

"Well, Pancho, it's pretty hard to identify him these days," watching him closely.

"Oh, I don't know, eef you smart. What your beesiness, señor?"

The question was asked with much apparent indifference, but George Howard was not deceived. Suspecting, he saw himself suspected. "Real estate," he replied, promptly; "I'm down here looking up the purchase of some land."

"So?" said Pancho. "And will you buy him or—take him? *Americanos* get all the land all the time. Long time ago you come here, señor, you would come to me to get the land. I own all. Now all gone, and Pancho not got five *centavos*. Pancho has lost his greep. Sometimes I geef away the land. You see where all those houses up street stand? One day Pancho see a big black horse—the horse do for his new saddle and silver spurs. I geef thousand acres for him. Those houses on the ground I geef away. The rest"—with a sudden and comprehensive sweep of his hand—"Pancho r-robbd of! You hear me, señor? I say—r-robbd! And now they make big fuss 'bout a poor *bandolero*!"

"Father is pitching into the Americans as usual, I suppose?" said a girlish voice behind them.

Both turned to look upon Helena Parco, dark, bright-eyed, with the rose and the olive blended in her cheek.

"To hear my father talk," she went on, blithely, "one would think he was a foreigner, while he is an American himself."

"Sí," broke in Pancho, "an *Americano*, but not—"

"A *gringo*," interpolated Howard.

"Well, it is foolish of you, dear old father, to talk so. In a cosmopolitan country such as ours"—and then as she realized that her language was unintelligible to one of her hearers, at least—"but Mr. Howard, I must go to church. The Mission bells are ringing already and I am the organist. I will be glad if you will go with me. Like the Salvation Army lassie, I want every one to come to our hall."

The two went down the road together, leaving Pancho meditatively smoking his cigarette. And as he smoked he communed with himself and wondered about many things. Helena was so unlike a Parco, he thought. She was not content to mix with the Spanish people exclusively, as her mother had done before her, but was welcomed everywhere. She did not hate the Americans, but told him, her own father, many times that it was wrong to cherish hatred against any one. Yet she loved her old father and was not ashamed of him. Surely she was a strange, dear child. But the Parco blood would tell even in her if the occasion arose—he was sure of that.

Making himself another cigarette, Pancho strolled idly into the town. He joined several groups of Spanish-Americans standing on the sidewalks in their Sunday clothes, nodded familiarly to the store-keepers in front of the shops, and finally brought up before a crowd of men and boys who had surrounded and were listening to Sam Smith's description of the recent hold-up. Sam was the stage driver.

"I threw out the box all right enough," Sam was saying, with great unction, "but it was my old fake box. The right one was on behind, tied up in a roll of blankets. The fellow was just about the build of Pancho there—"

Pancho passed on as if he had not heard, but a knowing smile of satisfaction played about his lips.

The delightfully monotonous summer days of blue sky and yellow sun came and departed before the town was again awakened from its languorous sleep of satisfied tranquillity. In the vicinity of Los Alamos Sam Smith was held up once more. The lone highwayman compelled the

doughty and shrewd Samuel to descend from his seat and produce the express box from a roll of blankets. This being accomplished, the luckless passengers were lined up on one side of the road and the man with the gunny-sack over his head and the Winchester in his hand relieved them of their valuables in turn.

The following day the broken express-box and a piece of the gunny-sack were found in the bushes near the scene of the robbery. Pancho was suspected on Sam's report and his house searched. There the rest of the gunny-sack was found. Pancho had already taken to the hills, and a large reward was offered for his capture.

Sympathy, sincere and universal, went out to the old man's daughter, but with the blow a change came over her. Every glance of pity was met by a look of suppressed indignation and scorn, for pity implied a belief in her father's guilt. In her eye a new fire kindled—a fire that burned in Pancho's eyes when he was young. Except her own, no roof knew her now but that of the Mission. But all this was only the brave exterior. In a little while it was known she was ill. Within two months she was dead. The wise doctors gave the cause as quick consumption.

Two days afterward two men moved cautiously down the slope of the cone-shaped mountain, at the foot of which stood the Mission. Both were armed, and both crept crouching from boulder to boulder and from bush to bush, as if they feared detection. As they did so the bells of the Mission began to toll. The sweet-toned sound from the little bronze bells—cast in old Spain—came up the mountain, and the two men stopped and looked down at a funeral procession passing slowly along the country road to the grave-yard, a short distance away. For one of them that funeral was a magnet. Following the hearse came a wagon in which sat a number of young girls clothed in white, and behind it many buggies, wagons, and a motley description of vehicles, filled with people.

The man in the rear gazed intently at the moving spectacle for a time, and then his eyes wandered searchingly over the mountain slope. Suddenly he stood erect and brought his gun to his shoulder; for the first time he had discovered the other man, leaning against a slanting rock, not twenty feet away.

"Hands up, quick!" he shouted, "or I'll fire."

"*Carajo!*" burst from Pancho's lips, as he made a movement to seize his gun.

"Don't! I'll kill you."

Slowly Pancho's hands went up. Howard advanced to disarm him. It was Pancho's turn: "You no come!" he cried. "*Dios!* You not take me alive."

Howard stopped. The two looked at each other steadily. The Mission bells still tolled, and the funeral procession wended its way along the country road.

"You must go with me, Pancho. I'm sorry, but I must do my duty."

"I say I no go!" cried Pancho, his eyes blazing with excitement. "You think a Parco go to jail?"

"It'll be all right, Pancho, old man. If you're not guilty you can easily prove it."

"Geely? You mean I no hold up stage? You want me say that? I no say it. I *did* hold him up, but I not geely. How is it when the damned *gringos* take all Pancho got? The *gringos* geely, eh? What you say? Pancho no *bandolero*. Pancho only take a leetle of what is take from him. But no use talk. Every one say Pancho geely. I no care. *Niña mia*, dead. You see down there? They take Helena to the grave. I no want leef. I no 'fraid death. When they put Helena *mia* in the grave, Pancho die too. You watch, señor—you see."

The procession was entering the grave-yard.

"But I won't allow you to kill yourself."

"You not allow?" Pancho laughed derisively. "But you make meestake. Pancho no keel himself. Helena *mia* say that is wrong—say *es malo*. I not do what Helena *mia* say not do. You keel me, señor."

"I kill you!"

"Sí, señor, you keel me, or—I keel you. I got right to do that."

"But, Pancho, Pancho," Howard almost screamed, as he saw in the other's face the sudden resolve and the plan to effect it, "you must not make me do it. No, you will not, Pancho. Think of Helena. Helena would not want you to do that. She would want you to live and be a Parco." As he pleaded for the other man's life, he became fearful of his own nerves.

Pancho had turned his face in the direction of the little cemetery and the people standing around the open grave. Even at that distance his eyes were fixed upon the coffin which was being gradually lowered. To him came the cadence of the last notes of the bells. Suddenly he wheeled about and his hands dropped from the rock above his head upon which they had been resting. "Now!" he cried, as he made a motion to seize his gun.

The Mission bells were still, but the shot from Howard's gun reverberated through the hills.

WILLIAM A. TAAFFE.  
SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1900.

Great Britain is indulging in subdued comment over the fact that no notice has been taken in Parliament of the attempted assassination of the Prince of Wales in Belgium. In March, 1868, his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh (now Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg), was wounded by a would-be murderer in Australia, and both Houses of Parliament adopted congratulatory addresses to the crown on his escape.

In the examination-papers of a batch of young men who were applicants for positions on the police force, one wrote that the five original New England States were "England, Ireland, Scotland, Belfast, and Cork," another declared that New York was ruled by the fire department in the absence of the mayor.

## SOCIETY AND THE STROLLERS.

How the Amateur Actors' Club Secured Patronage—Discomfiture of Harry Lehr—New York's Pink and White Favorite Shut Out.

Once more The Strollers, that eminently gifted and socially distinguished club of amateur actors, has become the leading subject of comment and discussion. The success of its spring offering—a production of "Phyllis," a new comic opera—is not its chief claim to consideration at this time, for success is no new thing with the organization. It won high praise and filled its treasury last December with an extravaganza called "The Lady from Chicago," crowding the ball-room at the Waldorf-Astoria for a week with its audiences of society people. Two smart strokes of enterprise preceding its latest appearance—one a well-planned though cheeky confidence game, and the other a resolute turn-down for a society favorite—have served to make the club and its entertainment insistently prominent.

On the morning before "Phyllis" had its first presentation, every society matron in Manhattan received an envelope containing five tickets to the show, with an invitation to become one of the patronesses of the club's theatricals and have her name inserted in the accompanying list made up of recognized social leaders. The value of the cards of admission was to be forwarded to the club if the offer was accepted, and the tickets were to be returned in case the invitation was declined. The scheme was not altogether new, but it had never been practiced on such a magnificent scale before and in so obnoxious a manner. Prompt action seemed to be required of those who received the unsolicited honors, to avoid any misunderstanding or annoying complications. This exhibition of faintly disguised compulsion was allowed to pass with little outspoken criticism, however, for a more entertaining episode became public.

Harry Lehr, the especial favorite of society ladies and a female impersonator of unmistakable gifts and notable ambition, wanted to be in the show, but his offered services were declined with a swift decision that must have been somewhat disconcerting to that all-conquering and usually imperturbable person. But there was not wanting those who enjoyed this rebuff to the airy young man. His mode of existence and unnumbered social conquests are not viewed with complaisance by a large portion of masculine New York, and it is not difficult to understand the feeling that brought about his discomfiture.

Lehr is an effeminate young fellow, pink checked and golden-haired, without fortune or distinguished family connections, and he gained his position in the city by some eccentricities that pleased the fancy of a number of ladies of society and a willingness to profit by their patronage. How he proposed while riding home at night from some festivity to wade in his pumps and silk stockings through the basin of a fountain, and how his dare, "follow your leader," was accepted by his feminine companions and the prank carried out to a dripping and uncomfortable conclusion, has been told far and near, and this is a single example of his genius for unconventional exploits. He came from Baltimore, and might have returned there after the first flush of his victory here had faded had not some of his admirers among the social leaders found a vocation for him. A wine house was induced to make him its agent, and now he sells champagne at the houses where he dines and dances. Other young men have sold wine, to the clubs and to householders who could be attacked in their offices, but none has ever built up such a trade among the feminine members of society.

For Lehr has accepted without qualms the title of a squire of dames, and that is paraphrased into "tame cat" by envious business rivals and spiteful paragraphers. His special fondness for appearing in petticoats and short skirts is evidenced by numerous photographs in costume that have been reproduced in the daily press. That his ability as an impersonator is equal to his natural adaptation to the part, so far as appearance goes, is disputed. It is certain that The Strollers did not hesitate to announce their unwillingness to permit his appearance under their auspices.

"Phyllis" is not without merit. The comic opera was written by Alexander Hamilton Laidlaw, Jr., and Richard Henry Warren composed the music for the songs and choruses, and leads the orchestra. The plot of the opera has been elaborated from a story by Sara Beaumont Kennedy, and has to do with the arrival at Jamestown in colonial days of the shiploads of English maids who came to seek husbands and homes in the New World. It is not at all on the burlesque order of "The Lady from Chicago," and its fun is not so fast and furious. There is some comedy in the odd specimens who are mated with dispatch, and in the complications that ensue. Miss Martha Miner essays the title-role, and Miss Grace Hornby is a striking Frederika. Robert J. Webb, George M. D. Kelly, and Robert Hosea, Jr., are prominent among the male actors, and Louis Fitzgerald, Jr., dances a hornpipe with semi-professional agility. The initial presentation was by no means discouraging, and before the week is over, when all the members of the company have assured themselves of the reality of their disguise, some really excellent work will be seen. It is not improbable that the opera will be worked into shape for professional use, and, should it meet with this distinction, Mr. Warren's music will be largely responsible for its favor.

A share of the proceeds of the week's run will be given to deserving charities, like the Settlement and School for Crippled Children, the Brightside Day Nursery and Kindergarten, and the Eye and Ear Infirmary. Notwithstanding the great expense of the production, which is not less than ten thousand dollars, the footing on the profit side will be large enough to gratify the club members and their beneficiaries. Society is doing well by the amateur players, and at the same time experiencing the genial and uplifting sensation that comes of a visible manifestation of benevolence.

NEW YORK, May 9, 1900.

FLANEUR.



## THE CHOPIN-SAND LIAISON.

How the Polish Pianist Was Fascinated by the Brilliant Frenchwoman—Some of Her Other Amours.

Encouraged by the success of his first book, "Mezzotints in Music," James Huneker, the noted critic, has brought out a second volume entitled "Chopin: The Man and His Music," which is the result of years of study and research. The first portion, dealing with Chopin's youthful dreams in Poland, his triumphs in Paris, his love affairs, his trip to England and Scotland, and his pathetic ending, will be eagerly read by the general public, while his critical analysis of the great master's compositions, probably the most authoritative and complete that has yet been written, will be thoroughly enjoyed by all students of music. Mr. Huneker's work has both a literary and technical value, and in his account of the relations between George Sand and Chopin he displays good taste and tact. He writes:

In deference to Mr. Hadow I shall not call it a *liaison*. It was not, in the vulgar sense. Chopin might have been petty—a common failing of artistic men—but he was never vulgar in word or deed. He disliked "the woman with the sombre eye" before he had met her. Her reputation was not good, no matter if George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and others believed her an injured saint. Mr. Hadow indignantly repudiates anything that savored of irregularity in the relations of Chopin and Auréole Dudevant. If he honestly believes that their contemporaries flagrantly lied and that the woman's words are to be credited, why, by all means, let us leave the critic in his Utopia. Mary, Queen of Scots, has her Meline; why should not Sand boast of at least one apologist for her life—besides herself? I do not say this with cynical intent. Nor do I propose to discuss the details of the affair, which has been dwelt upon *ad nauseam* by every twanger of the romantic string. The idealists will always see a union of souls, the realists—and there are plenty of them in Paris taking notes from 1837 to 1847—view the alliance as a matter for gossip.

The truth, Mr. Huneker says, lies midway:

Chopin, a neurotic being, met the polyandrous Sand, a trampler on all the social and ethical conventions, albeit a woman of great gifts; repelled at first, he gave way before the ardent passion she manifested toward him. She was his elder, so could veil the situation with the maternal mask, and she was the stronger intellect, more celebrated—Chopin was but a pianist in the eyes of many—and so won by her magnetism the man she desired.

Paris, artistic Paris, was full of such situations:

Liszt protected the Countess d'Agout, who bore him children, Cosima von Bülow-Wagner among the rest. Balzac—Balzac, that magnificent combination of Bonaparte and Byron, pirate and poet—was apparently leading the life of a saint, but his most careful student, Viscount Spelherch de Loveno—whose name is veritably Balzacian—tells us some different stories; even Gustave Flaubert, the ascetic giant of Rouen, had a romance with Mme. Louise Colet, a mediocre writer and imitator of Sand—as was Countess d'Agout, the Frankfurt Jewess, better known as "Daniel Stern"—that lasted from 1846 to 1854, according to Emile Faguet. Here then was a medium which was the other side of good and evil, a new transvaluation of morals, as Nietzsche would say.

Chopin met Sand at a musical *matinée* in 1837:

Niecks throttles every romantic yarn about the pair that has been spoken or printed. He got his facts *à la voix* from Franchomme. Sand was antipathetic to Chopin, but her technique for overcoming masculine coyness was as remarkable in its particular fashion as Chopin's proficiency at the keyboard. They were soon seen together, and everywhere. She was not musical, not a trained musician, but her appreciation for all art-forms was highly sympathetic.

Not a beautiful woman, being swarthy and rather heavy-set, this is what she was at this time, as seen by Edouard Grenier:

She was short and stout, but her face attracted all my attention, the eyes especially. They were wonderful eyes, a little too close together, it may be, large, with full eyelids, and black, very black, but by no means lustrous; they reminded me of unpurified marble, or rather of velvet, and this gave a strange, dull, even cold expression to her countenance. Her fine eyebrows and these great placid eyes gave her an air of strength and dignity which was not borne out by the lower part of her face. Her nose was rather thick and not over shapely. Her mouth was also rather coarse, and her chin small. She spoke with great simplicity, and her manners were very quiet.

Chopin deplored the union, for he was theoretically a Catholic. With the exception of the Sand episode, his life was not an irregular one. He abhorred the vulgar and tried to conceal his infatuation from his parents:

This intimacy, however, did the pair no harm artistically, notwithstanding the inevitable sorrow and heart-burnings at the close. Chopin had some one to look after him—he needed it—and in the society of this brilliant Frenchwoman he thrived amazingly; his best work may be traced to Nohant and Majorca. She, on her side, profited also. After the bitterness of her separation from Alfred de Musset, about 1833, she had been lonely, for the Pagello *intermezzo* was of short duration.

Mr. Huneker thus sums up the De Musset-Pagello chapter of George Sand's life, which occurred before the Chopin affair:

De Musset went to Venice with Sand in the fall of 1833. They had the maternal sanction and means supplied by Mme. de Musset. The story gives forth the true Gallic resonance on being critically tapped. De Musset returned alone, sick in body and soul, and thenceforth asinine was his constant snail. There had been references, vague and disquieting, to a certain Dr. Pagello, for whom Sand had suddenly manifested one of her extraordinary fancies. This she denied, but De Musset's brother plainly intimated that the aggravating cause of his brother's illness had been the unexpected vision of Sand coquetting with the young medical man called in to prescribe for Alfred. Dr. Pagello, in 1896, was interviewed by Dr. Cahanes, of the Paris *Figaro*, and here is his story of what happened in 1833. This story will explain the later behavior of "La merle blanche" toward Chopin.

One night George Sand, after writing three papers of prose, full of poetry and inspiration, took an addressed envelope, placed therein the poetic declaration, and handed it to Dr. Pagello. He, seeing no address, did not, or feigned not, to understand for whom the letter was intended, and asked George Sand what he should do with it. Snatching the letter from his hands, she wrote upon the envelope, "To the Stupid Pagello." Some days afterward George Sand frankly told De Musset that henceforth she could be to him only a friend.

De Musset died in 1857, and after his death Sand started Paris with "Elle et Lui," an obvious answer to "Confessions of a Child of the Age." De Musset's version—an uncompromising one to himself—of their separation. The poet's brother Paul rallied to his memory with "Lui et Elle," and even Louise Colet ventured into the fracas with a trashy novel called "Lui." During all this mud-throwing, the cause of the trouble calmly lived in the little Italian town of Belluno. It was Dr. Giuseppe Pagello who will go down in literary history as the one man that played Joseph to George Sand.

Chopin knew every one of note in Paris:

The best salons were open to him. Some of his *confidants* have not hesitated to describe him as a bit snobbish, for during the last ten years of his life he was generally inaccessible. But consider his retiring nature, his suspicious Slavic temperament, above all, his delicate health! Where one accuses him of indifference and selfishness there are ten who praise his unflinching kindness, generosity, and forbearance. He was, as a rule, a kind and patient teacher, and where talent was displayed his interest trebled. Can you fancy this Ariel of the piano giving lessons to hum-drum pupils! Playing in a charmed and bewitching circle of courtesses, surrounded by the luxury and praise that kills, Chopin is a much more natural figure, yet he gave lessons regularly and appeared to relish them. He had not much taste for literature. He liked Voltaire, though he read but little that was not Polish—did he really enjoy Sand's novels?—and when asked why he did not compose symphonies or operas answered that his *metier* was the piano, and to it he would stick. He spoke French, though with a Polish accent, and also German, but did not care much for German music except Bach and Mozart. . . . He was, like his music, a bundle of unreconciled affirmations and evasions, and never could have been contented anywhere or with any one. Of himself he said that "he was, in this world, like the E-string of a violin on a contrabass." This "divine dissatisfaction" led him to extremes, to the flouting of friends for fancied affronts, to the snubbing of artists who sometimes visited him. He grew suspicious of Liszt, and for ten years was not on terms of intimacy with him, although they never openly quarreled.

In 1838, Sand's boy, Maurice, being ill, she proposed a visit to Majorca. Chopin went with the party in November, and full accounts of the Mediterranean trip, Chopin's illness, the bad weather, discomforts, and all the rest, may be found in the "Histoire de Ma Vie," by Sand:

Chopin's health in 1839 was a source of alarm to himself and his friends. He had been dangerously ill at Majorca and Marseilles. Fever and severe coughing proved to be the dread forerunners of the disease that killed him ten years later. He was forced to be very careful in his habits, resting more, giving fewer lessons, playing but little in private or public, and becoming frugal of his emotions. Now Sand began to cool, though her lively imagination never ceased making graceful, touching pictures of herself in the *roles* of sister of mercy, mother, and discreet friend, all merged into one sentimental composite. Her invalid was her one thought, and for an active mind and body like hers, it must have been irksome to submit to the caprices of a moody, ailing man. He composed at Nohant, and she has told us all about it; how he groaned, wrote, and rewrote, and tore to pieces draft after draft of his work. Chopin was of an impatient, nervous disposition. All the more remarkable, then, his capacity for taking infinite pains. His letters at this period are interesting for the Chopinist, but for the most part they contain requests made to his pupils, Fontana, Gutmann, and others, to jog the publishers, to get him new apartments, to buy him many things. Nor is his abuse of friends and patrons, the Leos and others, indicative of an altogether frank, sincere nature. He did not hesitate to lump them all as "pigs" and "Jews" if anything happened to jar his nerves. Money, money, is the leading theme of the Paris and Majorcan letters. Sand was a spendthrift, and Chopin had often to put his hands in his pockets for her. He charged twenty francs a lesson, but was not a machine, and for at least four months of the year he earned nothing. Hence his anxiety to get all he could for his compositions.

The breach which had been very perceptibly widening became hopeless in 1847, when Sand and Chopin parted forever:

A literature has grown up on the subject. Chopin never had much to say, but Sand did; so did

Chopin's pupils, who were quite virulent in their assertions that she killed their master. The break had to come. It was the inevitable end of such a friendship. The dynamics of free-love have yet to be formulated. This much we know: two such natures could never entirely cohere. When the novelty wore off the stronger of the two—the one least in love—took the initial step. It was George Sand who took it with Chopin. He would never have had the courage nor the will.

She treated Chopin as a child, a toy, used him for literary copy, and threw him over after she had wrung out all the emotional possibilities of the problem:

She was true to herself even when she attempted to palliate her want of heart. Beware of the woman who punctuates the pages of her life with "heart" and "maternal feelings." "If I do not believe any more in tears, it is because I saw thee crying!" exclaimed Chopin. Sand was the product of abnormal forces, she herself was abnormal, and her mental activity, while it created no permanent types in literary fiction, was also abnormal. She dominated Chopin, as she had dominated Jules Sandeau, Calmatta (the mezzotinter), De Musset, Franz Liszt, Delacroix, Michel de Bourges—I have not the exact chronological order—and, later, Flaubert. The most lovable event in the life of this much-loved woman was her old-age affair—purely platonic—with Gustave Flaubert. The correspondence shows her to have been "maternal" to the last.

The final break was brought about by their quarrel about the marriage of Solange, Sand's daughter, with Clésinger the sculptor:

Her mother did not oppose the match, but later she resented Clésinger's actions. He was coarse and violent, she said, with the true mother-in-law spirit—and when Chopin received the young woman and her husband, after a terrible scene at Nohant, she broke with him. It was a good excuse. He had *ennui* her for several years, and as he had completed his artistic work on this planet, and there was nothing more to be studied—the psychological portrait was supposedly painted—Mme. Sand got rid of him. The dark stories of maternal jealousy, of Chopin's preference for Solange, the visit to Chopin of the *concierge*'s wife to complain of her mistress's behavior with her husband, all these rakings I leave to others. It was a *triste* affair, and I do not doubt in the least that it undermined Chopin's feeble health. Why not! Animals die of broken hearts, and this emotional product of Poland, deprived of affection, home, and careful attention, may well, as De Lenz swears, have died of heart-break.

The last two years of Chopin's life were lonely.

In April, 1848, he arrived in London in poor health, and, after a long concert tour in England and Scotland, he returned to Paris in January, 1849. Like a romance is the sending by Miss Sterling of twenty-five thousand francs to the penniless artist a few months later. The noble-hearted Scotchwoman, whose name is familiar to Chopin students for the two nocturnes, *opus* 55, which he dedicated to her, heard of Chopin's needs through Mme. Rubio, a pupil, and the money was raised:

His future assured, Chopin gave up his modest apartments in the Rue Chaillot and moved to Place Vendôme, No. 12, where he died. His sister Louise was sent for, and came from Poland to Paris. In the early days of October he could no longer sit upright without support. Gutmann and the Countess Delphine Potocka, his sister, and Mr. Gavard, were constantly with him. It was Turgenev who spoke of the half-hundred courtesses in Europe who claimed to have held the dying Chopin in their arms. In reality he died in Gutmann's, raising that pupil's hand to his mouth and murmuring "cher ami" as he expired. Solange Sand was there, but not her mother, who called and was not admitted so they say. Gutmann denies having refused her admittance. On the other hand, if she had called, Chopin's friends would have kept her away from him, from the man who told his friend Franchomme two days before his death, "She said to me that I would die in no arms but hers." Surely—unless she was monstrous in her egotism, and she was not—George Sand did not hear this sad speech without tears and boundless regrets. Alas! all things come too late for those who wait.

In his critical study, written in such a way that all non-professional music-lovers can enjoy it, Mr. Huneker gives valuable explanations of Chopin's preludes, impromptus, and valse, the nocturnes, ballads, polonaises, and mazurkas, supplementing them with samples of the text. The volume also contains an elaborate bibliography and index.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

In an annual report to the geological survey in Washington on the production of precious stones in 1899 is mentioned a general development and increased output in the Yogo Valley sapphires in Fergus County, Mont., and the finding of a fine blue stone that afforded gems up to three karats in weight; also the discovery of remarkably brilliant sapphires—green, blue, pink, yellow, and brown, in many shades and tints—in Granite County, Mont.; the continued output of turquoise mines in Grant County, N. M.; the opening of the turquoise property near Santa Fé, N. M.; and the development of the turquoise locally in Nevada and California; a great advance in the price of emeralds and pearls; a distinct increase in the price of all qualities of cut diamonds; and lastly, in general, a continued search for the minor gems in North Carolina, Maine, Connecticut, and other States. The total value of the gems produced last year was \$185,770, as compared with \$160,920 in 1898.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

George Crnall, of Edinburgh, is the only survivor of the theatrical fund dinner of 1827, at which Sir Walter Scott proclaimed himself the author of "Waverley."

Chicago has had the privilege of hearing the first public performance of an excerpt from Paderewski's new opera. At his concerts on April 27th and 28th, Theodore Thomas played the love scene from the second act. The opera has just been christened "Manru," after the hero (tenor).

An interesting feature of this year's exhibition of the London Royal Academy will be the painting of Police Constable Edward Thomas Jones, of Leeds, which has been accepted by the selection committee. Mr. Jones forwarded six contributions to the Academy, and the one selected is entitled "Early Spring," being a study in hitches, beeches, and bracken. The artist is thirty-one years of age.

It is said that the *concessionaire* to whom the Czar has granted the right to work gold-fields, eight thousand square miles in area, in the Neretchink region of Siberia—fields which are the Czar's private property and have hitherto been worked under the direction of his private cabinet—is Ernest Terah Hooley, the London company promoter and speculator, who became bankrupt in the summer of 1898, and narrowly escaped prosecution on a charge of fraud.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts has just entered upon her eighty-seventh year. She inherited in the year of Queen Victoria's accession the fortune of her grandfather, Mr. Coutts, the banker, nine million dollars, then the largest in England. After a long life devoted to philanthropy, the queen made her a peeress in her own right; a few years later she surprised England by marrying, at the age of sixty-seven, Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, then a very young man. Queen Victoria is said never to have forgiven her for her marriage.

It is announced that the Austrian heir-apparent, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand d'Este, has obtained the emperor's consent to his morganatic marriage with Countess Sophia Chotek, a former lady-in-waiting to the Duchess Frederic. The marriage will take place this month. The countess is to be Duchess of Konopist, the name of Archduke Franz Ferdinand's estate in Bohemia. As the law of succession, according to the "Pragmatic sanction," does not permit a *mésalliance* to the sovereign of Austria, it has been arranged that Archduke Franz Ferdinand's successor to the throne shall be Archduke Karl Franz, aged thirteen, who is the eldest son of the Archduke Otto, younger brother of the heir-apparent.

The removal of Oberlin M. Carter, former captain in the United States army, from Castle Williams, where he was confined pending the settlement of his case, to the army penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kan., was a relief to the officers on Governors Island. Many of the men now stationed at Governors Island had known Carter in the days of his prosperity. When he was first arrested his friends insisted that a grave mistake had been made, and that he would soon be released. For a few weeks after his confinement he was not restricted to the regular prison fare. It was many years since a man who had held his rank had been imprisoned there, and an impression prevailed that certain privileges would be granted to Carter. When this was suggested to one of the superior officers, he said: "Carter is a prisoner, isn't he? Then he must be treated as one," and from that time until he left his privileges were no greater than those of the humblest enlisted man serving an imprisonment for desertion.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Human Diamond.

In the creation of Caryl Knox, the central figure in "The Slave," his latest novel, Robert Hichens presents to readers a new variation of feminine character, but the figure is a striking one, and, in spite of his objective treatment, the strength of her passion, the impulses that move her are easily understood. The daughter of an unscrupulous man and a shallow woman, who have no admirable traits notwithstanding their position in the titled aristocracy, she reaches womanhood without having felt the promptings of affection or sympathy. Beautiful but cold, she is never stirred by the admiration of those who are attracted to her, until Sir Reuben Allabruith, an old and wealthy widower, who has been a diamond merchant and spent years in the East, makes the attempt to win her. He believes that a love for jewels can be aroused in her seemingly impassive nature, and he buys for her a wonderful emerald, once the prized possession of Catherine of Russia, and with the gem as an offering secures her hand in marriage.

The love of Aubrey Rangelcliffe, the godson of Sir Reuben, has been powerless to move Lady Caryl from her determination to marry the old man, and is as little heeded as the less honorable pursuit of M. Anneau, an opera-singer. After her marriage, her aged husband showers her with diamonds, pearls, rubies, and sapphires, and in their possession she seems perfectly happy, but above all other things the strange, engraved emerald holds her deepest love. Her infatuation for jewels stirs a desire to know all about them, even to the superstitions and legends of the ancients, and her husband encourages her in this absorbing passion by bringing to her all the works on such subjects, not only those of modern times but rare manuscripts from Oriental sources.

During all this time Aubrey worships her at a distance, unwilling to believe her sincere in her show of happiness. The opera-singer, maddened by his failure to touch her heart with his music, spoils his career by giving way to outbreaks that ruin his voice. Next comes the ruin and death of the aged husband, and creditors seize all the gems except the priceless emerald. Reduced almost to poverty, the young wife takes a rear flat in an unfashionable part of London, and lives in seclusion with the jewel which she adores. Here a burglar breaks in, and after a desperate struggle despoils her of her one precious possession. A few months later she appears in public, the wife of a repulsive individual, the thief who had robbed her, and on her bosom glows the green jewel for which she had twice given up her freedom.

The story is written with all the power Mr. Hichens has shown in earlier works. There are many characters, and all are well drawn. With two of them, the disappointed lover and the successful old diamond merchant, the reader is admitted behind the scenes, and the thoughts that inspire their acts are shown without reserve. But with his heroine the author adopts a different method. Only occasionally is there given a glimpse of the working of her mind, and her movements alone show the mastery of her single passion. It is a strange study, not an attractive one, and yet so strong and consistent that its memory will not easily be effaced.

Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

## An Idyl of To-Day in Spain.

There are few stories by English writers to compare with "The Joy of Captain Ribot," the work of the Spanish novelist, A. Palacio Valdés, now translated from the original by Minna Caroline Smith. Its motive—an inspiring but unrequited passion—is that of many others, but the author's art is so finished, his colors so fresh, his air so pure, his scenes of home life so rich in detail, his characters so firmly drawn, that the novel may well be regarded as a classic.

It is the story of the love of a brave and honorable man for a beautiful, refined, and tender woman whom he finds, too late, to be a wife. There is no suggestion of the French novelists' treatment of this situation. Indeed, the entire work is a protest against the usual method of that school. Doña Cristina is a womanly woman, not ignorant of her own charms, but queenly in her radiance and dignity, and yet unaffected in her simplicity and frankness. Her path is not always bordered by flowers. The visionary schemes of her restless, fickle-minded husband involve him with a rich but unprincipled friend, and the designs of that friend are at length made plain to her.

At this juncture the aid of Captain Ribot, whose unselfish admiration and regard have never wavered, serves to extricate her from a most unpleasant position. Soon after the husband dies, and it seems that Ribot's loyalty is to be rewarded, but the wife, true to her nature and trusting in the noblest impulses of the captain's heart, pleads with him to remain as he is, her dearest friend. Enjoying her full confidence and esteem, happy in the love of her child, his little god-daughter, the story leaves him, still unmarried yet rich in joy and peace.

Not only in the high ideals of the book, or in the seemingly ingenious yet skillful portrayal of the various characters is the work a notable one. Its pictures of life and manners in Spain are photo-

graphic, yet filled with color and movement. The beauty and fragrance of flower-filled Valencia are in his descriptions, yet the words are those of the simple-minded, honest, and prosaic follower of the sea who tells his own story. The translator has done well in this rendering, and if there are more stories by Valdés with such charms as this one has, they will be welcomed.

Published by Brentano's, New York; price, \$1.25.

## A Notable Biography of Franklin.

The key to the biographer's plan is given in his title, "The Many-Sided Franklin," by Paul Leicester Ford, and his volume in its several chapters takes up in succession the various aspects in which this figure, which looms large upon the horizon of our national life, must be regarded by the historian. As printer and publisher, writer and journalist, society favorite, scientist, wit, politician, and diplomatist, his career presents many stages, and a study of each in turn is required to give the full measure of the man.

It would be difficult to say in which view the biographer has presented the most satisfactory portrait. Few readers will be disposed to question his judgment, for all will find the book free from prejudiced regard and consistently entertaining. It is more thorough and exact than most biographies, and is embellished with many fine engravings and reproductions of historic and curious documents. There are no less than seven portraits of Franklin, and a comparison of these paintings and sketches will give the reader some new impressions of the American genius of common sense.

The strange contradictions in the character of Franklin are not made much of, but are set down without extenuation, and to those who delight in speculation is left the task of reconciling them. That a naturally irreligious man could still believe in prayer and a system of future rewards and punishments, and advocate the belief, even in the company of the most steadfast of materialists, is but one of these problems. The work is rich in anecdote, and sketches of many of the great figures he met in public life accompany the accounts of his conversation with them.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$3.00.

## A Dainty Romance of Ireland.

Katharine Tynan has written, in addition to her verses, many stories of Ireland filled with graces and a tender humor which are not common even in this day of art in novel-writing, and her latest romance, "She Walks in Beauty," will strengthen the regard in which she is held by her readers. It has all the old charm, and introduces some new people whom it is a pleasure to know.

Her heroine, Sylvia Graydon, is a delightful creation, sunny and willful, yet tender after all, and her love-story ends as happily as could be wished, though it might have missed it had the impetuous girl not taken the reins in her own hands at the critical moment. Lord Glengall, though a little old and sober for a hero, gets the prize, and the sorrow he felt at seeing his younger and handsomer rival carry off the older sister under his eyes, is forgotten when the happiness he had overlooked becomes real to him.

Even the minor personages in the story are something more than names. Mrs. Tynan knows her Ireland and its people well, and writes of them impressively, yet without affectation.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

## Personat and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Gertrude Atherton has lately returned to this country after a visit of several months in Cuba. The next few weeks she expects to pass in New York, and in July she will go for the summer to the Adirondacks, where she is planning to work on a new book. In the autumn Mrs. Atherton will go back to Cuba in order to complete her studies for a novel of Cuban life.

A memoir of Grant Allen is shortly to appear, from the pen of his intimate friend, Edward Clodd. In addition to his study of Allen's character and work, there will be an interesting selection from Grant Allen's correspondence, which will include letters from his old friend and master, Herbert Spencer, and also from Darwin, A. R. Wallace, Huxley, and Andrew Lang.

Langdon Mitchell, son of Dr. Weir Mitchell, has dramatized his father's story, "The Adventures of François," which will be produced next season by Minnie Maddern Fiske. Mr. Mitchell dramatized "Vanity Fair" under the title of "Becky Sharp," in which Mrs. Fiske has won considerable success.

A new novel by Flora Annie Steele, author of "On the Face of the Waters" and "Hosts of the Lord," will shortly appear through the press of the Macmillan Company, under the title of "Voices of the Night, a Chromatic Fantasia."

A new edition of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," by Ellen Fowler, has just been issued by D. Appleton & Co., with a portrait and a biographical sketch of the author.

The English papers record the death of Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, the cousin of Robert Louis Stevenson. To his most intimate friends he was best

known as a very wonderful and brilliant talker; but Americans will be most interested to learn that he was the original of The Young Man with the Cream Tarts, who figures in "The Suicide Club," and of Spring-Heeled Jack, in the well-known paper on "Talk and Talkers." Sidney Colvin says that the character of Prince Otto was also suggested to Stevenson by certain traits in his cousin.

An entertaining and intimate account of Mary Cholmondeley appears in a preface to the new edition of "Diana Tempest," just published by D. Appleton & Co.

It is now announced in London that the *Daily Mail's* skillful handling of Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar" has produced for the families of the men fighting in South Africa \$485,000. This is at the rate of \$10,000 a line, quite the record revenue for a piece of verse.

Mrs. Craigie has written twenty-six chapters of her new novel, "Robert Orange," and it will probably be published during the late summer.

It is stated that "David Harum" has passed its four hundred and fiftieth thousand.

Charles K. Field, a nephew of Eugene Field, and W. H. Irwin, of this city, have collaborated in a volume of Stanford University stories, which has just been brought out.

The total eclipse of the sun, which will occur on May 28th, imparts a special interest to the useful little volume, "The Story of Eclipses," by George F. Chambers, recently published by D. Appleton & Co.

A new story by Arlo Bates has just been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., entitled "Love in a Cloud." This airy *soubriquet* is taken from an imaginary anonymous novel, and the curiosity concerning its authorship leads to a comedy of errors which forms the plot of the novel.

## Forever,

Every golden beam of light  
Leaves a shadow to the sight;  
Every dewdrop on the rose  
To the ocean's bosom goes.  
Every star that ever shone  
Somewhere has a gladness thrown.  
All that lives goes on forever,  
Forever and forever.

Every link in friendship's chain  
Forged another link again;  
Every throb that love has cost,  
Made a heaven and was not lost.  
Every look and every tone  
Has a seed in memory sown.  
All that lives goes on forever,  
Forever and forever.

Never yet a spoken word  
But in echo it was heard;  
Never was a living thought  
But some magic it has wrought.  
And no deed was ever done  
That has died from under sun.  
All that lives goes on forever,  
Forever and forever.

So, O soul, there's no farewell  
Where souls once together dwell;  
Have no fears O beating heart,  
There is no such word as part.  
Hands that meet and closely clasp  
Shall forever feel the grasp.  
All that lives goes on forever,  
Forever and forever.

—Annette Kohn in the Independent.

H. G. Wells, the novelist, is described by the Philadelphia *Post* as working regularly every morning at his writing. "In the afternoon Mrs. Wells transcribes on the type-writer the morning's work, and in the evening both of them go over the day's result. It is often changed tremendously by the night's criticism. 'It's no use my promising to send "copy" to you by Saturday,' said Mr. Wells to an editor. 'I must wait and lay it before my wife. She will know whether I can do it, and she will see that I keep my promise.' Mr. Wells's marriage is a literary partnership as well."

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A NOVEL. By J. STORER CLOUSTON. No. 284, Appletons' Town and Country Library. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Empty Success of a Woman's Life.

Robert Grant has chosen a praiseworthy title for the bright and moving American story he tells in "Unleavened Bread." There is little of poetry in the tale, but there is humor, now and then a touch of real feeling, a searching knowledge of social conditions, and a sustained interest that make his book distinctive. The ambition of a young school-teacher is the theme, and her career from the country school-house to the governor's mansion, through many difficulties and over many obstacles, is sketched with fine discrimination. There are many character studies in the story, and though the scene changes from a young and thriving Western city in Chicago, to New York, and in Washington, the author's hand is sure throughout and there are no hurried pictures.

Selma White, the central figure of the story, is not an attractive heroine, in spite of the refined, delicate beauty of her face, and her superior air. But she is a goddess in her first lover, an easy-going young business man, and the definite inclination of her hard, vain, and selfish nature does not appear to him until it is too late. From the village school to the narrow circle of church society in town was something of a gain, but the next remove promised the ambitious young woman a larger field for the aspirations now fully awakened. As the wife of a young and struggling architect in New York, however, her social ambition finds little gratification, and it is a relief to her when her husband dies from overwork, and she is free to struggle onward and upward. At last the success she has dreamed of is before her. She marries a newly elected member of Congress, and goes to Washington, and a little later aids her husband to gain the proud distinction of being the governor of his State.

Yet the novelist has made plain the fact that in spite of the high position occupied by her husband the exclusive circles of society will be closed to her, as they have been throughout her career. Her want of tact, her too evident selfishness and desire to dominate have been fatal in her plans from the beginning. The most painful experiences of her life are not the death of her child and the loss of her husband, but the view of a rival's social success—a rival who comes to the city from a New Jersey village, as ambitious and as poor as Selma, but gifted with receptive and imitative faculties.

The story, true as it is to American life, is a satire. Selma White is hardly a type, but a combination of qualities rarely found in one person. The aspiring young woman of these modern times speedily develops the power to achieve any desired end. The charmed circles of those who have "made money or won distinction by their brains, and then have brushed their teeth twice a day religiously for two generations," are not proof against her. Mrs. Gregory Williams in the story is a more common example of this native ability.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Training for the Civil Service.

A volume that has a serious interest at this time is "Colonial Civil Service," by A. Lawrence Lowell. There are lessons that may well be learned in this account of the methods of selection and training of colonial officials practiced in England, Holland, and France. Much of the information given in the book is now for the first time made available, and the work will be recognized by all students as an important addition to the text-books on civil government.

The introduction to the work explains the necessity for a special service, and the questions to be worked out in the study, and then the historical examination of the subject begins with the history of the recruiting for the East India civil service. The establishment of the first college for education in public duties was at Fort William, Calcutta, in 1800, and six years later the East India College, on similar lines, was opened at Haileybury, near London. The early regulations and the changes that have taken place in the course of time are sketched briefly, the present methods of recruiting, examination, and training are set forth fully, and the positions reserved for the cadets described.

Holland offers some instructive examples in the result of the adoption of the Royal Academy at Delft in 1842, and the setting up of the state schools at Leyden and Batavia. France did not take up this work early, but has now a colonial school at Paris, which has no little influence, though it was not founded by statute.

The volume is concise, well-written, and well-arranged.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## New Publications.

A popular edition of "Their Silver Wedding Journey," by W. D. Howells, has been brought out in a single volume without illustrations. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

Two new sets of views of San Francisco, half-tone reproductions of photographs, many of which are notable for breadth and finish, have been brought out by Frederic M. DeWitt, San Francisco; price, 25 cents and 50 cents.

"Progressive Exercises in Spanish Prose Composition, with Notes and a Vocabulary," by M. Mont-

rose Ramsey and Anita Johnstone Lewis, is a practical work for students. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

A pamphlet has been made up of Edwin Markham's "The Man with the Hoe," some twenty-five pages of explanation by the writer, two portraits, two views of his home, and an engraving from Millet's painting. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Education of the Puerile Child: A Study in Arrested Development," by Frank Clarence Spencer, is the latest issue in the Columbia University Contributions in Philosophy, Psychology, and Education Series. Published in paper covers by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

A girl's story that will interest older readers is told in "A Young Savage," by Barbara Yechton. There are some good character studies from East and West, and some sturdy American characteristics fully illustrated in the course of the story. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Plots and counterplots, mysteries that have to do with hidden panels and passages and a stolen will, are plentiful in "The Secret of Kyriels," by E. Nesbit, but with all this old familiar machinery the story has a good grip of interest. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

Three stories whose titles are an index to their character are offered in "Running the Cuban Blackade," by William O. Stoddard. The first of the stories gives the name to the book, and the others are "Captain Jack" and "The Boy Wreckers." All are full of adventure and the fresh, salt air of the sea. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

Thirty-three humorous, satirical essays, full of logic and sound judgment, make up "The Ways of Men," by Eliot Gregory. There is in the book not an anecdote nor description without a point, and hardly a paragraph that is not quotable. The volume is dedicated to Edith Wharton, author of "The Touchstone." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

J. Willis Clark has rescued from the pages of English reviews eleven papers on eminent men connected with the University of Cambridge, and presents them in a volume entitled "Old Friends at Cambridge and Elsewhere." The several essays are written in a thoroughly pleasing style, and have much biographical value. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.75.

A romance of youthful beauty is told by Miss A. G. Plympton in "A Flower of the Wilderness." The heroine is a little Puritan maid, as courageous as she is charming, and the friends she wins are worth knowing. The story will delight all who have been pleased with the earlier volumes by this author, and should make many new admirers for them. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Anna Katharine Green has written several short stories of interest in the vein of criminal mystery that deserve to rank with her more extended works, and six of these appear in the volume to which the opening sketch, "A Difficult Problem," gives the name. The two stories of greatest length in the book are "The Bronze Hand" and "The Hermit of Street," but some of the shorter ones are equally absorbing. Published by the F. M. Lupton Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Dracula," by Bram Stoker, is a strong story, with a motive that will appeal to all who love the weird, the supernatural, and the terrible in fiction. It is more than this, even; it is a study of vampires, with a human interest that makes it especially striking and unforgettable. The story is told in a series of extracts from diaries and journals, and with all the demands made upon the writer's art by this seemingly simple yet really complex method, it is a finished piece of work. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

With Benjamin Franklin and his friends as the central figures of his essay, Howard Payson Arnold has written, gathered, and arranged an entertaining mass of anecdotes, incidents, and descriptions, and presented it in a volume entitled "Historic Side-Lights." It is more biographical than historical, more narrative than critical, but even its trivialities have a value. Its range is wide, and many of its pictures have little connection with the main theme and times, but there are no dull pages. The illustrations and portraits are notable. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.50.

John Jay Chapman has felt called upon to instruct the public in matters of reform, and entitles his volume of essays "Practical Agitation." From his chapter on "Literature," the following paragraph will illustrate the vigor and clarity of his ideas: "It is impossible not to see in contemporary journalism a slaughter-house for mind. Here we have a great whale that hrowns on the young and eats them by thousands. This is the seamy side of popular education. The low level of the class at the dame's school keeps the bright boys back and makes dunces of them." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

## TOLSTOY AT HOME.

Since the appearance of Tolstoy's new book, "Resurrection," public interest as regards his personality has been renewed. True, there has been for some years a Tolstoy school of literature, just as there has been an Ibsen and a Nietzsche school (writes Olga Wnhlhruck in *Die Woche*), but in the case of these two authors more interest has been shown in their works than in their personality.

Tolstoy's house in Moscow, where he lives during the greater part of the year, is a plain frame building which belongs to none of his sons. Every evening it is filled with visitors. A servant asks each visitor whether he desires to see the count or the countess, and if the former the visitor is conducted through the large *salon*, up a narrow staircase to the count's work-room, or study. This is a small, narrow room, with very broad windows. In one window is a plain desk, and the only other articles of furniture are a broad, old-fashioned divan, a couple of arm-chairs, and a book-case, which contains only works of reference, as the count considers his Moscow residence as merely a makeshift, and therefore keeps his library at his country home at Jassnaya Poljard.

Countess Sophie Tolstoy takes the utmost care that her husband shall not be disturbed while at work. When the dinner-bell rings, however, at three o'clock, the count stops working, and is ready to indulge in lively conversation. The countess is an excellent housewife, and her views on many subjects are quite different from those of her husband. Still, though very outspoken, she is always ready to comply with her husband's wishes. At table Tolstoy sits between his wife and his eldest daughter, Tatjana, who helps him greatly with his work. He and his two eldest daughters are confirmed vegetarians, much to the annoyance of the countess, who can not be convinced that this mode of living is healthful. While the other members of the family and the guests, who are never lacking at this mid-day meal, eat the usual food, the count and his two daughters regale themselves with soup and various vegetables. After dinner Tolstoy often pays visits. The sheepskin coat, belted around the middle and reaching to the knees, and the cap, pulled down over the ears, give him on such occasions quite the appearance of a peasant, and only by the earnest look in the eyes and the fine, ironical smile can a passer-by recognize the great man.

Open as his house is to guests, Tolstoy dislikes to show himself in public places. He seldom goes to the theatre, and always selects a secluded seat. The theatrical representations of the present day do not please him, neither was he satisfied with the manner in which his own plays, "The Power of Darkness" and "The Fruits of Enlightenment," were represented. "Actors take so much trouble in order to be natural on the stage," he says. "They must not do that. The characters in 'The Power of Darkness,' as imagined by me, are quite different from what they were represented on the stage."

During the evening Tolstoy likes to read to his friends in the study passages from new books or journals, and to engage in lively discussion. It is an attractive trait in him that, during a discussion, he pays as much attention to a young student as to a gray-haired university professor. Quibbling is abhorrent to him, and he asks only candor and honesty.

Tolstoy takes special care that his works shall be based on real events. Thus "The Power of Darkness" is from beginning to end based on an event which during his time made a great sensation in Tula. The tragic finale of "Anna Karenina" is also based on an actual occurrence. Tolstoy originally intended to let the romance end peacefully, and what impelled him to give it its present form was the fact that a young lady who lived near him sought death in the same manner as Anna Karenina.

Tolstoy takes the utmost pains with his work. His manuscripts are written five or six times, and sometimes he writes single chapters ten times over before he is satisfied with them. His corrections are a torture for compositors, since he fills page after page with new words and sentences, and also makes numerous erasures and other alterations. The last proof shows as much evidence of careful study as the first one, and it is not too much to say that every line which he writes is rather wrung from him than voluntarily given to the printer. Countess Sophie is the most severe critic of his works, and her judgment has much weight with him. He has thrown aside a completed romance because she did not like it, and nothing will induce him to publish it. He also likes to read his new works before they are published to a few intimate friends, and the suggestions which he receives on such occasions cause him to make several alterations. Thus, in the hope of obtaining some useful suggestions, he read "The Power of Darkness" to a group of peasants, but he was most painfully surprised to discover that the most startling scenes in the book, scenes which he himself could not read without tears, only evoked loud laughter from them.

Mark Twain's next book is to bear the title of the opening story, "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg." It is a collection of stories, sketches, and essays which have been published in various periodicals. It will probably appear in September.

## WOMANLY BEAUTY.

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JOHN V. SHOEMAKER A. M., M. D.,

Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Clinical Medicine and Diseases of the Skin in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia; Physician to the Hospital; Member of the American and British Medical Associations; Fellow of the Medical Society of London, etc.

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## The Source of Beauty is the Fair Sex—

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Evolution—Comparison of theories—History of the discussion.

## The Evolution of the American Girl—

Dressing for adornment—Dressing of American women—Of foreign women—Modifying fashions in suit forms—Beauty of American women compared with French—Fifty years of fashion—From simplicity to luxury—The Countess of Jersey on improvement in hygienic practices—The female form—Its proportions—Points of elegance—Beauty of the bosom—Warning against quacks—Tight shoes and gloves—Tight-lacing—Blonde and brunette types—The grace of Spanish women—Conditions tending to make American women the handsomest type of the world.

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Men generally appreciate the humorous writings or sayings of their own sex far more than they do those of women. In fact, a feminine humorist in the journalistic or literary field is a rarity. One can not recall petticoated counterparts of the Mark Twains, the Bill Nyses, the Artemus Wards, the Eugene Fields, or the Dooleys who have bestowed upon their generation the grateful gift of laughter. The humor of a woman writer is generally a little quiet, bubbling up here and there on the surface of deeper things, and when she moves us to mirth, it is generally of the kind that is sufficiently expressed in a smile. Our own Californian writer, Kate Douglas Wiggin, sings a merry note of humor in all her writings, from kindergarten stories to books of travel, and its gay little chime has won her a harvest both of smiles and dollars, from English as well as American readers. Mary Cholmondeley, the English novelist, shows in her earlier books as well as in "Red Pottage" some turn for humor, but it has something of an acid edge to it, and fails to endure her to her readers. But with the majority of women novelists it is an undeniable fact that you can read their books from cover to cover without even a smile—Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mary Wilkins, Beatrice Harraden, Mary Johnstone, Mrs. Craigie, George Egerton (to confine one's self strictly to writers of to-day), are a very solemn brigade; my list descends so rapidly in point of merit, that I am tempted to add Marie Corelli's name. The fact, however, that Marie is one of the humorists of the nineteenth century, although an unconscious one, forbids it. As for that broad, vigorous, spontaneous flow of humor which makes one throw back one's head, and clear all the mental cobwebs away by bursts of genuine, hearty, self-forgetting, loud-sounding laughter, such as Mr. Toots in "Dombey and Son" evokes, such as Mark Twain gives us in "Innocents Abroad," such as we even can win from the pages of Jerome's "Two Men in a Boat"—well, what woman writer has ever given it to us?

But of late woman's possibilities in the field of humorous dramatic literature seem to be greater. The Neill company have so far presented three successful comedies during their present engagement which have been written by women. Of the three, "A Bachelor's Romance" was the least, and "Captain Letterhair" the most amusing. But "An American Citizen," by Madeline Lucette Ryley, comes in a very good second, and in this play the authoress seems at times to have stepped aside somewhat from the purely feminine point of view, and looked at her subject through men's eyes. The conception of the main idea is a good one. A hard-bearded, young American business man yields to the condition laid down by his English uncle's will, and renounces his own name to take an English name, an English wife, and, so far as he can, endeavors to divest himself of his robust, deep-seated, deeply felt, and obvious Americanism and become an Englishman. He does this, of course, through generous, unselfish, and even quixotic motives, and therein lies the playwright's opportunity to glorify her hero from a sentimental point of view, and at the same time to put in various touches of comedy during the process of evolution.

James Neill has the gift of winning the liking of his audience, but we begin to wish that he would give us a chance to admire him for his own methods, and not for the accuracy and fidelity of his imitations. He undoubtedly is a remarkably faithful copy of the actors whose merits, oddities, mannerisms, and faults are all alike impartially rendered, but the natural result is that it divests Mr. Neill's acting of a certain element of sincerity. Especially is this noticeable at the beginning of the play. Then, as it goes on, the player seems to settle down more and more into his borrowed plumage, and one thinks, regretfully, what a clever imitation it is, and wonders when he is going to begin to do a little work on his own account.

But, taken as a whole, the performances of this hard-working and painstaking company are refined, agreeable, and entertaining. I observe that they are winning the Columbia Theatre clientele, who are probably frightened away from that classic spot by the spectacle of the drama having a prolonged and severe attack of the jimmies. There is always, thanks be to Providence, a certain proportion of people in a community who like drama, pure and simple, whether ancient, modern, comic, or tragic, undiluted, uninterrupted, and unobscured by specialities. And this is the class that is faithfully turning out, to see each new play that the Neill company presents. There are no flashing geniuses in the group; that overworked but useful adjective

"nice" will do to express one's feeling toward each member—but nice they certainly are.

It was pleasant to see nice little Julia Dean again, although she "wandered lonely as a cloud" with never a lover on the horizon. The spectacle of a manless ingénue is an unusual one on the boards, where the numeral proportions of the sexes generally balance to a nicety; if a pretty girl is a superfluity in a play, it is generally because she has a hump either on her back or in her disposition. In this case, however, it was in her destiny, as poor little Georgia Chapin was suffering from an unrequited attachment.

To finish up the category of good things in the Neill company, it is pleasant to observe that care, pains, and study are bestowed even in the smallest rôles, and that Emmet Shackelford as the valet, and Rose Swain as the flower-girl and maid, did their small share in contributing toward the general good impression made by the company.

One should be a regular attendant at the Orpheum really to attain to a sane understanding of all the jokes, catch-words, current slangisms, local bits, and other mirthful small fire which is discharged in a ceaseless shower at the audience, and received by them with the cordial hilarity with which people greet jolly old friends. It gives the occasional dropper-in a bewildered feeling. He hears the singing comedian casually drop a word or so in an abstracted tone between songs, and the audience rocks in convulsions of mirth. The casual visitor clutches his neighbor, whispers distractedly, "What did he say?" and, before the question is out of his mouth, another utterly mysterious and apparently senseless remark is heard from the stage, and a Homeric roar goes up from the always packed house. The c. v. has this experience repeated so many times that he experiences a curious feeling of remoteness and almost humiliation. He begins to wonder if there is anything wrong with his sense of humor, and subjects it to an anxious examination to see if it is out of repair, notes its size, feels its works, inspects its polish. Yes, it is the same old friend, a little creaky and weather-worn, perhaps, since the era of howling farces and hysterical farce-comedies set in, but, on the whole, in good running order, and warranted to work when occasion requires. So the c. v. sets himself to find out why its wheels are so clogged in that merry atmosphere, and he only discovers after repeated visits, by strict, business-like, anxious attention, and straining his ears to the finest point of tenuity.

The c. v. then discovers that the Orpheum audience is a large, easily pleased, happy family, which assembles in that temple of mirth with the periodical regularity with which the domestic group gathers around the board at evening. That is, on account of the cheapness of price, the variety and general excellence of the entertainment, and the good spirits of a cheerful and tolerant audience, everything pleases. That, like children who demand the same fairy-stories over and over again, they like a certain favor of familiarity to their entertainment. That each joke is evidently first cousin to a previous joke, which was related to a still earlier joke, which perhaps hailed from a back-number comedietta, which probably contained a venerable popular song, which no doubt gave vogue to a catchy refrain, which was the progenitor of a familiar slang-phrase, and so on from the earliest twilight of Orpheum history.

Thus each scrap of fun that is caught up so eagerly by the audience is circled in a halo of "the splendid, glorious past," with just a little tang of novelty, and few are unreasonable enough to demand the charm of the unexpected. Even the occasional foreign players going their round in the Orpheum circuit, mingle with the novel and the unusual in their acts touches of Americanisms in order to make themselves perfectly acceptable to their audience. Cornille and Fougère both sang popular coon-songs, whose familiarity roused their hitherto unresponsive audiences to the first signs of real favor, although to one outside the charmed circle such people, presenting their own original style of entertainment, are the more novel and interesting features of the vaudeville show; the high lights which pale the ineffectual fires of the "song-and-dance artist," the "musical clowns," the "comic acrobats," and others who form the routine part of the programme.

Etta Butler, although a San Francisco girl, was one of the high lights. Young as she is, she stands on a much higher plane of merit than most of the Orpheum actors, partly through her unmistakable talent, partly through her personality, and partly through the character of her work. Miss Butler is working out her natural destiny. A few years ago she was amusing her school-mates in very much the same style that she is now entertaining the public. A few years from now, if she carries out the promise that she shows in her unusually clever mimetic work, she will be winning laurels in a New York stock company. For she is too good for vaudeville. Its money rewards are large, but individual talent, which only has a fifteen or twenty-minute bearing nightly, is lost in the mass, even though it be of mediocrity.

Miss Butler, although she was during her engagement at the Orpheum the most talked-about player on its list, was not nearest the popular heart. Much interest was felt in her; she was listened to with deep attention, and she attracted in herself a number of non-habituals to that theatre; but she

lacked that element of the known and the familiar which has already been mentioned as making so strong an appeal to the regular patrons of the house. Her most striking hits of work, namely, her imitations of Minnie Maddern Fiske as Becky Sharp, and of Olga Nethersole as Sappho, were copied from models unknown to San Francisco; but they, as well as her repetition of Modjeska's hyst of denunciation from "Magda," were the features which demonstrated most strongly her pronounced talent for purely dramatic acting as opposed to vaudeville. She is a comely little person, and reminds one somewhat of Blanche Bates in her endowment of physical exuberance, and also in the rushing, school-girl impetuosity of her movements. JOSEFITA.

#### LATE VERSE.

##### Marriage.

Thou art my own, my darling and my wife;  
And when we pass into another Life,  
Still thou art mine. All this which now we see  
Is but the childhood of Eternity;  
And thou and I, through trials and through tears,  
The joys and sorrows of our earthly years,  
Are growing up into a single soul,  
God's workmanship; a clear completed whole  
Made out of twain. Our love is but begun:  
Forever and forever, we are one.

—Arthur Munby in the London Spectator.

##### The Second Marriage.

Her soft brown eyes upgazing to his face,  
As thro' the aisle's one sunlight shaft they pass  
With measured pace,  
He, smiling at the lips but not the eyes  
That seem to gaze upon some form that flies  
Far-off, cloud-wrapped, alas!

"He is too young to live alone," we bear,  
"This woman's fair as was the first, and then  
She's dead a year."  
Ah, true, she's lain twelve months beneath the clay,  
But, oh, poor ghost, she only dies to-day,  
Yea, with the priest's Amen.

"The new wife clings as fondly as the old."  
"There's love in brown eyes as there was in blue."  
"The grave is cold."  
"The elm, you know, looks bare without a vine."  
But, ah, Death makes, when two souls intertwine,  
No void place for the new.

"Yet this his first true flow'r of love may be,"  
Oh, on the dead wife's grave why pour out gall?  
Yet, bitterly  
I'll say: The dead is gone forever now,  
And better love should garland this young brow  
Than life be bloomless all.

Laughter and bells ring o'er the bridal train,  
But thro' them sigh upon the love-tuned ear  
Low tones of pain.  
Oh, haste and gaze into mine eyes, my wife,  
Till soul tells soul that love is love for life,  
And life begins but here.

—Joseph I. C. Clarke in the Criterion.

#### No More Counterfeits—Only One Napa Soda.

In deciding that there is no genuine Napa Soda on the market save that which is bottled by Jackson's Napa Soda Springs in Napa County, the courts have at last done something for the protection of the public stomach. For years now the cheap bars have been dispensing the cheapest kind of carbonated water from bottles similar to those used by the Napa Soda people. The crime is nothing short of forgery and counterfeiting. Of course no reputable saloon man or restaurateur would conspire to foist a spurious article on a people who are willing to pay a legitimate price and profit for the genuine, but there are thieves and thugs in every trade, and these have made it necessary for the Napa Soda people to appeal to the law. For forty-five years Napa Soda has been known as a pure mineral water of exceptional tonic properties. Now that the public and the proprietors are protected by the courts, it will cost no more to be served with the genuine article, and you may be sure of getting it at every place that pretends to sell Napa Soda.—News Letter, April 14th.

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A PROSPEROUS DRAMATIC SEASON.

What Some of the Successful Stars Have Earned.

The New York dramatic season, which is now nearing its close, has been a most gratifying one, with numerous and long-continued successes, and few—and not grossly disastrous—failures. Some plays, to be sure (says the New York Herald), have been disappointments to patrons and managers, and have been quickly and quietly interred, but, as a whole, and in the very great majority of cases, public and players have had good reason to be satisfied with what they have jointly accomplished, delightfully on the stage and generously at the box-office. Until figures are scanned, one hardly realizes the millions of dollars paid in at the theatres of the country this season. The chronic disbeliever in box-office statements, the pessimist who always declares that two and two makes six when figures are prepared in the box-office to be given out for publication, will tell you that the sums stated are gross exaggerations.

True—in some cases, perhaps. But when you take such stars as Maude Adams, Mrs. Carter, Viola Allen, Olga Nethersole and her much-belabored "Sapho," Anna Held, Julia Marlowe, Minnie Maddern Fiske, Messrs. Mansfield, Sothern, Hackett, Goodwin, Crane, and others, and such plays as "Ben Hur," it is well known that they have done an enormous business, and there is no possible necessity of exaggerating their receipts. They are quite big enough as they are. They serve, however, to show what a satisfactory dramatic year it has been all over the country, for just as these "top liners" have been enjoying more prosperity than ever, so have the theatres generally had a dramatic year of unusual prosperity.

Maude Adams has finished her season, and for ever laid aside "The Little Minister," after playing it, in the last three years of her stellar career, 841 times, to total gross receipts of over \$1,000,000. Its first run of 300 performances in New York brought in \$370,000; and this season, when she returned, playing at the Criterion, 71 performances realized \$79,574. While she was "on the road," \$2,000 was a conservative average on one night stands. Even out in Omaha she played two nights to \$4,300. What the royalties of Mr. Barrie, the fortunate author, have been is not known, but at ten per cent. they were over \$100,000. Mr. Charles Frohman is so liberal with playwrights (he paid Bronson Howard over \$100,000 for one year's royalties on "Shenandoah") that it is not unlikely that Mr. Barrie's receipts have been nearer two than one hundred thousand dollars from "The Little Minister" in the three years.

The enormous success of "Ben Hur" is known to everybody. To those who want to be told exactly how big it has been it may be said that its 194 performances have totaled close to \$400,000. In one week it took in \$19,015, and four weeks averaged over \$18,000 a week.

Mrs. Carter has been another great money winner this season with "Zaza," 173 performances in America figuring up \$343,900. Olga Nethersole, despite her legal woes and the enforced closing of Wallack's for a considerable period, is going home to England with what is called "a pot of money," "Sapho" having played to from \$11,000 to \$16,000 a week. To "break a run," theatrical tradition says, is to ruin luck, but since "Sapho" has been resumed at Wallack's the houses have been over \$14,000 a week. Her biggest week here was \$16,581, and out West the high-water mark was \$15,076 in St. Louis.

Anna Held was looked on as "only a *café-chantant* singer," and when she proposed to star as a comedienne some people laughed, and the more polite raised their eyebrows and said "Really?" It seems to have been "really"; for the 131 performances of "Papa's Wife," mostly given in New York to "standing room only," have totaled \$270,000.

E. H. Sothern and James K. Hackett have had a fine season, also, and under Daniel Frohman's management have steadily maintained the favor with which they were received when he first exploited them as stars. "The Pride of Jennico" is still filling the Criterion, where Mr. Hackett's weeks have averaged \$8,000, including the perceptible falling off in the Lenten period. Mr. Sothern has played "The King's Musketeer" and "The Song of the Sword" to an average of \$9,000 a week and "The Sunken Bell" to \$7,000, while many weeks have run much higher, for instance, \$14,000 in one week in Chicago. Richard Mansfield's season, as every one knows, has been an immensely successful one. What his total takings have been is not stated, but they were almost phenomenal.

The first season of Daniel Frohman's management of Daly's is worth referring to, as a good many Dalyites doubted if Daly's successor would prove a success. He has; for though the transfer of a theatre to new hands is always in some small degree a "beginning all over again" to build up a clientele, the season has run to an average of \$8,000. Sothern's plays and "The Manœuvres of Jane" and "The Ambassador" ran to \$10,500, and "The Runaway Girl" to \$9,000 in the week.

With these "pointers" to start on, you can figure up the season generally for yourself, and you will begin to realize before you are half through with the

list of many successes that New York has seen this year what a prosperous period it has been. And when you get through with your dramatic schedule, just add a round million for the receipts of grand opera at the Metropolitan, and a large sum for the less pretentious and highly remunerative opera in English season at the American, under Mr. Savage's direction.

STAGE GOSSIP.

John Drew in "The Tyranny of Tears."

The opening night of John Drew's limited engagement at the Columbia Theatre in Haddon Chambers's "The Tyranny of Tears" promises to be a gala event, for already the house has practically been sold out. Mr. Chambers's comedy is the best vehicle which Mr. Drew has had since he became a star, all the incidents being reasonable and logical, the characters true to life, and the dialogue of uncommonly good quality. The plot revolves about Mr. Parbury, a distinguished author and clubman, very much in love with his wife, who makes his life more or less miserable by her unreasonable exactions. Whenever he protests, she weeps, and he straightway yields. He abandons old friends, old amusements, and old ambitions for her sake without a murmur, but rebels when she demands the instant dismissal, without apparent cause, of his female secretary, Miss Woodward. The fact is that Mrs. Parbury has caught the young woman kissing her husband's photograph, but does not dare to tell him, for fear of exciting his vanity and possibly his undesirable interest in the fair delinquent. In the end, finding even tears unavailing, she threatens to return to her father's house, and, to her consternation, he permits her to go, rather than commit a flagrant injustice against an innocent girl. All sorts of amusing complications ensue, but in the last act peace is restored by the submission of Mrs. Parbury, a declaration of independence on the part of her husband, and the acceptance of a convenient lover by the secretary.

Mr. Drew's company will include Isabel Irving, who has been his leading lady for three seasons, Ida Conquest, Georgie Mendum, Arthur Byron, Harry Harwood, and Frank E. Lamh. The cast will be the complete original one, and the production will be the same in every detail as at the Empire Theatre, New York, where "The Tyranny of Tears" had a run of several months.

Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott will follow on Monday, May 28th, in their latest success, "When We Were Twenty-One."

The Neill Company in "The Amazons."

"An American Citizen" will give way at the California Theatre on Sunday night to a pretty production by the Neill company of Pinero's amusing satire, "The Amazons," which was first presented here by the Lyceum Theatre company. The cast will include Lillian Andrews as the widowed Lady Castlejordan, the mother of three daughters, whom she has educated as boys to compensate in some degree for the disappointment of being deprived of an heir; Edythe Chapman, Miss Lamhkin, and Julia Dean as the daughters who are brought up in the seclusion of their ancestral park, and box, row, shoot, ride, smoke, dress, and act as if they were brothers instead of sisters; James Neill as Viscount Litterly, George Bloomquist as De Grival (a Frenchman), and Benjamin Howard as Lord Tweenways, who creep into this Adamless Eden and conduct their wooing under rather quaint circumstances; Frank McVicar as a friendly clergyman, who strives to show Lady Castlejordan the error of her plans; and Stella Adams as the devoted servant and coadjutor of her ladyship.

Dunne and Ryley's all-star comedy company, headed by Matthews and Bulger, are to follow the Neill company in a series of Hoyt revivals, the opening production, "A Rag Baby," taking place on Sunday, June 3d.

Last Week of "The Wizard of the Nile."

On Monday evening Victor Herbert's merry opera, "The Wizard of the Nile," enters on the sixth and last week of its prosperous run at the Tivoli Opera House, and the announcement of its last nights is sure to cause a big demand for seats. "The Wizard of the Nile" could easily run several weeks longer, but the management are forced to withdraw it, as they have contracted to produce "The Three Guardsmen," which promises to score a big hit. The libretto of this opera follows closely Dumas's celebrated novel, and the music, by L. Varney, the distinguished composer, is said to be unusually tuneful. All the favorites of the Tivoli Opera House will have congenial rôles, and James Corrigan, a clever comedian, will be added to strengthen the cast.

Revivals of "Madeline," "The Sea King," and "The Geisha" will follow, and in August the grand opera season will open with an excellent company headed by Signors Salassa and Avedano and Anna Lichter.

The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

Among the new-comers at the Orpheum next week will be the Mignani Family, musical comedians, who will present their up-to-date skit, "The Musical Barbers," which is said to be a great novelty; Mlle. Bartho, the pretty premier danseuse, who won many admirers in this city when she used

to visit us in the elaborate Henderson extravaganzas; and the Wilson Family, colored comedians, who will be assisted by a collection of precocious little pickaninnies.

Those retained from this week's bill are Ezra Kendall, who will introduce new songs, jokes, and stage business into his monologue turn; Charles Ulrick, who has made a hit with his remarkable manipulation of an enormous barrel; Louise Gunning, a dainty vocalist who sings Scotch ballads; the Newsboys Quintette; the Kleist Brothers, in a clever musical act; and the Biograph in a new series of views.

Puritanism and the Theatre.

William Archer, the English dramatic critic, has been writing lately about the occasional outcropping of the Puritan prejudice against the theatre. The Puritan party, he admits, fail to discriminate between what is noble in the theatre and what is base; but can we reproach them, he asks, while we ourselves attempt no such discrimination?

"It may rather be said that many of us—and by 'us' I mean people of reasonable education and of decent instincts—discriminate in favor of the lower order of entertainments. Take such a piece as 'The Belle of New York,' for example—probably the greatest success of recent years. What was it but one long glorification of the vulgarest order of debauchery? In so far as it meant anything at all, it meant approval and admiration for drunkenness and all the other diversions of a recklessly 'fast' life. But was it the vicious, or even the congenitally, fundamentally vulgar section of society that kept it running to full houses for eighteen months? Not at all. This section, of course, contributed its full quota to the devotees of the 'Belle,' but she also attracted in their thousands people of education and breeding, of decent life and presentable manners.

"Some of them fully realized the clotted vulgarity of the entertainment and reveled in the sense of superiority involved in that very realization. Others exercised that peculiar faculty possessed by many worthy Britons of 'letting on' that a spade is not a spade so long as no one calls it by its downright Saxon name. To none of them did it occur that they were countenancing the degradation of the stage and justifying, so far as in them lay, the anathemas of the Puritans.

"Vulgar entertainments there will always be so long as there are people of vulgar tastes to be catered for. But their popularity, in England, at any rate, would be much less overwhelming if people of culture and refinement did not affect and even parade in regard to the theatre a vulgarity of taste which they would blush to own in regard to any other department of art or of life. Many Oxford and Cambridge men, for example—not merely irresponsible under-graduates, but dons and dignitaries—when they run up to town for a few days, rush eagerly to 'The Gayety Girl,' or 'The Circus Girl,' or 'The Belle of New York,' and can scarcely be dragged to any higher form of entertainment. They may allege, perhaps sincerely, that this is because the higher entertainments are so apt to be bad and boring in their kind; but, if so, it is partly their own fault for failing to take an intelligent interest in artistic effort and encourage what is really good. They do not hang crude, comic oleographs on their walls; they do not read papers of the *Flash Bits* or *Spicy Scraps* order; but why should they content these journalistic dainties, while making a boast of their relish for the 'spicy scraps' of the theatre? Is vulgarity any less vulgar because you put on a white necktie and pay half a guinea to assist at its orgies?"

The new Tavern of Tamalpais, entirely reconstructed and greatly enlarged and improved, is superbly situated in a sheltered nook just below the summit of the mountain, where a commanding and magnificent view of the surrounding country is obtained. With large parlors and living-rooms, huge, open fire-places, extensive dining-hall and cheerful apartments thoroughly heated and lighted with gas, hot and cold water, improved sanitary arrangements and a veranda one hundred and eighty feet in length and sixteen feet in width, the new structure has an air of comfort and hospitality which appeals to the traveler.

The Prince of Wales was reinstated as grand master of the British Freemasons on April 25th, the anniversary of his twenty-sixth year of grand mastership.

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## VANITY FAIR.

In a letter written to the New York Sun protesting against the growth of snobbishness in America, an indignant reader says: "The society of New York as I first remember it exhibited none of the lavish luxury which has now become so frequent that newspapers of a certain variety are almost monopolized with descriptions of the grandeur of its state and the pomp of its functions. The richest man in town then was Mr. Astor, his estate being estimated at millions, but he lived in comparative simplicity and the family had not yet gratified and probably had not felt any fashionable ambitions. In Mr. Astor's household there were only a few servants and the conduct of it was frugal as compared with the lavishness of great numbers of homes of this day. 'Society' then was dominated by families of the old Knickerbocker stock or those which had brought down relative wealth and actual cultivation from the Colonial or Revolutionary period; but the manner of its life was uniformly simple. I remember no liveried servants, no grand equipages. The service in the most sumptuous households was exclusively women, except for a man who performed the functions of coachman and general utility about the house, usually a colored man. The rule was two or three servants only. The cook was a woman, supervised carefully by the mistress who gave particular attention to the kitchen, more particularly when there were to be guests at dinner, and who frequently herself assisted in the more delicate culinary performances. In private families waiting on the table was almost invariably done by a single maid-servant. Butlers, 'second men,' and valets, now so numerous, were then practically unknown in New York, and no advertisements of applications for such places were to be found in the newspapers of the time. I remember the surprise expressed by contemporary English visitors at the smallness of the household service with which the relative opulence of that day was contented. A single great 'party' or two, at most, constituted the whole of the social functions expected of a fashionable family during the season of gayety, with the exceptions of hospitable dinners. 'Calling' was in general vogue, for the custom of setting apart a special day for receiving visitors had not yet been introduced. It was a neighborly society then, simple, hearty, and friendly; but the dinners were good, and the guests did not hesitate to extol the excellence of the cooking of their favorite viands, or to decant on the superiority of the vintages offered. Those were days when every gentleman was expected to be a connoisseur in wines, and to make known his admiration of them for the compliment of his host.

"During the past fifty years, and more especially since the Civil War, however," the writer continues, "I have seen imported from England into our society a quality which was absent from it when I was young—snobbishness. Such vulgar assumption and subservience was unknown here when I was young, except as manifested to some degree by a few upstarts, and of its exhibition all the real refinement of the town was united in contempt. . . . That is English purely. The Latins are apart from snobbishness, but it exists quite universally among Englishmen, except those of the higher class, and, of course, it increases with the increase in the multitude which is now climbing up the social ladder with the strength of money made in trade, stock gambling, or successful venture of all kinds. With us, however, the English stock is only one of the elements making up our American blood, and snobbishness has no excuse for existence here. It is a nasty importation, and is the worst consequence of the vulgar tendency to ape the English which has come upon our society of recent years, along with great wealth, unknown in our early history, and an increasing ambition, mania even, for social boasting. As an evidence of conscious weakness mere prudence should avoid it, for its exhibition is a confession of the absence of the assured position which needs no such safeguard for its protection."

The passing of the stuffed song-bird from the head-gear of fashionable women is portended by the signing of the Hallock bill by Governor Roosevelt, of New York, and by the passage of the Lacey bill by the Lower House of Congress. "Whether the Lacey bill is approved by the Senate or not, it is highly significant of popular sentiment upon this question when the popular branch of the national legislature is impelled to seriously consider measures for the preservation of the song-birds of this country," comments the Chicago Times-Herald. "The Hallock bill, which has just been made law by Governor Roosevelt's signature, limits the ornithological decorations of women's head-gear to sparrows, crows, hawks, blackbirds, cranes, ravens, and kingfishers. The law makes it a misdemeanor for any one to sell or wear the plumage of such birds as quail, pheasants, wild duck, pigeon, meadow larks, grouse, woodcock, orioles, robins, bluebirds, woodpeckers, and all song-birds. If this law is effectively and honestly enforced, the fashionable women of New York will be reduced to the dire extremity of confining their head-gear decorations to several hundred varieties of flowers, grasses, ribbons, wax fruits and vegetables, with an occasional wing of a sand-hill crane, crow, or turkey buzzard. In order

to avoid arrest, the women from other States visiting New York can have their hats fitted with detachable song-birds, which may be removed on crossing the State line and the plumage of a kingfisher or English sparrow substituted for it." In any event the enactment of the law is a great victory for the Audubon Society, and should be followed up with similar legislation in other States. The song-bird is a great deal more musical in his native element than as an embellishment for a large and top-heavy millinery bill.

Golfers on the hunt for something new will find interesting possibilities in "Clock Golf," the latest fad imported from the other side. This modification of the royal and ancient game was popular all last summer abroad, and it is now making its appearance over here. The Lakewood golfers (according to the New York Commercial Advertiser), always quick to adopt the latest innovation, have taken it up as an amusement, and other clubs are preparing to follow its example. The lay-out necessary for the game is simple; in fact, it is nothing more or less than a modification of the ordinary putting-links, except that instead of putting from the same point each time the player makes the "round of the clock." To lay out a course, select some level lawn where the space will allow of a circle at least twenty feet in diameter. This makes a very good size for a small green, but if the grounds permit a wider circle, so much the better. A set of big brass clock figures are necessary to complete the outfit, and these are pressed into the ground at equal distances along the circumference and held by wire pins. The clock face is now complete. Within the circle, but not necessarily in the middle of it, place the putting-hole. The game is now ready for the players, who must begin from the figure "one" and put for the hole, continuing from each successive figure in like manner until the entire circuit of the clock has been made. Should the ball be driven from one side across the opposite edge of the circle, it must be brought back and played again with a penalty of one stroke. Otherwise, the usual rules applicable to putting-matches govern. The game offers considerable opportunity for practice in an important department of the game, and if the hole is placed off from the centre, each successive figure offers a different distance to be negotiated. The game will doubtless prove popular at many of the summer resorts, especially when the weather discourages an entire round of the links.

A New York bachelor who entertains in his rooms gave a faro-party recently which had a feature that was not expected by the guests. Three faro-banks were established in one of his rooms and each guest received on arrival a basket of chips. Instead of playing for money the guests played for prizes, which were to be awarded at the close of the play to the man and the woman who had won the most chips. The appointments of the room were closely modeled after a well-known faro-room, even to the lunch, and each guest was at liberty to play at any table he or she might select. An interruption came a few minutes before twelve o'clock, the time set for ending the play. There was a loud rap on the door, and when the host responded there stood three policemen. Two of them rushed into the room to guard the two windows and the third guarded the door. "You are all under arrest," said the man at the door, "and you had better submit without any trouble. The patrol-wagon is outside." "This is an outrage," said the host; "these people are ladies and gentlemen, officer, and they are my guests." The guests were very much excited, and it did not calm them when the policeman replied: "That's all right, young fellow, you can explain to the captain. We are merely following orders. Perhaps it can be fixed up, though." "How?" asked the host. "Well you might give us a bite to eat and something cold to drink," said the policeman in a different voice, and then the joke was out. The three policemen were bachelors who lived in the same building and had not been invited to the faro-party.

Charlemagne Tower, who left Vienna last summer to become ambassador at St. Petersburg, recently gave his first large official reception, on which occasion the American diplomats wore their new uniforms for the first time. American diplomats have, until now, at all times and in all places, always appeared in ordinary full dress, uniform not being considered necessary. The change came about in the following manner, says London Modern Society: In the month of August, last year, when Prince Vladimir Alexandrovich and his consort, Princess Maria Pavlovna, celebrated their silver wedding, they gave a garden-party, to which every one who was invited was requested to come in full dress. The American diplomats shook their heads. For them full dress meant evening-dress, and evening-dress at a garden-party could not be right. They had no uniforms, so the frock-coat must be worn. Thus equipped, the Americans repaired to the garden-party, the only ones of their kind. Every one was surprised, most of all the princess herself, who, it is said, criticised the ambassador for appearing in that attire. The latter, in self-defense, assured his hostess that in Europe it was customary to wear a frock-coat at garden-parties. "In Europe, did you say?" was the

astonished answer; "are we, then, in Asia?" The answer is not known, but as soon as possible uniforms for the American diplomats were forthcoming, made after the usual pattern, and in future they will be spared all embarrassment on that point.

It is supposed by some one, carried away by the presence of khaki wearing apparel in the leading shop-windows of the British metropolis, that "lyddite" may also be worn this spring. At first sight there seems lunacy in the suggestion (points out the London Court Journal), but the explanation is that the bursting lyddite shell emits a green smoke, the color of which has been imitated in silk. (It is to be wondered where the manufacturer went to get the exact shade.) The idea of lyddite blouses and ribbons is not agreeable in itself, as the emerald smoke has a most horrible smell of a character which literally has the strength to knock one down. If in the eagerness to import the realities of warfare into the toilet a lyddite scent had been made by any enterprising perfumer, there would have been at least congruity, if, at the same time, it might be hard to get a great sale for the article.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, May 16th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.	Closed.	
			Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	1,000	@ 109		
Cal. St. Ry. 5%.....	2,000	@ 119	119	
Edison L. & P. 6%.....	1,000	@ 129		
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	5,000	@ 104		
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	12,000	@ 117 1/2		104 3/4
N. R. of Cal. 6%.....	15,000	@ 115 1/2		118
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	5,000	@ 116 1/2	116	116 1/2
N. Pac. C. Ry. 6%.....	10,000	@ 102		
Oakland Gas 2d 5%.....	3,000	@ 112		
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	6,000	@ 107		
Park & C. H. Ry. 6%.....	1,000	@ 104 1/2	104 1/2	
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	10,000	@ 118 1/2	118	
S. P. Branch 6%.....	6,000	@ 128 1/2		
S. V. Water 6%.....	6,000	@ 114 1/2-115		
S. V. Water 4%.....	17,000	@ 102 1/2-103 1/2	103 1/2	103 1/2
S. V. Water 4d 3d.....	5,000	@ 102	101 1/2	102 1/2

	Shares.	STOCKS.	Closed.	
			Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	625	@ 69-73 1/2	72 1/2	73
Spring Valley Water.....	270	@ 94-96 1/2	96	96 1/2
<b>Gas and Electric.</b>				
Oakland G. L. & H.....	40	@ 45	45 1/2	47 1/2
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	290	@ 45-46	45	
Pacific Lighting Co.....	10	@ 42 1/2		
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	510	@ 46 1/2-47 1/2	46 1/2	46 1/2
<b>Banks.</b>				
Bank of Cal.....	4	@ 410	405	
<b>Powders.</b>				
Giant Con.....	420	@ 88 1/2-90 1/2	88 1/2	90
Vigorit.....	1,650	@ 3-3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
<b>Sugars.</b>				
Honokaa S. Co.....	330	@ 32 1/2-32 1/2	32 1/2	32 1/2
Hutchinson.....	775	@ 25 1/2-25 1/2	25 1/2	26
Kilauea S. Co.....	50	@ 21	20 1/2	21
Makaweli S. Co.....	640	@ 47 1/2-48 1/2	47 1/2	47 1/2
Panahau S. P. Co.....	760	@ 31 1/2-31 1/2	30 1/2	31 1/2
<b>Miscellaneous.</b>				
Alaska Packers.....	130	@ 117-118	117	117 1/2
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....	35	@ 100-105		

Contra Costa Water Company's stock has been buoyant for the past week owing to the feeling that the ordinance passed by the Oakland board of supervisors fixing water rates might be set aside by the courts, as a Sacramento judge (Judge Hart) was to try the case, and no local political fear could possibly influence him in giving a decision. The impression proved to be well founded, as the judge sustained the demurrer of the company, and now, with this disturbing factor in the background, Contra Costa is showing a clean pair of heels, having advanced seven points during the week.

Equitable Gas has been dull and heavy, and yet is reported to be improving in its financial condition—large consumers connecting with its mains, no indebtedness, and last month showing a net gain in the treasury of \$1,900. The news, bearing on the stock, one would think would give it strength and lift it above the present quotations.

The undertone of sugars seems to be one of depression and weakness, the demand being rather insignificant. The moderate offerings easily made an impression upon prices.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A kind-hearted clergyman was lately compelled to dismiss a gardener, who used to purloin his fruit and vegetables. For the sake of his wife and family, he gave him a letter of recommendation, and this is how he worded it: "I hereby certify that A. B. has been my gardener for over two years, and that during that time he got more out of my garden than any man I ever employed."

John Laocaster, the comedian, was sight-seeing with a Tommy Atkins to Quebec one day, and they had as companion and guide an old soldier. When they reached the Wolfe monument, which is located on a historic spot, Tommy said: "Wot's this?" The guide replied: "'Ere's w're a great 'ero fell." "Did hit 'urt 'im?" asked Tommy. "'Urt 'im!" replied the guide; "'w'y hit killed 'im!"

During a recent visit to Chicago, Dr. Robert Collyer told how his mother had heard him preach for the first time in her life at Leeds thirty-five years ago, and walked proudly away from the church on his arm. Looking fondly up at him, she said: "I'm oot sure, lad, that I understood thy sermoon this morning, and I'm not sure I would have believed it if I had, but make sure, lad, I believe in thee."

An autograph-hunter, who was very anxious to obtain the signature of the poet Campbell, adopted the familiar stratagem. Having come across a line in one of his poems, the meaning of which appeared to be obscure, he wrote a short note to the author, asking him to interpret the words in question. He received the following laconic reply: "'SIR: In return to your note, I send you my autograph.—THOMAS CAMPBELL."

Richard Brisley Sheridao was one day dining with Lord Thurlow, when his lordship produced some fine Coosatoia, which had been sent him from the Cape of Good Hope. Sheridao, who saw the bottle emptied with uncommon regret, set his wits to work to get another. Failing in his attempt, however, he turned toward a gentleman seated further down, and said, "Sir, pass me up that decanter; for I must return to Madeira, since I can't double the Cape."

During his last term as governor, "Bob" Taylor, of Tennessee, in the great kindness of his heart, had pardoned so many persons who had been imprisoned for larcenies that had been brought about by the poverty of the culprits that the partisan papers antagonistic to him were making his life miserable (says W. H. Vischer). One day an old negro mammy, who had known the governor from his childhood, came into his office and begged at once to plead for the pardon of her husband, who was then in prison. "Laws bress yo' life, Marse Bob," she begged, "I wisht you'd pahdoo dat po' ole niggab Jim. He aie' oo good for nuffin' oowhar; be jes dat useless ao' triflio', eveo at home, dat be can do oo mo' deo sorter scrape aroun' an' git a little sompoo for we-all to eat, an' be sholy ain' oo good down dar in dat poe." "I can't do it, Anot Easter," the governor began; "I am being abused every day. What's Jim in there for?" he suddenly asked, seeing the little light that was laid dying out of the old woman's dappled eyes. "W'y, Marse Bob, dey jes' put bim in dar for nuffin' 'pon earb' 'cep' takio' ooe po' little ole ham outen Mr. Smif's smoke-house. We was outen meat, ao' de po' ole oiggh didn't do nuffin' 'cep' tek de ham fur ter keep we-all fam starvin'." "Well, now, suppose I should pardon Jim, what good would that do you? He is so onery and trifling," the governor was saying, when the old woman broke in with this reply: "W'y, bress you, Marse Bob, we is outen meat ag'io, an' we's jes' got to have aoothah ham."

Camille Saint-Saëns, the brilliant French composer, is extremely near-sighted. One evening at Paris he was at a party, when the host asked him to play something. He for a long time refused to do so, but being earnestly pressed, he took his seat at the piano. His hair was tossed back, his eye gleamed with excitement. Now he would beood over the piano, then he would throw himself back; and all the while his fingers would run over the keys as he extemporized in the most brilliant fashion. The company were delighted. After an hour, pleasure gave place to weariness. Two hours afterward some of the guests began to leave; their example quickly became contagious, and by degrees nobody remained in the room except the master of the house (the hostess had long since gone to bed). Saint-Saëns, more inspired and more tumultuous than ever, utterly unconscious of the incidents around him, played on as fast and as frenzied as ever. At last, about 2 A. M., seeing Saint-Saëns playing with more ardor than ever, the master of the house, completely overcome with fatigue, became desperate, and, laying his hand on the composer's shoulder, said: "I beg pardon, my dear sir, but pray are you oot a little fatigued?" Saint-Saëns replied, without leaving the piano, "Not in the least!" and, to show how fresh he

was, struck into a new improvisation with wilder enthusiasm than ever. The host gave up, stole out of the room, and went to bed. At daybreak Saint-Saëns rose, gravely bowed to the tables and chairs, and went home, completely ignorant that the chairs and tables had been for hours his only audience.

AT A PUBLIC CONCERT.

Dialogue Between a Savage and an American.

INTELLIGENT SAVAGE—What is that heavenly harmony that I hear?

AMERICAN—Well, as you are probably honest in your avowal, I will tell you that it is the first movement of a symphony by Dvorak.

INTELLIGENT SAVAGE—It is meltingly beautiful. What an enormous crowd of people, and so well-dressed and so deeply interested! New Yorkers must love music.

AMERICAN—Well, the fashionable ones like to have you think they love it, and the ooes who like to have you think they are fashionable love it because it is the thing to do it; but it is all the same thing to the receiver of the gate-money. Yes; good music is popular in New York if it is plainly labeled and guaranteed to be strictly first-class; and particularly if it is "Made in Germany."

INTELLIGENT SAVAGE—But don't these people really like it?

AMERICAN—My dear fellow, three-quarters of them wish that they could escape, and half of the other quarter are asking themselves if any ooe can really like it. About one-eighth of them are thorough-going music-lovers, and they are having a good time in spite of the heat and bad ventilation.

INTELLIGENT SAVAGE—What are they going to play now.

AMERICAN—Something by Wagner.

INTELLIGENT SAVAGE—Who is Wagner?

AMERICAN—He was. He is't. He was a man who was at first scorned beyond all reason, and then praised beyond all reason, and oow he is just being placed on his proper pinnacle by the final criticism. He is simply irritating to most of the people; but how they will go oo about him when it is foished! He is very much the correct thing.

INTELLIGENT SAVAGE—Why, they are sayiog, "Isn't it lovely! Dear Wagner! How transcend-ent!" But why are those people in the upper gallery laughing?

AMERICAN—Those are true music-lovers, and they are onto the fact that the waggish conductor substituted a piece by "Papa" Haydn for the ooe by Wagner, and these faddists were oicely caught.

INTELLIGENT SAVAGE—But if they know so little of music, why don't they say so and not make believe?

AMERICAN—That shows what an outside barbarian you are. Dear friend, you can tell a person that he doesn't know anything about arithmetic, or business, or eveo pictures, and he will take it good-naturedly; but, unless he knows you know him well, you can't question his musical judgment. And yet, if these poor people were to lose their programmes, they would be very likely to praise the wroog umber.

INTELLIGENT SAVAGE—But don't they know they are all frauds?

AMERICAN—No; each ooe thinks be's the only ooe and is afraid of giving himself away to his neighbor. Ooe night last week this same waggish conductor placed a violio concerto by an American composer on the programme, and then labeled it as a new one by Grieg, the Norwegian, and gave the violin part to a popular foreign violinist, and the audience went wild over it.

INTELLIGENT SAVAGE—In spite of its being by a foreigner? What a pity the American was not credited, and then his fellow-countrymen would have gooe crazy!

AMERICAN—No! No! Not so. They would have received it with stolid indifference, because a Yankee composer is not without booor, save io America.

INTELLIGENT SAVAGE—But I thought you Americans were so patriotic?

AMERICAN—Politically and in war, yes; but not in our art or our literature; although in our literature we are beginning to awaken. But we prefer foreign artists. There is only one way for an American artist to "arrive," and that is by one of the ocean liners.

INTELLIGENT SAVAGE—How perplexing! But, really, that is divioe music that they are playing now, no matter who wrote it.

AMERICAN—Yes, it is, and with good reason. It is by Schumann, but they won't split their gloves over it. He is a little ancient now.

INTELLIGENT SAVAGE—But can really beautiful music cease to be beautiful?

AMERICAN—No; but I tell you that these people are not musical. They only want to be considered musical.

INTELLIGENT SAVAGE—Oh, yes; I remember! Then, who are a musical people?

AMERICAN—The Utopians. None others. And they don't exist.—Charles Battell Loomis in Puck.

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

At the Circus.

Same old circus,  
Same old baod;  
Same old sawdust,  
Same old stand;  
Same old beasts and  
Same parade;  
Same old peanuts,  
Same lemonade;  
Same old clown and  
Same old jest;  
Same old crowd with  
Brand-new zest.

—Chicago Record.

The Old Shell Game.

A turtle one day, on the shore,  
Wished to race Mr. Hare, as of yore;  
But the rabbit said, "Nit,  
Mr. Turtle, I've bit  
Oo that little old shell game before."

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Valediction.

"Parting is such sweet sorrow I" says the poet,  
So to be cheerful I will bravely try;  
It grieves me sore, although I may oot show it,  
To say good-bye.

Friends we have been, and that for many seasons.  
Some have remarked how elderly thou art;  
I heed them oot—but there are other reasons  
Why we must part.

'Time io its course relentless oever ceases,  
'Tis always iotroduciug something fresb;  
Thy teoder couoteoaoce it fills with creases,  
I put oo flesh.

And so, of late, all hopes have been demolished  
Of keeping thee for evermore mine own;  
A comrade so old-fashioned and so polished  
I ne'er have knowo.

Nay, be not coy, these demonstrations grieve me;  
Thou boldest me in such a loving clasp.  
I welcome thy embraces, but, believe me,  
They make me gasp.

I say farewell, but I may meet thee later,  
Wheo, in some restaurant of small repute,  
Thou settest off the figure of the waiter—  
My old dress suit!—Punch.

End-of-Century Epitaph.

Here lies a poor womaio who always was busy;  
She lived under pressure that rendered her dizzy.  
She belonged to too clubs, and read Browniog by  
sight;  
Shone at luoocheos and teas, and would vote if she  
might.  
She served oo a School Board with courage and  
zeal;  
She golfed and she kodaked, and rode on a wheel.  
She read Tolstoy and Ibsen, knew microbes by  
oame,  
Approved of Delsarte, and loved to shoot game.  
Her childreo went io for the top education;  
Her husband went seaward for oervous prostration.  
Ooe day oo ber tablets she found an bour free;  
The shock was so great that she died iostaothy.

—Pick-Me-Up.

Proposed Alliance with England.

If the United States and Eogland should form an  
alliance, the combined strength would be so great  
that there would be little chance for coemies to  
overcome us. Io a like maooor, wheo meo and  
women keep up their bodily strength with Hostet-  
ter's Stomach Bitters, there is little chance of attacks  
from disease. The old-time remedy enriches the  
blood, builds up the muscles, steadies the oerves,  
and increases the appetite. Try it.

His book had been published and had made a  
great sensation. "Now," they said, "you will be  
enabled to rest." "Alas, no!" he replied; "I  
find that the public demands mioute information  
as to my habits and mode of life, and it therefore  
becomes necessary for me to develop some peculiari-  
ties and eccentricities, and practice them assidu-  
ously in order that I may not prove a disappoint-  
ment."—Chicago Post.

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No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1900.  
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Doric. (Via Honolulu)..... Saturday, June 30  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu)..... Thursday, July 26  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, August 21  
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calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and  
connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1900.  
America Maru.....Saturday, May 19  
Hongkong Maru.....Thursday, June 14  
Nippon Maru.....Tuesday, July 10  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
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421 Market Street, cor. First.  
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Honolulu only, Wed-  
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S. S. Mariposa sails  
via Honolulu and  
Ancheland for Sydney,  
Wednesday, June 13,  
at 8 P. M.  
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ery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

**Pacific Coast Steamship Co.**  
Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., May  
1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, June 5, change  
to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11  
A. M., May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, June  
5, and every fifth day thereafter.  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M.,  
May 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, June 2, and  
every fifth day thereafter.  
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M.,  
May 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, June 4, and every fourth  
day thereafter.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa  
Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11  
A. M., May 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, June 2, and every  
4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.  
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., Seventh of each month.  
The company reserves the right to change steamers,  
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## SOCIETY.

## The Stone-Havemeyer Wedding

The wedding of Miss Wilhelmina Havemeyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Havemeyer, to Mr. Andrew L. Stone, of Oakland, took place at St. Paul's Episcopal Church at Riverside, Ill., on Thursday, May 17th. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock in the afternoon by the Rev. George Davis Adams, rector of St. Paul's, assisted by Rev. Joseph Jansen Spencer, assistant rector of Grace Church, New York. Miss Mary McEwen, of Chicago, and Miss Ethel Havemeyer, the bride's sister, were the maids of honor, and Miss Florence MacArthur, of Chicago, Miss Hyde, of Yonkers, and Miss Zuergenson, of New York, were the bridesmaids. Mr. James C. McKee, of Oakland, acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. George S. Wheaton and Mr. A. P. Brayton, Jr., of Oakland, Mr. Norris Mundy, Mr. Alfred McEwen, Mr. W. A. Havemeyer, of Chicago, and Mr. A. E. Havemeyer, of New York. The church ceremony was followed by a reception at "Fairlawn," the home of the bride's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Stone, after a short stay in New York, will sail for Europe. In the early autumn they will return to Oakland, where they will occupy their newly erected suburban residence.

## Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander gave an elaborate dinner on Wednesday, May 8th, at her home in New York, in honor of her niece, Miss Mary Crocker, and the latter's fiancé, Mr. Burton Harrison. Among others at table were General and Mrs. Lloyd Bryce, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies, Mr. and Mrs. George B. De Forest, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Witherbee, Miss Mary Scott, and Mr. Rawlins Cottenet. Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who were also to have been present, did not arrive in New York from California until Thursday, May 9th.

The engagement is announced of Miss Bertha Helen Houghton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Houghton, to Lieutenant Elmer Wright Clark, U. S. A.

The wedding of Miss Mai de Beau Moody, daughter of Mrs. Joseph L. Moody, to Mr. Douglas S. Watson, son of the late Mr. Charles L. Watson, was celebrated very quietly on Friday, May 11th, owing to the recent death of the bride's father. Mr. and Mrs. Watson have left town on an extended trip abroad.

Mr. Albert Gerberding and Mr. Charles J. Foster recently gave a dinner at the Bohemian Club at which they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Sherman

Stow, of Santa Barbara, Mrs. Foster, and Mrs. Gerberding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Chastina Rix, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Rix, to Mr. Edwin H. Winterburn, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Winterburn.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Bertha Garfield, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew W. Simpson, of Stockton, to Mr. William Flint Rogers, of Boston, Mass.

Miss Stella Jerome gave a hearts-party on Thursday, May 10th, complimentary to Miss Elizabeth H. Biglow, of Boston, whose engagement to Mr. Robbin Kelley has been announced.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst entertained the graduating class of the University of California on Monday, May 14th, at a garden-party at her country home, the Hacienda del Pozo de Verona, near Pleasanton. A special train conveyed her guests, numbering about two hundred, to Verona Station, where they were met and driven in carriages to the hacienda. Mrs. Hearst was assisted in receiving by her niece, Miss Agnes Lane. Luncheon was served on the lawn, while a band and a Hawaiian orchestra dispensed music from opposite ends of the grounds. After luncheon the guests were entertained in the grove on the hill-side, about a mile away. Among the guests were Professor and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

The wedding of Miss Cornelia C. Stockton, daughter of Captain C. H. Stockton, U. S. N., president of the Naval War College, to Lieutenant Frederick A. Traut, U. S. N., and at present attached to the United States training-ship *Monongahela*, took place on Wednesday, May 9th, at the Zabriskie Memorial Church of St. John the Evangelist, at Newport, R. I. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. Mr. Beattie; Miss Helen Stockton, a sister of the bride, was the maid of honor, and Lieutenant Powers Symington, U. S. N., a classmate of the groom, acted as best man; the bridesmaids were Miss Elsie Pillsbury, of Boston, Miss Alice Macomber, of Brookline, Miss Ruth Searing, of New York, and Miss Daisy Slosson, of Geneva, N. Y.; and Captain Theodore H. Low, U. S. M. C., Lieutenant Alfred W. Hinds, U. S. N., Mr. Frank Trant, of New Britain, Conn., and Mr. Herbert Stockton, a brother of the bride, served as ushers. Following the ceremony at the church a small informal reception was held at the War College.

Golden and diamond weddings were celebrated by six hundred and fourteen couples in Prussia in 1899, and the state distributed jubilee medals to each husband and wife.

## ART NOTES.

## The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art.

The twenty-fifth annual exhibition of the drawings and studies of the pupils of the California School of Design will be held in the school building, corner of Pine and Mason Streets, May 21st, 22d, and 23d. There will be a reception for members of the association and friends of the pupils this (Saturday) evening at eight o'clock. The average attendance of pupils during the past year has been larger than ever before in the history of the school, and the work which has been accomplished is far above the average.

The pictures in the Mark Hopkins Institute have been re-arranged and a number of new ones added. By a recent decision of the board of directors the institute is now kept open on Sundays, for the benefit of those who can not attend during the week.

The J. C. Johnson estate has presented to the institute the celebrated painting, the "Battle of New Orleans," by De Haas. This picture formerly belonged to Mr. J. C. Johnson, for many years a member of the Art Association. It is a large and very valuable work, and has attracted a great deal of attention. Douglas Tilden has presented his working model of the Donahue fountain to the institute, and Mr. Cummings his bust of the sculptor, both of which pieces were in the spring exhibition.

## The Sketch Club Exhibition.

The opening of the spring exhibition of the Sketch Club on Thursday evening, May 17th, at their home, 1308 California Street, was a delightful affair, the attendance being large and fashionable, and the standard of the work of the members showing a distinct advance. The oils are by Mabel Downing, Mabel J. Williamson, Nellie L. Murtha, Bertha Stringer Lee, Annie Francis Briggs, Laura Voorman, Lucia K. Mathews, Ella K. Wormser, Olga M. Ackerman, Anne M. Bremer, Grace Wetherell, and Ethel Clement. The water-colors and pastels shown have been done by Lilian Vesaria, Annie Frances Briggs, Mabel J. Williamson, Pauline Dworzek, Blanche Letcher, Lucia Wores, Albertine Randall Wheelan, Ethel Clement, Bertha Stringer Lee, McClatchy Richardson, and Sophie T. Palmer. Sophie M. Brannan, Nellie Stearns Goodloe, K. Montague Hall, and Albertine Randall Wheelan made the black-and-white drawings and illustrations which are on exhibition, and the colored etchings are by Helen Hyde. The latter's characteristic sketches, sent from Japan, are excellent. A. Nelson Crowell and Miss Adams are the artistic photographers of the club, and their work attracts much attention. K. Montague Hall did the modeling.

The exhibition will continue until Wednesday, May 23d.

The Holland-America line steamer *Potsdam*, after a most successful trial trip, on which she developed a speed of eighteen knots, left Rotterdam May 17th on her maiden trip to New York, and will start on her return trip June 2d. The *Potsdam* was built by Messrs. Blohm & Voss, of Hamburg, and has a tonnage close to 13,000; her length is 560 feet; width, 62 feet; and depth, 44½ feet. She is built of steel, with twin screws, and has accommodation for three hundred first-class, two hundred and fifty second-class, and fifteen hundred third-class passengers, besides has an enormous cargo capacity. Embodied in her construction will be found every possible convenience and improvement for the safety and comfort of passengers. The rooms in the third-class even have been arranged for two and four passengers each, while there are also large family rooms for six persons; for such passengers there also have been provided, in addition to the dining-room, a smoking-room and bath-rooms. Leaving New York on Saturday, the steamer is expected to reach Boulogne on the morning of the second Monday out, landing her passengers in Paris within nine days.

The most famous of Corsican brigands, Bella Coscia, died a few weeks ago at the age of seventy-six. His life of outlawry was begun in true Corsican fashion by the murder of his rival in love. This led to a vendetta and unpleasant police attentions, requiring a forty years' sojourn in the "heather." Bella Coscia was a great favorite with the peasantry, who fed and protected him, and he finally became their recognized arbitrator in all disputes between themselves, on account of his honesty and judicial mind. He and a brother fought six battles with *gendarmes* in 1887. He was four times condemned to death, but at last participated in an amnesty. When President Carnot visited the island of Corsica, Bella Coscia was presented to him as the head of the republic.

Among the many attractive places to which the mind turns when an outing is suggested, it is probable that there are few that can equal the noted mineral spring resorts along the California North-Western Railway. This route, as picturesque as any on the Coast, and formerly known as the San Francisco and North Pacific, has issued a little book entitled "Vacation," which describes all the points of attraction, and gives besides much information of value to campers and tourists generally. It will be furnished on application to the agents of the line, or at the general office in San Francisco.

## Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

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Great efforts are made to sell alum baking powders under the plea that they are so many cents a pound cheaper than Royal. The admission that they are cheaper made is an admission that they are inferior. But alum powders contain a corrosive poison and should not be used in food, no matter how cheap.



## SOCIETY.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who have been sojourning in California for some weeks, are again occupying their New York home, No. 451 Madison Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have taken a cottage in Ross Valley, where they will spend the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Foster leave next week for New York, en route to Europe, to be gone several months.

Mrs. A. H. Small and family left during the week for Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent will go to San Rafael next month on an extended stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker and family have rented one of the Barker cottages, Ross Valley, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Page will leave shortly for New York, en route to Europe, where they will spend several months.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas will go to San Rafael next month for the summer.

Mr. H. G. Hellman left for the East, en route to Europe, on Monday last.

Mr. John Hays Hammond, who has been in Mexico for some weeks, is expected in this city soon on a short visit before returning to London.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant have taken an apartment in London for six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay are at their country home at Westbury, L. I., for a few weeks' stay before sailing for England.

Mrs. M. A. Tobin has taken the Howard place at Burlingame for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and family have arrived in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Kimble (*nde* Thomas) have left Monterey, and are now at their future home, the Kimble ranch, near Hanford, Cal.

Dr. C. B. Brigham and family are traveling in Italy. They were in Rome during Holy Week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease and Miss Maylita Pease, who have been in New York for the past few months, will arrive home, via Portland, Or., on Monday, May 21st.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter C. Allen (*nde* Sharon) have been visiting in Seattle.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden will leave in a fortnight for Monterey, where they will spend the summer.

Miss Jennie Flood spent last week in San José.

Mr. John J. Valentine, after an extended absence abroad, has returned to his Oakland home.

The Countess Festetics de Tolna is visiting Mrs. Lloyd Tevis.

Mrs. P. L. Wooster, of San Mateo, and Mrs. Ruby Bond have arrived in Paris, and are now the guests of their sister, Mrs. Spreckels. Mr. Wooster left a few days ago for Cape Nome, Alaska, where he will make a stay of some duration.

Mr. John G. Follansbee is making a stay of several weeks in New York.

Mrs. Edward A. Belcher, who has been the guest of Mrs. Richard Belcher, of Marysville, for three weeks, returned last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Bishop were in New York early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart left on Monday for Paso de Robles.

Mr. L. S. Vassault, who has been visiting his cousin, Mr. Theodore Voohees, in Philadelphia, is at present in New York.

Mrs. H. C. Taft and Mr. Maxwell Taft, of Oakland, left last Saturday for the East to remain away two months. On their return they will be accompanied by Miss Crissie Taft, who has been absent a year at school in New York.

Mrs. George D. Toy and Miss Mabel Toy sailed on May 3d for London, where they will remain a month. Later they expect to visit the Paris Exposition.

Mr. E. N. Bee left for Europe on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Gunn and their niece, Miss Gunn, left on Friday for a two weeks' trip through the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Shainwald have gone to Paso de Robles for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Regua have returned from Santa Cruz, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington.

Miss Mabel Hyde, niece of Mrs. Bixler, will sail to-day (Saturday) on the Japanese steamer *America Maru* for Japan, where she will spend the summer with her sister, Miss Helen Hyde, the artist, who has taken a house in Nikko for six months.

Mrs. Edgar J. Bowen and Miss Mary Bowen have gone East to spend the summer.

Miss Ethyl Hager was at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Eastman, of Rochester, N. Y., accompanied by a party including Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hubbell and Miss Knorr, of Rochester, N. Y., and Mrs. James Mathers and Miss E. Andrews, of Cleveland, O., who are visiting California on a pleasure tour in their private car, "Grassmere," were guests at the California Hotel during the week.

Professor L. F. Hilder, of the Smithsonian Institution, arrived from Manila on the transport *Thomas* on Tuesday, and is a guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mitchell, of Los Angeles, were at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Miss Clara Kalisher will return from the East about June 1st for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Dibblee have been staying at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Goodman, Jr., and Miss Marie Goodman, of Napa, were guests at the Palace Hotel a few days ago.

Professor and Mrs. William H. Hudson came up

from Stanford University early in the week, and registered at the California Hotel.

Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Whitney and Miss Whitney, of Honolulu, have been making a short stay at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. R. J. Tobin was a visitor to the Hotel Rafael a few days ago.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Dodds, of San José, Mrs. C. E. Adams and Mr. C. S. Adams, of Boston, Mass., Mr. S. M. Hibbard, of Kansas City, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Kennedy, of Stockton, Dr. and Mrs. V. T. McGillycuddy, of Deadwood, S. D., Mr. C. H. Markham, of Portland, Mrs. C. N. Smith, Mr. James Williamson, and Mr. C. F. Allen, of New York, Mr. G. B. McGinly, of Philadelphia, Pa., Mr. C. P. Dryden, of New Zealand, Mr. and Mrs. John Ena, Mr. John Ena, Jr., and Mr. Thomas F. Ena, of Honolulu, and Mr. V. S. Bean, of Chicago.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. I. W. Benbough, of London, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver and the Misses Oliver, of Australia, Mr. Ward McAllister, of Alaska, Mrs. William H. Forbes, Miss Edith Forbes, and Mr. Alexander Forbes, of Albany, N. Y., Mr. William F. Emerson, of Concord, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. Francis Allaire, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Francis Martin and Miss Schneely, of Washington, D. C., Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Hosmer, and Miss Huhhard, of Palo Alto, Mrs. E. A. Kalsar, of Oakland, Mrs. Walter Sage Hibbell, of Rochester, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. F. Seamans, Mr. A. C. Seamans, and Miss Seamans, of Ilion, N. Y., Dr. C. Cushing, Miss Mary Joliffe, Mrs. George W. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. Dan H. Kane, Mr. William B. Hamilton, and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Crawford.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General Elwell S. Otis, U. S. A., and his staff, who are returning on the transport *Mead*, left Nagasaki on Sunday, May 13th.

Commander Seaton Schroeder, U. S. N., sailed on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Coptic* on Friday, May 11th, for Yokohama. There he will assume command of the *Yosemite*, and then proceed to the Ladrone, where he will succeed Captain Richard P. Leary, U. S. N., as governor.

Mrs. Smith, wife of Captain Sebree Smith, Third Artillery, U. S. A., and the Misses Smith returned to Vancouver Barracks on Saturday last from a short visit with relatives in Los Angeles. Mrs. Smith's daughter, Mrs. Ketcham, wife of Lieutenant W. D. Ketcham, Sixth Artillery, U. S. A., has just returned from Honolulu, and will spend the summer with her mother.

Commander Edward D. Taussig, U. S. N., who departed for Yokohama on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Coptic* on Friday last, will take command of the *Yorktown*, which is at present at Shanghai, and will later be docked at Foo Chow, China. Mrs. Taussig will reside in Yokohama while her husband is on the Asiatic station.

Lieutenant C. S. Richman, U. S. N., who was recently detached from duty as executive of the *Newark* and ordered to San Francisco on the *Bennington*, is coming home to be retired, which will be done immediately on his arrival in this country. Upon his retirement, it is understood that he will, with his family, locate in this State.

Major Charles H. Whipple, paymaster, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to the commanding general of the Department of the Lakes for duty as chief paymaster of that department, relieving Major William F. Tucker, U. S. A.

Lieutenant-Colonel Marion P. Maus, inspector-general, U. S. V., left for Portland, Or., early in the week.

Major George F. Shields, surgeon, U. S. V., who returned recently from Manila, is not to resign from the service for some time, having been assigned for duty at the Presidio under orders from General Shafter.

Major W. C. Gorgas, surgeon, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty as chief sanitary officer of the city of Havana.

The United States transport *Thomas* arrived in port on Tuesday, carrying the following passengers: Brigadier-General Theodore Schwan, U. S. A., chief of staff to Major-General Otis, U. S. A., Colonel Jacob Kline, Twenty-First Infantry, U. S. A., Colonel John W. French, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., Colonel Simon Snyder, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., Major Charles T. Boyd, Eleventh Cavalry, U. S. A., Captain Russell J. Hazzard, Eleventh Cavalry, U. S. A., Captain George L. Baker, Jr., Fortieth Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant C. E. Babcock, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant John Crotty, Forty-First Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant L. M. Cutts, Eleventh Cavalry, U. S. A., Surgeon S. P. Cottrell, U. S. A., Lieutenant B. M. Hartshorne, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant James C. Castner, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant H. S. Hawkins, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., Lieutenant L. E. Hill, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant J. E. Peck, Thirty-Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., Assistant-Surgeon E. P. Hayward, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Haisch, Thirty-Third Infantry, U. S. A.

Among those who sailed for Manila on the transport *Logan* on Wednesday were Colonel Camillo C. Carr, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., Major Henry S. Turill, surgeon, U. S. A., Captain James M. Kennedy, assistant-surgeon, U. S. A., Chaplain Charles C. Pierce, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pierce, Chaplain Barton W. Perry, U. S. A., Lieutenant Lyman M. Welch, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant Fred W. Alstaetter, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., Mrs. Shattuck, wife of Captain Amos B. Shattuck, Twenty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., Mrs. Alvord, wife of Captain Benjamin Alvord, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Mrs. Morrison, wife of Captain John F. Morrison, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Mrs. Craig,

wife of Captain Louis A. Craig, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., Mrs. Whitsett, wife of Lieutenant George H. Whitsett, Thirty-Second Infantry, U. S. V., Assistant-Surgeon R. M. Bonar, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bonar, who were also passengers, are en route to Honolulu, where the doctor will relieve Acting Assistant-Surgeon Donald McLean, Jr., U. S. A., at Camp McKinley.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

The music committee of the Loring Club announces that the fourth concert of the twenty-third season will take place early in June, when an attractive programme will be offered, including six compositions for male voices never before performed in San Francisco. Several of the most popular of the club's soloists—including Messrs. Veaco, Wendell, and Medley—will appear, and in addition one of our local sopranos will take part with the club in a composition by Dregert, which requires a soprano soloist and male voice chorus. Mr. David W. Loring will, as usual, direct the concert.

## Concert for the London Mansion House Fund.

A grand concert in aid of the London Mansion House Fund for the relief of widows and orphans of British soldiers is to be given on the queen's birthday, Thursday, May 24th, at Metropolitan Hall, under the direction of Mr. Wallace A. Sabin. The soloists of the occasion will include Professor Henry Holmes, Mr. Homer Henley, Professor Veaco, Mr. Manly Lloyd Jones, Mr. Robert Lloyd, Miss Grace I. Davis, and Miss Alma Berglund. Patriotic songs will be sung by a chorus of fifty voices and addresses will be given by William Greer Harrison and Dr. F. d'Evelyn, the British consul.

At the sixteenth annual banquet tendered by Mr. C. P. Huntington on Wednesday evening to the numerous heads of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, Moët and Chandon White Seal and Brut Imperial champagne were used exclusively.

The Paris paper, *La Fronde*, which boasted that all its work was done by women, has run foul of the law, which does not permit women to set type at night.

—GERTRUDE ATHERTON'S NEW BOOK, "SENATOR NORTH," can be had at Cooper's, 746 Market St.

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—After 24 years under Palace Hotel, Marsh's Japanese Fine Art Store has moved to 214 Post St.

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Special Sale Price.....\$1.95  
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Argonaut Publishing Co.,  
246 Sutter Street.

## ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 18, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the fifth day of June, 1900, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

E. K. COLE, Asst. Secretary.  
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Arrive Salt Lake City . . . 2:10 P. M.  
Leave Salt Lake City . . . 8:05 P. M.  
Arrive Denver . . . 9:15 P. M.  
Arrive Chicago . . . 7:59 A. M.  
Westbound car leaves Chicago daily 10 P. M.

## Burlington Route

Vestibuled Drawing-room Sleeping Car, via Salt Lake City, Denver, and Omaha.

Leave San Francisco . . . 6:30 P. M.  
Leave Sacramento . . . 10:30 P. M.  
Arrive Denver . . . 9:00 A. M.  
Arrive Chicago . . . 2:15 P. M.  
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LEAVE	From May 13, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Ramsey, and Sacramento.	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	*6.15 P
*8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.	*7.45 P
*8.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.	*11.45 A
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese (for Yosemite), Sonoma, Carleton.	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.	*11.45 A
*9.00 A	Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.	*6.45 P
*9.30 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.	*6.45 P
*10.00 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.	*5.15 P
*11.00 A	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.	*4.15 P
*12.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.	*2.45 P
*1.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.	*1.00 A
*3.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.	*5.45 P
*4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.	*10.45 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton.	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Sanguis for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	*9.45 A
*5.00 P	Fresno Passenger—Martinez, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Berenda (Raymond for Yosemite), Fresno.	*12.15 P
*5.30 P	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	*8.45 A
*5.30 P	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	*6.45 P
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	*7.45 A
*6.00 P	Vallejo.	*12.15 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.	*11.45 A
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.	*4.15 P
*7.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.	19.55 P
*8.05 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	*8.15 A

## COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

(Foot of Market Street.)

17.45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.	18.05 P
*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.	*6.20 P
12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.	*8.50 A
*4.15 P	Glenwood, Felton, Santa Cruz.	*8.50 A

## GREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—  
\*7.15 9.00 11.00 A. M., 1.00 2.00 3.00 P. M.  
\*4.00 15.00 \*6.00 P. M.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—  
\*6.00 8.00 10.00 A. M., 12.00 \*1.00 2.00 \*3.00 4.00 \*5.00 P. M.

## COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge).

(Third and Townsend Streets.)

*6.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.	*6.30 P
17.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden only).	*1.30 P
17.30 A	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.	18.35 P
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, San Simeon, and Principal Way Stations.	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations.	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José, Los Gatos and Way Stations.	*5.30 P
12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.	*10.30 A
13.30 P	San José and Way Stations.	*7.30 P
14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.	9.45 A
15.00 P	San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.	19.00 A
*5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.	18.35 A
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations.	18.00 A
*11.45 P	San José and Way Stations.	*7.30 P

\* A for Morning, P for Afternoon.  
\* Daily, † Sunday excepted, ‡ Sunday only.  
§ Saturday and Sunday, ¶ Sunday and Monday.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

When Otis said the war was over, perhaps he meant it was all over Luzon.—*Chicago Record.*

"You seem to like his attentions. Why don't you marry him?" "Because I like his attentions."—*Brooklyn Life.*

"Why," said she, "the paper tells that a man from Yale beat McCracken, of Pennsylvania, with the hammer; isn't it terrible?"—*Philadelphia Press.*

As she founced out of the library: He—"My mind to me a kingdom is." She—"Well, it isn't one of the great powers, I'm pretty sure."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Their only chance: "Do you believe that the meek shall inherit the earth?" "Well, it stands to reason they never can get it unless by inheritance."—*Town Topics.*

Contingent badness: Tommy—"Pop, a hectic flush is a bad thing to have, isn't it?" Tommy's pop (absent-mindedly)—"Yes, if somebody else happens to have a hectic full house."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Larry—"O'Hooligan has just arrived from th' wor; he siz ivery toime a shill lounded near th' Hoy-londers it made him thirsty." Denny—"How phwas t'bot?" Larry—"So miny 'hot scotchies' floyin' aroun'."—*Chicago News.*

"Let's arrive at a mutual understanding," said the Englishman after the heat of the argument had subsided; "I don't want you to think I'm a liar." "Av coorse not," replied the Irishman, "an' Oi don't want ye to tink Oi tink ye're a liar. But ye are."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Her little brother: Featherstone—"What keeps your sister so long, Willie?" Her little brother—"She's putting on the finest clothes she has." Featherstone—"What's that for?" Her little brother—"She said she was going to land you tonight, if it could be done."—*Tit-Bits.*

Mother—"So you have been at the jam again, Adolphus!" Son—"The cupboard-door came open of itself, mother, and I thought—" Mother—"Why didn't you say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan'?" Son—"So I did, mother; and he went and pushed me right in!"—*Brooklyn Life.*

Missionary—"Was it liquor that brought you to this?" Imprisoned burglar—"No, sir; it was house-cleaning—spring house-cleaning, sir." Missionary—"Eh? House-cleaning?" Burglar—"Yessir; the woman had been house-cleaning, and th' stair-carpet was up, an' th' folks heard me."—*New York Weekly.*

A good excuse: "Now, madam," said the crotchety judge, who had been annoyed by the digressions of previous female witnesses, "we want no hearsay evidence. Tell only what you know. Your name, please?" "Mary Jones," replied the witness. "Your age?" "Well—er—I only have hearsay evidence on that point, so I won't answer."—*Collier's Weekly.*

"You are in business in Montana?" asked the passenger in the skull-cap. "Yes," said the passenger in the smoking-jacket. "Is business good out there?" "Yes. In the last two years our plant has increased in size more than one thousand per cent." "Great Scott! What was the size of your plant originally?" "It consisted of a pair of Belgian rabbits."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A rattlehead: Farmer Dunk (catching them)—"Ar-har! So you are tryin' to elope with the hired girl, are ye?" His son—"Ye-es, sir." Farmer Dunk—"Wa-al, if you ain't the gol-vummedest feller for wantin' excitement all the time! Didn't I let you go to the circus last summer, and to your gran'mother's funeral in the fall, and didn't you stay up as late as you wanted to seein' the last eclipse of the moon? What in tunket do ye want, anyhow—a continual hooraw?"—*Puck.*

The reward of virtue: Employer—"I have noticed, Mr. Johnson, that you, of all the clerks, seem to put your whole life and soul into your work; that no detail is too small to escape your critical attention, no hours too long to cause you to repine." Clerk (joyfully)—"Y-yes, sir!" Employer—"And so, Mr. Johnson, I am forced to discharge you at once. It is such chaps as you that go out and start rival establishments after they have got the whole thing down pat."—*Judge.*

Disorders of the stomach and bowels, eruptions of the skin, disturbed sleep, and similar disorders in infants, are all relieved by Steadman's Soothing Powders.

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At the point of contact of Santa Cruz and San Mateo Counties there is a valley containing about thirty-five thousand acres, and known as the Big Basin. On three sides it is surrounded by high hills, on the fourth side it connects with the Pacific Ocean through a narrow opening. Its inaccessible position has served to preserve its natural beauties, and it is visited only occasionally over a narrow trail by woodmen, with their pack animals, searching for the bark of the chestnut oak, which is used for tanning leather. Here are found nearly all varieties of trees found in California, and in the streams are an abundance of brook trout. The famous big-tree grove of Santa Cruz contains no trees

as large as several of those in the basin, and in beauty of natural scenery it is unsurpassed.

Such is the site where it is proposed to ask the government to establish a national park. The movement, which originated in Santa Cruz and San Mateo Counties, is not a new one—it was inaugurated more than ten years ago—but it has not heretofore been pushed with sufficient energy to attract public attention. The danger of seeing the Calaveras big trees converted into lumber, however, has now aroused the people of California to a realization of the fact that unless an effort is made the natural beauties of the State will be sacrificed one by one to the spirit of commercial gain. The Big Basin Park has profited by this aroused interest, and in response to a request for cooperation from this city, Supervisor Reed has visited the basin and made his report. He said that of the hundreds of thousands of acres of redwoods there remain only thirty-five thousand of virgin forest, and about the same acreage of partially destroyed forest. After being cut down, the trees will grow again, but the fires that lumbermen build to destroy the undergrowth kill the trees forever. Next year three new mills are to be erected in the heart of this virgin forest, and six years of operation will suffice to lay the entire country bare. Another point brought out was the preservation of a water supply by these forests. The San Gregorio and Pescadero creeks take their rise in the redwoods of San Mateo County. The Spring Valley Water Company estimates that from thirty millions to forty millions of gallons of water a day can be secured from this watershed.

The advantage of securing this land at once for a national park can not be overestimated. Nowhere else in the world is a park of such natural beauty and interest to be found in such close proximity to a large city. A good road can be constructed, making the park easily accessible—the San Mateo County roads already cover the greater part of the distance—and the land can be purchased for \$2,500,000. Unless the movement is actively pushed, however, another year will be lost without congressional action, and then it may be too late.

Frauds in official departments in Cuba will be no novelty in that island, where the post-office and the customs have been recognized for years as fat places where the nobility of Spain might replenish their purses with little fear of being called to account for their indirections. When the Americans took over the postal affairs of Cuba, they found the bureau bankrupt, the employees unpaid, and the sanitary condition of the buildings a menace to the public. The retiring Spaniards had looted the office of everything valuable, and left only the accumulation of filth and rubbish. It comes with none the less of shock to Americans to know that some of our own officials, sent there to reorganize the public business of Cuba, have been emulating Spanish methods.

Our occupation of the civil offices in Havana dates from January 1st, 1899, but it was not until early in the present month that the public became aware that something was wrong by the announcement of the arrest at Rochester, N. Y., of Charles F. W. Neely, charged with defalcation in connection with the postal affairs of Cuba. Neely is an American and a resident of Muncie, Ind. He had been a subordinate in the military department of the island and was appointed treasurer of the postal department. There is as yet no full report of what has occurred or how the defalcation was accomplished. As far as learned, the method followed was to withhold funds and secure certificates from the auditor of the department for lesser amounts. In April, Inspector-General Burton began an investigation of the whole system, and soon discovered a shortage of \$36,000 in the treasurer's accounts, and two days later Mr. Neely left the island for the United States. Continued search has made it appear that the sum mentioned will cover the defalcation during the present year only, and that the amount taken during the year 1899 may amount to about \$70,000 more. Of this amount \$5,000 has been recovered; a bank deposit of \$2,000 in Neely's name has been attached, and

\$6,200 was found on his person when arrested. The loss will further be reduced by the fact that he has property from which something can be realized and that his bond with the Fidelity Deposit Company of Maryland amounts to \$30,000. With all this it is expected that the government loss will reach at least \$36,000. A corps of inspecting officers have been dispatched to Cuba with instructions to probe the affair to the bottom.

The sensitive condition of American authorities with regard to the unsavory defection of an American officer is indicated by a recent resolution offered in Congress to appropriate \$200,000 to enable the President to make good to the Cuban postal department any amount that may eventually prove to have been unlawfully abstracted from the public funds. In December, 1898, an order was issued by the President requiring all accounts of receipts and disbursements in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines to be transmitted to the auditor of the War Department for settlement at Washington. Only one hatch of accounts was ever received by the auditor, and that one was unaccompanied by any vouchers. In order to avoid long and vexatious delays it was proposed by the assistant-Secretary of War that all insular accounts should be entirely taken out of the hands of the War Department and settled by officers appointed by the Secretary of War, and stationed in the islands. What has occurred in Cuba now makes it appear to have been an exceedingly unfortunate move to transfer these positions of accountability for receipts and disbursements on account of the administration of civil affairs in Cuba and the other islands from Washington, where it would have been in the hands of trained officials of long experience, to Havana, where new bureaus had to be created and manned by such material as was most easily available.

We have assumed direction of public affairs in Cuba through our representatives to teach the islanders how to govern themselves effectively and honestly. We have proposed to ourselves to give them a startling contrast between the American system and the dissolute government of Spain. It is a serious blow to our pride and honor that so early in our operations we have shown them one of the worst phases of American public life.

It is gratifying that the administration, hacked by Congress, is giving evidence of a purpose to root out the evil thoroughly. A requisition has been applied for to the governor of New York on which Neely will probably be returned to Havana for trial, although the culprit is insolently asking: "How can a United States citizen be tried in Cuba? How can he be tried here for a crime committed there?" We sincerely hope that his questions will be promptly answered. It will also be well if the occurrence shall lead to a rigid examination of the affairs of accounting officers in Puerto Rico and the Philippines, as well as in Cuba, in order that whatever government shall be finally inaugurated in the islands they shall, at least, begin with the prestige of high and honorable responsibility.

According to the reports given out, the contributing membership of the Pacific Commercial Museum has now reached nearly two hundred and fifty in this city, which is the limit agreed upon before membership should be sought in the neighboring cities of the coast. The response has been sufficiently generous to justify the expectation that the museum will before long be an accomplished fact. As has been pointed out in these columns, this institution will necessitate increased shipping to ply between San Francisco and the commercial ports of the Pacific, and this in turn will make necessary increased dockage facilities. The development of the transport service from this port has already given warning that these facilities are inadequate, and preliminary steps have been taken looking to an extension in the length of the principal wharves to accommodate the larger vessels that come here.

This remedy, perhaps, offers some relief, but at best it will be only temporary, and is in itself open to objections. The congested condition of traffic on the wharves results



from the amount of freight that accumulates and from the number of vehicles. Both of these elements will be increased on longer wharves, and while there will be some relief from the increased space for handling freight, there will be no compensation in the matter of vehicles. In the discussion of this subject, the fact that seems to have been overlooked is that if the rapidity of handling goods is doubled, the effect is equivalent to doubling the dockage space. Those cities of Europe that have made the most striking advance in commercial importance of recent years are the ones that have paid most attention to the convenient arrangement of their shipping facilities and to the introduction of modern appliances for handling goods rapidly into and out of the ships. For these purposes there should be a space of two hundred and fifty or three hundred feet extending back from the quay or sea-wall. The part next to the dock for a space of about thirty feet should be devoted to the mooring-posts, a line of way for the traveling hydraulic cranes, and a line of way for trucks beyond that, so that the cranes may load or unload directly out of or into the trucks, which should run on tracks leading to the sheds and warehouses. When goods are shipped in transit, railway sidings would enable the cranes to load directly on to the cars. A space one hundred feet wide should be allowed for the sheds for the sorting and inspection of general merchandise, and, outside of these, a roadway for carts and vehicles. Where goods are to be stored for any length of time, warehouses should be placed just beyond this roadway. Such an arrangement would involve a minimum of time and labor in handling, and also decreased expense for cartage to be paid by shippers.

Of the appliances that facilitate the handling of goods the traveling cranes operated by hydraulic power are the most important. They are readily moved from one part of the wharf to another, and the hydraulic power is less expensive than steam. The donkey-engines in use waste time, and there is a loss of both time and fuel while getting up steam. Water under pressure can be conveyed for considerable distances through pipes with comparatively little loss of power, and is peculiarly adapted for intermittent work, as no loss of power is undergone while the machines are at rest, while the power is at hand whenever they require to be set in motion. The first hydraulic cranes derived their power from a column of water contained in a water-tower, but in more modern machines an accumulator is used into which the water is pumped by a steam engine. The accumulator automatically regulates the speed and pressure of the engine. Beyond question electricity could be used for power, the current being received from the service lines along the water front.

The establishment of a complete modern system, with all the appliances, at the present time would, of course, involve more expense than the situation justifies. Nevertheless, the time will come when they will be necessary, and a comprehensive plan should be adopted, parts of which can be built from time to time as required.

To Judge Lochren, of the United States Circuit Court, sitting at St. Paul, fell the opportunity first to give from the bench a decision bearing upon the relation of the constitution to the governing of a colony, and for this reason much interest attaches to his utterance. That the views of Judge Lochren are not uniformly accepted, and that they are regarded as embodying his personal opinion, expressed with a detail not demanded by the occasion, has freely been stated.

The matter at issue was a writ of *habeas corpus* sued out on behalf of Rafael Ortiz, a Puerto Rican. Ortiz had been arrested by the military authorities in the island, by them tried, found guilty of murder, and condemned to death. This sentence President McKinley commuted to imprisonment for life, and Ortiz was taken to the penitentiary at Stillwater, Minn., to undergo the service. A lawyer becoming interested in Ortiz endeavored to secure his release, on the ground that trial and conviction had been by unconstitutional methods, and to have in court a showing as to the cause and nature of the proceeding.

Allegations were made that Ortiz had never been in the army; that peace prevailed at the time of the trial; that there had been no indictment nor presentment by a grand jury; that the case had not been submitted to a jury; that the defendant had not been made acquainted with the charges, had no counsel, and that the trial had been conducted in a language unknown to him. These particulars were cited as clearly contravening constitutional provisions that there shall be no deprivation of liberty without due process of law, "except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia when in actual service in time of war or public danger."

Judge Lochren refused to release the prisoner, but based this conclusion on the one ground that the case had arisen before ratification of the peace treaty had occurred, and therefore when the military was supreme in Puerto Rico. Having settled this point most essential to Ortiz, the judge

continued with an oral opinion covering the problem of the relations between colonial government and the federal constitution. Later, he supplemented this with a writing of similar tenor, but more *in extenso*. He declared that by ratification of the treaty, Puerto Rico had become an integral part of the United States; that then the constitution, of its own force, extended over the island and its people, and the civil power succeeded to the military. According to Judge Lochren, who wandered afield somewhat in an apparent anxiety to be definite, the constitution embraces *proprio vigore*, every acquisition from Spain, and has done so since April 11, 1899. He declares that the United States Government rests on the consent of the governed, and rejects the theory that it is so constructed as to have unlimited power to rule a subject people. He holds it to be a novel proposition that Congress rules through force conferred by a foreign sovereign.

Judge Lochren conceives that were this right to exist, Congress would have the privilege, untrammelled, to set up independent governments, establish state religions, or institute slavery. The constitutional bar to the practice of slavery would not operate, because the force of the constitution would be rendered *nil*, and to say that a part of it could be preserved intact, while the rest was of no effect, would not be logical. He avers that there is no authority to legislate for a territory over which the constitution does not extend, and that the extending of the constitution governs also and limits the power to legislate.

During the next two weeks the work of gathering facts for the census will be prosecuted. An army of enumerators will go out through the various districts into which the city has been divided, all being under the direction of Professor Carl C. Plehn, of the University of California. Although greater care has been exercised in the selection of enumerators, and in the preparations for the work, there are many difficulties to be overcome if anything like accuracy is to be attained. Absolute accuracy in a work of such magnitude is not to be expected, though approximations of great value may be secured. The errors that will creep in will be during the work of gathering facts; the tabulation and declaration of results are the work of machines that are not afflicted by human fallibility. But, during June the people are moving from place to place more than at any other time; school vacation begins, and whole families go to the seaside or to the mountains, leaving their homes closed against the visits of the enumerators. In all large cities are numbers of single men, and not a few single women, who live in lodging-houses, take their meals at restaurants, are occupied at their business all day, and go to their rooms only to sleep. Such people it is hard for the enumerators to find. These and other difficulties will render the census inaccurate. But it is just here that the people can assist. Every person should do everything possible to minimize these inaccuracies, and every person who appreciates the true value of the census reports will.

Upon the fact that fecundity is the strong point of the hare was based the prophecy, printed three weeks ago, that the maia for cultivation of the Belgian import would lead to disaster. A little hare might be a good thing, but too much hare a calamity; and it is not easily to be imagined how the human appetite, sedulously urged, can keep up with the increase when a rabbitry is getting to be a local institution more common than the habitat of the domestic hen.

At Florin, a place in which the tokay grape has been brought to an unexampled perfection, and where the most luscious strawberries are raised, fruit-growers look into the future with concern, and fancy they see the time when rabbit-drives will be necessary for preservation of their vines. A local mathematician has figured out from the rate of increase attained by the first few Belgian bares purchased by an enthusiast what is going to happen there. These hares number, or did last week, 521. The man of figures calculates that by May, 1901, they will have multiplied to 361,320, and in this calculation reckons upon only forty per cent. being does. When that happy time shall arrive, each man, woman, and child of Florin would by an equable division have 4,000 hares. This is apparently several more than necessary. The market could not consume them all, for it is to be remembered that every hamlet and city is going into the business, generally on a more elaborate scale than is being attempted at Florin.

Hope has been expressed that the passion will subside, but even if it should, it will leave behind countless thousands or millions of hares, homeless, and hungry, warring on vegetation, and being warred against by the suffering tiller of the soil. That the hares would flourish if turned loose has been demonstrated, for one disgusted ex-enthusiast liberated his accumulation of thirty odd, and some of these, being captured later, were found to be sleek, and in a fine con-

dition. It is argued that a demand will be created for the flesh of the hare, but there is as yet no sign of it. The meat does not appeal. There is about the living creature a feline suggestion that tends to dull the edge of appetite. There is no particular reason either for supposing that the skins can be utilized, for the cotton-tail and the jack, cousins of the Belgian, do not yield one decent pelt in a hundred. Sad to state, the pelt is apt to be so diseased as to be worthless, and to excite a prejudice against the tissues it covers.

California could have got along very well in the absence of the Belgian hare. The animal was not introduced for the filling of a want. It came as a fad purely, will be sustained as such for a time, and, in all probability, degenerate into a pest, a candidate for extermination.

The interest America has in the awakened Siberia, called from the sleep of centuries by the actuality of steam, is yet but scantily appreciated. Information presented in a recent article by M. Mikhailoff is of peculiar interest, and throws much light upon economic possibilities immeasurably vast, and in which the people of the United States have direct concern. M. Mikhailoff is not only posted as to the Siberia of today, but, trusted in the councils of Russia, has had much to do with the construction of the trans-Siberian line, and seems to have obtained a glimpse of the Siberia of tomorrow.

While the road will not be completed before 1902, the effect that it must have on development has already begun to show. Russia is making surveys, opening territory, and doing all in its power to encourage immigration. In the twelve years—1887-98—this immigration, so far as recorded, amounted to 1,047,679. Of this number, 149,956 were credited to the first four years, to the second four belong 316,123, and to the third 581,600, a steady and healthy increase. Naturally there must follow a revolution in all branches of Siberian life pertaining to farming, stock-raising, manufacture, and trade. Siberia will no longer be known as a retreat for criminals, but as the seat of new institutions and a new energy. Roughly, it may be divided into five industrial regions.

Farming will predominate along the railroad from Ural to Lake Baikal; to cattle-breeding will be given Transbaikalia and the steppes of Western Siberia; forestry will be pursued north of the agricultural belt, where timber stands in immense but only partly explored tracts; the shores of the Pacific and the mouths of rivers will be fishing-grounds, while mining and manufacturing will flourish throughout the basin of the Amur, to the north-east, and in the island of Sagalien. To all this the people of the United States will be the nearest neighbors, the first to feel, and most potently, the demands certain to be created. Americans have already been called upon to furnish locomotives, and rails for them to run upon, while boats for the transport of material have been ordered made in San Francisco. This is only a beginning.

For double-tracking the Manchurian line there will be required 210,000 tons of rails. For repairs on the Siberian and Manchurian lines 1,058,000 tons will, it is estimated, not more than cover the needs during a decade, while all the time rolling-stock must be added to or replaced. These are but items of the initial market—signs of the awakening. Cotton goods, sugar, and ironware will find abundant sale in Manchuria; to Siberia will go for consumption a portion of almost all the output of American factories—chemicals, soap, tin, type-writers, ready-made clothing, raw cotton for the Amur district, watches, hops, and fruit. The list, indeed, could be lengthened so as to virtually be a catalogue of American products. In return, Siberia will yield bides, wool, and coal.

Americans are to be made welcome in this great domain. Their capital will be protected, their presence taken as a token of national good-will, and their experience and energy gladly utilized. M. Mikhailoff declares the road Russia's contribution to the peace of the world. In looking after the industrial growth there will be neither time nor desire for aggrandizement or conquest.

On the Lewiston, Brunswick, and Bath trolley line in Maine, there is operated a palace car known as the "Merry-meeting." As the cost of it was seven thousand dollars, the elegance and comfort of the finish may be imagined. It is in constant demand and a source of generous profit to the company. So great is the luxury of a ride in it, that it creates its own demand, as first-class articles are apt to do. Designed as an experiment it has from the first been a success, demonstrating the wisdom of those who believed such an apparently reckless expenditure would return interest.

It is strange if the staid old State of Maine and the little cities connected by the trolley line over which the "Merry-meeting" runs exceed in enterprise the more progressive California and the cities around the Bay of San Francisco.

AMERICA  
AND THE  
NEW SIBERIA.

DIFFICULTIES  
OF CENSUS  
ENUMERATION.

FUTURE OF THE  
MULTIPLYING  
HARE.

UTILITY OF  
LUXURY IN  
STREET-CARS.



A similar service here would be at least equally remunerative. There is a special car belonging to one of the local lines here, and a little more elaborate in finish than the ordinary vehicle of traffic, but it does not suggest anything palatial, and a ride in it is hardly more desirable than on the common car, excepting, as it is subject to charter, exclusiveness may be maintained and overcrowding avoided.

A palace trolley car might be in almost constant use here, and patronage would be liberal. The electric lines of San Francisco now cover many miles. Those of the Southern Pacific alone reach from North Beach at two points, from the foot of Market Street in many directions, and getting farther from the heart of business cover outlying districts with a veritable net-work. So vastly have they multiplied in the last few years that the average citizen has little conception of their extent, and were he to start out for a trolley ride would be sorely puzzled as to where his journey would end and the ramifications over which it would carry him.

Most of the picturesque part of town is now to be reached by electric cars. These start, in one instance, from the Hall of Justice and enround the old New City Hall. They touch the streets south of Market, skirt the Panhandle, traverse the sand-dunes, pass the Affiliated Colleges, and give glimpses of Golden Gate Park before they climb the rise beyond which is an unsurpassed view of the Pacific, with the surf heating upon a long stretch of beach. They afford a quick ride to the Cliff House, and above the noise they make may be heard the clamor of the seals basking on the rocks. Altogether there are many beautiful rides to be taken, which, if combined into one, at a reasonable charge, would be a constant attraction. In no other way could the visiting tourist get, with so little trouble and at so small a cost, an adequate idea of the extent and picturesqueness of San Francisco.

Certainly, for the purpose of employing a palace car to be the best advantage, a combination among the local roads could be effected readily, as larger roads have no difficulty in carrying special cars, each accepting its *pro rata* of the mileage paid. There could be a regular daily service, at a twenty-five-cent or fifty-cent rate, and with its advantages once understood there would be no lack of patronage. With an inclosed car, ample windows giving opportunity for observation, had weather would not seriously interfere, for the ocean is most impressive under the lash of a storm, and a palace car is as proof as a house against wind and rain.

At other than the times for regular trips, the car could be engaged by private parties, and doubtless many evenings would see it employed. Daylight would naturally be the season when the public would be eager to enjoy the scheme. Were the car to start at a given hour, each passenger having the right to remain aboard during the entire circuit, and no exorbitant fare be charged, this method of "taking in" the town would at once become popular, as much a feature of a visit to San Francisco as is now a tour of Chinatown.

There is no question connected with the Philippines—outside of the general one of the policy of annexation—that has aroused more discussion than that of the effect of a tropical climate upon soldiers born and raised in the temperate zone. The most contradictory assertions have been made, and the most ignorance has been displayed on both sides. But now comes one with both experience and training to present evidence and his conclusions. Captain E. C. Woodruff, a surgeon in the army, and has seen service in the Philippines. He declares that the tropical climate is wrecking the constitutions of our strongest soldiers. The breaking-down begins with insomnia, due to the lack of relief at night. The lack of proper rest aggravates the exhaustion of the day's work under the moist heat. The breaking-down does not always result in complete prostration—at least not in the first stages—but soldiers who appeared to be just as strong as they were at home found themselves exhausted after playing five innings at base-ball. In other cases the eyes seem to be affected. In a number of cases there was inability to read, through minor paralysis of accommodation. A great many complained of their glasses.

The most alarming effect, however, is upon the nerves and brain. One officer complained that he could not remember the beginning of a sentence he was reading long enough to reach the end. A surgeon could not remember the answers to his patients. A general officer could not act upon his orders, because he had forgotten all about the subjects. Whether these effects are to be permanent or not it is too early to say, but the probability is that the nervous prostration could pass away in time after return to a tropical country. The fact that is certainly established, however, is that officers and soldiers can not remain there for any length of time without becoming wholly unfit for service. Moreover, new recruits should be allowed a considerable time of inaction and acclimatization before they are called on for field duty.

## ROME IN MDCCCC.

The Queen at a Garden-Party—Leo and Humbert—Nobility Snubbing a King—Prices in Rome—What Italy Pays for Brass Buttons.

In Rome the average tourist always repairs to the hotel porter for information as to where to go. The porter is thoroughly posted on museums and galleries, but he rarely reads the papers. If the tourist also fails to read them he will miss many things. Carefully as the Italian papers struggle to omit the news, they occasionally get some in by accident. A brief paragraph in *La Tribuna*—which said there would be a charity kermess on the Pincian Hill the following day—gave us quite an interesting afternoon.

As every one knows, the Pincian Hill of ancient Rome is a pleasure-ground of modern Rome. It is a well-kept park, with winding drives, with trees and terraces, with flowers and fountains—a place where nurse-maids and children go to "hear the hand play," and naturally a place where *carabinieri*, *bersaglieri*, and various other kinds of uniformed idlers also go to ogle the coquettish nurse-maids. And, likewise, my lady drives there in her fine carriage, and eke silk-stockinged John and James—or, in Italian, mayhap, Giovanni and Jacopo. And it was in this beautiful park that the garden-party took place.

The weather was superb, the scene ideal. An inclosure had been erected in the Pincian Park, and within it were numbers of unique hoots. There was a wheel-of-fortune booth presided over by the Princess Sonnino Colonna, with a half-score of duchesses, contessinas, and plain donnas to assist her. There was an Indian tea pavilion, where Lady Currie, the British empress, presided, assisted by half a dozen ruddy English girls. There was a cigar and cigarette booth, where the Marchesa Marignoli and her patrician cohorts sold very poor cigars at very good prices. There was a flower booth directed by the Princess di Frasso Dentice, where fascinating Roman patricians pinned pink camellias on your coat at ruinous rates. There was a Russian kiosk where the Princess Bariatinsky marshaled a number of ladies, all of whose names ended in either *off* or *ski*, and where only Russian knickknacks were for sale. There was a Venetian kiosk where the Princess Voriedoges and her ladies sold Murano glassware. And there was a buffet where the Marchesa Rudini, wife of the ex-premier, and a group of noble har-maids dispensed beverages at prices which would make a "plain jag" cost a fortune. There was also a *café-concert* where a performance was given by a "grand international troupe of eccentric acrobats," all of whom seemed to be well acquainted with the audience; the most successful tumbler was Count Baldassare Negroni, who won the plaudits of the queen. For not the least attraction was the presence of Queen Margherita.

About five o'clock the kermess was in full swing. Dapper officers were touting for trade in front of the hoots. Other dapper officers were whirling the wheels-of-fortune for the ladies. Handsome old gentlemen, faultlessly dressed, perfectly groomed, were handing hank-notes right and left for pin-cushions and flowers. Younger gentlemen, also faultlessly dressed, were gravely whirling about upon wooden carousel horses in the merry-go-rounds. Ladies in fetching spring gowns and picture hats were fluttering from hooth to hooth, huying trifles and greeting friends, and there was light talk and laughter upon every hand. Even the giant funkeys, massive, impassive, whiskered, relaxed their stern features and seemed to take a faint and fleeting interest in the scene.

But there was a sudden movement. The crowd precipitated itself toward one side of the garden. A double line of uniformed attendants was formed, and up this line, smiling, howing, radiant, appeared Queen Margherita, and through the line she made her way to the "Padiglione à thé dell' Ambasciatrice della Grau Bretagna." There in Lady Currie's tea pavilion she held a reception for a time, and then made the round of the hoots.

I set down here a description of her costume taken from a trustworthy source:

"The queen was dressed in a handsome black brocade reception-gown. Over it she wore a black velvet dolman, trimmed with heavy jet passementerie. Her bonnet of sparkling silver spangles, with its facing of rich orange velvet and bunch of white ostrich plumes and aigrettes, gave the only bit of color to her otherwise sombre costume. She wore white kid gloves, and at her side hung a jeweled chapeleine, from which she drew many hundred-lire notes during the afternoon."

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The queen was not accompanied by the king—he rarely appears at such festivities. But although not always together, they have been married for thirty-two years and are said to be lovers still. In this he is unlike his father, for Victor Emmanuel was consistently unfaithful—to his wife. Toward the end of his life, however, he became faithful, but it was to another

lady—the Countess of Miraflores—with whom he lived morganatically until his death.

King Humbert's tastes are simple, and the burdens of state are so heavy that he rarely accompanies the queen on her numerous appearances in the gay world. Besides, he has had experiences which must have embittered him. At Naples in 1878, for example, Passavante leaped upon his carriage-step and attempted to stab him with a dagger as he was seated beside the queen, but Humbert felled him with a blow of his sabre. A more recent assault by the assassin Acciaruto also showed that Humbert is no coward. But such attempts do not make him fond of appearing in public with the queen, whose life would thus be also in danger.

The king rides in the early morning hours, and sometimes in the afternoon drives a light phaeton with two spirited horses, holding the reins himself and accompanied only by an aid. He is then always in civilian's garb, and his equipage has no sign of pomp. If he encounters the queen he at once stops, descends, hastens to her, and gallantly kisses her hand.

The queen generally drives in state. On the Corso and on the Pincio her *calèche* is conspicuous. The four servants wear scarlet liveries, and on state occasions powdered periwigs and silk stockings. One day when we were at the race-track she drove out with four horses, with postilions and a mounted escort. The queen was once very beautiful and is still handsome. She is fond of jewels and her pearls are famous. Her name, "Margherita," signifies pearl, and the king each year adds to her collection of enormous pearls. The king's father left debts of fifteen millions behind him, and it took years of economy on Humbert's part to pay off these debts. He sold off nearly all the family lands to do this, and acquired habits of economy which stick to him still. But he never economized in his wife's pearls.

The queen is not only fond of the theatre, but she is also devoted to letters, music, and art. She regularly receives the most notable new books in Italian, French, English, and German; she is a warm admirer of Duse and Novelli, the two leading Italian actors, and at her Wednesday evenings on the Quirinal she frequently has musicians of note as her guests. She also takes a great interest in the schools of art in Rome, among them the French Academy in the Villa Medici.

Humbert and Margherita do not lack for residences. They have palaces everywhere. In Rome, the Quirinal; in Naples, the old palace of the Bourbon kings, as well as the two other royal palaces of Capodimonti and Caserti; in Genoa, the magnificent Durazzo palace on the Via Balbi; in Florence, the Pitti palace; in Venice, the old doge's palace; in Milan, the palace of the former grand dukes; in Turin, the palace of the Piedmont kings, where Humbert was born. At Monza, near Milan, they have a beautiful summer residence, surrounded by a great park miles in extent. Then in the Alps of northern Italy they have a mountain home at Gressoney.

Humbert is hereditary King of Sardinia and Piedmont. Hence a somewhat anomalous condition of things in Italy, for not all the Italians recognize him as King of Italy. Many refuse to salute him in his own capital of Rome. The more bigoted Catholics ignore him and refuse to cast a vote at any election while "the usurper" is on the throne. Half the Roman aristocracy will not go to the Quirinal. Some foreign Catholic princes will not go there. Even Humbert's nephew, King Carlos of Portugal, will not visit him at the Quirinal. His sister Clotilde, whom he tenderly loves, has refused to accept his hospitality there. Emperor Francis Joseph has never returned the visit Humbert made to him in Vienna. Foreign Catholic noblemen who do go to the Quirinal will not afterward be received at the Vatican until they have first "purified" themselves by calling on their own legations to the Vatican. For he it understood that the Roman Catholic powers have two ambassadors to Rome, one to the king and the other to the Pope. The ban of excommunication rests upon Humbert so long as he occupies the former Papal territory.

But on the other hand, while the Pope does not recognize him as King of Italy, he does recognize him as King of Sardinia and Piedmont. Therefore the king assists at mass and receives the sacrament from a Piedmontese chaplain. When the Pope appoints a Bishop of Turin, the king's approval is necessary as King of Piedmont. On Humbert's "Saint's Day" the Vatican allows *Te Deums* to be sung in the churches of Piedmont, Tuscany, Lombardy, Venetia, Sicily, and Sardinia, as these lands were taken from other potentates, and not from the Pope. The Pope also tacitly permitted the Crown Prince's marriage to Helena of Montenegro, in 1896, to take place in Rome, but in a minor church—Santa Maria degli Angeli.

This is, perhaps, dry reading after a garden-party, but it shows the curious condition of "United Italy," which to no



does not seem to be united at all. Humbert's subjects speak of themselves as Romans, Neapolitans, Tuscans, and Venetians, rather than as Italians, and ugly questions crop up continually. Recently the chambers were dissolved almost in a riot over one of these vexed questions, and immediately the students all over the kingdom engaged in sympathetic riots. At Foggia a royalist deputy was viciously assaulted.

Even here in Rome last Sunday there was almost a religious riot on the Corso. A popular priest, Father Theodosio, was preaching in the fashionable church of San Carlo al Corso. A panic occurred owing to the screams of an hysterical woman. An anti-clerical mob gathered outside of the church and began to shout "Down with the priests!" A clerical mob gathered with counter cries, and for a time the Corso was blockaded, and the police had difficulty in dispersing the mob. And all this took place at a fashionable church across the street from a swell *café* on the Largo al Corso in the very heart of Rome.

Hotels and hotel managers are continually changing in Europe. A year-old guide-book is often out of date. Furthermore, prices in Europe seem to be slowly on the up grade. Five years ago the Quirinale Hotel in Rome charged five francs for their *table d'hôte* dinner; now they charge six, and the dinners while good are no better than they were.

The *table d'hôte* is not an ideal system. It endeavors to give the number and variety of dishes which will please the greatest number and variety of people at a fixed price and at a fixed hour. There is nearly always beef or mutton on the bill, and nearly always fowl, so that if you do not care for made dishes and sweets you can at least make out a dinner. If you do care for made dishes and sweets you will find a plenty at the *table d'hôte*. But you must be on time. They will not serve you the *table d'hôte* at the fixed price after the fixed hour. In some places they charge an extra franc if you are fifteen minutes late. This marvelously stimulates the punctuality of the guests. It is highly amusing to watch a crowd of well-dressed people sprinting for the *table d'hôte* at fourteen minutes past seven in order to save a franc. In other places they charge *à la carte* prices for the *table d'hôte* served fifteen minutes past the hour. By the *carte* the six-franc dinner costs about sixteen francs, which produces a dull, heavy feeling unfavorable to perfect digestion.

The "American plan" is to serve a fixed-price dinner, but not at a fixed hour. The result is distressing. A dinner ready at six is served at any time up to eight. No dinner could stand this test—not even the best. If the American dinner is good at six o'clock, it is bad at half-past six, and at seven it is awful. It is odd that the American people, with their strong good sense, should not see and remedy this cardinal error in their hotel service. In a good European hotel a good *table d'hôte* dinner is served cheaply, promptly, and well. Everything is hot, there is an abundance, there is a variety, the cookery is good, and the waiters serve swiftly and noiselessly. As a rule it takes about an hour to serve a dinner of seven or eight courses; then, if the guests desire to dawdle after their dinner, there are "winter gardens," smoking-rooms, etc., provided, where they can take their after-dinner coffee, and spend as much time as they please.

I do not consider the *table d'hôte* dinner an ideal one. By no means. But the European plan is at least an attempt to serve it at its best. The American plan is an attempt to serve it at its worst. And a successful one. Personally I think the ideal way to dine is to order your own dinner; select the dishes, the manner of cooking, and the hour at which it shall be served. But both in American and European hotels this method is expensive. It is no cheaper in Europe than in America, and in some places it is dearer.

The horrors of undesirable propinquity at European *tables d'hôte*, the neighborhood of hairy Germans who comb their whiskers at table, the facing of garlicky Latins surrounded by an aureole of breath, the affliction of sallow Italian tenors who warble operatic airs between the courses—all these may be avoided by having the *table d'hôte* dinner served at a separate table. This you can generally have done for an extra charge of about a franc per person. Thus you not only avoid disagreeable neighbors, but you also get the first hack at the dishes. This privilege is especially dear to the veteran *table d'hôte* habitué; with an automatic, shuttle-like movement he can help himself to all of the white meat on a dish of fowl and leave nothing for the others but drum-sticks and backbones.

At Naples there is a new establishment, the Hotel de Londres—an excellent one, by the way—where they serve the *table d'hôte* meal at separate tables without extra charge. But it is the only place in Europe where I ever saw this done. At that hotel the charge for dinner was four and a half lire—about eighty-three cents. Here is a specimen bill of fare:

Fusaro oysters on the shell.
Consommé Savoy.
Mullet, Hollandaise sauce, new potatoes.
Roast beef, garni (with garniture of vegetables).
Sweetbread à la Milanaise.
Artichokes, Parmesan.
Young turkey à la Broche.
Salad.
Ice cream, Neapolitaine.
Plum cake.
Assorted cakes and sweet biscuits.
Oranges, apples, pears, figs, dates, nuts, and raisins.

Contrasted with this is a specimen six-franc dinner, that of the Hotel Quirinale at Rome. The Quirinale is a first-class hotel, one of the best in Rome. It has a large and handsome *table d'hôte* dining-room, in a gallery of which an orchestra plays through the dinner hour. The Quirinale has an excellent restaurant, which is not cheap. There is also a large "winter garden" smoking-rooms, reading-rooms, billiard-room, and writing-rooms for the guests. The *table d'hôte* dinner served here costs six lire—about one dollar and eleven cents—and this is a specimen bill of fare:

Consommé à la royale.
Boiled turbot, sauce Hollandaise, pommes duchesse.
Chicken sauté à la marenco, cooked with small ecrevisses, served whole.
Spinach with ham.
Roast beef, garnished with vegetables.
Young duck, à la périgord.
Salade.
Ice cream, Pistache.
Sponge cake.
Oranges, apples, pears, figs, raisins, dates, nuts, and assorted cakes and sweet biscuits.

The foregoing is a six-franc dinner in a first-class Roman hotel. But Rome is a much cheaper city than the other capitals—Vienna, Paris, Berlin, or London. The rates in the smaller Roman hotels are lower than these, and in the smaller Italian cities lower than those of Rome.

The Roman *café*-restaurants are cheaper than the hotel-restaurants frequented by English and Americans. There are three kinds of them.

At the *ristorantes*, meals are served at all hours to order, generally with a fixed-price dinner and luncheon also. At the *caffés*, wines, liqueurs, malt liquors, tea, coffee, milk, and chocolate are served, together with simple cold luncheons such as ham, cold chicken, sandwiches, boiled eggs; this they call the *buffet-freddo*, or cold buffet. A third class is the *pasticheria* or *gelateria*, where pastry and ices (*gelatti*), are served, together with tea, coffee, chocolate, and frequently wines, cordials, and liqueurs (the Italians drink almost no ardent liquor). These establishments shade off gradually into one another and it is hard to tell where a restaurant leaves off and a *café* begins.

Of the first, or restaurant grade, the best are: in Rome, the Caffè Roma; in Naples, the Caffè Gambrinus; in Genoa, the Caffè Milano; in Florence, the Caffè Doney. The Gambrinus, in Naples, is situated on the corner of the Chiaia and the Piazza San Ferdinando, the very heart of the city; one may dine there very pleasantly in the windows looking out upon the fine carriage parade—for the Neapolitans drive until dark and dine late.

In Rome the Caffè Roma is on the Largo al Corso next to the Church of San Carlo—also the heart of the city. The *caffés* I have mentioned in Genoa and Florence are also on the leading streets. A sample bill from one will give the average prices of all. Here is a *table d'hôte* luncheon at the Caffè Roma:

Anipasto, or hors-d'œuvres, including sardines, sliced mortadella sausage, cold ham, radishes, and butter.
Macaroni, omelette, or risotto.
A choice of several <i>platti di giorni</i> , such as veal cutlets, chops, steaks, sauté chicken, etc., garnished with vegetables.
Cheese, gorgonzola and gruyere.
Oranges, apples, pears, figs, dates, nuts, coffee.
For this luncheon, served at the best restaurant in Rome, the price is three and a half lire, or about sixty-four cents. A specimen luncheon, ordered <i>à la carte</i> at the same place, is as follows:

Consommé, with an egg.	Lire, Centesimi
Tenderloin steak.	75
Half a chicken.	1 50
Risotto.	50
Coffee.	50
Total.	4 25

Or about seventy-eight cents. These are the prices in the best restaurant in Rome.

Another typical establishment is the Caffè Nazionale in the Corso in Rome, always called the Caffè Aragno, from the name of the proprietor. This is a large and handsomely fitted up establishment—more of a *café* than a restaurant. It is on the wide part of the Corso, near the Piazza Colonna, and therefore has some sidewalk space for tables and chairs. From midday to midnight these outdoor tables are crowded—as for that matter, so is the interior of the spacious *café*. While a majority of its patrons are men, probably one-fourth are women, particularly at the afternoon tea hour. But at almost any hour the Aragno is filled with a polyglot throng watching the brilliant equipages roll by on the Corso.

The men here drink principally vermouth, cordials, and sugared water. The Italian women drink what their husbands do. The German women drink Vienna and Munich beer. The American and English women drink tea. The women go to the buffet and pick out their own pastry and sweets, of which there is an infinite variety. It is rather amusing to see an American woman "sampling" a variety of sweets, finally selecting those she wants, preparing to pay her bill, and finding that the polite clerk has charged her two cents for every "sample." It vastly disgusts her. But after she has been abroad awhile she gets used to it. If in Europe they give you anything for nothing, I don't know what it is.

The prices of the Caffè Aragno taken from its very extensive list may prove interesting. Here are some selections with prices in American money:

CAFFETERIA.		Cents.
Coffee.		05
Coffee with milk.		07
Coffee with an egg.		08
Coffee with bread.		10
Chocolate plain.		10
Chocolate made with milk.		10
Tea plain.		10
Tea with milk.		12
Tea with bread.		15
Cup of hot milk.		06
Butter.		04
Cream.		02
Vienna roll.		01
BUFFET.		
Cold ham.		12
Small meat patty.		06
Sandwiches.		03
Cold roast beef.		20
Cold roast veal.		20
Two eggs cooked with butter.		10
Two boiled eggs.		08
French sardines.		10
Assorted fruit.		10
Cheese.		06
Dried fruit.		08

ICES.		
Ice cream, whole portion.		12
Ice cream, half portion.		06
Water ice ( <i>granita</i> ), different flavors, whole portion.		08
Water ice, half portion.		05
With about twenty other ices, water ices, and combinations of syrups for which there are no English equivalents.		

WINES.		
Madeira, per glass.		08
Medoc, per glass.		06
Marsala, per glass.		05
Old Chianti, per glass.		06
French champagne, per glass.		20

LIQUEURS.		
Vermouth, per glass.		04
Anisette, per glass.		05
Benedictine, per glass.		10
Absinthe, per glass.		05
Chartreuse, per glass.		12
Curaçao, per glass.		10
Kirschwasser, per glass.		06
Hennessy cognac, per glass.		16
Three-star Martell cognac, per glass.		16
Punch, "old mild Americano," per glass.		20
With any of these beverages a glass of seltzer or soda water is served for an extra charge of one cent.		

This *café* is largely frequented by strangers as well as by the Romans, for one finds there the leading journals of Italy, Austro-Hungary, Germany, Spain, and Great Britain. There are three English papers—the London *Times*, the *Daily News*, and the *Illustrated Graphic*. But there are no American journals on file there.

One of the things that first strike the stranger in Europe is the number of men in uniform. Our officers at home and those in England are in uniform except when on duty. But on the Continent, officers, as well as privates, must wear their uniforms everywhere. As a result you see them by thousands in the streets of every large city. The number is added to by the semi-military gendarmery found in all Continental countries. On the streets there is a continual saluting of uniformed men which is so incessant that it is at times almost ludicrous. For example, when a middle-aged officer is trudging along through the slush, a careworn expression on his countenance, his wife on his left arm, a baby on his right, an umbrella in his left hand, with the rain pouring in sheets upon this military family, it seems a trifle absurd for him to disembarrass himself of baby and umbrella in order to return the salutes of four or five stray soldiers whose hands are glued to their caps.

But most of the officers one meets are not so incumbered. Probably marriage on their meagre pay is impossible. In fact, in most Continental countries army officers are forbidden to marry unless the two spouses between them have a certain income—so much for a captain, so much for a lieutenant, etc. As a result, hundreds of thousands of able-bodied, energetic, and ambitious men—the flower of the land—are cut off from professional and other careers, debarré from marriage and domestic life, and condemned to—what? Loafing.

For that terse Americanism expresses exactly the occupation of the European army officer. In England he loafs in his clubs, or, if he loafs elsewhere, his attire renders him undistinguishable from other loafers. But on the Continent he has no clubs, or, if he has, he prefers to do his loafing in the *caffés* and on the street. Here at all hours of the day you see crowds of officers drinking in *caffés*, smoking on street-corners, staring in shop-windows, leaning against lamp-posts, peering into carriages, and ogling the women. They seem to lead listless, lazy lives, and their home, apparently, is the street. They remind me irresistibly of that dreamy lounge, the American police officer. Like him, too, they are prepared for all kinds of weather. They are so used to living on the street that they can not even go in when it rains, and in Europe it rains a great deal. So they wear long mackintoshes, with hoods to protect their caps. You see a tall figure, cowed and shrouded in black, leaning against a lamp-post, smoking a long cigar. The rain streams over it into the gutter. But the rain stops. The sun shines; again, and the black object steps into a *café*, sheds its caoutchouc cocoon, and comes out again a brilliant military butterfly, with glittering uniform, with helmet of gilt and steel, a long sword clanking upon the pavement, in the basket-hilt of which is a pair of white kid-gloves. And again the warrior resumes his work—walking the streets.

I said they have no clubs. I mean in the American and English sense of the term. Here in Rome they have a *Circolo Militare*, but it is an association rather than a club. Papers are read there on technical subjects by those officers who, weary of their idle lives, have turned to study as a relief. There is also in Italy a "Union Militaire," but that is merely a coöperative institution for the purchase of all kinds of wares, like the great Army and Navy Coöperative Stores in England.

There is no doubt that this military element lends much life and color to the streets. Although there are more brilliant uniforms than in Italy—in Austro-Hungary, for example—the Italian uniforms are very handsome. The variety is striking. You see infantry officers in dark-blue tunics with silver facings, blue-gray trousers with scarlet stripes, and long blue-gray cloaks. You see *bersaglieri*, an elite rifle corps, in dark blue and crimson uniforms, wearing round hats with cocked plumes hanging in a large bunch from one side. You see cavalry officers in blue and gray uniforms, some wearing fur caps, and the Savoy regiments wearing gold-crested steel helmets. You see artillery officers in blue and yellow, engineer officers in blue and crimson, the royal body-guard in blue and silver, and finally you see the royal horse-guards, imposing creatures in helmet with black horse-hair plumes, steel cuirasses, white leather breeches, and high boots. Then there are the *carabinieri*, or *gendarmes*, who wear a simple, old-fashioned uniform—long-skirted coat, cocked hat, and pipe-clayed belt and scabbard. It is quaint and effective.

What we would call the police officers wear different uniforms in different cities. In Rome their uniform is much



like that of the infantry of the line, which adds to the apparent number of military in the streets. In other Italian cities they wear various costumes, probably dating from the days before United Italy. In Genoa their garb is indeed extraordinary. They wear long, black surcoat coats, cut like what our tailors call a Newmarket or paddock coat. The costume is crowned with a "stove-pipe hat." This seems incredible, but it is strictly true. When it rains they substitute a cap for the stove-pipe.

In addition to the military, the rural gendarmery and the municipal police officers, practically all government employees wear semi-military uniforms. Firemen, customs-house officers, post-office clerks, postal-wagon drivers, railway employees (the railways belong to the government), telegraph employees (the telegraph belongs to the government also), *adrol* employees—all of these men are in uniform. And people who are fond of advocating government ownership of railroads and telegraphs ought to try it over here. These petty officials in brass buttons are so swollen up with bureaucratic importance that they are not even civil. The railways do not advertise their time-tables, or anything else for that matter. If you want to find out anything concerning trains, rates of fare, rates on luggage by passenger train, rates on luggage by fast freight, rates on luggage by slow freight, rates for transporting luggage from station to domicile in railway vans—well, you may succeed if you are persistent, but you will get little help and much insolence from the railway officials. If you purchase a sleeping-car coupon with a first-class ticket you are entitled, under the law, to demand that a sleeping-car be placed on the train even if you are the only passenger. But the railway officials will never tell you of your rights. I found this out from a tourist agency and took great pleasure in compelling the railway officials to put on a sleeping-car for our special use and behoof.

As for the telegraph, the government plainly says on its blanks that it is not responsible for anything—errors in transmission, failure to transmit, battle, murder, sudden death, pestilence, famine, or act of God. If you send high-priced cablegrams by the Italian Government's telegraph service you had better demand a receipt for the money. A receipt, by the way, will cost you twenty-five centesimi extra. An American here recently complained of having sent six cablegrams to the United States in one month, five of which were never received. Probably the employees pocketed the money and threw the cablegram in the waste-basket. The post-office so distrusts its employees that they have a contrivance for emptying letter-boxes by which the letters are slid from the locked letter-box into a bag with a locked top, so that the employee can not handle them. Newspaper-boxes are emptied into a bag, as in our country. The government railways have so poor an opinion of their brass-buttoned employees that they will accept no luggage unless it has strong locks upon it. Even with that precaution there are so many thefts from trunks on Italian railways that prudent people insure their luggage.

Why is Italy so poor? Why is official honesty at so low an ebb that she can not trust even her own government employees? Why is it unsafe to hand a letter to a postal-carrier to post, lest he should steal the stamps? The answer is simple. It is because of the brilliant uniforms which give color to the streets; of the vast number of soldiers who live upon the taxpayers. For every idle officer loafing at a *café* three or four men are working hard to earn his living and their own. The unfortunate country is ground down with taxation. There is nothing that is untaxed. Even the food you eat pays a double tax—once to the state and again to the city. The very sunlight is taxed, for there is a heavy tax on windows.

California and Italy are about the same size. Roughly speaking, California contains about 150,000 square miles, Italy about 120,000 square miles. They are not dissimilar in physical characteristics. They extend over a long distance from north to south, and each has an extensive coast line. Each is destitute of coal mines. Each produces large quantities of wheat. Each produces citrus and other fruits, olives, wine, and raisins. The climate is about the same, although California's is superior. They are in about the same zone. Rome lies in about the same latitude as San Francisco. Our State is one of the richest and most fertile of all the United States. Yet suppose that California were as populous as Italy—as some day it will be—suppose it had a population of millions. Could California, even with its vast resources, support an army of a quarter of a million men as Italy does? She could do it only as Italy does, by grinding the people into the dust with oppressive taxation.

It is a fact that this country—about the size of California—has over 200,000 men under arms, with a reserve of 2,000,000 more. She also has a large and costly navy.

The Italian Government is much concerned at the enormous emigration. They try to stop it, but it can not be topped. The young men flee to avoid conscription. From the north last week there came news of the arrest of some chemists who were selling drugs which enabled young men to feign chronic maladies so skillfully as to avoid conscription. This is another symptom of the army ulcer which is eating into Italy.

Of course every one in America knows these things. We know them on paper. But there is nothing like seeing them. They had grown dim in my memory since I was last in Europe. But a glimpse of militarism revives my old impressions. Here it is hated and dreaded. The ambitious and energetic flee from it and go to other lands. Take the Germans in America as a type of this class. It is no wonder that the menace of militarism in our own country is rousing such distrust and hostility among our naturalized citizens of European birth. Republican leaders affect to believe that there is no danger to the Republican party from this feeling of fear. They should take heed. In Europe, militarism is a black and blighting shadow. Let it not fall across our republic's onward way.

ROME, April, 1900.

JEROME A. HART.

## FRANCE'S PRESIDENT.

Why MacMahon, Grévy, Carnot, Perier, and Faure Failed to Be Really Popular—Fictitious Splendor of the President's Position—Utter Effacement of the Ladies of the Elysée

Of the many recently published volumes dealing with the gay French capital—most of which are ephemeral and appeal only to exposition visitors—Katharine de Forest's "Paris as It Is: An Intimate Account of Its People, Its Home Life, and Its Places of Interest," is the most worthy of notice, for, in addition to its timely interest, it possesses a permanent value. Miss de Forest, whose fashion letters to the *Bazar* are familiar to women readers, tells us in her preface that she is an American who exiled herself from her country not by intention, for chance sent her to Paris and fetters of business kept her there. Her expatriation found comfort, however, in an unusual privilege of contact with many phases of French life, which, beholding with two pairs of eyes, she has sought to translate into philosophy. She adds that her hook is, perhaps, less a guide-hook than a dream-hook—written not so much to give information as to interpret the genius of Paris. Its facts are from inside, reliable, and in large part inaccessible sources.

Miss de Forest's first chapter is devoted to "The Charm of Paris," in which we learn that the secret of Parisian life is that "here they have established an equilibrium between effort and relaxation. Elsewhere men either burn themselves out or they vegetate." Next the writer introduces us to the Académie Française, and the other academies, the Comédie-Française, French homes, the men of letters, the restaurants, and the great shops.

From the second part, dealing with "The Chamber of Deputies," "The Elysée," and "In the Ministries," we quote the following extracts, in which Miss de Forest draws a striking contrast between the position occupied by the Presidents of the United States and France. She says:

The Frenchman does not excite himself over his presidential candidate, for the simple reason that he seldom has a candidate. The President of France is the representative of the people, but he is not elected by the people. He is chosen only by the two Chambers, and up to the very day he is sworn into office he has often never been heard of by the greater part of his compatriots. I remember the coming of Félix Faure. People had heard of a Sebastian Faure, an anarchist, and they said: "Who is this man Faure who has been made president? Is it the anarchist?" Then, once in office, the new president is nominally the head of the state, and yet he is not allowed to have a voice in anything that goes on. Even the few powers which the constitution gives him, such as those of dissolving or suspending the two Chambers, he dares not exercise for fear of being suspected of meditating a *coup d'état*. When he is elected he is generally a simple bourgeois, living in a plain, unostentatious fashion; and then the French love for traditional pomp forces him from one day to another to exhibit himself as the central figure in a *cortège* of officers, to drive in a state carriage with horses mounted by postilions in a livery which makes an American think of a circus-rider or a *torreador*, to give banquets to sovereigns, and to live in a palace. His relations to the people, I should say, are about as close as those of the president of a railroad to his passengers; and yet their instincts demand that he shall in some way correspond to their notions of a king. So there is no greater anomaly than the president; and his false position is always sure to be ridiculed by the changing, chaffing Parisian populace.

Miss de Forest says that no French president was ever really popular. Whatever position he takes appears to be always exactly the contrary of what he should have done:

Jules Grévy, for instance, was a politician and eloquent public speaker, whose remarkable good sense had a large share in the ruin of the empire and the founding of the republic. But as he succeeded MacMahon, who fell because he showed he was in favor of a monarchial restoration, Grévy judged that his own rôle ought to be purely representative, with no influence whatever upon the course of affairs. So he organized his household on a scale of most republican simplicity, like that of a simple citizen. This was precisely what was thrown in his face. He was called a *concierger* and a niggard, and was caricatured in shirt sleeves and a cotton nightcap.

Sadi Carnot, to avoid Grévy's mistakes, went to the other extreme:

He set up a *train de maison* which cost him each year nearly all his private income, and he multiplied his tours through the country, his receptions, his official visits. Then people began to reproach in him what they clamored for in Grévy. His caricatures represented him as an automaton with a dress-suit glued to his body, lifting his hat and bowing at regular intervals like a mechanical doll.

Félix Faure's ease of manner, and the tact with which he received the Russian emperor, the Parisians naturally pronounced the false elegance and pretentiousness of a *parvenu*:

If he had lived a little longer I am not at all sure that they would not have accused this simple business man, who was once a tanner, of being too much of an aristocrat. There has hardly been time to find in Emile Loubet exactly the opposite defects to those of his predecessors; but this will surely come. Has he not already been accused of lacking in decorum? He left a state procession to throw himself in the arms of his old mother at Montelimar.

If the position of the president is a contrast to ours, the inside life of the Elysée offers a still greater one:

Our President may be ceremonious or not as he pleases. It depends only on his former training. But the President of France is like a hapless fly caught by chance in a great spider's web of traditional ceremonies. All his walk of life is regulated by something called the *protocol*, which takes outward form in as many as eight or ten people, under a chief, M. Crozier, whose only business is to see that he and everybody around him conduct themselves according to rule. Nobody knows exactly why this degree of ceremony is kept up, and still less would any one know how to do away with it. When the president goes to a gala performance at the Opéra, or at the Comédie-Française, the director comes to meet him at the door with a torchlight in his hand, and escorts him to his box, exactly as in the days of royalty. This is written somewhere, in some old book of statutes, as one of the duties of a director of a state theatre. Who would have the authority to say at any particular day of any particular year that this old custom should come to an end? The president never appears officially to any person, or in any place, without having the details regulated by some such tradition which has passed into a rule.

Even his unofficial acts do not appear to an American to be exactly characterized by simplicity:

Take, for instance, President Faure's morning ride in the Bois, which he always took at eight o'clock in the morning. He was always attended by the member of his military household specially charged with the superior direction of his cavalry and his hunting. The president and the officer left the Elysée together, in the president's *coupé*, the "pioupiou" on guard saluting as they got into the carriage. They drove to the *Rond point des cavaliers* in the Bois, where was found the famous *pieux* Montjareret, with a groom holding the president's beautiful thoroughbred, and the director-general of the military cabinet of the Elysée. With this *cortège*, the president started out for his ride, a little in advance of the others, the groom hinging up the

rear on a thoroughbred which was a present from the Emperor of Morocco. Even if President Loubet goes out for a little stroll on the boulevards, he is always followed by detectives in plain clothes.

As French presidents when they enter office have always, like our own, reached an age when their habits are pretty well settled for life, they have never taken any more kindly than ours to this surveillance and to the pomp of courts, and consequently live lives whose two halves are paradoxes:

Félix Faure built in the grounds of his villa at Havre a little summer-house where he could peacefully smoke his pipe, out of reach of the *protocol*. He never occupied the state bedroom at the Elysée, but had fitted up for his own use, a room with a little iron bed with white curtains, and simple furniture such as you may see exposed at the Bon Marché. Neither did he write at the splendid Louis Fourteenth table, ornamented with exquisite brasses chiseled by Gouttière, which is shown in the public office of the president. He worked in a private room arranged like a business man's office, with a plain counting-house desk. Carnot also fitted up for himself a private suite of rooms, and Loubet is already following the example of his predecessors.

The French President has very few moments for the indulgence of his personal tastes:

The only time he has to himself is before nine o'clock in the morning. After that, the hour from nine to ten is devoted to the reading of his mail, which has been carefully sorted for him, and to the signing of documents. He does not make laws, but he makes decrees. He can decree, for instance, that the exposition of 1900 shall open on the 15th of April. The rest of his time is given up to the council meetings, the holding of audiences, the making of state visits, the giving of receptions, the visiting of hospitals, the opening of *salon* or exposition, the going in state to the races, or to some one of the thousand and one places which old monarchical traditions require the head of the state to solemnize with his presence. The same sort of thing must be kept up at night, for the hall of the Hôtel de Ville can not be opened without the president, nor the cadet's ball, nor any similar function. Strange importance is given to the representative rôle of a man whose part with his ministers is not more than that of mediator or peace-maker! The president who did not play this to his satisfaction resigned—Cassimier Perier. It goes without saying that this paradoxical ruler does not hold open receptions, like ours at the White House, where any citizen may walk in and shake hands with him. The *protocol* decides who shall be received by him when he is at home, on two mornings of the week. This privilege is granted to the ordinary mortal only if he write, a few days beforehand, to the director of the "civil cabinet," or to the "General Secretary of the Presidency."

In curious contrast to the fictitious splendor of the president's position is the utter effacement of the ladies of the Elysée. Says Miss de Forest:

I went to Paris just at the time when Mrs. Cleveland's youth and loveliness were reigning in our republican court at home, and a large part of the daily press was filled with details about her personality. We knew just how many buttons she wore on her glove, and whether the baby had a silver or a coral rattle. In France it was hard to understand why more was not said about Mme. Carnot, and this silence seemed still more inexplicable in the case of the next president's young daughter, Mlle. Lucie Faure. She had written a little book, an account of a journey in Italy she made with her father, and nobody had ever heard of it. At home it would have been in every house in the land. Officially, the women of a president's family do not exist. For that matter, nearly everything pertaining to the status of woman in France still rests legally upon traditions which had their rise in the attitude of the little Corsican toward women. On that point he was medieval.

Personally the feminine contingent of the Elysée must be rather glad that the constitution does not recognize them, for it lets the chief lady of the Elysée keep up her ordinary habits of life:

She can have her "day at home," and go out and come in like any of her friends. But as a wife with no official position, she can meet many of her husband's guests only through courtesy. This was especially noticeable when the Czar and Czarina visited Paris. In no way did the young empress show more her exquisite tact than in her attitude toward the wives of present and past presidents. She sent for Mme. and Mlle. Lucie Faure to come and see her, and the first thing she did after leaving the train, on the very day of her arrival, was to go and make a visit to the wife of France's murdered president, Mme. Carnot. She had been at her grandmother's, Queen Victoria, she said, when the terrible news of the assassination was received in England, and should never forget the grief of the entire court; and she made up her mind then that if she ever went to Paris the first thing she should do would be to express her sympathy to Mme. Carnot. This spontaneous bit of womanly feeling in a sovereign of the most ceremonious court in Europe, on an official visit, I think, a charming thing in history.

Miss de Forest makes it a rule to go to one hall at the Elysée in every administration. All these functions are exactly alike, except for the change in the chief figure-heads, and they are as characteristically anomalous as everything about the palace:

The *protocol* makes them, in many respects, of remarkable spectacular splendor in their appointments, while these serve as a background for the most motley collection of people that could be gathered together under one roof. The ranks of motionless guards that line the steps as you enter, in their statuesque impressiveness, might be the famous Swiss of the Tuileries. The *protocol* sees that you have the sensation of a presentation of some sort as you enter the president's presence, announced by a magnificent functionary wearing a glittering chain. He shouts your name half across a great empty room, in the centre of which stands the chief magistrate, wearing the broad red ribbon of Commander of the Legion of Honor, surrounded by the glittering uniforms of his military household, and the sparkling jewels and brilliant toilets of the ladies of the president's family and the wives of the ministers. The president does not shake hands, nor do any of those receiving with him. The *protocol* also makes the music and the flowers and the supper of due impressiveness, the official world is as splendid as at a court; and the rest is made up of the crushing, pushing ten thousand who keep the governmental machine in motion. You see extraordinary types. The men are all in evening-dress. "It were better to do without a bed in Paris than without a dress-coat," Guy de Maupassant made one of his characters say. But the women have no evening gowns. I shall never forget the one who looked as though she had been upholstered, or the occasion, in just such Utrecht velvet as was used formerly for furniture, while her ornaments were worsted tassels, such as decorate chairs, hanging from various parts of her person.

Among the interesting chapters of the third part may be mentioned "The Museum of Cluny," "The Little Museums," "Les Invalides," "The Mode," "The Studios," "Notre Dame," and "The Commerce of Art in Paris." The well-chosen illustrations, some four dozen in number, are taken from a Parisian publication, and include half-tones of dramatic and literary celebrities, famous buildings, and characteristic glimpses of typical home and street scenes.

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The English people think that the proposed new nine-penny coin will enable them to get the better of the French, who, it is assumed, will accept the coin as the equivalent of a franc. At present, when John Bull visits Paris, he frequently has to surrender a shilling in exchange for articles the value of which is a franc.



## DECEIVERS EVER.

The Sorry Justification of Miss Porter's Judgment.

It is all a mistake to suppose that good judgment and a level head are the outcome of experience. They are born, not acquired. The man of the world who has tried all things and held fast that which is bad, may go all to pieces over some Henrietta, through whose wiles the green boy from the country district would see in an instant. The capitalist and the bank president fall victim to quite as many bunco games as the farmer and the cowboy. And the same lack of rule holds good in the world of women. The blushing maiden from a French convent may be quite as able to take care of herself as the young woman who has absorbed modern fiction, seen men and manners of many sorts, and been given her own head in all things. It is a matter of common sense and intuition, and it all depends upon the girl.

But Miss Porter's father did not see that. He had theories to the contrary, and he believed in letting a girl from her earliest infancy see all she wanted of the world, that, having attained to maturity, she might be able to judge accurately for herself. It was a comfortable theory, moreover, and saved Judge Porter trouble. There were those—certain neighbors and friends of little Miss Porter's deceased mother—who would not admit that it was a theory at all. They said that Porter neglected his only child and let her run wild.

At the age of five, little Miss Porter was a *gourmet*; smoked her cigarettes with an air, and swore fluently. But at the age of twenty she was as innocent—if not as ignorant—as the aforesaid convent maiden is popularly supposed to be.

It was at this period that she met Calverley. He was English, and handsome, and agreeable. One of her not entirely unobjectionable girl friends had presented him, and after the custom of America, and more especially of the West, nothing further was necessary. If Miss Porter thought about it at all, she thought it would have been the height of folly and inhospitality to have asked further questions. She bad to manage all those little matters alone. Judge Porter believed that she was equal to it, by reason of his training; and besides, he had other things to attend to.

But by and by one of the aforesaid friends of her mother decided, after much prayer and fasting, that it was her obvious duty to warn Miss Porter, since there was no one else to do it. She trembled at the necessity. Once, in the days of Miss Porter's tender infancy, some other good advice had been met with a storm of bad language, at the mere memory of which the good lady had shuddered and shriveled ever since. But that had been long years before. Miss Porter's language was moderate now, not only moderate but slightly British, as appeared when she received her mother's friend and led her to a cozy corner and proceeded to brew tea.

The five-o'clock tea habit had never been very strong with Miss Porter. Doubtless it was another result of the influence of Calverley—who was just then in the library across the hall, smoking, and reading, and making himself entirely at home.

"I saw you at the theatre the other night," began the elder woman.

"Yes," said Miss Porter.

"Who was the man you were with?"

It was the scandal of Miss Porter's set—which was a good one in spite of all—that she did without chaperons upon most occasions. "I daresay it was Mr. Calverley," said Miss Porter. She knew it was, and so did the other.

"Calverley? Do I know him? What is the rest of his name?"

Miss Porter tried not to look proud as she spoke the sonorous syllables and emphasized the hyphen. "It was Giles Hartpole Clayton-Calverley," she said.

"Oh!" said her mother's friend; "and where is he from?"

He was from England, from London.

"Oh!" she said again; "and who is he?"

Miss Porter informed her that he was well connected—splendidly connected. She was a little vague, but that was because she could not keep all the names at her tongue's end.

How bad she met him? It was becoming decidedly cross-questioning, and Miss Porter raised her brows. There was the same look in the baby-blue eyes beneath them that had preceded the evil language years ago. But she was quite deadly civil now. "I met him through a friend. Were you at the dance last night?" she said.

"I'll tell you about that later. Tell me about Mr. Calverley first, dear. Are you perfectly sure about him? One has to be so careful of these Englishmen who are not properly accredited."

Miss Porter laughed—a haughty laugh. Not properly accredited, indeed! A friend of the prince, a relative of more or less half the peerage, on nick-name terms with all sorts of dukes, and lords, and things, a man of his perfectly apparent means! Not properly accredited, indeed! Her rebuke was terrible, though brief. She mentioned her own judgment and knowledge of the world, and her mother's friend withdrew, baffled yet doubting.

As she went she caught sight of Calverley in a big, leathern chair before the fire, smoking his briar pipe, and that night she told her husband about it. "What can John Porter be thinking of?" she demanded.

"His own troubles, perhaps," he suggested.

"The man is taking possession of the whole place."

Her husband dropped into poetry:

"His easy, unswept hearth he lends  
From Labrador to Guadaloupe;  
Till, elbow'd out by sloven friends,  
He camps, at sufferance, on the stoop."

"The Spanish is bad, but the sentiment's all there."

"Some one ought to put a stop to it."

"Don't you be the some one, then. Let her work out her

own—salvation. If she is in love with him, she'll do as she likes; if she isn't, it won't matter."

There was presently no doubt about her being in love with him. She was frank in most things, was Miss Porter. There was but one matter in which she could bring herself to dissemble, and only then because Calverley impressed the great necessity for it upon her. He explained that though he loved her to madness and must marry her, there were sometimes reasons which Americans could not understand why it was best for Englishmen who were friends of the prince, and so very well connected as he was, to keep their marriages secret for a time.

The girl from the French convent might have seen through that. But Miss Porter believed it. Any way, the notion of an elopement rather appealed to her Californian love of the picturesque. Upon the day set she went over across the bay with a light heart, and made her way to the sequestered spot where he was to meet her and take her to the church. He was not there. She waited, but he did not come.

At sunset she recrossed the bay alone, a sadder but not yet a wiser girl. Such was her judgment and knowledge of the world that she thought Calverley must have met with some horrible accident.

A note which she found at the house explained otherwise. It was all about circumstances over which he had no control, and sudden financial reverses, and how he should always love her and cherish her memory. Miss Porter believed it. And her heart was broken—really broken. She even went so far as to be desperately ill for six weeks. At the end of which time she came forth again, pale, subdued, and wilted, but with unshaken faith in Calverley.

The faith remained unshaken through long months of silence, a silence so profound that she thought it must be of the grave, and decided that he had probably killed himself. But one day that happened which filled her constant heart with hope once more.

"I say," a man said to her, casually, "I saw your friend, Clayton-Calverley, down south the other day."

Miss Porter turned white, after the most approved fashion of the shilling shocker, and clutched at her throat. The man very naturally wondered what the deuce he had gotten into any way, and explained, in answer to her hoarse entreaty, that he had been in Randsburg on business and had seen the Britisher in the street.

Miss Porter asked if he lived there.

"Give it up. I didn't speak to him and he didn't see me. Only he doesn't go by the name of Clayton-Calverley down there. They call him Myers."

There was the suspicion of a twitch about the corners of his mouth, but Miss Porter could not see that it was funny. She could readily understand why he had chosen to hide his identity. A name like Clayton-Calverley would naturally be unwieldy in a rough mining town.

Now, she was a young woman who had always done exactly as she pleased without asking any one's leave—frequently for the excellent reason that there was no one about of whom to ask it. Such was at present the case. Judge Porter was away, to be gone indefinitely. So she packed her own bag and bought her own ticket, and took that night's express for the south, and in due time the stage set her down in the town of Randsburg, where her appearance—although she was gowned with what had seemed shabby simplicity in San Francisco—caused considerable excitement and some little levity.

The hotel man was very civil, however, when she asked where she could find a man named Myers. He took her out into the street and pointed out a small, unpainted house some distance away. "That there's his shack," he told her, with a distinct note of inquiry in his voice, which she chose to ignore; "but he's on day shift, and he won't come up until six o'clock."

So she went to her room and threw herself on the bunk and waited until six o'clock. It began to be borne in upon her that she had done a decidedly bold thing even for her, and the way out of it was not altogether apparent. But then Calverley would show her that; and at six o'clock she went in search of him.

It was very much of a shock indeed, his place of abode. Her soul yearned toward him, that she should have lived in luxury all these months, the while his fortunes had been so low as this. It was also a very untidy woman who opened the shaky door in answer to her not too confident knock; an untidy woman and weary-looking, but pretty withal, and young. And the two children who clung to her skirt were pretty, also. There was a third child. It was sitting on Calverley's knee before a red-covered supper-table, and Calverley was feeding it something. He sat with the spoon poised, and a blank look in his eyes.

A terrible misgiving took hold of Miss Porter. With most women it would have been a certainty. "Giles!" she wailed, losing all presence of mind.

But he kept his. It was not the first trying situation he had lived through, though it was, perhaps, the most so. He rose from his chair and spilled the child. His voice rose above its injured howl. "Miss Porter!" he exclaimed. "How charming! How unexpected! Let me present my wife—Mrs. Myers, Miss Porter."

She tried hard to take it well, to accept her cue from him and turn the tragedy of her life into a society skit after the manner of women and of the day. But she failed. When she opened her mouth to speak, no words would come, and she fell forward into Mrs. Myers's arms.

Mrs. Myers was very kind to her. She took her back to the hotel and stopped there with her that night. "You should not be here all alone," she said, in her sweet, English voice. And when the girl started to sobbingly explain, she checked her. "I understand," she said; "you need not tell me. He had sold a claim well and he went away to have a 'good time.'" She looked at Miss Porter with a wistful sort of pity and admiration. "And I dare say," she added, "that he had it."

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1900.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

News comes from England that Stephen Crane is dying of consumption, hastened in its progress by the fever he caught while war-correspondent in Cuba.

Count Elemer Lonyay will be unable to take his bride, the Crown Princess Stepanie, to his home after the honeymoon, as his castle at Bodwag Olaszi has just been burned down.

The latest accounts from Samoa state that Malietoa, who was declared to be King of Samoa by Chief Justice Chambers, has asked for a European education. His request was forwarded by Consul-General Osborn, now at Apia, to Secretary of State Hay, who has approved it, and has suggested in a note to Germany and Great Britain that the three powers pay the expenses of the young man while he attends a school in Europe.

At a recent dinner in London, the Prince of Wales inaugurated a custom which may become popular at large public dinners where the guests are so numerous that they can scarcely recognize each other. With his coffee and cigars the prince's special attendant brought him a huge pair of field-glasses, with which he carefully scrutinized the long tables and the galaxy of bejeweled women who filled the balconies in order to hear the speeches.

Charles A. Towne, Populist candidate for Vice-President, was born November 21, 1858, in Oakland County, Mich. He is a graduate of the University of Michigan and was admitted to the bar in 1886. He moved to Duluth, Minn., in 1890. He took an active part in all the political campaigns of Michigan after 1876. He was first a candidate for office when he was elected to the Fifty-Fourth Congress as a Republican. He became a Free Silver Republican in 1896 and supported Bryan. He was defeated for reelection to Congress in 1896 and in 1898.

The jury in the Paris Salon of 1900 has awarded the first medal to M. D. Despradelles, of Boston, professor of architecture and design at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The subject of M. Despradelles's design is of especial interest to Americans, being a monument "dedicated to the glory of the American nation," and it is said to be of a grandeur of conception and of a daring in execution almost unparalleled. Its title, "The Beacon of Progress," indicates the character of the composition, the height of which is designed to be fifteen hundred feet. The award of the first medal crowns a labor of almost six years.

Muzzaffer-ed-Din Mirza, the Shah of Persia, who is making a tour of Europe, will arrive in London about July 2d, and is to be the guest of the queen at Buckingham Palace. Many stories are told of his predecessor's memorable stay in England. While on a visit to Newgate prison, he expressed a desire to see an execution. He was courteously informed that at that time there was no one under sentence. The Shah swept away these trifling objections with a wave of his hand. "Take one of my suite," said he; "any one will do." And he was woefully disappointed because the officials on the spot declined to comply with his request.

According to the London *Sketch*, the wonderful adaptability of American women was never better shown than in the case of the Duchess of Marlborough, who blossomed from a New York *ingenue* into one of the loveliest and most dignified wearers of the strawberry-leaves, and that, of course, without serving the kind of apprenticeship which falls to the lot of all English girls born into the high nobility. The duchess is quite devoted to her two little sons, of whom the eldest, Lord Blandford, will be three years old next September; he is a fine little fellow, and will, it is estimated, be one day the richest peer in the United Kingdom. He is the only British-born child who has the Prince of Wales for one godfather and an American millionaire for the other. Lord Ivor Charles Churchill is a year younger than Lord Blandford, and no prettier sight can be seen round Woodstock than the young duchess driving her pony-cart and accompanied by her two boys.

All London has been laughing over Mark Twain's witty speech at the recent Royal Literary Fund banquet. In concluding, he remarked: "I am now on my way to my own country to run for the Presidency, because there are not yet enough candidates in the field, and those who have entered are too much hampered by their own principles which were prejudices. I propose to go there to purify the political atmosphere. I am in favor of everything everybody is in favor of. What you should do is to satisfy the whole nation, not half of it, for then you would be only half a President. There could not be a broader platform than mine. I am in favor of anything and everything—of temperance and intemperance, morality and qualified immorality, gold standard and free silver. I have tried all sorts of things, and that is why I want to try the great position of ruler of a country. I have been editor, publisher, author, lawyer, burglar. I have worked my way up, and wish to do so."

Secretary Long has written a letter to Captain F. E. Chadwick, reprimanding him for his criticisms of Rear-Admiral Schley. After a careful study of the navy regulations the department officials were convinced that it was no offense against naval discipline for an officer to criticize another officer in a private conversation with a friend. The fact that the remarks of Captain Chadwick were published, however, made it necessary for the department to take some action, and in the interest of discipline the letter of reprimand has been written. The department takes the ground that there were extenuating circumstances in Captain Chadwick's case which forbid the employment of harsher measures. He acknowledged having made, in substance, the remarks attributed to him in the published interview, but denied that they were intended for publication. This explanation was accepted by the Secretary of the Navy. No further action will be taken in the case.



## AMONG FILIPINO SAVAGES.

How Lieutenant James C. Gillmore and His Men were Ambushed and Captured at Baler—Long Months of Captivity—Their Miraculous Rescue by Colonel Hare.

Among the many adventures of the brave men of Uncle Sam's army and navy during the Spanish war and the insurrection in the Philippines, none, perhaps, is more thrilling than that experienced by Lieutenant James C. Gillmore, U. S. A., of the *Yorktown*, and his boat's crew who fell into a Filipino ambush a year ago, and were either captured or killed. The tale is told in a most entertaining manner by Lieutenant Gillmore himself in a recent issue of *Collier's Weekly*.

The object of the expedition from the *Yorktown*, Lieutenant Gillmore tells us, was to land an officer and a man so they could make a reconnaissance to locate the church at Baler, in which were besieged, by the *insurrectos*, a force of Spaniards consisting of about fifty people. He adds:

"The commanding officer of the *Yorktown*, on April 11, 1899, sent for me and said he wished me to take charge of a boat the following morning, to land this officer and man, and then to protect them, if necessary, by a display of force. These men were to be landed at a small cove to the eastward of the river running past the town of Baler. The commanding officer directed me not to land, but to ascertain the depth of the river at its mouth, and, if necessary, to make a demonstration to throw the *insurrectos* off the track of the two men. About four-twenty in the morning I left the ship with the second cutter—the officer and man as passengers. The boat was armed with a Colt automatic in the bow, and the crew had their rifles, and belts filled with ammunition. We pulled in under muffled oars, in the darkness, and landed the officer and man in the cove. After we pulled out of the cove for the river's mouth I discovered that a sentry at one of the numerous stations on the beach had detected us. I was afraid that he had also probably seen us landing the officer and man; so in order to let them think that I had been searching for the mouth of the river, I pulled into the river for about one thousand yards, taking soundings and making a rough sketch of the stream. I knew that we would have to sustain the fire of the *insurrectos* coming out, but trusted to the bow gun to disarrange their aim, which at best is not good. I was also of the opinion that this would serve to put them off the track of the men landed. The left bank of the river was covered with high marsh grass in swamp land, and I was under the impression that no outposts could be there. The right bank was steep and covered with jungle, and from observation I judged that the *insurrectos* had only their stations on the left bank of the river. As we neared the end of the swamp grass, and as I was just about to give the order to return, we rounded a bend and came full on an outpost, who hailed us and fired a shot. Before I could answer the hail, a volley was fired at us at close range—about fifty yards."

The effect of this volley was terrible:

"Two men were killed instantly, the brains of one being scattered over the boat and crew. Another man had the fingers cut off his left hand, but still kept bravely to his post at the starboard stroke-oar. The starboard oars were riddled and most of them shattered. The boat was pierced by the Remington balls and made water fast. As soon as possible, after recovering from the first shock, we opened fire with Colt and rifles. The ambush was so complete that we could not see at what to fire, not even the smoke. The second volley threw the Colt out of action by shattering the box and cutting the loading tape. The order was given to back oars, but as only very few could be used, the tide drifted us in on a sand-bank. Three of the men bravely jumped over to swim the boat out, but did not succeed, the tide setting us in. The volleys were now poured in on us from the left bank in quick succession, mortally wounding two men and seriously wounding three others, and myself slightly. At this time I was under the impression that most of the crew were either wounded or killed, as the bodies of the men who were killed and mortally wounded had fallen on the slighter men in the boat, in the bottom of which they were struggling. The boat was covered with blood, presenting a fearful sight. The cries of the mortally wounded, asking me to shoot them and not allow them to fall into the hands of the savages, were heartrending. At the same time there could be seen coming down the right bank a band of savages—*bolo* and spear men—with a few Remington rifles. I then gave the order to hoist the white flag. This was done by one of the men, who received a ball through the wrist and dropped the flag.

"The firing from the enemy now came faster and I thought they intended to massacre us, so continued our fire. We were now bailed in Spanish from the left bank by an officer, saying that if we did not cease firing and surrender he would murder us all."

It was then that Lieutenant Gillmore finally surrendered: "The savages on the right bank came up, took us out of the boat, robbed us, tied our arms behind our backs with bamboo thongs, and lined us up on the beach to be shot. I protested against being shot with my arms tied, and this altercation, which lasted about five minutes, probably saved our lives. They loaded their rifles and were all ready, when a Tagalog officer came out of the hush and ordered otherwise. We were then sent aboard the boat, and, after stopping up the holes made by the rifle-balls and pulling the boat out, proceeded up the river. I now found that of my crew of fourteen men two were killed, two were mortally wounded and helpless, and three were seriously wounded. We pulled up the river some distance—probably a quarter of a mile—when our guards ran the boat into shore, made us disembark, and started to march us inland to the town of Baler. We wished to take the bodies of the dead out of the boat, but were not allowed to do so. The bodies of the two mortally wounded men were allowed to take out of the boat, place in the shade, and make them as comfortable as possible. The officer assured me that he would send down medical attendance to them, but in my opinion no medical attendance would have saved them, as they were dying as we left. We were allowed to carry the seriously wounded along with us, and we then marched to the *commandante's* office and underwent examination. After this examination, we marched about two miles inland, through dense woods, to a bamboo church, where we were placed under strict guard."

The next day orders from Aguinaldo came for them to march to the rebel capital, San Isidro. Leaving the seriously wounded behind, they began a long and weary march into the interior over a country broken with mountains and unbridged streams and over roads deep with mud. Their guards were bow-and-arrow and spear men, commanded by a Tagalog corporal. Lieutenant Gillmore tells the story of that march, stage by stage, reciting how at times the party camped in the open in rain-storms and cold, or were met with threats and inhospitality in towns; and how, also, in some towns they were well fed and well treated by order of the town *presidentes*. The party remained nine days at San Isidro, and then as American forces were pushing forward, they were ordered to the northward in company with about one hundred Spanish prisoners, gathering up more Spanish prisoners on the way, until there were about seven hundred of them. The marching was continued with various features until the party arrived at Vigan, on June 5th:

"Here I was informed that General Tiño had intended to execute all the American prisoners; but the *presidente* of the town interceding for us, the general had changed his mind. He, however, issued strict orders that no one should help us, or communicate with us, and he then placed us *incommunicado*—the men being placed in one cell by

themselves, and I being placed in the upper story of the jail with the jailer's family. Here, owing to the poor food, and our allowances being cut down to ten cents (Mexican money) for the men and twenty cents for myself, and want of exercise, most of us became ill with the prevalent disease of the country, some having to be sent to the hospital. I wrote several letters to the *presidente* and also to General Tiño, to allow us exercise in order to keep the men in health. I also requested them to allow me books, so that I could occupy myself in some way. None of these requests were granted. Here we remained in strict confinement until September 5th, when we were hurriedly sent off to Benguet, in the Province of Abra. At this place we were kept at first, for about six weeks, in strict confinement, but afterward were allowed the liberty of the town, as were the Spaniards, which greatly improved our health, being now able to take exercise. This continued until General Tiño arrived in town, when he placed us all in strict confinement again, and on December 3th, when our troops took San Quentin Pass and routed his army, he hurriedly marched us, under a strong guard, for the mountains in the north."

Colonel Hare and Lieutenant-Colonel Howze, at this time, with a body of picked troops of their commands, were close in pursuit of Lieutenant Gillmore and his men, but the prisoners did not know it. The writer continues:

"We, however, hoping that some of our troops would be in pursuit, left all the signs we could on the fences, boulders, and trees along the route. This march was the most severe one that we had to undergo. We traveled at night, by torch-light, through water-grass up to our waists, through jungles where we had to cut our paths at times, and canyons, with very little to eat but rice, and at times a small quantity of pork. At this time we were allowed pack-horses to carry the effects of the party, and I was allowed a pony, which I used to ford the different mountain streams. The country, however, became so rough that we could not drive our horses further—hence the Tagalog lieutenant in charge of the party had to abandon his. We then killed the horses for food, as we had not had meat to eat for several days. We then started for the real climbing of the mountains, which are anywhere from three to five thousand feet in this portion of the island. After having gone over two or three mountain ranges, we came to the source of a large river, and, being rafted across, camped for the night about three miles below the mouth. Here the Tagalog lieutenant came to me, and, through an interpreter, informed me that he had orders from General Tiño to execute us. After hesitating for about a minute, he told me that his conscience would not permit him to do so, but that he would abandon us in the mountains. As we were then among the savage tribes of the island, whose hand is against every man's, I told him it would be better for him to execute us rather than leave us to be killed by the savages, or to starve to death, as we had been starving for four days at that time. He said he could not do so. I then requested him to give me two rifles and ammunition, by means of which we could protect the party from the savages. He refused, and went off with his men, leaving us alone on the river's bank."

They then kept strict guard that night in their camp against the savages, and in the morning followed the trail of their former guard down the river for about three miles:

"When we arrived on the bank of the river, we saw in the distance the savages with their war-bonnets and their shields. There was a big open space here, covered with large stones very much like cobblestones, and here we camped, judging that if we had to fight the savages we would fight them with these stones, try to disarm them, and then fight them with their own weapons. I divided the party into halves, sending ten men across the river to get bamboo to make rafts, as it was my intention to raft the party down the river. The savages, on finding that we did not intend to fight them, allowed three of their number to come, without arms, toward us. We made friends with them, and they assisted us in building seven rafts. We required three more, and the savages assured us that they would come round early in the morning and build them for us. However, the next morning, they showed warlike signs, and we were expecting to be attacked that day, when to our joy and surprise Colonel Hare and his party rescued us. This was in the early morning of December 18th."

This march of Colonel Hare's is really unprecedented; "for," says Lieutenant Gillmore, "how he, with his brave men, loaded down as they were with ammunition and rifles, could have gone over the trail that we did I can not understand."

"Colonel Hare concluded to build rafts and raft down the river to the sea; and, after going to a village further down the river, we spent the day in building rafts—building thirty-seven in all. These rafts were simply used to carry the weak and sick, and also to assist the main body of troops in crossing the river at the different points. The river was full of rapids, and the rafting through these rapids was difficult and dangerous in the extreme. There were many gallant rescues made from drowning, and one never knew in the morning whether he would be alive at night. After fifteen days of this arduous travel, being obliged to live off the country, as Colonel Hare's party had exhausted their supplies, we arrived at Arbaque, a town of considerable size at the mouth of this river. Here we were in a sorry state as we came into the town. About half the command were really incapacitated for walking, their feet being very much swollen from the hard road over which they had traveled without shoes. Some of the men were nearly naked, and when the natives saw us they remarked that 'the Americans must be men of iron.' They had never believed that any body of men could march across mountains, through the savage country, and reach the sea alive."

Here their troubles ended, as the gunboat *Princeton* was at Aparri, only ten miles off, and had stores of food for them. They then marched across to Aparri, took the transport, and arrived at Manila, where they were turned over to General Otis and then to their separate organizations.

Rome, which after 2,654 birthdays can almost lay claim to take rank with Old Father Time himself, has this year been rendering her own birthday especially imposing by the revival of the "Ludi Seculares" (Feast of the Century), which the ancient Romans celebrated on the passage from one century to another. A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* says the two *fiets* were combined, and the function of Saturday morning, April 21st, was really magnificent, as, in the presence of the king and queen, authorities, students, and many people, the Forum and Palatine rang, as it did twenty centuries ago, with the sonorous beauty of Horace's "Carmen Seculare" and his invocation to "Alme Sol." This song was composed under Augustus, as Horace was appointed by him to write the hymn for the great national feast, and the "Carmen Seculare" has since had no equal. So great is Italian reverence for this song that no musician could be found to set it to music, neither Verdi nor Puccini, Mascagni nor Perosi; so that at this morning's ceremony there was no singing, but, what was better, a clear utterance of those immortal words. The birthday of Rome is always interesting, reviving, as it does, the legend of her foundation, and it may not be here out of place to say that the supposition of most people that the word *Roma* comes from *Romulus* is wrong. The truth is *Romulus* comes from *Roma*. The original colony was called by its neighbors *Roma*, from *Rumon*, river, meaning "the town of the river," and its head, or leader, was given the name of *Romulus*, "the man of the town of the river." So that, after all, *Romulus* did exist, though *Remus* is still to be accounted for.

## LONDON'S SOCIETY PROBLEM.

Prospects of the Coming Season—Absence of Smart Young Men—Quality Lacking, not Numbers—The Anglo-American Alliance Faded Seriously Injured.

The London season this year—what will it be? Nobody knows just exactly what to say, though everybody shakes his (or her) head when you ask the question. Though decidedly indefinite, the answer is pretty clear. It will not be up to much. I do not mean to say that there will not be plenty of people to make it. Society (and the swim of it) is pretty much like the streets. From the look of it, and them, you would never know there was a big war going on. The men at the balls, like the men in the street, will show no diminution. Two hundred thousand men out of all England does not count for much after all when you come to think of it. Especially when you remember that the population of London alone is over four millions—not all men, it is true. And yet, that two hundred thousand contains the cream of that society which makes the London season every year. Drawn from every county in the kingdom, and representative of each, from Yorkshire to Cornwall, they are for the three months from May to August as much Londoners as the veriest cockneys who live for the whole twelve within sound of Bow bells.

Well, London this season will be without its cream. What the Household Cavalry Brigade, and the Guards, and the cavalry and infantry of the line, and the horse and field artillery have not taken away, the Imperial Yeomanry have. All the smart young men in England are in the yeomanry. The fellows you see now in St. James's Street and in the windows of Pall Mall and Piccadilly Clubs are only second cut. The first-chop chaps are out at the front under Roberts, clad in khaki, instead of tight frock-coats and tall shiny hats, and sleeping on the veldt instead of lolling in club smoking-rooms and West End boudoirs, and storming kopjes instead of leading cotillions and attacking supper tables. And be sure that the girls recognize and appreciate the difference. The chaps at home are beginning to feel it. I do not envy them. They are not having near such a good time as people suppose. The fact is that Englishwomen, like women the world over, prefer fighting men to non-combatants, no matter how necessary the latter may be. No doubt about it, the fellows at home this year will not fill the blanks of the fellows who are away. And then, think of the families who mourn the loss of cherished members, cut down in the vigor and beauty of young manhood by the Boers' bullets and the dread diseases of the South African climate. With such conditions against it, how can the season be a season at all? The wonder is that one is being attempted.

Still, one hears of entertainments on all hands. Of course there will be the usual drawing-rooms and levees and state balls. The Prince of Wales is to the fore. And the Duke of York, too. The royal family will be in evidence, as usual. And Lady Randolph Churchill has come home. And the Duke of Manchester has returned from his short-lived journalistic career in New York and taken a house near Windsor. And loads of other swells have come up to town. Parliament is in session, too. There is the usual betting on the Derby, though Sir Redvers Buller will not be back in time for it, as he thought when he sailed away last October. Poor Buller! He is not nearly such a big man as he was then. He has been one of the failures of the war, disguise the fact as his friends try to do. And Lord Methuen, the beau-ideal of the London guardsman, is another. Both of these field-day-review warriors have found that South Africa is not either the Aldershot Hills or Salisbury Plain. The methods there employed against an imaginary foe would not do against the mobile Boers.

Then, again: the advance to the Boer capital and the thought of it must be another dampener to the season. How can people be gay with it going on? However, one never knows in these days what to expect with any degree of certainty. It is possible that it might turn out to be the gayest season on record. You see there are such a lot of new people in society now, with more money than anything else, that you can not judge or gauge anything by the old methods controlling the proprieties and decencies of life. If a set of money-lenders, and furniture-makers, and brewers, and steamship-owners, and soap-boilers had daughters they wanted to marry to penniless earls and dukes, they (and their wives) could easily boom the season into a success. It would be merely a question of money, and with houses in Park Lane and Grosvenor Square, and all the other swell residential quarters of the West End to spend it lavishly in, they would experience no difficulty in finding guests. People will go where they are well fed and get first-class wine to drink. Do not think the war is going to interfere with good eating and drinking, especially when it is to be got free. It is, perhaps, a low estimate to put upon London society, but I am afraid it is one that is only too true. If you want a title for your daughter in these days, Mr. Newly Rich, Mr. Parvenu, Mr. Ex-Trade, or whatever name else people call you by, you must feed him up to the proposing point.

People in England are beginning to see through the transparency of the Anglo-American (so-called) alliance. That is to say, the few who ever thought there was anything in the idea. The majority of Englishmen, I take it, never regarded the plan at all seriously, any more than did the majority of Americans. On this side its delusions were hugged, for the most part, by some hysterical women and excitable men, added to a few chaps who saw business gains as the result; while on the other side the hopes that fed the desire to see the Stars and Stripes forever entwined with the Union Jack sprang eternal in the breasts of a body of anglomaniacs. But the late tone of the American press has successfully pricked the bubble, and people know just where they are.

LONDON, May 4, 1900.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Mated with Disappointment and Sorrow.

There are many admirers of the genius of Blanche Willis Howard who will read this second volume published since her death, "The Garden of Eden," and lay it down with a feeling deeper than mere regret. It is a morbid study, bitter and disappointing—a theme that is not worthy of the art that molded it. Coming so quickly after her vivid, beautiful, and inspiring story, "Dionysius the Weaver's Heart's Dearest," a comparison is inevitable, and the contrast is so strong that even the pathos of the later book, its most artistic value, will not win praise.

The girl whose sorrowful love-affairs make the burden of the story is an attractive creature, in spite of her propensity for giving her heart where she could not give her hand. The author could draw a charming woman, and Monica Randolph wins a sympathy that she can not hold. Her first entanglement is with an unhappily married young physician, and when her mother sends her to Europe to cure her of this infatuation, she passes by many new admirers to find an affinity in another physician, a little older and more sedate, but also chained to a uosympathetic wife. In fact, there is little but disappointed love and unhappy marriages to be found among the moving elements of the novel. One poor, half-crazed German professor shoots himself because his passion for Monica wins no return, and though this episode is forbidding, it is scarcely more sombre than the picture that is offered at the conclusion.

Some bits of quiet humor, some description in fresh colors, some rare philosophy and real feeling are to be found in the story, for the author of "Guen" and "One Summer" never failed of charm when her mood was not a gloomy one, but, as a whole, the book adds nothing to the reputation she had won during her short life. It will not be remembered with her earlier works.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Stories of Love and War.

Six stories make up Egerton Castle's latest volume, "Marshfield, the Observer," and the author entitles them "studies of character and action," but they are interesting stories, well told—almost too well told for the plan of their presentation—nearly all in the first person. The first describes a fascinating man of the world, the hero of many adventures in court and field, who finds, after years of search, the lost sweetheart of his youth in the wife of an archbishop. In the presence of the wedded pair and their two guests he speaks of the idyl of those earlier days, and his quest, and ends with the declaration that when the woman is found and he looks in her eyes and says "come," she will forsake all ties and follow him. Then he goes out and the woman puts on her cloak and follows him. In the second story the pair are husband and wife after years of waiting, though not in loneliness, for the archbishop's death, and a strange duel in a French castle results from a chance meeting with old friends.

The story of a Spanish officer's youthful crime, the unjust punishment of an innocent comrade, and the terrors of undying remorse, is the third of the observer's recitals, and then follows a romance of Scotland, in which a wild Highlander breaks into a cottage and carries away a Lowland lassie, and wins her love after he has forced her to marry him. The last and longest of the stories narrates the adventures of a young Austrian officer during the Hungarian home-rule war of 1849, and these are more convincingly real than any of the strange events pictured in the preceding pages.

The tales are notable in plot and execution, and even without the slight thread connecting four of them, will stick in the memory. The author is at his best in these brief episodes of love and war, and strikes a false note only now and then in his too obviously artificial introductions.

Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

## The First Expansion of the American Colonies.

Romance that is history, and the accomplished facts of territorial expansion that came from outside forces, make up "The Northwest Under Three Flags," by Charles Moore, a solid volume of four hundred pages, handsomely illustrated. The author has done his work with skill, for in spite of its thoroughness, its wealth of incident, its patient righting of many misapprehensions, it is easy reading.

From the days of Jacques Cartier, Champlain, Etienne, Brulé, and Nicolet, the progress of events is graphically described, and the remote and hidden springs of action laid bare, with the results that followed. The century that passed after France had established her trade from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, and before England took up the quarrel opened by the colony of Virginia, is rich with chronicles of explorers and hunters of men. When "picturesque, romantic, extravagant, squalid New France" disappeared from the map, and England attempted to keep her own subjects from settling and civilizing the North-West, the records became tinged with a deeper red. Statesmanship that at first recognized the value of this empire from across the sea, now approached its borders. So far as this

nation dealt with the mighty question, the story is outlined by the historian in this striking paragraph:

"The makers of the republic were also the makers of the North-West. In its defense Washington first learned the art of war; Franklin realized its possibilities, and interested himself in its development; Patrick Henry planned with George Rogers Clark for its conquest; John Jay and Franklin and John Adams drew about it the lines of the United States; Thomas Jefferson bestowed upon it the inestimable boon of freedom; Washington's chief of engineers led its first settlers; and 'Mad Anthony' Wayne subdued its savage inhabitants and received the surrender of its frontier posts."

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.50.

## A Novel of English Home Life.

A thoroughly wholesome novel, of simple joys and tenderness, with no dark shadows or repelling influences, is "Life's Trivial Round," by Rosa Nouchette Carey. It is in no regard a contrast to any that have preceded it from this writer's pen, but it is none the less pleasing. The scene is a quiet English home, and the figures that move in its pages are worthy of their surroundings, if they are not distinctly winning under all circumstances. The happiness that comes to two unselfish women, whose interests are bound up in the lives of those around them, is pictured with delicacy and truth, and though others seemingly less deserving have rich rewards, the ends of poetic justice are not defeated.

It is a woman's story throughout, for only two of the three men in it are often on the stage, but the women are worth knowing. Hope Mostyn is the winning central figure, and when the grave and gifted Oxford don succeeds in overcoming her maidenly shyness, they make a handsome pair. Brenda Ashton, whose romance finds sweetness after years of waiting and sacrifice, is another figure of strength and beauty. All is sunshine at the end, as it should be, and the summer only just begun.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

## Idealism and Materialism in Natural Philosophy.

A second edition, revised and enlarged, of Professor Karl Pearson's important work, "The Grammar of Science," has been brought out, and its five hundred pages are filled with clear statements of modern positions. The book is intended as a criticism of the fundamental concepts of science, put in popular language, and its success is proof that the plan of the author has been well carried out. Its divisions are under such heads as "Cause and Effect," "Space and Time," "The Geometry of Motion," "Matter," "Life," and "Evolution." There are numerous explanatory figures and diagrams, and the index is complete.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

James Lane Allen has changed the title of his new novel, "The Hemphrecker," to "The Increasing Purpose." June 1st is the date set for its publication.

A romance by the late author of "Looking Backward" has just been discovered, and is about to be published. Twenty years ago, at the request of a friend who ran a village paper in the Berkshires, Mr. Bellamy wrote a serial called "The Duke of Stockbridge," an historical romance, based upon Shay's Rebellion. Immediately afterward, while waiting to put this story into book-form, he began "Looking Backward." So it was that "The Duke of Stockbridge" lay practically forgotten, although Mr. Bellamy more than once began to prepare it for final publication.

Mrs. Henry Dudeney, whose recent novel, "Folly Corner," is attracting much attention, has just completed a new long novel to appear in the fall.

The new novel by H. G. Wells is entitled "Love and Mr. Lewisham," and it is said that Henry James, W. E. Henley, and others have read it in manuscript and speak of it in the highest terms of praise.

The net value of the estate of the late John Ruskin has been sworn to at \$51,500. He inherited \$1,000,000 from his father in 1854, but distributed his fortune fifteen years ago, retelling for himself only sufficient capital to yield him \$5 a day. Mr. Ruskin bequeaths all his unpublished matter to Johanna Severo and Professor C. E. Norton, of Cambridge, Mass. He revokes, by a codicil to his will, a bequest to the Bodleian Library of books, portraits, and drawings by himself and Turner.

A long and elaborate story is almost completed by Marie Corelli, which will be entitled "The Master Christian."

Winston Churchill's account of his South African experiences are to be published in book-form under the title of "London to Ladysmith, via Pretoria." Later, he will write a history of the South African War.

R. V. Risle, the author of the collection of sketches known as "Men's Tragedies," has been bringing out a novel under the title of "The Sledge," and intends to follow it with two other stories, to be called "The Anvil" and "The Candle." He explains his title thus: "All strong

men have one or more of three qualities—the candle, the sledge, and the anvil. Some men illuminate. They are beacons. Their minds see ahead, beyond, around the ideals. They understand. They flare, and rout the shadows in the valleys, and their reflection is on the mountain tops. Some men are force. They heave and smite and bang their will on the world. They dare. They are not mental cowards. Their self is powerful. And some men are anvils. They bear. The world may batter them how it will, but they endure. They are true to their levels. A strong man has at least one of these qualities. A powerful man has two. A great man has all three."

Henry K. Webster, who it may be remembered collaborated with Samuel T. Merwin in "The Short-Line War," is about to present a novel of Chicago financial life through the Macmillan Company. It will be called "The Banker and the Bear," being the story of a "corner in lard."

"The Minister's Guest," a novel from the pen of a new English writer, Isabel Smith, is promised shortly by D. Appleton & Co.

Thomas Nelson Page is going to be his own dramatist, and is now engaged on a stage version of his novel, "Red Rock," which has reached a sale of nearly one hundred thousand copies.

Ruth McEnery Stuart is writing the last chapters of a novel of Southern life on which she has been engaged for several years. The work will probably make its first appearance as a magazine serial.

Amelia E. Barr has written a new novel called "The Maid of Maiden Lae," which will introduce again some of the characters used in "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

After airing her views on Italian politics through the medium of a novel, "Ouida" has written a book of essays which contains estimates of important personages from Joseph Chamberlain to Marion Crawford.

"The Seafarers," a new novel by J. Bloundelle-Burton, author of "The Day of Adversity," has just been brought out by D. Appleton & Co.

The original autograph manuscript of Gray's "Elegy" has just passed into the possession of Eton College. On two occasions it had been knocked down to the highest bidder at Sotheby's auction rooms, London. At the dispersal of the Gray collection in 1854 the "Elegy" went for one hundred and thirty-one pounds, which was regarded at that time as an abnormally high price; yet in May, 1875, it was acquired at the same place by the late Sir William Fraser for two hundred and thirty pounds, who generously bequeathed it to Eton College.

## Decline of the Memoir.

The London *Spectator* laments the "Decline of the Memoir"—not the amount of biography, which is greater than ever, but the art of the biographer. It says:

"The memoir has become too common and too careless, and all grievances culminate in the great complaint that it is rarely literature. For literature involves distinction, conscience, and a nice discrimination. Its bounds are very wide, but for that reason its limits, when they appear, are impassable. There is all the difference in the world between the gossip of Pepys and a Boswell and the chatter of the hack journalist. In the case of men who have filled a great place, there may be an historical interest apart from the artistic. It may be valuable for the future student to know where Metternich or Bismarck dined on some particular night, though the dinner itself was dull. But such cases must be the exceptions; with the common celebrity we want a direct human interest. We would not for the world miss one of Johnson's comments or Pepys's confessions. When the little secretary to the admiralty chronicles his repentances and his peccadilloes, the humors of Lady Castlemaine, the excellence of his wife's pasties, and the glories of his 'new summer black bombazoe'; when Swift talks of Sir Patrick and Lady Masham's children, and the dinners at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's; when Horace Walpole draws his acid, unforgettable portraits of the men and women he knew; when Boswell builds up from scattered anecdotes and broken conversations the most complete figure of a man in English letters—then we know the value of the 'little things' which are the foundation of a memoir. But the detail must be illustrative of character, that illuminating commonplace which can not be overvalued, or it must be in itself a contribution to the gayety or edification of the world. Greville gives us the stock-pot of history; Mr. Froude's memoir of Carlyle, with all its faults, has a profound psychological interest; while Sir Algernon West—to descend to lesser instances—has a keen eye for humor and the proper manner. These are instances of detail which is justified; but how often is all justification absent? The shoals of biographies of dull, pompous, priggish people, which have no possible historical interest, and none of the savor of wit, books without form or true matter, sandy deserts of infinite triviality—what is to be said of them? Even when the subject is all that can be desired and the author capable, the modern custom of haste leaves the work crude and incomplete. Now and then the perfect memoir, such as Sir Henry Cunningham's sketch of Lord Bowen, arises to point the contrast; but for the rest, we have our church dignitaries, our minor travelers, our heroes of the turf, and our inconsiderable *littérateurs*—each in two volumes with portraits."

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Verse of Ben King.

While only a young man, and just fairly launched on a successful career as humorist and genial entertainer, Ben King died and left thousands of friends who had never seen his face to mourn their loss. More than a hundred pieces of his verse, scattered here and there in newspapers and magazines, have been collected and printed in a volume that will have a place of its own in the regard of many readers, those who had identified the author long ago, and others who for the first time come to know the writer's gifts through its pages.

"Ben King's Verse," as the volume is modestly named, contains no ambitious efforts. The gentle humorist had no high regard for his facility of rhyming, but penned his fancies idly, and with little intention above sharing the gaiety of his mood with those around him. But many of these bits of humor and playful satire have more than a transient value. They are trifles, but so light, so deftly fashioned, so entirely free from sting, and so melodious in their jingle, that they are not easily matched. In the list of American humorists the name of Ben King must be given a secure place.

Among the best-known and most characteristic of his verses is this conceit:

## IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night  
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,  
Weeping and heartick o'er my lifeless clay—  
If I should die to-night  
And you should come in deepest grief and woe  
And say, "Here's that ten dollars that I owe"—  
I might arise in my large white cravat  
And say, "What's that?"

If I should die to-night  
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,  
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel—  
I say, if I should die to-night  
And you should come to me and there and then  
Just even hint of paying me that ten,  
I might rise the while;  
But I'd drop dead again.

This poem owes something to the fact that it was often recited by the humorist, and its sentiment made more appealing by an assumed, bashful, stammering style of elocution:

## SHE DOES NOT HEAR.

She does not hear the robin sing,  
Nor feel the balmy breath of spring;  
She does not hear the pelting rain  
Beat tattoos on the window pane.

She can not see the autumn sky,  
Nor hear the wild geese stringing by;  
And, oh! how happy 'tis to know  
She never feels an earthly woe!

I spoke to her; she would not speak.  
I kissed her, but could was her cheek.  
I could not twine her wondrous hair—  
It was so wonderfully rare.

Beside her stands a vase of flowers,  
A gilded clock that tells the hours;  
And even now the firelight falls  
On her, and dances on the walls.

She's living in a purer life,  
Where there's no turmoil and no strife;  
No tongue can mock, no words embarrass  
Her, by gosh! She's plaster paris!

Much of his work is in negro dialect, and some of the songs are true to the darkey nature, though more musical and tender than any save the old-time sentimental ballads of the South. Here is one of the best of these:

## DE SPRING-HOUSE.

Down to de spring-house am whar I long to wadahn—

De ole do-a-creakin' as hit swings to en fro,  
Down to de spring-house standin' ovah yondah,  
Standin' ovah yondah in de long time ago.

Down by de spring-house de lilacs am a-bloomin';  
Hollyhocks a-noddin' an' honeysuckles thick.  
Down by de spring-house I listen to de lowin',  
An' reckon de old hindle cow am wadin' up de creek.

Down by de spring-house once again I'm walkin';  
Yellah cream 'pon de shof, kain't let it be.  
Down in de spring-house no use in talkin'—  
Col' greus an' hog-jole's good enough for me.

Down to de spring-house missus comes a-callin';  
Ol' hound's a-bahkin' an' massa 'gins ter shout.  
Down in de spring-house what a caterwaulin'—  
Jais sort a-waitin' fo' de niggah to come ont.

Down by de spring-house blackbirds eat de cherry,  
Wasps sneck de honeysuckle, clovah feed de bee.  
Down in de spring-house niggah never worry—  
Down in de spring-house am good enough fo' me.

None has ever put in words a more succinct statement of the hopeless one's woes than this hit, which has been copied again and again, in all parts of the English-speaking world:

## THE PESSIMIST.

Nothing to do but work,  
Nothing to eat but food,  
Nothing to wear but clothes  
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,  
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;  
Nowhere to fall but off,  
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,  
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,  
Nothing to weep but tears,  
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,  
Ah, well, alas! alack!  
Nowhere in ght out,  
Nowhere in come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,  
Nothing to quench but thirst,  
Nothing to have but what we've gnt;  
Thus thro' life we are cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait;  
Everything moves that goes.  
Nothing at all but common sense  
Can ever withstand these woes.

Among the many volumes of humorous verse on the shelves there is not one containing more spontaneous, light-hearted singing than this, unmixed with any bitterness or cruelty.

Published by Forbes & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

## A Tale of Ancient Hawaii.

The vogue of the historical novel and the general interest taken in Hawaiian affairs since the annexation of the tropical islands to the United States, make timely the publication of Edmund P. Dole's charming little story, "Hiwa." The author has had the advantage of thorough familiarity with the country of which he writes, and his vivid descriptions of native customs, superstitions, and ceremonies, admirably woven into his tale, give the necessary atmosphere. Mr. Dole makes no attempt to paint a large canvas. Only two of his characters, Hiwa, the goddess queen of Hawaii during legendary times, and her son, Aelani, stand out clearly, the others being but shadowy figures, although essential in the working out of the plot.

We get our first glimpse of the youthful Hiwa, fleeing for life in a canoe, pursued by her uncle Aa, a fanatical high priest who is anxious to succeed her brother and consort as king. When there seems no chance for escape, she suddenly plunges into the water and disappears. The story is passed from lip to lip that she has been seized by Ukanipo, the Shark God, and she is mourned as dead. As a matter of fact, Hiwa had dived some four fathoms and entered a subterranean passage leading to a hidden crater, the secret of its existence having been revealed to her by her father on his death-bed. Here she gives birth to an heir. Kneeling upon the ground, she stretches forth her arms in prayer: "Eternal Ku, thou who bearest sway over gods and mortals as over common men, hear this my vow! I have sinned, and my life is forfeit; but the child is sinless, and if I die now he will perish. Spare me to him till he can hurl the spear and lead the chiefs in battle for his throne, and I will offer thee such priceless sacrifice as never yet was slain before a god, for I, the goddess-queen, with my own royal hand will shed my sacred blood to thee." How her prayer was answered, how in this unknown crater which time had made a veritable paradise she patiently prepared him for the battle for his crown, and how at length she fulfills her vow, we leave the reader to find out for himself.

Mr. Dole is to be congratulated for having opened up a new field for fiction, and, as the legendary lore of the Hawaiian Islands is so rich, we may hope for something more pretentious from his pen.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00.

## New Publications.

The British colonial policy is vindicated by a Frenchman in "Boers or English: Who Are in the Right," by Edmond Demolins. The translation makes a paper-covered pamphlet of forty pages. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, 40 cents.

"We Win," Herbert E. Hamblen's realistic story of the life and adventures of a young railroader, which received favorable comment when published as a serial, is no less taking in the book-form. Published by Doubleday, McClure & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

There are eight serious, thoughtful, and inspiring essays in "Opportunity," by J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, nearly all on educational topics, though the concluding paper is an address delivered at the anti-imperial meeting in Chicago a few weeks ago. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00.

Sam T. Clover has reprinted in a thin but attractive volume his letters from London and Paris to the Chicago *Evening Post*. They are readable glimpses of travel, and deserve a place beside the writer's earlier sketches of a trip around the world. Published by the Windknone Publishing Company, Evanston, Ill.; price, \$1.00.

Stanley J. Weyman has few rivals in the field of romance. His latest volume, "Sophia," a story of London a hundred and fifty years ago, is worthy of a place beside his earlier volumes, "A Gentleman of France," "Under the Red Robe," and "My Lady Rotha." Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

John Hays Hammond appears as the author of a booklet entitled "The Transvaal Trouble," which is mainly devoted to his attitude as a disinterested American, and attempted justification for the incipient revolution which ended with the fatuous Jameson raid. The complaints of the party with which Mr. Hammond was identified against the

Boer government are set forth briefly, and the whole is an argument against the expression of sympathy without exact knowledge. Published by the Abbey Press, New York; price, 25 cents.

A melodramatic story, vigorous in action from the rise of the curtain, and with no waits between acts, is "In London's Heart," by George R. Sims. There are many conventional figures in the tale, but the situations are well worked up and the triumph of virtue in the end is made particularly pleasing. Published by F. M. Buckles & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Tappan Adney, the correspondent of *Harper's Weekly*, has made a volume of his Alaska letters and entitled it "The Klondike Stampede." His story is circumstantial and comprehensive. His own experiences enabled him to write with knowledge. The illustrations are a noteworthy feature of the volume. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$3.00.

A pretty story of revolutionary times is told in "The Fortune of War," by Elizabeth N. Barrow. The heroine, Katherine Patison, daughter of Major-General James Patison, describes her romantic adventures in a series of letters to her cousin in England, and her quaint phraseology is one of the many attractions of the volume. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

In the Green Tree Library Series, which is designed to represent what may be called the new movement in literature, writings of various countries consistently brought together for the first time, the latest issue is "The Bending of the Bough," a comedy in five acts, by George Moore. The motive of the play is modern political reform. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

August Drähms, resident chaplain of San Quentin Prison, has produced a scientific study of worth in "The Criminal: His Personnel and Environment." The work opens with a thoughtful chapter on the philosophy of crime, and this is followed with patient delineations and classifications of the instinctive, the habitual, and the singly offending criminal. Punishment, reformation, and prevention are discussed in the concluding chapter. Professor Cesare Lombroso, in the introduction, commends the treatise and its author's art. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

If "A Kent Squire," by Frederick W. Hayes, misses popular favor, it will be through no lack of exciting matter in the novel. The historical allusions display a thorough knowledge of the time—the opening years of the eighteenth century—and the hero of the story is concerned in some momentous events. There is enough material in the book for a dozen plays, and the actors speak with the terseness and illumination noticeable in dramas of action. The sixteen full-page illustrations by the author show him to be an artist as well as a novelist. Published by the F. M. Lupton Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

In a new series of "brief studies in French society and letters in the seventeenth century," the first volume, by Leon H. Vincent, is given up to a sketch of the "Hôtel de Rambouillet and the Précieuses." The foundation of that famous building, "the incomparable vestibule of modern culture," and the nature and achievements of its illustrious mistress, Catherine de Vivonne, the Marquis de Rambouillet, who established the first *salon* known in France, are described with force and art, and the critical estimate of the literary movement of the time is clear, precise, and instructive. The little book is a model in every way, and could hardly be more attractive and valuable. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

## The Latest Hero Fad.

There seems to be a growing tendency (says the Manchester *Guardian*) to present literary men as the heroes of the novel and the drama. A story with Robert Burns for its chief character has just fluttered the dove-cotes of the Burns clubs all over the country. Now a story is announced in which Shakespeare is to play a principal part. The late William Black devoted a novel to Shakespeare's daughter, but no one has yet dared to make the poet himself a leading character of fiction; there are difficulties of dialogue in the way, though Mr. Lang has told us that in an early and unpublished work he got over these by making Shakespeare talk in blank verse. Scott introduced Shakespeare in "Kenilworth" as a dumb personage. Kingsley ventured to hold a conversation with Spenser in "Westward Ho!" but he took the wise precaution to stuff it with phrases and ideas from the poet's own writings. Meantime the dramatists are not idle. A popular American play deals with the affection of Oliver Goldsmith for "the Jessamy Bride," as he loved to call Miss Horneck, for whose sake he tried to beat Kenrick. There have been two English plays on the life of Goldsmith within recent years, and Dr. Johnson has been forced to rub elbows with players in a fashion of which he would cordially have disapproved. Perhaps, as the next development, it will occur to some popular dramatist to economize invention by making himself the hero of his next play. That would certainly be a success of some kind.

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The Evolution of the American Girl—Dressing for adornment—Dressing of American women—Of foreign women—Modifying fashions to suit forms—Beauty of American women compared with French—Fifty years of fashion—From simplicity to luxury—The Countess of Jersey on improvement in hygienic practices—The female form—Its proportions—Points of elegance—Beauty of the bosom—Warning against quacks—Tight shoes and gloves—Tight-lacing—Blonde and brunette types—The grace of Spanish women—Conditions tending to make American women the handsomest type of the world.

Nature's Evidence of the Law of Life and Growth—The relation between species—Effects of sexual selection upon animals—The courting of birds—Rare case of the female courting the male—Nature's relinquishment of unused organs.

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It is an odd commentary on human nature that those anomalies, discords, and convulsions of society or family life which in reality form heart-breaking tragedy, are most commonly the pivots upon which turn the plots of comedies. Domestic infidelity, domestic tyranny, domestic jealousy, and kindred emotions take their turn in forming the main motive for theatrical amusement. A good thing for us all that it is so. The dumb brutes love, and hate, and war, and grief, but it is only humans that can laugh. So the comedy-writers ring humorous changes on these griefs of the common human family, and, when we do not suffer from them ourselves, we discover them to be as amusing as sea-sickness in our fellow-travelers.

Thus, in "The Tyranny of Tears," the ugly fact that was the canker in Clement Parbury's otherwise successful life made us all laugh and sigh in a breath. He had married the wrong woman—he, a man of brains, had married a pretty fool. That in itself is no tragedy. Many a pretty fool is an entertaining and even lovable one, but this especial species of fool was the kind most dangerous to a man's happiness. She wished him to shut the door to all the rest of the world, and with that fierce sense of ownership which is so strong in some women (how well Miss Irving illustrated this point in the young wife's character, when she snatched the photograph from the type-writer's hands and held it between her possessing arms!) she tries to draw to herself alone all the full and swelling currents of a man's heart and soul. Love, friendship, chivalry, kindness, tenderness, admiration, ambition, intellectual and social companionship, all must swell the libation poured at her feet—not one drop must flow the other way.

And so Clement Parbury, whose nature was instinct with the finest traits of manliness, devotion, loyalty, and unselfishness, had gradually given up to the exactions of those grasping little hands all the elements of his life that lay outside the circle of his home. And what was worse, the pretty wife—how pretty she was with her fair English face, her light, delicately-ringed locks, the sea-shell ears, the blue, well-shaped, long-lashed eyes, the firm, aggressive, square little chin—the pretty wife was so densely impervious to one single ray of satire, logic, breadth of view, knowledge of human nature, appreciation of the rights of others, and above all, humor!

But—alas! She was a good woman. We knew at the first drop of the curtain, when the wearied author is at last left to his hard-won solitude, and cries to himself, "Oh, the tyranny of it all!" we knew that there was no escape. He had married a good woman, bristling with steely spikes of aggressive self-assertion, stuffed with granite lumps of unbreakable self-esteem, wired and stiffened in an invincible frame of unbending self-righteousness, but a good woman, and he loved her still, although in a weary, resigned, disillusionized way, that enabled him to see clearly the waste that she had made of his friendships, his enthusiasms, his pleasures.

Strange that out of such sombre stuff as this Haddon Chambers has fashioned a brilliant, intensely interesting, and immensely amusing comedy, abounding, or rather completely filled, with the crispest, sharpest, pithiest, most wittily concise dialogue that we have had the pleasure of hearing on the local stage for many a day. There is not a cheap joke, a flat witticism, a trite situation, or an over-worked climax in the play. Instead, there is a keen knowledge of masculine and feminine nature, and an intelligent and faithful transcript of the trivialities and tempests that constitute family intercourse under the conditions that exist in this comedy. And, added to this, there is a most realistic, enjoyable, and delightfully clever series of scenes, illustrating the familiar footing of intimacy between men friends, as shown in the whimsical candor of their talk to each other.

There are five leading characters in the play. Of these five characters each one is so completely and admirably rendered by the player, and the illusion of the play is so strong, that one feels almost as if the parts were all written to order for the actors who play them. This shows how carefully the company has been selected, and what an unusually complete one it is in point of merit.

One might make a slight exception in the case of Ida Conquest. Not in appearance, for she fits beautifully, with her air of gentle birth, her delicate, l'onde prettiness, and her slim, girlish figure, into the part of the thirteenth daughter of an English parson, who has lightened her weight of poverty by becoming a type-writer and secretary. But there is something in Miss Conquest's voice, with its plaintive, drawing, little parabolic slides, that is too in-

dividual to allow one to quite forget the actress in her part. It recalled her as she appeared as the crippled good angel of the duke in "The Dancing Girl," for her accents are identical. Probably many people are attached to this peculiar trick of inflection of hers. It certainly has its charm, for she is perfectly clear and distinct, and makes her points delicately yet with considerable incisiveness, but if we heard her in a dozen rôles in a season we would discover that it is a defect in the artist, that she has not the vocal flexibility that will allow her to escape from her own mannerism. Otherwise, she displayed a considerably ripened proficiency since we last saw her, especially in having freed herself from the rawness and restraint with which she formerly rendered emotion, for she played her sad little scene in the garden with Drew tenderly and touchingly. That element in the girl-secretary's nature which bore on her feeling for Clement Parbury, the mingled pity, sympathy, admiration, and hero-worship which his character, his talents, and his patiently borne domestic tribulations aroused in her was a most exquisite touch. And equally exquisite was the feeling that shone in Drew's plain yet fascinating face, and deepened and trembled in his voice, as he took off his hat in kindly, manly, brotherly chivalry and pity, when he discovered in one moment the young girl's feeling for him, and divined whose was the harsh hand that had profaned with unworthy touch the clear flame that burned so purely and harmlessly in its vestal shrine.

We have seen John Drew in many an empty, rattling part—in "Butterflies," for instance, where his finished art was quite thrown away. It must be enervating to a player's powers to waste the many months of a long run on that and similar rôles. And when such a work as "The Tyranny of Tears" gives eminent talent the chance it needs, I should think the actor would go down upon his knees and thank heaven fasting that such playwrights as Haddon Chambers exist. One scene like that at the breakfast-table, where Parbury and Gunning nurse their heads in alternate moods of gloomy amity and whimsical tauntings, is enough to light up a whole play. The comedy touches were as light and graceful as floating feathers; and the easy naturalness with which the situation was rendered was thorough and complete.

Harry Harwood, as the father-in-law of the luckless Parbury, did a very neat and finished piece of work, so full of perfect yet minute touches of comedy, in voice, gesture, attitude, and expression, that the careless observer could only realize by the keenness of his enjoyment how thoroughly well the actor portrayed the fortunately widowed colonel.

In fact, one can scarcely pick a flaw, so close to perfection was the artistic excellence with which the whole thing was done. Arthur Byron, as the cynical bachelor friend, was as natural and easy and likable as an old friend stepping into one's drawing-room. Evans, the butler, is a type that is evidently studied from servant-hall life that the New York multi-millionaires have imported from England.

As the wife, Isabel Irving had a part that debars her from the liking and sympathy of her audience, but which gives her the fullest opportunity to employ the very unusual endowment of intelligence and histrionic skill of which this pretty young woman is possessed. What a delicious little English rosebud she was when she first came to San Francisco with Rosina Vokes some ten or a dozen years ago? And in later years, how prettily and poetically she slipped into that fresh, fragrant, blooming conception of maidenhood in the play of "Rosemary," which, in spite of its tender, playful sentiment, failed to entirely please people because its hero grew old and withered, and in the ashes of his age forgot the fires of his youth. And now, in an entirely different kind of character, Isabel Irving demonstrates her own versatility and talent by playing the part of the narrow, insistent, grasping, too-loving, too-wearying, too-tyrannizing wife, with such discernment, such realism, such suppression of self, such a clear appreciation of the limitations of Mabel Parbury's nature, that if one had not seen her in the part it would have been hard to imagine her as the sweet, blooming flower of girlhood in "Rosemary," entering the dining-room with her round arms full of roses, and her warm young heart full of romance.

Did you notice the tight, reluctant little smile with which she yielded to the husband's wooing to draw her to a better frame of mind? Did you notice the faint rigidity that stiffened the features of the wife when she tried to master her jealous distrust and make herself agreeable to her husband's old friend? Did you notice the slight, impalpable veil of stupidity that obscured the beauty of the young wife, and in spite of her fair face, her sweeping grace of movement, her lovely clothes, made Gunning, the cynic observer and philosopher, remain unimpressed by her mere beauty, and estimate her, after five minutes' acquaintance, for just what she was? All these and many more were admirable features in the sum which made up a vividly life-like portrayal.

To my mind, this performance has revealed a distinct advance in the art of both Drew and Miss Irving. Artists of their make-up never stand still in their accomplishments. They must either retrograde or advance in their art. While we remain on the outermost edge of the dramatic world, we may not see the steps by which they advance, but after several years' absence on their part it is easy to recognize the degree of improvement. Nor can the presenta-

tion of this comedy be justly considered to belong to the category of light and trifling dramatic achievement. It is a comedy with pronounced possibilities for character presentation, and with a heavy undertone of seriousness. We laugh on the surface, but there is something about the inevitableness of Clement Parbury's harsh destiny that sends us away with a dismal feeling after the reconciliation of husband and wife, for we recognize clearly that Mabel Parbury could never escape from the confines of her own nature—a tyrant she had been, and a tyrant she would be. In the future, as in the past, her husband must tutor himself to limit his conception of all the rewards that life can bestow on high aspiration and high achievement to a space within the circle of two jealously embracing arms. So we left them to their reconciliation, and as the arms closed around the luckless victim of untoward destiny, we felt as if they were the limits of a barbed-wire prison, within which we heard the prisoner dimly clanking his chains.

JOSEFITA.

## MEMORIAL DAY VERSE.

The Knot of Blue and Gray.  
Upon my bosom lies  
A knot of blue and gray;  
You ask me why. Tears fill my eyes,  
As low to you I say:

"I had two brothers once,  
Warm-hearted, bold, and gay;  
They left my side. One wore the blue,  
The other wore the gray.

"One rode with Stonewall and his men  
And joined his fate to Lee;  
The other followed Sherman's march  
Triumphant to the sea.

"Both fought for what they deemed the right,  
And died with sword in hand;  
One sleeps amid Virginia's hills,  
And one in Georgia's sands.

"The same sun shines upon their graves;  
My love unchanged must stay;  
And so upon my bosom lies  
The knot of blue and gray."—Anon.

## Decoration Day.

Sleep, comrades, sleep and rest  
On this field of the Grounded Arms,  
Where foes no more molest,  
Nor sentry's shot alarms.

Ye have slept on the ground before,  
And started to your feet  
At the cannon's sudden roar,  
Or the drum's redoubting beat.

But in this camp of Death  
No sound your slumber breaks;  
Here is no fevered breath,  
No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace,  
Untrampled lies the sod;  
The shouts of battle cease  
It is the Truce of God!

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!  
The thoughts of men shall be  
As sentinels to keep  
Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green  
We deck with fragrant flowers;  
Yours has the suffering been,  
The memory shall be ours.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

## How Sleep the Brave.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blessed!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

—William Collins.

—Dr. C. W. Decker, dentist, 806 Market. Specialty, "Colton Gas" for painless teeth extracting.

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-- WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE --  
By H. V. Esmond.

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## CLARA MORRIS IN "ALIXE."

## Memories of the Production at Daly's Theatre.

When "Alixé" was produced in New York at Daly's Theatre, there was one feature of the play that aroused great curiosity. Mr. Daly was called upon again and again to decide wagers and considerable money changed hands over the question before people could be convinced that it was Clara Morris who was carried upon the stage, and not a waxen image of her.

"Many people will remember," says the former popular actress in a new installment of her entertaining stage reminiscences in the *Critic*, "that in that heartrending play, Alixé, the innocent victim of others' wrong-doing, is carried on dead—drowned—and lies for the entire act in full view of the audience. Now that was the only play I ever saw before playing in it; and in Paris the Alixé had been so evidently alive that the play was quite ruined."

"When I had that difficult scene intrusted to me, I thought long and hard, trying to find some way to conceal my breathing. I knew I could 'make up' my face all right—but that so evident breathing! I had always noticed that the tighter a woman laced, the higher she breathed, and the greater was the movement of her chest and bust. That gave me my hint. I took off my corset. Still, when lying down, there was movement that an opera-glass would betray. Then I tried a little trick. Alixé wore white of a soft, crêpy material. I had duplicate dresses made, only one was very loose in the waist. Then I had a great, big circular cloak of the same white material—quite unlined—and when I was made up for the death-scene, with lilies and grasses in hand and hair, I stood upon a chair and held a corner of the great soft cloak against my breast, while my maid carefully wound the rest of it loosely about my body, round and round, right down to my ankles, and fastened it there; result, a long, white-robed figure without one trace of waist-line or bust, and, beneath, ample room for natural breathing, without even the tremor of a fold to betray it."

"At once the question rose, Was it a wax figure or was it not? One gentleman came to Mr. Daly and asked him for the artist's address, saying the likeness to Miss Morris was so perfect it might be herself, and he wanted to get a wax model of his wife. Nor would he be convinced until Mr. Daly finally brought him back to the stage, and he saw me unpin my close drapery, and trot off to my dressing-room."

"The play was a great success, and often the reading of the suicide's letter was punctuated by actual sobs from the audience—instead of those from the mother. One evening as the audience was nearly out and the lights were being extinguished in the auditorium, a young man came back and said to an usher: 'There is a gentleman up there in the balcony; you'd better see to him before the lights are all put out.'"

"'A gentleman? What's he doing there at this time, I'd like to know!' grumbled the usher, as he climbed upstairs. But next moment he was calling for help, for there in a front seat, fallen forward, with his head on the balcony rail, sat an old man, whose silvery white hair reflected the faint light that fell upon it. They carried him to the office, and, after stimulants had been administered, he recovered and apologized for the trouble he had caused. As he seemed weak and shaken, Mr. Daly thought one of the young men ought to see him safely home, but he said: 'No; he was only in New York on business—he was at a hotel but a few steps away, and—and—' he hesitated, 'you are thinking I had no right to go to a theatre alone,' he added, 'but I am not a sick man—only—only—to-night I received an awful shock—'

"He paused. Mr. Daly noted the quiver of his firm old lips. He dismissed the usher. Then he turned courteously to the old gentleman, and said: 'As it was in my theatre you received that shock, will you explain it to me?' And in a low voice the stranger told him that he had had a daughter—an only child—a little blonde, laughing thing, whom he worshipped. She was a mere child when she fell in love. Her choice had not pleased him, and looking upon the matter as a fancy merely, he had forbidden further intercourse between the lovers—and—and it was in the summer, and—dear God! when that yellow-haired girl was carried dead upon the stage to-night, even the grass clutched between her fingers was a repetition of what occurred in my country home, sir, three years ago!'

"Then Mr. Daly gave his arm to the old stranger, and in dead silence they walked to the hotel and parted."

"Once more the play had reflected real life."

## The Actors' Vacation.

This is the time of the year when the players who have amused others all winter are planning to seek recreation for themselves. Frederic McKay, in the *New York Mail and Express*, says that, as usual, there will be an efflux in the direction of Europe, many of the mummerys finding the ocean voyage a pleasing relief after the long season. Many hope to secure an engagement with some London actor-manager, and then live to tell all about it to friends in the Lambs and Players' Clubs. Many, again, trust that they may run across, while on the Strand, an American manager who will sign a contract, while

those who are still at home are passed over because they are not on the spot. Still the fact that it is to be pretty expensive traveling abroad this summer, because of the Paris Exposition, makes many stage folk tarry behind.

William Gillette, who was in England last summer, will go, as soon as the run of "Sherlock Holmes" is ended, to his home at Hartford, Conn., and shortly afterward will embark on a cruise up the Sound on his model house-boat. Henry Clay Barnabee will stop in town all summer, simply because he has been away from it so long. W. H. McDannald will hie himself to the Rangeley Lakes for fishing, and so will Edwin Milton Royle, the vaudeville "head-liner," who will fish and also write a new one-act play for use next season.

Jessie Bartlett Davis will sail next month for Paris and will be accompanied by Amy Leslie, the bright dramatic writer of the *Chicago News*. Fay Templeton is yet undecided, but may go to France. Alice Nielsen is cogitating the scheme of making another trip to the Orient. William H. Crane and Stuart Robson will be found at Cohasset until their next tours resume, and Joseph Jefferson may be addressed at Buzzard's Bay. The smart little proprietors of Weber & Field's Music Hall will both sail for France to study up the exposition so that they may hurl it next season, and it is on the cards that Lillian Russell will follow suit. Roselle Knott, the Lygia in "Quo Vadis" at the New York Theatre, has rented a cottage in Canada for the dog-days, and Bijou Fernandez, the Lygia at the Herald Square, is to be found at Larchmont at the home of her mother, Mrs. E. L. Fernandez.

James K. Hackett and Mrs. Hackett (Mary Manning) will spend at least a few weeks in their camp in the Adirondacks. Grace Elliston seeks rest at Paul Smith's. May Buckley will go to San Francisco as soon as the run of "Hearts Are Trumps," at McVicker's in Chicago, comes to an end, and thence may take a jaunt as far as Honolulu. Charles H. Hoyt will go to Saratoga, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank McKee will probably be found near Manhattan Beach. James T. Powers has a penchant for Narragansett Pier, and so has Rose Coghlan.

John Drew goes abroad every season for the punting, and his leading woman, Isabel Irving, will rusticate at her farm-house near Rahway, N. J. Ada Rehan will visit her hungalow in Ireland. Blanche Walsh will spend June, July, and August at her home in Brooklyn. May Robson and Mrs. "Jack" Bloodgood are going to Newport to act in the Earl of Yarmouth's company. Edna Wallace Hopper likes Long Branch and Hollywood, and Camille d'Arville prefers Manhattan Beach. Ida Conquest will be at Winthrop Beach, Mass. Ethel Barrymore has left for Europe, and will sojourn at one of England's seaside resorts.

Quite a number of the players will find profit instead of recreation through dipping into vaudeville. Among these may be mentioned Marshall P. Wilder, Fanny Rice, Della Fox and Isabel Urquhart, and Isabel Evesson.

Josephine Hall and Margaret Robinson are going into the White Mountains. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickson will live in their cottage at Bensonhurst, and May Irwin is to divide the summer between Europe and Irwin Island in the Thousand Islands. Many less fortunate ones will spend the summer trooping through the dramatic agencies, wearing anxious faces and hoping against hope for something to do along toward September.

## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Return of Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott.

John Drew will be seen for the last time to-night (Saturday) in Haddon Chambers's delightful "comedy of temperament," "The Tyranny of Tears," and on Monday evening Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott, after an absence of several years, will appear in their new play, "When We Were Twenty-One," by H. V. Esmond. Since they were last here they have scored great successes in the East in Clyde Fitch's historical tragedy, "Nathan Hale," and his comedy, "The Cowboy and the Lady," neither of which, we regret to say, are to be presented during their two weeks' engagement at the Columbia Theatre.

Mr. Esmond selected his rather clumsy title from a phrase in Thackeray's translation of Béranger's poem to celebrate the long friendship of three cronies so united that their friends call them "the trinity." It is said to possess every element of popularity, being lively, natural, entertaining, and sympathetic, and telling the story of four old bachelors, the self-constituted guardians of a young scapegrace who becomes infatuated with a woman, scarlet in more senses than one, and makes temporary shipwreck of his prospects by secretly marrying her. But some good comes of his rash act, for he thereby frees the innocent young girl to whom he has been betrothed, thus enabling her to marry the man she really loves.

Mr. Goodwin as the big-hearted senior guardian of the spoiled youth, and Miss Elliott as Phyllis, the maiden who is fortunately saved from an unhappy marriage, are said to have unlimited opportunities to appear to advantage. The supporting company is very strong, and includes Ysobel Haskins, Frank Gilmoure, Harry Woodruff, Neil O'Brien, Estelle Mortimer, Clarence Handyside, Gertrude Green, Thomas Oberle, L. E. Woodthorpe, and W. J. Thorold. The stage-settings will be extremely

elaborate, and the production identically the same as that seen earlier in the season at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York.

## Farewell Week of the Neill Company.

The engagement of the Neill company is rapidly drawing to a close at the California Theatre. During their farewell week they are to revive the most successful plays of their repertoire, and, as they have now established themselves as great favorites in this city, crowded houses will doubtless be the rule. On Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday nights, and special Wednesday (Memorial Day) matinee, "Lord Chumley" will be presented; Thursday matinee, "Captain Lettarhair"; Wednesday and Thursday nights, "A Bachelor's Romance"; and Friday and Saturday nights and Saturday matinee, "Captain Swift."

On Sunday night, June 3d, Dunne and Ryley's all-star comedy company—including Matthews and Bulger, Walter Jones, George F. Marion, Phil H. Ryley, Tony Hart, John W. Dunne, Mary Marble, Maude Courtney, Bessie Tannehill, Lizzie Sanger, Ethel Kerwan, and Patti Louise Rosa—will open in Hoyt's farce comedy, "A Rag Baby."

## "The Three Musketeers."

"The Wizard of the Nile," after a prosperous run at the Tivoli Opera House, will give way on Monday evening to L. Varney's romantic comic opera, "The Three Musketeers," when it will have its initial production in this city. The libretto is said to follow Dumas's great novel closely, and abound in laughable situations and clever dialogue and ballads. The opera calls for a variety of picturesque costumes and, as there are so many elaborate stage settings, the curtain will be rung up each evening at eight o'clock sharp. Ferris Hartman, Alf C. Wheelan, William Schuster, Helen Merrill, Frances Graham, Annie Myers, and all the other favorites will have prominent rôles, and in addition James Corrigan has been engaged to strengthen the cast. Another feature of the production will be several extra numbers which have been specially written by Max Hirschfeld, the popular leader of the orchestra of the Tivoli Opera House.

After "The Three Musketeers" shall have exhausted its drawing powers, "Madeline," "The Sea King," and "The Geisha" are to be given short revivals.

## Lillian Burkhart at the Orpheum.

Lillian Burkhart, the dainty little comedienne, who last year presented some of the most charming curtain-raisers ever seen here, is to head the new-comers at the Orpheum next week. Her latest sketch is entitled, "A Deal on 'Change,'" which is said to be very clever, and will allow Miss Burkhart to wear some stunning gowns. Vandy, the famous juggler, who claims to be the inventor of half of the best-known juggling feats of to-day, and Midgley and Carlisle, in a juvenile rural comedy entitled "After School," are among the other new additions to the bill. The latter will be remembered as little Gertie Carlisle, who used to be quite a favorite here at the Tivoli Opera House before she went East and made a name for herself.

The hold-overs include Ezra Kendall (who enters on his third and last week), the Mignani Family, Bartho, the Wilson Family, Louise Gunning, and the Biograph.

There are few people in the heart of London who keep bees, but the Baden-Powells stand absolutely alone in having an apiary in their drawing-room. Baden-Powell, it will be remembered, has distinguished himself in many ways in the present South African war. In the Baden-Powells' drawing-room, surrounded by costly works of art and priceless *bric-à-brac*, standing on ornamental alabaster pedestals close to a great organ which takes up all one wall of a lofty room overlooking Hyde Park, are two large straw bee-hives, with glass windows that allow the bees to be seen at work within. Of course the bees do not fly about the room, but they escape into the outside world through a pipe leading out of a window. These bees are truly wonderful insects—the aristocracy of their kind, and they are made to do much work which bees, uncontrolled by such an ingenious mind as that of Colonel Baden-Powell, have never dreamed of. Wooden models of various objects, such as a bicycle, for instance, are placed in their hive and the bees build their honey-comb upon them in the exact shape required. At the present time they are busy building a wax model of the colonel's bomb-proof quarters at Mafeking.

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## A BALLAD OF THE TRAILING SKIRT.

I met a girl the other day,  
A girl with golden tresses,  
Who wore the most bewitching air  
And daintiest of dresses.  
I gazed at her with kindling eye  
And admiration utter—  
Until I saw her silken skirt  
Was trailing in the gutter!

"What senseless style is this?" I thought,  
"What new sartorial passion?  
And who on earth stands sponsor for  
The idiotic fashion?"  
I've asked a dozen maids or more,  
A tailor and his cutter,  
But no one knows why skirts are made  
To drag along the gutter.

Alas for woman, fashion's slave;  
She does not seem to mind it.  
Her silk or satin sweeps the street  
And leaves no filth behind it.  
For all the dirt the breezes blow  
And all the germs that flutter  
May find a refuge in the gowns  
That swish along the gutter.

What lovely woman wills to do  
She does without a reason.  
To interfere is waste of time,  
To criticize is treason.  
Man's only province is to work  
To earn his bread and butter—  
And buy her all the skirts she wants  
To trail along the gutter.

—Henry Robinson Palmer in Life.

An interesting article appears in the current *Lady's Realm*, by the Countess of Warwick, entitled "The Revolution of Society," and deals with the remarkable changes that have taken place in the tone and customs of society since the beginning of the century. What is particularly noteworthy, however, is the writer's description of the capture of fashionable London by what she calls the "merely rich." The birth of the new order is traced to the death of the Prince Consort and the queen's consequent withdrawal from the capital and from social functions. "Mammon," says Lady Warwick, "laid siege to the fortress; the outworks fell one by one, and then the citadel surrendered without discretion. The progress was slow at first, but the end came with startling rapidity. The golden key unlocked even the most exclusive portals. Mammon ruled supreme. Never at any previous period in English society has the power of wealth been so great." Of course, Lady Warwick admits faults in the old society, but its chief weakness, the worship of rank, is at least better than the "blind worship of wealth." It is pointed out, too, that the old nobles and great land-owners and merchant princes possessed a high sense of duty to the state and to the community. Nowadays that is out of date. Listen to what Lady Warwick says on the point: "The former leaders of society are elbowing on one side if they can not compete in the display of Mammon. Birth, talent, service to the state, all have to give way before this new power, which is the more dangerous because it is sensible of no checks, and acknowledges but small responsibility." Lady Warwick admits that existing society is more representative than the old was, but, unfortunately, money is represented in excess. Her ladyship honors, like all of us, the man who has hewed his way sturdily and uprightly to fortune. "But the case is widely different when society abases itself before people who have no recommendation but their wealth—who have acquired that wealth no one knows how, and who come from no one knows where—and whose sole passports to favor are that they have purchased a mansion in Mayfair; that they have hired a prima donna to sing at their parties for a fabulous sum; that they provide a supper fit for Lucullus; that the flowers have cost a fortune; and last, but not least, that the invitations are sent out by a needy lady, whose motives are—well, not exactly philanthropic. This is reducing hospitality to a farce and society to a sham. Such a state of affairs would not have been possible twenty—I had almost written ten—years ago. That it is possible to-day goes far to justify the contention that society has suffered a revolution."

Passengers for Europe find it astonishingly easy to obtain good accommodations in spite of the rumors some months ago that it would be next to impossible to get out of this country with any degree of comfort after the first of May. Whatever the cause of this unexpected state of affairs may be, it is true that state-rooms are to be had at short notice, and they are not, moreover, the least desirable on the boats. "For charity's sake, don't put anything more into the papers about the unprecedented rush for Europe and the impossibility of getting steamer accommodations for months to come," said a prominent steamship agent to a New York *Sun* reporter the other day. "It's been scaring people off; and we've got bookings to burn. So have the other lines, except in the case of the Mediterranean liners, which have been full up for the months of May and June since midwinter. It's this way. So far as our cheap cabins are concerned, many of our boats are fully booked even so far ahead as July, but that isn't true of all our steamers; and it would be a very exceptional year if that were not the state of things

for the month of June. On the other hand, our expensive bookings aren't turning out as well as usual at this season. There seems to be an impression among old travelers that there will be a terrible mob of tourists in Europe, and that traveling will not be pleasant, so they are staying on this side. Our regular promenade and upper-deck passengers aren't showing up as they generally do. I don't suppose many steamship men would be frank enough to admit it; but I honestly believe that most of them are a trifle disappointed. They've enough to do, in all conscience; but they counted upon too phenomenal a crowd. The man with money to spend will find little trouble in booking for any time except June, and even for that month he can still make comfortable arrangements."

The first attempt at "coaching with the stars," as night coaching is poetically termed by the enthusiasts of the cult, was made recently by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish (says the New York *Commercial Advertiser*). In opening the programme of this sort of expensive amusement, Mrs. Fish secured the coach "Good Times," that is operated between the Waldorf-Astoria and The Abbey at Inwood. The hour of departure was changed from three-thirty to five o'clock. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Pendleton, Mrs. Charles H. Marshall, Mrs. William Field, Miss Gerry, Miss Mahel Gerry, Moncure Robinson, Craig Wadsworth, the Marquis di San Vito, and Harry Lehr. Aurel Batonyi drove. Conditions essential to successful night coaching—clear sky and warm air—prevailed when a finely matched team pulled the coach away from the hotel at five o'clock. When it drew up at The Abbey, two hours later, the guard pointed apprehensively to the cloud-darkened sunset. The happy party knew of nothing but the novel pleasures of the moment, with a dinner in the open air in prospect. Soon after ten o'clock they thought of home, and the coach was made ready. Dark clouds hid the stars, and the whip and guard realized that the return would be made under any but ideal conditions. Tooling a heavily laden coach-and-four over dark winding roads is an undertaking that few horsemen are able to tackle. The coach slid down the steep lane leading from The Abbey and then went bowling on over the circuitous Boulevard Lafayette to the accompaniment of flashes of lightning, peals of thunder, and the staccato of the guard's horn. The storm broke suddenly over the party. Umbrellas are practically useless on a four-in-hand. The ladies were well protected by heavy mackintoshes, but the gentlemen, particularly Harry Lehr and the marquis, got uncomfortably wet. A few cabbies witnessed the home-coming, which was not as enthusiastic or as picturesque as the departure, but Mrs. Fish was heartily thanked for the new diversion, and the whip was congratulated upon his good work.

"To realize how our 'upper ten' scramble through existence," comments Eliot Gregory in an admirable article entitled "A Nation in a Hurry," in the *May Atlantic Monthly*, "one must contrast their fidgety way of feeding with the bovine calm in which a German absorbs his nourishment, and the hours an Italian can pass over his meals. An American dinner-party affords us this opportunity. From oysters to fruit, dinners now are a breathless steeplechase, during which we take our viand hedges and champagne ditches at a dead run, with conversation pushed at the same speed. To be silent would be to imply that one was not having a good time; so the guests rattle and gobble on toward the finger-bowl winning-post, only to find that rest is not there. As the hostess pilots the ladies away to the drawing-room, she whispers to her spouse, 'You won't smoke too long, will you?' So we are mulcted in the enjoyment of even that last resource of weary humanity, the cigar, and are hustled away from our smoke and coffee to find that our appearance upstairs is the signal for a general move. One of the older ladies rises; the next moment, the whole circle, like a flock of frightened birds, are up and off, crowding into the hallway, calling for their carriages, and confusing the unfortunate servants who are attempting to cloak and overshoe them. Bearing in mind that the guests came as late as they dared without being absolutely uncivil, that the dinner was served as rapidly as was materially possible, and that the circle broke up as soon as the meal had ended, one asks one's self in wonder why, if dinner is such a bore that it has to be scrambled through, *coûte que coûte*, people continue to dine out."

In response to the petition of a married woman in Chicago, who asked for an injunction restraining a firm of distillers from using her photograph as an advertisement of a summer drink, Judge Dunne, of that city, has decided that "Any woman certainly has the right to prevent the use of her photograph on any kind of bottled goods." The decision, if upheld, will probably apply to advertisements of soap, cigars, and corsets, as well as to bottled goods. A living person can sometimes get redress for the unauthorized publication of a photograph, but it is hard to protect the dead. A widow who tried not long ago to prevent a tobacco company from using the name and picture of her deceased husband to promote the sale of a brand of cigars was denied relief by the supreme court of Michigan. Persons who form their opinions of the contemporary status

of American manners from some things that they read in newspapers and see on bill-boards, and from published advertisements, undoubtedly find a good deal to support the opinion that we of this generation are an uncommonly vulgar people (remarks *Harper's Weekly*). One reason why we seem more vulgar than our fathers is that we have come so generally to the realization of the commercial value of publicity. A man can be good in a corner, and live justly in the sight of God and bear himself handsomely toward his fellows without any summoning of witnesses. But when it becomes a question of selling goods he is excusable in concluding that he can never sell enough to make himself rich without beating a drum and sticking his picture on the outer wall. Let him stick his picture up if his business seems to require it, but publishing pictures of other folks who have no interest in his business and do not want to be posted is a different matter.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, May 23d, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Hawaiian C. & S. 5%	1,000	@ 100			
Los An. Ry. 5%	17,000	@ 104 1/4-104 1/2	104 1/2		
Market St. Ry. 5%	18,000	@ 117 1/2-117 3/4	117 3/4		
Oceanic S. Co. 5%	5,000	@ 107 -107 1/2	107		107 1/2
Oakland Transit 6%	16,000	@ 117 -117 1/4	117		
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%	3,000	@ 119 1/2	119 1/2		
S. P. R. of Ariz. 5%	27,000	@ 114 1/4			
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%	1,000	@ 109 1/2	109 1/2	110	
S. P. Branch 6%	26,000	@ 129 1/2-129 3/4	129		
S. V. Water 4%	23,000	@ 103 -103 1/2			
S. V. Water 4 3/4 %	32,000	@ 102 1/2	102		
	Stocks.		Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Water.					
Contra Costa Water.	1,650	@ 70 -72	72	71 1/2	72 1/2
Spring Valley Water.	175	@ 94 1/4-96 1/4	94 1/4	95	
Gas and Electric.					
Equitable Gaslight.	75	@ 2 1/4	2 1/4	2 1/2	
Oakland G. L. & H.	50	@ 46	46	45	46
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.	45	@ 45 1/2-45 3/4	45	46	
Pacific Lighting Co.	15	@ 43 1/2-43 3/4	43	44	
S. F. Gas & Electric.	970	@ 45 1/2-47 1/4	46 1/2	47 1/4	
S. F. Gas.	60	@ 4 1/2-4 3/4	4 1/2	4 3/4	
Banks.					
Bank of Cal.	6	@ 411	410	415	
Street R. R.					
California St.	100	@ 122			
Market St.	150	@ 62 1/2-62 3/4	62 1/2	62 3/4	
Powders.					
Giant Con.	1,205	@ 84 1/2-88	84 1/2	85 1/4	
Vigorit.	900	@ 2 3/4-3	2 3/4	3	
Sugars.					
Hana P. Co.	750	@ 7 1/2-8 1/4	7 1/2	8 1/4	
Honokaa S. Co.	1,150	@ 32 1/2-34 1/4	34	34 1/4	
Hutchinson.	800	@ 26 -26 1/2	26	26 1/2	
Kilauea S. Co.	10	@ 20 1/2-20 3/4			
Makaweli S. Co.	720	@ 47 1/2-47 3/4	47 1/2	47 3/4	
Onomea S. Co.	610	@ 27 1/2-28 1/4	27 1/2	28 1/4	
Pauhaui S. P. Co.	610	@ 30 1/2-32	32		
Miscellaneous.					
Alaska Packers.	65	@ 116 1/2-117	116 1/2	117 1/4	
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.	116	@ 92 1/2-100	98 1/2	99 1/2	
Oceanic S. Co.	20	@ 93 1/2	92 1/2	94	
Pac. C. Borax.	30	@ 149			

The past week has been like a long holiday to the brokers, but no picnic. With the exception of the Giant slide of yesterday, where for a while it seemed as if no one could reach the break, there has been, one might well say, "nothing doing." Sugars continued sluggish. Since the filling up of a lot of traders with high-priced Giant Powder, a couple of weeks ago, the stock has shown a gradual slipping from its pinnacle and a loss of support, so that it readily gave way to the assault of some bear orders that came to the front in the morning session of yesterday, recovering a couple of points in the afternoon. It is reported that the acid works, soon to be established, offered to make a contract to abstain from manufacturing dynamite for five years with the California Powder Works and the Giant Powder Company, provided they contracted with the acid works for their sulphuric and nitric acids for the same period of time. The California Powder Company politely refused to enter into the contract, and so the bears are using the present status of affairs as a bludgeon to beat down the Giant.

The gas stocks are still dormant. Evidently the traders are awaiting the action of the board of supervisors at the meeting to-morrow in relation to the proposition to purchase poles, wire, etc., for a lighting plant. With the auditor's figures facing them it is hard to understand how for a moment people can imagine such a step possible, when there is not now, nor will there be next year, a cent available for such a purpose. Besides, with large European cities going back to gas for their street lighting, this city may well hesitate before reaching out for such a public utility, and quietly await the experience to be gained from the European experiments.

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Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,213,146.59  
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits December 30, 1899.....28,635,654.41

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Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve Fund.....210,067  
Contingent Fund.....407,391

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## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000  
SURPLUS.....1,000,000  
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT, 2,321,212  
January 1, 1900.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President  
CHARLES R. BISOP.....Vice-President  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier  
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Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

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OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869,451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. RQMD, Agent for San Francisco,  
411 California Street.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is recorded that Pope Gregory the Sixteenth offered his snuff-box to a cardinal, who declined it, saying, "No, Your Holiness, I have not that vice," to which the Pope replied in a thoroughly human way, "If it had been a vice you would have had it."

Thomas K. Beecher, who recently died, once prefaced a sermon preached at Plymouth, for his brother, with the startling intimation: "All those who have come here to worship Henry Ward Beecher will now have a chance to retire; all those who have come to worship God will remain."

It is said that the Rev. Sydney Smith could be galling as well as witty on occasion. "Oh, Mr. Smith, I can not bring this flower to perfection," said a young lady to him once as she showed him about her conservatory. Whereupon he took her by the hand, and said: "Then let me bring perfection to the flower."

A recruit for the British army was taken to be sworn in recently by the magistrate. Everything was going swimmingly till the magistrate asked the man, "Have you ever been in prison?" At this the man looked startled, but, quickly recovering himself, he blurted out, "No, sir, I have never been in jail, but I don't mind doing a few days if you think it necessary."

A singer named Gordon once complained to Handel of the style of his accompaniments, which attracted the attention from the singer, saying that if he did not accompany him better he would jump upon the harpsichord and destroy it. "Very well," said Handel, "tell me ven you will do dat and I will advertise it. More people will come to see you jump dan to hear you sing."

Toward the end of Roscoe Conkling's career in the Senate he fell out with the newspapers, and sometimes when he arose to speak every reporter in the press gallery, closing his note-book, would rush noisily out into the lobby, leaving every seat without an occupant. He flushed at the insult; but speaking of journalism afterward, he was moved to remark, in his propitiatory way, that the only people in the world authorized to use the first person, plural, "we," in speaking of themselves, were "editors and men with tape-worms."

A private in the Dublin Fusiliers, who collected a number of bullets in his body, and is even more bored by inquisitive visitors to the Mooi River Hospital, was visited by a pompous legislator from Cape Town. He wearily described his wounds. Two bullets through his helmet, one in his shoulder, another in his "fut," and two explosive bullets through his left breast. "It's a wonder you weren't killed," said the legislator; "they must have passed perilously near the region of the heart." "They did, that, bedad," said the Fusilier, "but I was right enough, for sure me heart was in me mouth for safety."

The unconscious humor of the Irishman still lives. Last week (says a correspondent of the London News) a friend of mine was sitting in Phoenix Park, when to him appeared a ragged old chap, most gloriously intoxicated. "God save the queen, sor!" said he to my friend. "Certainly," was the reply. "God save Queen Victoria!" reiterated the old fellow. "By all means. Send her victorious, happy, and glorious!" "That's right, sor! I wish she came to Dublin every year, every month, every day, sor! Think of what's she's done for the country; think of all the good she does to people. Why, look at me; here am I, as drunk as h—l and never paid a penny for it."

A charge of watch robbery was preferred before the late Sir James Ingham by a gentleman against an individual who had traveled in the same carriage with him from Bournemouth, but in the end it was found that the watch had not been stolen, but had been left home by the prosecutor. To mollify the innocent man, Sir James said: "It is a most remarkable occurrence. To show, however, how liable we all are to make these mistakes, I was under the impression when I left my house at Kensington this morning that I put my watch (which, I may mention, is an exceedingly valuable one) in my pocket, but arriving at this court I found that I must have left it at home by mistake." While business was proceeding, an old thief at the back of the court went out, jumped into a hansom cab, drove off to Sir James Ingham's residence, and, by representing himself as a bona-fide messenger, obtained possession of the watch, which has never been heard of since.

The tutor in one of the smaller schools near Chauncey Depew's native town of Peekskill had drilled a number of his brightest scholars in the history of contemporary politics, and to test both their faith and their knowledge he called upon three of them one day and demanded a declaration of personal political principles: "You are a Republican, Tom, are you not?" "Yes, sir," "And

Bill, you are a Prohibitionist, I believe?" "Yes, sir." "And Jim, you are a Democrat?" "Yes, sir." "Well, now, the one of you that can give me the best reason why he belongs to his party can have this woodchuck, which I caught on my way to school this morning." "I am a Republican," said the first boy, "because the Republican party saved the country in the war and abolished slavery." "And Bill, why are you a Prohibitionist?" "I am a Prohibitionist," rattled off the youth, "because rum is the country's greatest enemy and the cause of our overcrowded prisons and poor-houses." "Excellent reasons, Bill," remarked the tutor, encouragingly; "now, why are you a Democrat, Jim?" "Well, sir," was the slow reply, "I am a Democrat because I want that woodchuck."

## ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

TIME—I A. M. SCENE—The Witherby sleeping-room.

MRS. WITHERBY [shaking her husband and whispering violently]—Henry! Wake up! Wake up, I say!

WITHERBY—Huh! Eh? Oo-o-e! What's matter?

MRS. WITHERBY—There's some one down-stairs.

WITHERBY [turning over]—Go sleep.

MRS. WITHERBY—Wake up! Some one is down-stairs! Hear that noise!

WITHERBY—Nonsense! Imagination!

MRS. WITHERBY—Sh! Listen! There! Hear that!

WITHERBY—Wind.

MRS. WITHERBY—The wind, is it? Sh! Is that the wind?

WITHERBY [rising up—also his hair]—That does sound like something. [Jumps out of bed and runs to door.]

MRS. WITHERBY [wildly after him]—Come back! You rash fellow. You might get murdered!

WITHERBY [locking door]—I was only going to lock it. Well, they can't get in here. [His courage rising.] Don't believe it's any one, anyway.

MRS. WITHERBY—It is! It is! Just hear them moving about! Oh! why don't you—

WITHERBY [his teeth beginning to chatter as the noises continue]—Well, what?

MRS. WITHERBY—Oh, something! My best silver! You stand there like a stick—

WITHERBY [tiptoeing to bureau and drawing forth a rusty old revolver]—I'll go after 'em! [waiving it in the air.]

MRS. WITHERBY—Ob, no, you mustn't! You can't tell what they might do.

WITHERBY [his courage returning]—Yes, I will! [Moves toward door.]

MRS. WITHERBY—You sha'n't! [Throws herself before him.] Think of the risk!

WITHERBY—Nonsense! Come, let me open that door!

MRS. WITHERBY—Never!

WITHERBY—Woman, do not stand in my way!

MRS. WITHERBY [reluctantly]—Well, if you must. But don't go down-stairs. Just—

WITHERBY [paling at the thought]—Perhaps you are right after all. I tell you what. You open the door a trifle, and I'll stand here ready to fire. [Moves behind the bed.]

MRS. WITHERBY—All right. [Turns key and slowly opens door to a crack. A moment of awful suspense.]

WITHERBY [putting his head out from behind the bed]—I can't see a thing.

MRS. WITHERBY [gathering courage and peering into the hall]—Who's down there?

VOICE FROM BELOW—Me, ma'am. Oi'm just 'ome from a pa-arty.

WITHERBY [crawling into bed]—You're a nice one to wake me up in the middle of the night like this! Why, I might have killed that girl if I had gone down-stairs!—Tom Masson in Puck.

Battle-flags, as kept in most repositories in this country, are in great danger of decay. In the Royal Museum at Dresden the flags are supported at each end by a staff, the stripes of the flag running horizontally. Then the flag is mounted upon a background of wire netting, with meshes about two inches square. At every intersection of the wires the flag is fastened to the net by a metallic fastening. This distributes the support of the flag evenly all over its surface.

## Curiosity Saves Life.

A package marked quinine was secretly sent to a bright woman, but being curious she took it to a druggist who said it was not quinine but arsenic. A like inquiry into some of the medicines offered will certainly detect the false from the true. For half a century Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been curing indigestion, constipation, dyspepsia, liver and kidney troubles, and has never once failed. Try it if you feel weak and tired.

First deaf mute—"We all have our troubles." Second deaf mute—"That's so; I have to tie my wife's hands so she won't talk in her sleep."—Bazar.

## Moore's Poison Oak Remedy.

Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

## MR. DARLEY'S STOCK DEAL.

"My dear," said Mr. Darley to his wife one evening after dinner, "I believe that husband and wife should have no secrets from each other."

"Now what have you done?" asked Mrs. Darley, archly shaking a finger at her husband. "Confess immediately to your own Amelia."

"Oh, it's nothing to be ashamed of, Amelia. It's only a matter of business."

"Oh, yes, Harry, business—of course."

Amelia's interest was less acute, but she tried to look receptive.

"Some men," Mr. Darley went on, "never tell their wives a thing about their business, and when they die, their wives—"

"But, Harry, you are not going to die!" faltered Amelia, as she put her arms around her husband's neck.

"Certainly not, my dear. Haven't I had my life insured?"

"Oh, yes, of course."

And Amelia was satisfied.

"But, as I was about to tell you," Harry went on, "a friend of mine—Winkle—Frederick Winkle—you know him, I believe?"

Mrs. Darley nodded. She had seen Mr. Winkle once or twice.

"He gave me a tip week before last."

"Oh, how nice! Was it an ostrich tip? May I have it for my new hat? Why didn't you show it to me as soon as you got it?"

"It wasn't an ostrich tip, Amelia; it was advice to buy a certain stock."

"Oh, yes, of course—certainly." Amelia's face fell.

"It was the Unlimited Wire Trust. Said it was a good thing. Sure to realize big profits. So I bought a hundred shares."

"Oh, how nice!"

"Yes. I got them at fifty-seven, and the very next day they went to sixty-five."

"Oh, you poor boy!" sympathized Amelia. "Just after you had bought, too!"

"Oh, that was all right. That showed a nice profit—something like seven dollars a share, not counting commissions."

"Good!" cried Amelia, clapping her hands.

"Now we can furnish the guest-chamber. I'll have it done to-morrow, and send for dear mamma to spend a month with us."

"But, Amelia—"

"There are no buts about it, Harry. Just think of seven hundred dollars coming into the house like that!"

"But, Amelia, I didn't sell."

"Why didn't you?"

"Oh, thought it was going higher. Then it didn't do a thing but take a straight drop of about twenty."

"That was fine, wasn't it?" asked Amelia, in a tone that indicated her opinion that it was great good luck.

"No, it wasn't fine. I was a loser then."

"Oh, Harry! Yes, of course—to be sure."

"Then I had to put up more margin."

"Oh, do tell me what sort of margin it was, Harry!" exclaimed Mrs. Darley, with reviving interest. "Was it a sort of a fringe, and what material was it made of, and how was it trimmed?"

"It was made of bank-notes, Amelia," said Mr. Darley, sternly. "Bank-notes, with green backs and steel-engravings on it, and I had to borrow the money from your Uncle Joe, and if Unlimited Wire doesn't take a sudden move upward and let me out of this hole, I don't know where our bread and butter, and your gowns and hats, and the rent, and my life-insurance payments, and all the rest of our expenses are to come from."

At this point Mr. Darley put on his hat and walked out, to smoke a cigar outside the house, and left his wife musing over the strange vicissitudes of business.—Bazar.

## Health-Giving

Qualities to infants are contained in every can of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. "It saved the baby's life" is the message received from thousands of mothers. Eagle stands first.

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821 Market Street, San Francisco.

Domestic Economy  
has no better aid than

Armour's  
Extract  
of  
Beef

SOLD BY ALL  
Grocers and Druggists  
Armour & Company,  
CHICAGO.

## ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 18, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the fifth day of June, 1900, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

E. K. COLE, Asst. Secretary.

Office—Room 20, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,

Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and coconnecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1900.

Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). . . . . Wednesday, June 6

Doric. (Via Honolulu). . . . . Saturday, June 8

Coptic. (Via Honolulu). . . . . Thursday, July 26

Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). . . . . Tuesday, August 21

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND

U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and coconnecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1900.

Hongkong Maru. . . . . Thursday, June 14

Nippon Maru. . . . . Tuesday, July 10

America Maru. . . . . Friday, August 3

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

OCEANIC  
Steamship Company

S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, May 30, 2 p. m.

S. S. Mariposa sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, June 13, at 8 p. m.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgomery Street. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:

For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, June 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., May 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, June 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., May 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, June 2, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., May 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, June 4, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., May 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, June 2, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.

For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month. The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

Ticket Office, 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel).

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St. S. F.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.

St. Paul. . . . . June 6 New York. . . . . June 20

St. Louis. . . . . June 13 St. Paul. . . . . June 27

RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.

Noordland. . . . . June 6 Southwark. . . . . June 9

Friesland. . . . . June 13 Westernland. . . . . June 27

EMPIRE LINE.

To Alaska and Gold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



## SOCIETY.

## Theatre-Parties.

A large and fashionable audience greeted John Drew on his opening night at the Columbia Theatre in "The Tyranny of Tears." There were a number of theatre-parties scattered through the house, the most notable being those given by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, the Misses Hager, and Mr. Walter S. Martin. After the performance they entertained their guests at supper at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Tobin's party included Mrs. Charles Raoul-Duval (née Tobin) and Miss Tobin, and at supper they were joined by Mr. John Drew and several of the officers of the French man-of-war *Prolet*.

The guests of the Misses Hager were Mrs. Walter L. Dean (née Hager), Mr. W. N. Drown, and Mr. E. M. Greenway.

Mr. Walter S. Martin's guests were Mr. and Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Miss Adelaide Murphy, Miss Florence Josselyn, and Mr. Peter D. Martin.

## The Chabot Luncheon.

Miss Josephine Chabot gave an elaborate luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Friday, May 18th, in honor of Miss Ethel Kellogg and Miss Alice Moffitt. Among others at table were Miss Lucy Moffitt, Mrs. James Moffitt, Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt, Mrs. Hiram Tubbs, Miss Bernice Landers, Miss Ida Belle Palmer, Miss Mary Barker, Mrs. George D. Greenwood, Miss Florence Brown, the Misses Mona and Laura Crellin, the Misses Florence and Jean Hush, Miss Margaret Sinclair, Miss Jane Rawlings, Mrs. R. L. Stephenson, Miss Juliet Garber, Miss Ethel Moore, Miss Florence Nightingale, Miss Grace Sperry, Miss Burnham, the Misses Pauline and Anita Lohse, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Maude Pope, Mrs. Philip Williams, Miss Kennedy, Mrs. W. Pringle, Miss Martha Hutchinson, Miss Ella Goodall, Mrs. A. S. McDonald, and Mrs. Henry Glide.

## Honors for Amedée Joulain.

In recognition of the artistic work which he has produced, Amedée Joulain, the San Francisco artist and well-known member of the Bohemian Club, has been honored by the French Republic. On Wednesday he was notified by Count A. de Tobriand, that he had been decorated by the Paris Beaux-Arts and made an officer of the Academy, a distinction never before bestowed upon a Californian.

The award is said to have been made chiefly for Joulain's Indian pictures, among which San Francisco art lovers will recall such canvases as "The Weaver," "Watching the Prisoner," "The Carver of Hieroglyphics," "The Firemaker"—purchased by the members of the Bohemian Club—"Gone,"

"Passing of the Wampum Belt," and "Watching the Aztec Sacred Fire."

Amedée Joulain was born in San Francisco. He has been painting for eighteen years. As a youth he attended the art school here and studied under Virgil Williams and then under Jules Tavernier. He is now occupying the very studio on the top floor at 728 Montgomery Street in which he took his first lessons as a beginner. After completing a course at the art school here, he went to Paris and studied with Bouguereau and with Robert Fleury, then at the government art school, and finally at Les Beaux-Arts. Returning to San Francisco, he became an instructor in the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, a position he occupied continuously for ten years, until a little over a year ago, when he resigned to go to New Mexico and study the Zuni and Moqui Indians. Upon his return from New Mexico and Arizona he opened his present studio.

## Notes and Gossip.

The Misses Spreckels entertained the officers of the French man-of-war *Prolet* at tea on Sunday, May 20th, at their home, 2504 Howard Street. Among others present were Mr. and Mrs. Brander, Miss Bertha Dolbeer, Miss Helen Wagner, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Maenie McNutt, Miss Edith Preston, and Miss Mollie Thomas.

Mrs. C. Osgood Hooker has taken the Lent residence on Washington Street for the summer, while her home at Burlingame is being completed.

Mrs. Louis Monteagle gave a euchre-party at her home on Thursday, May 17th.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin have been detained in New York owing to the illness of their daughter, Miss Helena Irwin, who is recovering from a slight attack of the measles. They expect to sail for Europe about the middle of June.

Miss Maye Colburn gave an informal tea on Thursday, May 17th.

The Misses Morrison, of San José, gave a large house-party at their residence, corner Fifth and Julian Streets, recently in honor of the visiting federal judges.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mabel Clare Nixon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nelson, of Santa Barbara, to Lieutenant Harris Laning, U. S. N., son of Mr. C. Barrett Laning, of Illinois, and a grandson of Major Harris, of Mexican War fame. The wedding will take place in Santa Barbara shortly after the return of Lieutenant Laning, who has already been ordered home from the Philippines in the cruiser *Bennington*, which is expected to arrive in port during the latter part of June.

## Concert at Mills College.

The closing concert of the spring term at Mills College was given under the direction of Mr. Louis

Lisser on Tuesday evening, May 22d, the programme presented being as follows:

Part song, "Merry, Merry Let Us Be," H. B. Pasmore, choral class; songs, (a) Eclogue, DeLibes, (b) Florian's song, Godard, Miss Osie Ringer, piano, in promptu, opus 90, No. 3, Schubert, Miss Ko Matsuda; songs, (a) "Cradle Song," Ries, (b) "Songs My Mother Taught Me," Dvorak, Miss Alice Woodbury; violin, (a) romance, Svendsen, (b) mazurka, Wieniawski, Miss Elma Miller; piano, novallette, No. 1, F. major, Schumann, Miss Opal Miller. Part II.—Vocal, page's song from "The Huguenots," Meyerbeer, Miss Willie Finley; piano, (a) En automne, (b) Expansion, Moszkowsky, Miss Daisy Goodman; vocal, recitation, "And God said, let the earth bring forth light," Haydn, aria, "With Verdure Clad," Haydn, Miss Beulah George; violin, Scene de Ballet, De Beriot, Miss Willie Finley; piano, ballade, "By the surging sea, in the far, far north, I stood and dreamed," Oscar Weil, Miss Grace Eldore; part songs, "Hark, Hark," "All You Bid Us," H. B. Pasmore, choral class.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

## How the Japanese Coolies Are Brought In.

BAKAN, SHIMONOSEKI STRAITS, JAPAN,

May 4, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I am actuated in writing this letter by the fact that thousands upon thousands of coolies but little removed on the social scale from simians are yearly swarming into California, which I still look upon as my home. At the rate the present influx of coolies is going on I should judge that before long it will be hard for an American laborer to support himself by his work.

The British steamship *Glenogle*, under charter to Messrs. Dodwell & Co., Ltd., a British firm, general agents in the Orient for the Northern Pacific Railway Company, now coaling at Moji, opposite here, and bound for Puget Sound ports, will have on board after calling at Kobe and Yokohama fifteen hundred Japanese coolies—so Captain Frakes, of the *Glenogle*, to-day informed me—as passengers for Victoria, B. C., and Port Townsend and Seattle, Wash. It is a fair conjecture that at least ninety per cent. of these most undesirable of all immigrants will find their way into the United States, and come into competition with free American labor. Captain Frakes also informs me that under his license, issued by the British Board of Trade, London, he is allowed to carry, all told—saloon, European and Asiatic steerage—three hundred and seventy passengers. These coolie immigrants, however, are to be crowded in 'tween decks, rough bunks being temporarily and roughly constructed for their accommodation.

This is only one case of what has been going on for years, and if drastic measures are not immediately adopted, what will continue to go on, to the detriment and sorrow of the present and future generations of American workmen. Here in Japan, and in China and the Straits Settlements to the Indies, a Chinaman is looked up to and respected for some good qualities; notably, for a sense of integrity and commercial morality that is largely predominant with the merchant class. No one, however, thinks of reposing any confidence in a Japanese; and their conceit, rascality, and ill-treatment of foreigners is becoming so pronounced since the China-Japan War, and since the operation of the new treaties, and so offensive, that many foreigners are quitting the country. Even the government itself does not retain the confidence of the foreign population. As an instance, I might add that while it was proved to the satisfaction of government officials of the United States that Japanese were shipping arms and ammunition to the Filipino insurgents, the Japanese Government itself could not clear its skirts of being directly implicated in the transactions.

If the United States desires to expand she might do well to begin expanding at home, by excluding Japanese, Levantine, and other servile contract laborers, and use part of the money required for a navy to retain her recently partially acquired Oriental possessions, in constructing irrigation reservoirs and ditches, thereby bringing millions of acres of arid lands in California, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, and other Western States and Territories under cultivation, and thus providing homes and means of sustenance for thousands of American families.

There is ample room for expansion still remaining within the borders of the United States.

AMERICAN.

## Stockton's Street Fair.

The merchants of Stockton have decided to celebrate an unparalleled reign of prosperity for the San Joaquin Valley by holding a free street fair from Tuesday, June 26th, to Wednesday, July 4th, concluding with a great Independence Day celebration. To this end, the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association has held several meetings resulting in the formation of a committee on management composed of sub-committees, which cover every branch and detail of the street fair.

It will be held in the centre section of the city, on the plaza and surrounding the county building. These streets will be occupied by pretty booths, stages for free performances, side-shows, midway attractions, and grand stands to accommodate the public. The entire affair will be under the direction of L. W. Buckley, who successfully managed the recent street fairs at Riverside and Sacramento.

It has been decided to have a queen of the carnival, who will be transformed into the Goddess of Liberty on the Fourth of July. During the week there will be a trades parade, merchants' parade, and a grand patriotic parade on the closing day, July 4th.

## Pears'

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap? Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

## Eureka Ranch.

A delightfully situated home among red-woods in Santa Cruz Mountains. Large, shady grounds, large, sunny rooms, cream, poultry, fruit. Modern improvements. Nice bath-room, porcelain tub, etc. Terms reasonable.

Box 83, Rural Delivery, Santa Cruz, Cal.

Nervous Prostration and the Liquor, Morphine, and Tobacco Habits Cured at the

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STORES Trunks for One Dollar a Month. RENTS Safes for \$5 a year, furnishing the most perfect security for valuables of all descriptions. Office Hours, 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.

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First-class quiet Family Hotel. D. W. JAMES, Proprietor, Late of Paso Robles Hotel.

**ROYAL**  
Absolutely Pure **BAKING-POWDER**

No inferior or impure ingredients are used in Royal for the purpose of cheapening its cost; only the most highly refined and healthful.

Royal Baking Powder imparts that peculiar sweetness, flavor and delicacy noticed in the finest cake, biscuit, rolls, etc., which expert pastry cooks declare is unobtainable by the use of any other leavening agent.

Alum is used in making cheap baking powders. If you want to know the effect of alum upon the tender linings of the stomach, touch a piece to your tongue. You can raise biscuit with alum baking powder, but at what a cost to health!



SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Thérèse Morgan has returned from a visit to Lieutenant-Commander August F. Fichteler, U. S. N., and Mrs. Fichteler at their home at Mare Island, and will spend next week with friends at Menlo Park.

Mrs. W. R. Whitier has been spending the past week at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott have returned from their trip East. Miss Mary Scott will spend the summer abroad.

Mrs. Richard Carroll and Miss Gertrude Carroll have returned from a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and family, who are now in their country home near Cloverdale, will spend the summer at Monterey. Miss Florence Ives returned from a short visit to her sister on Saturday.

Miss Adelaide Murphy has returned from a fortnight's visit to the Misses Josselyn at their country home at Woodside.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford, accompanied by Mr. Charles G. Lathrop, has returned to Palo Alto after visit of several weeks to her ranch near Chico.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish left New York for California on Friday, May 25th, in their private car, accompanied by the following guests: Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Miss Greta Pomeroy, Mr. Henry Lewis, Jr., Mr. J. de Wolf Cutting, and Mr. Addison Grant.

Mr. and Mrs. Southard Hoffman and Miss Alice Hoffman have taken a cottage in San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. W. T. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair are in New York, en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Tevis will soon close their country home, "Los Portales," at Bakersfield, and return to this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., have returned from Europe, and are now at Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Collis P. Huntington departed for New York in their special car on Tuesday last.

Mr. James D. Phelan paid a visit on Sunday last to his sister, Miss Mollie Phelan, who is passing a few weeks at Hotel Vendome, San José.

Miss Juliette Williams is in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas S. Watson (née Moody) are in New York early in the week, en route to Paris.

Mrs. Avery McCarthy and her sister, Miss Helen Wagner, spent this week at Monterey.

Mr. E. A. Willsee has returned from a long visit to Denver, Colo.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. Frank Goad has returned from a trip to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Preston have closed their country home at Woodside. Mrs. Preston, accompanied by the Misses Preston, will visit Aetna Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn have gone to New York, and expect to be away a couple of months. During their absence Mrs. Joseph D. Redding and the Misses Josselyn will occupy their country home at Woodside.

Mr. Charles Raoul-Duval is in Seattle. During his absence Mrs. Raoul-Duval will be the guest of her mother, Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Dean (née Hager) who had intended going directly to San Rafael on their return from Del Monte, are still the guests of the Misses Hager in this city. Mr. Dean's illness has prevented their departure.

Miss Lillie Follis and Mr. Clarence Follis have returned from a short visit to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Salisbury and Miss Margaret Salisbury will sail for Nome, Alaska, to-day (Saturday). Mrs. Salisbury and her daughter expect to spend the summer with Mr. Salisbury.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease and Miss Maylita Pease, who have been in the East for the past few months, arrived home on Monday.

Mrs. J. A. Folger and Mrs. Le Grande Tibbets have returned to Oakland from Paso de Robles. Mrs. Tibbets leaves for the East shortly to join her husband. Mrs. Folger and Mrs. Ernest Folger will spend the summer at San Rafael.

Mrs. William B. Bourn, Jr., and Miss Maud Bourn are at present in London. They will go to Paris in a few weeks.

Mrs. Robert Sherwood and Mr. William Sherwood leave for Castle Crag the latter part of next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buckbee will spend the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. Austin P. Hayne sailed on Monday on the *Calandria* for Nome, Alaska, where he expects to remain during the summer. Mrs. Hayne will be the guest of her mother, Mrs. William B. Bourn, at St. Helena.

Mr. and Mrs. Brander (née Forman) sail for Nome, Alaska, to-day (Saturday) on the *St. Paul*. They will be gone about two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Athearn Folger are still in Paris and will not return to California till late in the autumn.

Mrs. Callaghan Byrne is visiting her father, Mr. Ellis, in Marysville.

Mrs. Frank King has returned from a two weeks' visit to Salt Lake City.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hogg and Miss Mabel Hogg are sojourning at the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani arrived in this city on Saturday, May 19th, and is staying at the California hotel. She will sail for Honolulu on the Oceanic steamer *Australia* on Wednesday, May 30th.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear are at their country home near Port Costa. During the sum-

mer Mrs. McNear will entertain the family of her son, Mr. George W. McNear, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bowles.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Schwabacher and the Misses Schwabacher are in New York.

Prince Alexis Dolgoroukoff of Russia was at the Palace Hotel early in the week.

Mr. Frank Unger is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Clay M. Greene at their country place, "Bayside," on Long Island.

Judge John F. Finn was in New York early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Sperry and Mr. Fred Sperry, of Stockton, who returned from Honolulu on Monday, were at the Occidental Hotel for a few days.

Mrs. George A. Knight was a visitor at the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Castle, of Honolulu, registered at the Occidental Hotel a few days ago.

Dr. Lu Ella Cool, of "Casa Esperanza," Haywards, who has fully recovered her health, departs for Nome in June. Upon her return in September, she will reside at Broadway and Thirteenth Street, Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scott recently left for Europe, and expect to be absent a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks, who for several weeks have been guests of Major Bulwer, of Los Angeles, will return to the Palace Hotel about the first of June.

Mrs. William J. Dutton registered at the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Mrs. Francis J. Connelly and family will spend the summer as guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Dollison, of Eureka.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Flower, of St. Paul, Minn.; Captain S. F. Shoemaker, of Washington, D. C.; Mr. James Williamson and Mr. C. F. Allen, of New York; Mr. H. M. Reade, of Worcester, England; Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Arndt, of Stockton; Mrs. O. O. Heydenfeldt, of San Rafael; Mr. A. E. Bolton, of Berkeley; Mr. H. B. Ramsdell, of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Charlesworth, of Pleasanton; Mr. J. B. Estee, of Milwaukee; Miss K. Morgan, of Rochester, N. Y.; Dr. and Mrs. H. Sidebotham, of Santa Barbara; Mr. P. C. Drescher, of Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. C. Carpy, of St. Helena; and Mr. Frank W. Griffin, of Oroville.

Among the week's visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Beardsley, of New York; Mrs. B. H. Hall and the Misses Hall, of Troy, N. Y.; Mr. A. A. Short, of San José; Mrs. Albert Shaw and Mrs. E. Montgomery, of Hollister; Mr. C. Chamberlain, of Chicago; Miss Alice Peter, of Santa Rosa; Mrs. J. S. Noble, of Los Angeles; Mr. Joe T. Bibb, of Tacoma; Mr. Al Sprout, of Chicago; and Mr. W. A. Judd, Mr. D. E. Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. M. Hart, Miss Fraser, Mr. I. F. Beede, Mrs. Fannie Barr, and Miss Lottie Barr.

La Zacualpa Rubber Plantation Company is the only one owning a plantation in the State of Chiapas, Mexico, controlled by American capital, that has passed the experimental age and is now producing rubber from its own wild and cultivated trees, and at the same time engaged in planting. When a certificate is delivered to a shareholder, his acreage is already provided for in the planting. The company is composed of reliable persons who are well known in this community, and it is fortunate in having formed a connection with O. H. Harrison, their resident director and general manager of the plantation, with headquarters at Tapacubula, Department of Soconusco, Mexico, and near the plantation. During the stay of Mr. Harrison in this city, a short time since, he was interviewed by a number of prominent persons regarding the outlook of rubber culture in his section, and the result was the sale of a number of shares. Mr. Harrison is now en route to London on the business of the company, and will return here in August on his way to the plantation, when he can be seen by those who wish to have a personal description of conditions on La Zacualpa Rubber Plantation. Those who desire to study the cultivation of rubber can obtain all the necessary information at the offices of the company, 703-704 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Michael Munkacsy, the most famous of contemporary Hungarian painters, died May 1st in an insane asylum at Bonn. He was born near Budapest in 1844, and was left an orphan at an early age, living with relatives who were exceedingly poor. The artistic talent manifested itself early, but being without money, it was many years before he could study. In 1874 he married a rich widow, and her fortune enabled him to paint at leisure and give more attention to his work. Among his great paintings are "Milton Dictating 'Paradise Lost' to His Daughters," "Ecce Homo," "Christ on Calvary," "The Last Moments of Mozart," and "Christ Before Pilate." The last two are the best known in this country, and have attracted thousands of visitors. His brilliant career really terminated in 1895, for his few works after that time were sad reminders of a weakening hand and failing intellect.

The Bachelors' Club, of London, has decided that the Duke of Orleans is no longer entitled to membership, and has asked him to resign. At a meeting of the directors of the club on April 30th, the duke's explanation of his affront to the queen last fall was read, considered, and declared insufficient. The resolution asking him to resign was passed unanimously.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral Lester A. Beardslee, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. Beardslee, who are visiting San Francisco, will sail on the sixth of June on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Gaelic*, for China and Japan. From the Orient they will tour the world.

Mrs. Saltzman, wife of Lieutenant Charles McKinley Saltzman, First Cavalry, U. S. A., is visiting her father, Colonel Richard I. Eskridge, Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., commanding officer at the Presidio. At the conclusion of his visit here, she will go to join her husband at his new station, Fort Apache, Arizona.

Lieutenant-Colonel Marion P. Maus, inspector-general, U. S. V., and Mrs. Maus were visitors at Vancouver Barracks last week.

Captain Alvan C. Gillin, assistant quartermaster, U. S. V., now at Nashville, Tenn., has been ordered to proceed to this city, where he will report for duty.

Major Abiel L. Smith, commissary of subsistence, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed from Washington to Seattle, there to take charge of the supplies of subsistence stores for troops en route for Alaska.

Lieutenant-Commander Frank E. Beatty, U. S. N., who went to Manila as the navigating officer of the monitor *Monterey* when that vessel made her memorable trip across the Pacific Ocean to join the fleet of Admiral Dewey, U. S. N., arrived in this city from the Philippines on Monday.

The cruiser *Philadelphia*, commanded by Captain William W. Mead, U. S. N., arrived in port on Friday, May 19th from Panama. She has been cruising in southern waters nearly three months.

Upon the completion of the new Tavern of Tamalpais a regular train will be operated connecting with the 5:15 P. M. trip from San Francisco. Parties can thus reach the Tavern in sufficient time to have dinner, view the sunset, witness the night scene and magnificent cloud and fog effects, remain over night, enjoy the sunrise, and leave the Tavern at 7:10 A. M., arriving in San Francisco at 8:45, in time for business. On Decoration Day, Wednesday, May 30th, the trains will run on Sunday time.

—THE NEW "PEARL GREY" VISITING CARDS are now quite popular. And Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, charge no more for these than the regular "Ivory White," one dollar per hundred.

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—After 24 years under Palace Hotel, Marsh's Japanese Fine Art Store has moved to 214 Post St.

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*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P
*8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P
*8.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*11.45 A
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese (for Yosemite), Sonoma, Carthers.....	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations. Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*6.45 P
*9.30 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations. The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*5.15 P
*11.00 A	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.15 P
*12.00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations. Sacramento River Steamers.....	*5.00 A
*3.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations. Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*10.45 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited. Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	*9.45 A
*5.00 P	Fresno Passenger—Martinez, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Berenda (Raymond for Yosemite), Fresno.....	*12.15 P
*5.30 P	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*8.45 A
*5.30 P	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	*6.45 P
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*7.45 A
*6.00 P	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations. Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*11.45 A
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*4.15 P
*7.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	19.55 P
*8.05 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.15 A

### COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

(Foot of Market Street.)

17.45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	18.05 P
*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*6.20 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, Santa Cruz, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*8.50 A
*4.15 P	Glenwood, Felton, Santa Cruz.....	*8.50 A

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(Third and Townsend Streets.)

*6.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*6.30 P
*7.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P
*7.30 A	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.35 P
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.15 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José, Los Gatos and Way Stations.....	*8.50 A
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.36 A
*13.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.00 A
*5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*8.35 A
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*8.00 A
*8.45 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mistress—"Bridget, you've been a long time in coming; didn't you hear me calling?" Bridget—"No, ma'am; not till yez called th' third toim, ma'am."—*Ex.*

Fuzzy—"They say that Aguinaldo invested half a million dollars in the Philippine rebellion." Wuzzy—"Well, he can't complain; he is getting a run for his money."—*Ex.*

Where ignorance is bliss: Hicks (reading)—"There are many people that suffer from dyspepsia for years without knowing it." Kicks (a dyspeptic)—"How I envy them!"—*Town Topics.*

"Do you know anything at all about drilling?" asked the sergeant. "Faith, I know all about it," replied the raw recruit; "I worked in a quarry for monny years befor I j'ined th' army."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"What is blanc mange, pa?" "Blanc mange? It is that ghastly, horrible, nervous, clammy dessert which your mother generally gets up when we have company so that I can't shirk out of eating it."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"I wouldn't like to be in one of those expeditions to the North Pole, would you?" "No; I prefer the South Pole." "Huh! What's the difference between the two?" "All the difference in the world."—*Philadelphia Press.*

What we're all coming to: "What, minding the baby!" said Northside, as he entered Manchester's home and found his friend agitating the cradle. "Yes," replied Manchester, "I've got down to bed-rock."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

More than even with him: Banker (to crushed tragedian)—"No, I haven't seen you act; I have not been inside a theatre for two years!" Crushed tragedian—"It's five years since I've been inside a bank!"—*From "The Ways of Men."*

"Is it true that you Filipinos are making secret visits to Manila?" "Well," answered the native, "we've got to get into Manila once in a while so as to get the news from the sympathizers in America and find out how the war is getting on."—*Washington Star.*

"What is an island?" asked the teacher, addressing her interrogation to the class in geography. "An island, ma'am," replied Johnny Broadhead, a studious lad who had Puerto Rico in mind, "is a body of land entirely surrounded by politics."—*Puck.*

At a low ebb: "I repeat, gentlemen," said the orator, "the influence of the press has departed—give way, there, you fellows in front, and stop crowding the reporters. How can they do their work under such conditions?"—*Philadelphia North American.*

"Were you interested at the piano recital?" asked the musician. "Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "it was a little slow at first; but after I caught the spirit of it and got to guessing with the others whether it was time to applaud or only a rest, it got to be quite a game."—*Washington Star.*

When they stopped the machinery and dragged the crumpled workman out from between the wheels, they feared he was finished. However, he opened his eyes and spoke in a faint, far-away voice: "You kin say wot you please," said he, "but as fer me, this traveling in cog ain't the game they make it out to be."—*Princeton Tiger.*

"I am sorry to disappoint you, young man," said the great railway magnate to the reporter who had called in for the purpose of writing him up, "but I did not begin at the bottom and work my way up. I was kicked through college by my father, inherited a fortune, which I invested in railroad shares, and I hold this job because I have votes enough to control it. It is too bad, my young friend, but we can't all be self-made men. We would become tiresome." And he bowed the caller out.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Ma faitber's a soger," said a little Scotch lassie. "An' ma faither, too," said her playmate. "Ab, but ma faither's a brave mon; he's been in war, and he's got a hale gang o' medals; an' he's gat the Victoria Cross; the queen pinned it on him wi' her ain hand," breathlessly announced lassie number one. "An' ma faither's braver," cried the other one; "he's been in dozen o' wars, and he's got gangs and gangs o' medals, an' Victoria Crosses; an' he's got a bonnie wudden leg, an'," with a triumphant shriek, "the queen nailed it on wi' her ain hand."—*Ex.*

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Facts in the case: "How did he lose his standing in the community?" "By getting drunk and letting a train run over his legs."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

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# The Argonaut.

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Every American city is interested in the problem of disposing of wires. Strung overhead, these wires are not only unsightly but dangerous. In many instances they have caused fire, and their hindered the putting out of the blaze. By breakage or accidental contact, they have inflicted many a shock fatal to man or beast.

To meet this dual evil Baltimore is constructing a conduit system, but to reach the point at which an actual beginning could be had, many obstacles put in the way by companies concerned had to be overcome. Indeed, the effort covered a period of years. Other cities have essayed something in this direction, but none so complete a system

as Baltimore is building. As a pioneer in a new field of municipal betterment, this scheme must be regarded with keen interest. In 1892, Baltimore was authorized to submit to vote a proposal for the issue of one million dollars in bonds for a conduit system. There was delay after delay in the council, but the plan to issue the bonds was given popular approval in 1897. A year later a special commission was appointed to undertake the work. Under direction of this body three hundred miles of ducts have been laid beneath nine miles of streets, this being the result of last year's work, and about one-third of the entire system planned. After a cessation, the task is about to be resumed, the expectation being that it will be finished in 1901. It will then underlie thirty-four miles of street.

The conduit will be used by one railway consolidation, one electric-light company, two telegraph companies, and two telephone companies. The ducts vary from eighteen to eighty-one in number, and are designed to meet demands from fifty per cent. to one hundred per cent. greater than now exist. One objection, that high-tension wires in the same conduit with those of low tension would interfere with the working of the latter, has been overcome. The Bell Telephone Company intends to construct and operate an independent conduit, basing its right to do so upon some shrewd legislation enacted at its behest in 1889. The city has vainly sought in the courts to overthrow the contention of this corporation, but, at any rate, Bell wires will have to be buried like the rest.

Companies using the municipal conduit will be obliged to pay a rental sufficient to meet fixed charges, the cost of maintenance, and to establish a sinking-fund to pay off the bonds in twenty-five years. This will permit rentals to be low. All the work performed has been by direct labor. The municipal wage in Baltimore is ten dollars for a week of forty-eight hours, while in private employment it is seven dollars and fifty cents for a week of sixty hours. The engineer in charge had been at first in favor of the contract system, but now believes the one employed far superior. No jobs were given out at political dictation, but the best men were hired, and the selected force proved most efficient.

Already San Francisco's supervisors have decreed that all wires now overhead shall be placed underground, a reasonable time being allowed in which to make the change, but throwing the responsibility of making it and the manner upon the companies. Judged by the reckless way in which any company attacks as it may choose any pavement that happens to be in its sphere of activity, this augurs ill for the future condition of local streets. The pavements would not only be torn up once, but often; not simply scarred from end to end, but hollowed and humped and criss-crossed. This has been illustrated many times. No sooner had the old cobbles of Stockton Street been removed and bitumen substituted, than the practice of digging ditches in it seemed to become a mania. It was more often impassable than otherwise, and has just recovered from its latest visitation of the axe. The pavement of Montgomery Street is still new, having been in use only about six months. During the last sixty days it has been cut open, undermined, and mended five separate times. This is a nuisance alike to pedestrians and drivers, and interferes seriously with trade.

In the *Merchants' Review* of recent date, Frank J. Symmes proposed that in the business section half of the space under the sidewalk should be used as a conduit, accommodating, in addition to wires, gas and water-pipes. A brick retaining wall would divide this space from the private premises. Along the sides of the wall could be placed the ducts. In the centre would be a gutter for sewage, and width enough for a walk-way, so that repairs would be easy. By this plan the necessity for digging the streets would be obviated and the great expense of making connections in the middle of the thoroughfare cut off.

Assuredly, local conditions are such as to call for remedy. Perhaps much is to be learned from the experience that Baltimore is undergoing, and the suggestions of Mr. Symmes merit consideration. There must be some salutary

and effective way of correcting abuses that are so apparent as to annoy every citizen, while expensive alike to tax-payer and corporation.

Bills bearing the following titles are now before both Houses of Congress: "To prevent robbing of the mail, to provide a safer and easier method of sending money by mail, and to increase the postal revenues."

While the natural impulse would be to indorse all these causes, the full significance of the most important of them might not be realized at once. The lack of means for sending money in small sums through the mail has been a serious drawback to many lines of business, particularly such as depend upon a wide territory for patronage. Two-thirds of all the post-offices are not money-order offices.

The passage of the pending measures would be welcomed by all who have examined their merits. By the terms, it is proposed to reprint all one-dollar, two-dollar, and five-dollar bills now in existence, leaving on the face of each a blank to be filled out should occasion arise for sending it by mail. Before the blank is filled, the bill passes from hand to hand as ordinary money, its function in no way different from that now performed. After the filling of the blank, the bill is a check on the United States Government, and can be mailed with the same confidence as any other piece of exchange. No modification of the financial system is proposed; no discussion of gold and silver can arise. The simple purpose is to introduce a scheme for the public convenience and profit. In this profit the government would share.

Domestic money-orders last year amounted to \$211,213,592.84, estimated to represent not more than one-fifth of the cash transmitted by mail. The rest was in the form of stamps—later sold at a discount; in small checks, to be collected at a cost of ten or twenty-five cents each; in silver or notes, apt to tempt the dishonest, and once stolen, a total loss. On all this the government received only the revenue included in the ordinary postage. The new form of money, to be known as a post-check, would doubtless supersede wholly the money-order of the present. To every post-check, when the blank is filled, must be affixed a two-cent stamp, to be canceled by the initials of the sender. This would be no hardship to the sender, but it would add greatly to the income of the post-office department. Transactions, it is estimated, would reach a total of a billion dollars yearly. Besides this, the department would be saved commissions on money-orders which during 1899 were \$600,000.

It is further proposed to issue \$50,000,000 in fractional currency, in denominations of five cents, ten cents, fifteen cents, twenty-five cents, and fifty cents, these to be subject to the same regulation and use, except that the stamp necessary to be affixed will be one cent. The constant calling in of this money through its employment as checks would keep the issue ever new and fresh, a condition from a sanitary standpoint most desirable. The post-check is described as clean, easy to carry, safe to send, and hard to counterfeit. This is about all there could be said in favor of any known form of money. There seems nothing in the measures to object to, but so much to commend, that how there could be opposition would be difficult to understand.

Dean C. Worcester, one of the commissioners to the Philippines, does not share the opinion that the islands produce nothing that will be recompense, in a commercial way, for the trouble of having taken them and the cost of holding them. On the contrary, in a recent paper he draws a very cheerful picture of trade that will develop from the association, stating that the ship which carries commodities from the United States to a Philippine market may come back as heavily and as profitably laden, and by this double carriage trade be made remunerative even at the present stage of industrial growth. The trouble with the Philippines has been that the natives are not enterprising.

The soil of many parts of the archipelago is rich.



almost all of the islands sugar can be grown advantageously, but the process of manufacture is primitive. The cane is crushed between crude stone cylinders operated by buffalo power. In curing it no artificial heat is employed, but the sun is depended upon, and results consummated with a tardiness that could not be tolerated by a more forceful or more inventive people. If there should ever arise occasion for importing sugar, the Philippines could furnish the article in abundance.

Another staple is tobacco, but it is treated by methods fully as imperfect as those applied to sugar. The tobacco grown in the islands is not, for the most part, of a first grade, although the Sumatra wrapper is unsurpassed. Of minor quality tobacco, good, but not rated the best, the Philippines yield so great a crop that it could be made to equal that of Cuba, which gives one-seventh of the world's output. In Cagayan, a province of Luzon, the soil and climatic conditions are so similar to those of Cuba that, by a proper system of cultivation, the tobacco would be as desirable in the market, and distinguishable only to the expert. The lack of proper transportation facilities is greatly felt in connection with this branch of industry, but, as is the case with other lacks, it can be overcome.

Rice-growing has not advanced to the point that might have been supposed, but it presents promising possibilities. There have been years in which not enough of the cereal was raised to meet the local demand, but with ordinary intelligence applied there could be harvested usually a large surplus to be sent to the Orient, where the assurance of a ready market can be depended upon. Rice will grow where sugar and tobacco do not flourish, this circumstance showing the availability of a wide area for cultivation. The system now in vogue will have to be changed, and success will not be attained prior to the building of railroads.

Copra is produced in great quantity, and exported generally to England or Germany, where it is used in the manufacture of soaps. There is also made from it an oil employed as an illuminant. Copra is the dried meat of the cocoa-nut. No reason appears why its objective point should not be the United States, and certainly there could be here no protest against its importation. The cocoa-nut tree has in every part a commercial value. The trunk, leaves, and fibre are all utilized, but the copra is, in profit, its leading feature. This is by reason of the simplicity of treatment required, the variety of ways in which it may be employed, the absence of bulk, and its durability. The trees themselves do not cause the grower anything beyond the initial expense, for they are hardy and grow unattended. Some investors are now making from ten to forty per cent.

In the lumber of the Philippines there is vast richness. There are forests of ebony, cedar, ironwood, logwood, and bamboo. The wood of many of the varieties takes a high polish, and for furniture and interior finish of houses and palace cars can not be surpassed. A portion are practically new, except for such scientific knowledge concerning them as may have been extant. Of one hundred and twenty-three specimens of the mindinoro, six possess a greater specific gravity than water. The wood of the banava and malave are impervious to the action of moisture, long immersion in no degree impairing their soundness. The extent of the forests are not determined, but it is immense.

In Cebu and Masbate are deposits of lignite of excellent quality. The estimates give twenty thousand tons of this to the acre. The veins have not been extensively worked, but the coal was thoroughly tested by Spanish captains who had a thrifty habit of appropriating the fuel allowance, and then filling the bunkers of their vessels from the shore outcroppings of the lignite. There are known to exist in the islands gold, iron, copper, and sulphur, but these resources remain to be exploited. Add to the products mentioned silk and coffee, and the list of articles to be expected from the Philippines is, perhaps, complete, but the demand that will be created there for American machinery, for the services of architects and contractors, for building material, hardware, dress goods, prepared foods, wines, flour, and petroleum is in itself an important consideration.

The conventions of the Fusion and Middle-of-the-Road wings of the Populist party, held respectively at Sioux Falls and Cincinnati about the middle of May, may be deemed the practical opening of the Presidential campaign of 1900. The work of neither convention contained any surprises, either in candidates or platforms. That at Sioux Falls nominated Bryan for President, as was entirely expected and natural, as Bryan became an active Populist in the campaign of 1892, when he stumped the West for the Populist candidate in opposition to Cleveland. The convention put forth a platform prepared, or, at least, approved by the Bryan literary bureau, and in the face of considerable opposition named Charles A. Towne, of Minnesota, as its candidate for Vice-President.

The platform adopted may be briefly summed up as follows:

It re-affirms generally the Populist platforms of the past eight years. Denounces in detail all of the Republican financial legislation of the current year which has placed the government on a gold-standard footing.

Demands the re-opening of the United States mints to the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1.

Demands a graduated income and inheritance tax.

Demands the establishment of postal savings-banks by the government.

Calls for the enforcement of the homestead laws and government ownership of railways and telegraphs.

Denounces trusts as the overshadowing evil of the age; announces that the one remedy is that ownership and control shall be assumed by the people; and declares in the meantime that all tariffs on goods controlled by trusts shall be abolished.

Applauds the valor of the army and navy in the late war, while condemning the policies of the administration in the Philippines and Puerto Rico.

Extends sympathy to the cause of the Boers in South Africa.

Denounces imperialism in the form of an increase of the standing army, and declares in favor of the pension laws, the initiative and referendum, the public ownership of utilities, and the election of senators by the people.

The Middle-of-the-Road Populists in their convention, after nominating Wharton and Donnelly as its candidates, adopted a platform in which they demanded:

The initiative and referendum.

Public ownership of such railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, coal mines, and so forth, as the people may elect.

Prohibition of alien ownership of land, and the return to the government of all lands held by railroads and other corporations in excess of their needs.

Scientific and absolute paper money, based upon the wealth and population of the country, not redeemable in any commodity, and to be issued by the government; but until paper money is secured, the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

A tax on incomes and inheritances.

The election of President and Vice-President, United States judges, and senators by direct vote of the people.

The Cincinnati convention is the better exemplar of the two of pure Populism, as the country has come to know it. Fusion with Democracy has made of the larger wing neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, and it indicates the rapid extinction of a party which first appeared as the Greenbackers of 1876, and seems to have reached its apogee in the campaign of 1892, when it polled over a million votes.

The nomination of Charles A. Towne for Vice President by the Fusion Populists is the one interesting feature of Populistic action. It will add a seriously perplexing question to the deliberations of the Democrats at Kansas City, at a time when that party has trouble enough of its own to steer a course which will tend to unite its warring elements. If Bryan and Towne are indorsed at the coming convention, then the People's party have become the leaders and dictators of the fusion, and Democracy is swallowed up in Populism. Will it tend to reconcile Eastern and Southern Democrats to be offered a ticket chosen by Populists in which the leading candidate is the embodiment of the unsound financial theories they have already condemned, and tinged with Populism beside, while the second place is given to a renegade Republican? If they reject him, or if Towne is forced to give way, which will be practically the same thing, the situation will not be less embarrassing. Such action would be a virtual slight offered by the Democrats to both the Populists and the Silver Republicans, and is bound to create dissensions in the fusion ranks which would increase the Middle-of-the-Road vote and drive besitating Silver Republicans back to their original affiliations. To accept Towne would be to force the silver issue to the front with an emphasis not at all in consonance with the Eastern idea of ignoring it or keeping it in the background in the interest of Democratic harmony.

The situation is of a piece with all fusions of national parties that have ever been attempted in this country. The mingling of diverse elements of discontent only serves to produce a greater discontent with each other, disgusts the public, distracts from any singleness of purpose, and invariably leads to failure at the polls. The fact that the Populists at Sioux City refused the counsel of those who advised them to consult the Democratic contingent before making any nomination, points to the probability of coming dissension, and indicates the cause of it. The outlook is for another Bryan and Watson fiasco.

The ancient discussion as to whether crimes accompanied by violence should be punished by the lash has been revived in New York, where several of the police judges have recently expressed their approval of this form of punishment, and in a number of instances juvenile offenders have been released from custody on condition that their parents or guardians should administer a flogging in lieu of a penalty inflicted by the court. In a number of the more advanced reformatory institutions, the "paddle" has been used upon refractory inmates with beneficial results, for, while it is less severe and less dangerous than the lash, it has similar salutary effect. The opposition to the infliction of such physical punishment comes from a certain class of sentimentalists who fear that

its infliction will degrade the offender, yet the Congregational Club, of New Haven, whose members might reasonably be suspected of an altruism that would include even the criminal and incorrigible classes, has recently resolved that moderate whipping, to be administered in private, should be legalized as a mode of punishment for juvenile offenders.

The same question has been occupying the attention of the British Parliament in connection with a bill introduced to extend the penalty of whipping for crimes against women and children, that penalty now being prescribed for robbery accompanied by violence. The law prescribing this penalty for the latter class of cases was enacted several years ago when garroting was common, and the opponents of the present bill claimed that the crime had ceased to be practiced before the law had gone into effect, and so the cessation could not be credited to the law. On the other hand, the record shows that in seven years a single judge ordered prisoners to receive 4,061 strokes with the cat, so there is, at least, a presumption that the law had a deterrent effect. At the same time, the fact was brought out that the infliction of the penalty depended largely upon the personal opinions of the judge before whom the trial was had. Only seven or eight of the judges ever ordered the punishment of the lash.

There are really three distinct phases of the question, though they are not always distinguished when it is discussed: Should the lash be inflicted as a punishment for all crimes of violence? Should it be used in reformatory institutions for the punishment of refractory inmates? Should it be used for the correction of juvenile offenders? There would seem to be no reasonable room for any but an affirmative answer in reply to the first question. It is difficult to see how a criminal who willfully incurs the risk of committing murder in order to possess himself of that which is not his, or who is guilty of crimes against women or children, is to be still further degraded by any form of punishment. He has sunk to the lowest level, and should receive the penalty meted out to the brute. Those sentimentalists whose anxiety about the welfare of the footpad and the highwayman is so intense should concern themselves for a brief space about the welfare of the law-abiding and useful members of society—the victims of the outlaws whom they encourage. In reformatory institutions, both for adults and juveniles, the paddle, judiciously applied, is a great stimulant to good discipline. The prattle about its degrading those to whom it is administered is arrant nonsense. No boy was ever harmed by the floggings he received at home or at school, and no criminal is likely to be.

The agitation in favor of establishing a quarantine at the borders of this State to turn back consumptives seeking to enter from abroad, that aroused extended discussion a few months ago, seems to have died out. While California has been talking, New York has been acting and has made a first move toward eradicating a disease which, while now one of the most fatal that afflicts mankind, can undoubtedly be stamped out if proper measures are adopted. The legislature of New York has made an appropriation for the establishment of a State hospital for consumptives, to be located in the Adirondacks. It is true that the sum appropriated amounts to only fifty thousand dollars—a wholly inadequate amount—and that the inmates are to be confined to those who are in the incipient stages of the disease—a limitation necessitated by the smallness of the available funds. Nevertheless, this marks a decided advance in the treatment of this dread disease. It is essential for the protection of a community that all consumptives should be isolated in order that the germs of the disease may not be spread broadcast. But, if it is impossible or impracticable to isolate all, those whom there is a possibility of curing and returning to take their places in the community should be selected first.

Medical science in recent years has established the fact that in its incipient stages consumption can certainly be cured. Pure air, suitable nutrition, and rest are the three things necessary. In order that the treatment should be satisfactory the patient must be constantly under the eye of the physician, and must be removed from all distracting environment. The site selected among the Adirondack Mountains should insure the necessary conditions. From the start that has been made the institution will undoubtedly grow, until it may offer a refuge for those whose malady has reached the stage where a cure is possible though no longer probable, and even for those whose case is hopeless but whose last years may be eased by the ministrations of skilled attendants.

The institution is certain to develop from its small beginnings until the incurables shall be included among those admitted, because, as has been said, it is not the patient alone but the entire community that is affected by the presence of an infected person. The alarming spread of tuberculosis in this State has been frequently pointed out in these columns



during the last few years. The figures in New York City are instructive, and they have been brought out through the discussions leading up to the establishment of this hospital. In the year 1899 there were in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx 8,016 deaths from pulmonary tuberculosis, and 1,559 from other tuberculous diseases. The average life of patients with recognized tuberculous disease is only three years. There has been a decided falling off in deaths from this cause in recent years, but this is due to the fact that many of the afflicted go elsewhere to die, as much as it is to preventive measures connected with the housing and sanitary arrangements of the poor. In New York it is among the poor that tuberculous diseases find their most favorable breeding-places.

This example set by New York in establishing a sanitarium for the treatment of consumptives might wisely be followed in this State. In Massachusetts, two years ago, a similar movement was inaugurated by an appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars. The situation here is even more acute than it is in the Eastern States, since annually thousands of tuberculous patients flock here from all parts of the country, attracted by the mildness of the climate. These spread the disease broadcast, and year by year the death rate from this cause is increasing, not only among those who come here already infected but among the native population who acquire the disease from immigrant invalids. The proposal made by the State board of health to establish a quarantine to shut out this source of infection was justified; it is doubtful, however, whether it would be as effective as the establishment of colonies where consumptives could be isolated, thereby promoting their own chances for recovery and removing a menace to the health of the entire community. Were such institutions established throughout the country, and attendance made compulsory upon those afflicted, there might be some hope that the scourge would be finally eradicated.

On Monday last Judge Carroll Cook sustained the demurrers to both complaints against the civil-service commission of this city, and dissolved the injunction restraining the commission from holding examinations to test the fitness of applicants for clerkships in the City Hall. The hungry politicians may still appeal the cases to the supreme court, and, should they put up enough money, their attorneys will be glad to attend to the appeals. It is to be hoped that they will do so, that the question may be finally set at rest, for it is inconceivable that the supreme court should do other than sustain the ruling of the lower court. The case was ably argued by Attorneys Lane and McEnerney, the former treating the question historically, showing where the merit system had been adopted in other States and cities, and had been sustained by the courts elsewhere, and the latter treating the subject from the legal point of view.

The principal contention of the opponents of the merit system was that the provision allowing removals only after the commission had heard charges against the accused and found him guilty was unconstitutional, inasmuch as it deprived the heads of departments of the power of removing subordinates except for cause, and, therefore, that the whole system should fall. Mr. Lane denied that the provision was unconstitutional; but, even admitting that it were so, he showed that there was a clear distinction between the merit system of appointments and the provisions regarding removals. Therefore, though one might fall, the other would stand. Mr. McEnerney held that the charter, having been adopted by the people and ratified by the legislature, was of superior dignity to a legislative act, and should be sustained by the courts. He further showed that if the chapter of the charter relating to the civil service were declared invalid, no legal method for securing subordinates in the city's offices would remain, and the whole governmental fabric would be torn down.

The mere statement of the case of the opponents of the merit system proves the weakness of their contention. They ask for the power to remove the city's subordinate employees without cause, but merely on the whim of the heads of departments, or to make a place for some favorite. If incompetents were foisted upon them there would be some merit in this contention, but the very essence of the merit system is that the best possible applicant should be selected for appointment and should retain his position as long as he performed his duties well. The man who feels that his tenure of office will depend upon the faithful performance of duty rather than upon political favoritism will perform his duties with more spirit and therefore with more accuracy than will the man who feels that his position depends upon the work he does for the political boss whose favor he must curry. It is apparently impossible for the professional politicians, trained under the spoils system, to understand the application of business methods to public affairs, but they will understand in time.

RACE-WEEK AT ROME.

S. P. Q. R. at the Races—Rome's 2653d Birthday—Tourists Young, Elderly, and Old—Pilgrims Come in Drove—Fifteen Thousand in One Day—The Pope's Golden Rose

Last week began the spring races of Rome. The principal races are the "Steeple-Chase Nazionale" purse of 6,000 lire, the "Grand Steeple-Chase di Roma" purse of 8,000 lire, and the "Derby Reale" purse of 24,000 lire. The large prize given by the king naturally excited much interest, but there were twenty others offered; among them were purses from the Crown Prince of Naples, the Jockey Club, the Steeple-Chase Club, the Coursing Club, and the Fox-Hunting Club of Rome. The stewards of the course bore ancient names. They were Prince Colonna, Prince Doria, and Prince Rosano. A number of other princes, marquises, and counts held ornamental positions, but I observed that the starter was a plain American named George Bartlett.

The first day's meet included five races. The first, for three-year-old Italian horses, with nine entries, distance 1,000 metres. The second, a handicap open to Italian or foreign three-year-old horses, distance 3,000 metres, nine horses entered. The third, for gentlemen riders, eleven entries, distance 3,000 metres. The fourth, for four-year-old Italian horses, steeple-chase, distance 3,600 metres, five entries. The last was for the Royal Derby, free for all, distance 3,000 metres, seven entries. The prize of 24,000 lire was won by three Milanese gentlemen with the Italian horse Cloridano. They run their stable under the name of B. D. T., the initials of their names. The victory of the Italian horse caused much enthusiasm, and the jockey was borne around the weighing paddock on the shoulders of his admirers. Although the horse he rode is Italian, the jockey's name is Jones, so he is evidently not a "Romano di Roma."

It would be useless to give the time of these races, for the distances here are all in metres, and comparisons with our races in miles would be almost impossible. Besides, the time was very slow, as the track is turf. A third reason is that I know nothing about race-track records.

It may interest racing men to know that there were no book-makers' stands at this Roman race-track, but that the public betting was all done on the mutual plan at stands called by the Italians "totalizzatori." This is identical with the French system once in use on our race-tracks called "Paris Mutuels." It may be still in use. Horsemen are not, as a rule, strong on philology. This phrase *paris mutuels*—"mutual wagers"—was by them universally believed to mean a form of betting imported from Paris!

The prices of admission were bigger than on our tracks. The tariff (in American money) was as follows:

Admission to course.....	\$ .10
Admission to the reserved stand—	
Gentlemen.....	4.00
Officers in uniform.....	2.00
Ladies.....	2.00
Admission to seat in covered pavilion.....	.40
Admission to seat in uncovered pavilion (bleachers).....	.20
Admission four-horse vehicle.....	8.00
Admission two horse vehicle.....	4.00
Admission automobile.....	4.00
Admission bicycle.....	.20

The scene at the race-course was an animated one. In front of the royal tribune and the tribunes of the various racing clubs, and the reserved grand stand, or "Tribuna Reservata," there promenaded a brilliant throng. In addition to Roman swiftness there was also the foreign and diplomatic colony, which is large. There were some visiting personages there also, such as the Grand Duke of Mecklenberg, and several members of the Italian royal families were present to receive the king and queen. Both houses of the Italian parliament were in evidence, and many titled sportsmen from Florence, Naples, and Turin. Upon the rich carpet of greensward there gathered gay groups in the paddocks, and between the races numerous parties seated themselves at tables in the open air and partook of hearty luncheons washed down with champagne. Some of the noble Roman dames have very vigorous appetites I observed.

On the other side of the track, in the centre of the field, there was a similar yet a different scene. It was the Roman populace, also eating and drinking, although not in so dainty a way. But it was infinitely more amusing than the aristocratic gathering. Booths had sprung up like mushrooms, and here the Roman populace was filling itself with macaroni and spaghetti, with risotto and ravioli, with yard-long loaves of bread, with strange stews of kid's flesh and veal, with mysterious sausages like mortadella, and with white and red Chianti wine—and a great deal of it. For I regret to state that much of the Roman populace was extremely intoxicated. If the "Senatus Romanus" drank French champagne, the "Populus Romanus" drank the wine of the country. All

over the field were gathered groups of men, red in the face, flushed with wine, and shaking their clenched fists in each other's faces with loud shouts. But they were not fighting. They were only playing *morro*, the national game, which apparently consists in quickly guessing the number of unclosed fingers in the opponent's partially closed hand. The crowd seemed to be good-humored, if intoxicated, and I saw no fights.

But a wave of excitement sweeps over the quarter-stretch, and hats go off like magic. It is the king, who drives himself in his phaeton, accompanied by a single aid-de-camp. A few moments afterward arrives the queen, accompanied by the Princess Pignatelli Strongola and a gentleman-in-waiting. To-day she has postilions and outriders. A few moments after there arrives in another carriage the queen's mother, the dowager duchess of Genoa. They are met by one of the royal family, the Count of Turin, the stewards of the course, and the syndic of Rome, who usher them to the royal tribune, whence they follow with interest the course of the Royal Derby. The king was carefully dressed in ordinary afternoon garb—silk hat and frock coat.

To me the most interesting part of the races was the return. Races are very much the same all the world over, whether at Epsom or Longchamps, at Morris Park or at Ingleside. But the setting of these Roman races was very different. Around us stretched for miles the rolling Roman Campagna, for we were at Cappanelle, some five miles out of Rome. To the east lay the Alban Mountains, their flanks covered with villas and villages clearly outlined through our field-glasses. To the north-west the great dome of St. Peter's seemed suspended like a ball over the city of Rome. Hard by there ran for miles the arches of a ruined Roman aqueduct. To the left of the Via Appia Nuova, over which we drove, could be seen outlined against the sky the beautiful tomb of Cecilia Metella on the old Appian Way. It was on the new Appian Way that we drove to and from the races. I noted an ancient milestone, moss-covered, earth-embedded, on which I could faintly trace the words "Via Appia Nuova." Yet this new Appian Way is centuries old.

Toward the old city we whirled along over this new-old way. At first we saw only the solitary hostelry of the Cappanelle. But as we neared the city the *osterias* grew thicker. At every wine-shop rows of chairs at the door and rows of heads on the walls betokened the interest of the people in the return from the races. As we neared the city wall and the gate of San Giovanni, the crowd formed a continuous line on either side of the roadway. The mounted *carabinieri* had much ado to keep the passage clear, and as the long line of carriages dashed through the gate and by the beautiful church of St. John Lateran, the great square in front of it was packed with people. From there on, all the way into the heart of the city, and even up the Corso, there were throngs of people waiting to see the carriage parade returning from the races. They crowded the chairs in front of the *cafes*. They lined the edges of the sidewalks. They even stood in the streets. One would have imagined it was a revolution, but it was nothing but a child-like Roman crowd.

Once before I had driven in from the Campagna after viewing the Roman picnic known as the feast of the "Divino Amore." We were greeted on our return by a similar curious crowd. I thought at the time that it was due to the importance which the Romans attach to this distinctively Roman festival. But since our return from the races I have concluded that it is a common occurrence. For whenever anything takes place on the Campagna, half Rome goes out to see it and the other half goes out to see them come back.

A few days ago there took place in the Forum a curious festival—the celebration of the "Birthday of Rome!" I think it was the 2653d birthday. Why the modern Romans originally selected the twenty-first of April for this anniversary I do not know. While they were about it they might as well have said that Rome was founded on the twenty-first of April, 753 B. C., at 3:17 P. M. I believe it was the pious Archbishop Usber who, in his Biblical chronology, gave the exact time of day when Adam was created.

Probably the Italian Government was impelled this year to cook up some kind of a special celebration as a counter-check to the rival shop over the way. For the Vatican is a human ant-hill and St. Peter's nowadays is in full blast. On the other hand, the Quirinal Hill is deserted—even the Baedeker palmers have gone across the Tiber to join the pious pilgrims. Something had to be done. The king must not be entirely eclipsed by the Pope, so Premier Pelloux hatched up this scheme of an extra-special celebration of the "Birthday of Rome." It should take place in the Roman Forum; the Roman school-children should be marshaled there; and in the excavations the day before



celebration the engineers should uncover the grave of Romulus.

It was not a bad idea. It was well-conceived and dramatic. But from an ultramontane standpoint it would seem to be bad politics. This pitting of the monarchy against the Papacy, of the king against the Pope, of the Forum against the Vatican, must irresistibly suggest to the minds of the faithful, Pagan Rome as against Christian Rome.

The celebration took place according to programme. The day was beautiful. The Forum was open only to the school-children, the officials, to distinguished personages, and to invited guests—many foreigners obtaining tickets through their embassies. Before the arrival of the king and queen the school-children poured into the Forum, each of the various lycums and institutions headed by its banner-bearer. To the Forum's edge on the Via Bonella many strangers drove down even at the early hour of nine o'clock to view this curious sight. The students were addressed by archaeologists in Latin and in Italian. Doubtless these discourses were of extreme interest, but we could not hear them where we were, nor could we have understood them had we heard them.

An hour later the invited guests poured into the Forum, awaiting the arrival of the king and queen. The "recinto" surrounding the Forum—which in America we would call a rail fence—marked the limits of a dense mass of people. From the windows of all the old houses overlooking the Forum protruded heads. The roofs of the palaces on the Capitoline Hill, and even the towers of the Senate House, were black with people. The small boys of Rome shinned up on dead and gone Cæsars' columns as recklessly as at home they do upon the humble lamp-posts.

A movement like a wave ran over the vast crowd. The notes of the royal *fanfare* were sounded by the trumpeters. The well-known scarlet liveries appeared on the Via San Teodoro, and the king and queen appeared amid the cheers of the populace. Upon a scaffolding outside the barrier near the site of Santa Maria Liberatrice stood a crowd of young women bearing red-bound guide-books. They cheered frantically, and gave the "Chautauqua salute" with their handkerchiefs. Although not in it they were determined to be of it. The king and queen were followed by the ladies and gentlemen of their household and the military officials attached to the court. They were received by the Syndico of Rome, Prince Colonna; Signore Boni, the engineer directing the excavations; and Professor Cinquini, the archaeologist in charge. A brilliant suite followed them, including the French, Spanish, Austrian, Japanese, and Argentine ambassadors. The queen wore a silver-spangled pearl-gray gown, a long boa, and a large straw hat with white roses.

The royal pair were taken first to the Basilica Emilia and were then led to the House of the Vestals, where some new discoveries have just been made; from this point they could survey the remains of a Greek church newly uncovered on the flanks of the Palatine Hill.

But the *bonne-bouche* of this Roman repast was the serving up to them of the grave of Romulus. Not the tomb, look you—one could stand a tomb—but the *grave*. For not many months ago a piece of black marble pavement was uncovered here which enthusiastic archaeologists at once identified as the grave of Romulus, because ancient authors speak of it being marked by a "black stone." The day before the celebration a new piece of pavement was uncovered, which settled the matter. To this the king and queen were led by the engineer and the professor, gazed at the black stone with due reverence, read the inscriptions, and were doubtless much impressed. At least the queen seemed to be. She was very enthusiastic, and vowed that this official visit would not satisfy her; she told the gratified engineer that she would surely return *incognito* and make a more thorough inspection under his guidance at some later day. She is a smart queen. Margherita knows her business.

The king, who is less impressionable, promised to send Minister Bacelli to look into matters, and see if the excavations could not be expedited. For Italy is poor, and these archaeological researches cost a great deal of money. The king also conferred upon Engineer Boni the title of Comendatore, and upon Professor Cinquini that of Cavaliere, and amid the cheers of their loyal subjects and the frenzied acclamations of the Baedeker maidens on the scaffolding, their majesties withdrew.

The very next day, as a counterblast to this Quirinal attraction, Pope Leo left the Vatican, came down into St. Peter's, and blessed ten thousand people all in one lump. Five thousand of them were pilgrims and five thousand were mixed. At this writing the volatile Roman populace inclines toward the Vatican again.

Rome is full of pilgrims. They are of two kinds—guide-book pilgrims and prayer-book pilgrims, or Baedeker pilgrims and St. Peter pilgrims. Of the two, the Baedeker pilgrims are certainly the cleaner, though possibly less pious. They are here in swarms—I had almost said streams, for at any converging point in the Roman microcosm you see tourists in cabs pouring through the opening in streams, like water running out of an irrigating ditch or grain out of a hopper. The sight is amazing. Hour after hour there streams by this curious mass of humanity in cabs. Its general tone is elderly, and women predominate—elderly women with gray hair and spectacles. Mingled with these are large numbers of young women, from the girly-girl who has "finished her education," delivered her valedictory, and sallied forth to view the world through her eighteen-year-old eyes, and to express surprise and disapproval when she finds manners and customs differing from those in her native village. Then there is the other type of young woman. She is about thirty, has seen many social seasons, is still unwed,

and is now beginning her education instead of finishing it, like her eighteen-year-old sister. She is painstaking in her study of art, and is often an ardent art-lover. I was going to say enthusiastic, but the veteran maiden has but little enthusiasm left. Yet she is a nice girl—much nicer than her eighteen-year-old sister, more sensible; not so prone to say that Rome is "real nice," and less inclined to hysterical shrieks and girly-girl giggles.

Among the Baedeker pilgrims there is quite a sprinkling of hobbledoy youths of fifteen or sixteen; men, however, are in a notable minority.

The elderly women predominate. I shall always carry away an indelible impression of this visit to Rome—that of a stream of elderly women with gold-rimmed spectacles rolling by me in cabs—trying to read Baedeker and see Rome at the same time; sitting uneasily and one-sidedly in their cabs, like one who is trying to catch a train—with an anxious look upon their elderly faces, as if they feared that before they got there Rome's seven hills might vanish or the Colosseum might fall down.

Dear old ladies! Millions of women have been born, have borne yet other millions, have lived upon the seven hills, and now their moldering bodies make up the soil which is bridging the spaces between the Roman hills and making both hills and valleys into a rolling plain. And still the Colosseum stands, and still stands Rome.

Dear old ladies! Let no one think that because I repeat these adjectives "old" and "elderly" that I am sneering at their age. Not so. I am only wondering that their years have not made them wiser.

The tourist pilgrims are to be found in groups as well as singly. In the Colosseum, on the Palatine Hill, in the Forum, you will frequently see groups composed generally of these three classes—the spectacled lady, the veteran maiden, and the girly-girl, gathered around some lecturer, listening attentively to his flood of words and making careful notes. I wonder why they make notes. Does anybody know why? These lecturers are French as well as Italian, but they generally lecture in English—at least I suppose it is English. I hope the lectures are edifying and improving; heard in passing, they are certainly amusing.

There is still another kind of tourist group. This is the German group. Here the men predominate. You are seated, like Marius, on a broken column; you are trying to think the commonplace things that everybody thinks; suddenly a wild whirling noise falls upon your ear like the "honk! honk! honk!" of a flock of wild geese. You look up in alarm. Toward you comes—V-shaped like the wild geese—a triangular mass of humanity, a German flying wedge. It is headed by the Herr Professor. The Herr Professor wears large round spectacles, and has long hair, long mustaches, long whiskers, long nails, and long teeth. He is talking. The sides of the triangle are talking. The base of the triangle is talking. Everybody is talking. The Herr Professor gallops up to the Temple of Castor and Pollux. He elevates his voice above the babel to a roar, and declaims fiercely for ten or fifteen seconds. The triangle still talks. With another shout the professor darts toward the Basilica Julia. The flying wedge follows him. Ten seconds here. With a whoop the professor turns toward the Arch of Severus. Fifteen seconds. Then with gabble and roar and rattle, like the noise of a passing train, the wild-eyed German tourists whirl toward the exit. The tip-touting guardian feebly tries to flag them as they dash by, but fails. The Germans are gone. But in a few moments you hear the "honk! honk!" again, borne back on the wings of the wind. The Germans have reached the Palatine Hill.

The Baedeker pilgrims are far outnumbered by the St. Peter pilgrims. To give an idea of the size of these pilgrimages, let me copy the figures of arrivals by train from the newspapers of the last few days:

At 11:17 o'clock 946 pilgrims from Arezzo.  
At 13:45 o'clock 1,030 pilgrims from Valdarno.  
At 14:30 o'clock 1,017 pilgrims from Tiberina.  
At 17:18 o'clock 450 pilgrims from Casentino.  
At 15:45 o'clock 877 pilgrims from Milan.  
At 16:20 o'clock 954 pilgrims from Milan. (Second section of train.)  
At 18:25 o'clock 831 pilgrims from Terrasina.  
At 10:00 o'clock 450 pilgrims from Goritz.  
At 10:15 o'clock 617 pilgrims from Leibach.  
At 10:45 o'clock 460 pilgrims from Belgium.  
At 11:00 o'clock 301 pilgrims from Gaeta.  
At 11:15 o'clock 954 pilgrims from The Marches.  
At 12:00 o'clock 1,500 pilgrims from The Marches. (Second section of special train.)  
At 13:00 o'clock 1,722 pilgrims from Florence.  
At 13:50 o'clock 949 pilgrims from Tuscany; generally from Tuscan dioceses Fiesole and Modigliana.  
At 4:50 o'clock 450 pilgrims from Bohemia.  
At 11:17, 13:45, 14:30, 17:18, and 19:35 five special trains of 4,000 Tuscan pilgrims.

These items taken at random from the papers of the last two or three days show how the pilgrims are pouring into Rome. In one day this week 14,492 pilgrims arrived. The large majority, of course, are Italians, but there were among these Belgians, French, Austrians, Hungarians, Galicians, and Slovaks. The large number in the trains is explained by the fact that most of them ride in fourth-class vans, something like our cattle-cars.

There is an occasional pilgrimage among them of the better classes. For example, one arrived this week made up entirely of members of the Viennese aristocracy. This was headed by Monsignore the Count of Lippe, archbishop of the Cathedral of St. Stephens in Vienna; and he is a member of the reigning house of Lippe in Germany. In this pilgrimage were the Princess Lichtenstein, the Princess Lobkowitz, the Countess Szecheny, and a number of others bearing the proudest names of Austro-Hungary. These pilgrims were received by the Pope in private audience, presented by the Austro-Hungarian ambassador, and Rome is still talking of the magnificent gifts they brought as Peter's

penance. This is the only aristocratic pilgrimage here, and there are very few pilgrims even of the middle classes. In large majority, the pilgrims are peasants.

Like the Baedeker pilgrims, the St. Peter pilgrims are generally elderly. Few young people are among them, although you occasionally see an elderly woman carrying a new baby. Some of these peasant women—like Elizabeth, who bore John the Baptist when she was "well stricken in years"—apparently defy the flight of time. But not in visage, for they all are wrinkled and all look old. If any one believes that "living near to nature," as peasants do, makes fine physical types, a look at these pilgrims would undeceive him. I have never seen so many physical degenerates among people not actually deformed. With minor physical defects they are very largely endowed. Among them are knock-kneed pilgrims, bow-legged pilgrims, club-footed pilgrims, humped-back pilgrims, splay-footed pilgrims, one-eyed pilgrims, hare-lipped pilgrims, ataxic pilgrims, epileptic pilgrims, and cock-eyed pilgrims—for of converging and diverging strabismus I never saw so many cases in my life.

The St. Peter pilgrims are frightfully dirty. There is little that is picturesque about them, for only two or three groups wear any distinctive costume—the Calabrians, the Slovaks, and a few others. They are so filthy that the terrified Romans have abandoned the tram-cars for insectivorous reasons. Even the Papal authorities have become alarmed at the bad sanitary condition of some of the pilgrims, and have decided to forbid the pilgrimages during the summer months, fearing an outbreak of disease at Rome.

If the pilgrims have driven the Romans out of the trams, they have driven the strangers out of the galleries—at least the free ones. Through the Vatican there tramp ceaselessly hordes of these filthy creatures, gazing goggle-eyed at the pictures and statuary. The marble floors are defiled by them; the light is rendered dim by clouds of dust from their filthy clothing; the air is befouled by their fetid breath. The smells are awful. The Vatican is an excellent place to stay away from while the pilgrims are there.

However, this is a characteristic of free days and free galleries. At the Paris Salon there are—or used to be—three rules regarding admission: Fridays, five francs; Sundays, free; other days, one franc. On Fridays the people you meet there are clean; on one-franc days it is a little smelly; on Sundays it is awful. I once went into the Tower of London, not knowing it was a free day. But I got no further than the Bloody Tower. There I was obliged to give it up and return to the outer air, half-strangled by the smell of the British populace.

Let any one should consider these remarks "snobbish" or "upish," coming from a citizen of a republic, I may state that I am a firm believer in republicanism, but I believe in the Republic of Soap.

The Italian omnibuses and street-cars receive passengers only until the seats are "complete," when they carry a sign-board to that effect. Since the advent of the pilgrims in Rome, the employees have been unable to enforce this rule. So they do not try. It is not uncommon here to see an electric car, its inside jammed with pilgrims, its platforms choked with pilgrims, with pilgrims' heads sticking out of the windows, with pilgrims hanging like bunches of grapes from the hand-rails, and with pilgrims on the roof. In front you see the sign-board "COMPLETO."

Well, rather. All sorts of things happen to these pilgrims, and many things happen to the people who have to bandle them. The luckless conductors and motor-men of the electric trams have been badly used during the last few days in their attempts to prevent the pilgrims from hurting themselves in their wild rushes upon the incoming cars. At terminal points like the Piazza Venezia the scenes baffle description. When a car appears bound for St. Peter's, hundreds of pilgrims take it by storm, climb over the wire railings, clamber through the windows, even hang on to the brake-beams. Here is a local item from a Roman daily:

"The frenzied crowd of pilgrims, themselves hurling upon the trams in the Piazza San Giovanni in Laterano, at the seventeen and three quarters o'clock of the evening, caused a deplorable disgrace. The conductor Sante Verdelocco of tram No. 233, while attempting them to restrain, received the handling so rough that he experienced the fracture of the sixth rib on the left side. At the hospital the Doctor Stefani decided that he would be discharged cured in twenty-five days."

Note the curious ending. In all the Roman dailies accounts of accidents are followed by a similar prophecy from the hospital doctors.

Here is another local item concerning the achievements of the frenzied pilgrims on the trams:

"In the Piazza San Giovanni in Laterano in the middle day (*mezzogiorno*) of yesterday the under-brigadier of the Guard of Public Security, Alexander Bonelli, in attempting to prevent from mounting on the tram the frenzied crowd of pilgrims, was trampled upon and badly injured at the left knee and at the right arm. At the hospital it was decided that he would be discharged cured in sixteen days."

"It is marvelous the service that the employees with such crowds in all the stations principals of the trams-electric. It is due to the admirable Cavalier Fucci who is at the head of the service of the trams-electric and makes honor to the city."

As an acknowledgment of the hard work of the tramway employees the following advertisement appeared in the Roman dailies yesterday:

Office of the Società Romana Tramways-Omnibus.  
Paid-up Capital, 5,600,000 Lire.  
ROME, April 29, 1900.

#### ORDER OF THE DAY.

It is my pleasant duty to inform the employees of this company that the board of directors is much pleased with the laudable zeal that they have shown in handling the present extraordinary influx of passengers. As a proof of our satisfaction with the faithfulness of our employees, and to render them, if possible, even more devoted to the company and attentive to the public, we have resolved that every employee shall receive double pay for his services for to-morrow, the thirtieth of April. For the board of directors.

Signed, F. PAGANINI, President.



The foregoing document may make American readers stare. They might be justified in suspecting President Paganini's sanity. But the board of directors could not all go crazy at the same time.

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Enough about the terror which the terrified pilgrims inspire in those who have to deal with them. Here are a few local items concerning the things which happen to the pilgrims themselves :

#### QUEER THINGS HAPPEN TO PILRIMS.

"Yesterday the pilgrim Alexander Deino, of years thirty-four, of Rocca San Casciano, who lodges in the Piazza Santa Chiara, No. 49, fourth floor, was so impressed by a visit made to St. Peter's and the Catacombs that he commenced to delirium. The exaltation of the pilgrim increased, and toward midday he began to throw the landlord's furniture out of the window. The demented was visited by the Doctor Borruso, who ordered him transferred to the maniacery."

Another item about an unfortunate pilgrim :

"At fourteen and a half o'clock of to-day, the tram electric No. 264 has invested the pilgrim Giuseppe Foglieni, of years forty-eight, of Caluso d'Adda. The Foglieni bears lacerated and contused wounds on the occiput and grave contusions and ecchymoses at the left flank, and commotions cerebral. He was transported to the Santo Spirito Hospital, where the Doctor Bindi decided that he would be discharged cured in forty-five days."

Here is an item of a type which one sees frequently about the pilgrims :

"This night at midnight and a half, outside the gate Cavalleggeri, a pilgrim Belgian, the Professor Giuseppe Warnier, made himself to push the cries frenzied and to make the gestures of madness. The brigadier of carabinieri, Osvaldo Carrara, and the Carabinieri Carletti, who passed at this moment, could only with great difficulty conduct him to the hospital of the Holy Spirit, where it was obliged to put on him the jacket of force. The Doctor Pastano, from the disordered discourses of the unfortunate, concluded that he was attained of the monomania religious."

Here is an item showing that there are light-fingered gentry preying on the pilgrims :

"Yesterday morning the Signore Halsigray and his wife, pilgrims from Bordeaux, were went to visit the Church of St. Peter. What was not the surprise of the Signore Halsigray when at his return he found in the pocket of his top-coat a portfolio to him not belonging, and containing thirty marks in gold and two coupons of bonds Russian. This portfolio miraculous had simply been introduced into the top-coat of the Signore Halsigray by some pickpocket who, after having stolen it, had feared the arrest, and disembarassed himself of the portfolio incriminating."

But the two most remarkable pilgrim cases are of a man who has lost his pilgrim father and of a pilgrim who has lost his lodgings. Here is one :

"The pilgrim John the Baptist Giacometti, of years 72, of Petritoli, on Friday morning went out of the house of his son John, living in the Street of the Four Saints, No. 3, for to go for to see the Colosseum. From that moment he has not more returned. He is of stature ordinary, with beard and hair white, vested with jacket and waistcoat of black, pantaloons of gray, hat of black. Who can give notice to the afflicted son will do a work meritorious."

And here is the case of the man who lost his lodgings :

"The pilgrim, Vincenzo Cuntinelli, of years 58, from Jesi, yesterday evening at 10 o'clock issued from the house where he was lodging, and where he had paid five days in advance, for to go for to buy some fried fish. He forgot his street, and at 23 o'clock was still circling around Rome. At the office of the Public Security of the Monti he could say no more than that he inhabited at the number 22, but could give no indication of the street."

The plight of the unfortunate pilgrim who went forth to buy fried fish, and remembered his street number but forgot his street, was indeed pitiful. It was like that of the man who knew the answer to a conundrum, but did not know what the conundrum was.

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It is whispered here in Rome that the Pope intends to give the much-coveted "Golden Rose" in this Holy Year of 1900 to "an Austrian arch-duchess." This must mean Stephanie of Austria. The lady is here now. She is the daughter of King Leopold of Belgium, and the widow of Crown-Prince Rudolf of Austria, who, ten years ago, murdered his mistress, Marie Vetsera, and then blew out his own brains. She recently married Count Lonyay, against the wishes of her father, King Leopold, and her father-in-law, Emperor Francis Joseph. The happy couple are spending their honeymoon in Italy, and the other day Stephanie was received by the Pope and had a long interview. Roman rumor says that she urged the Pope to bring about a reconciliation with her two families, which he promised to attempt. But his success is doubtful. King Leopold is much incensed by this latest escapade of his freakish daughter.

Leopold is unlucky in daughters. His other one, Princess Louise of Saxe-Coburg, is shut up in a private mad-house by command of her husband, although said to be perfectly sane. A dashing young Prussian lieutenant is shut up in a Silesian fortress by command of Emperor William, although said to be guiltless of any military offense. To avoid royal scandals, it is considered best for all hands that these two ardent creatures be kept apart. Cynical people say that King Leopold's recent generous act in giving his immense private fortune to the Belgian nation was not inspired so much by love for his people as by dislike for his daughters.

The Popes have always been lenient toward ladies with histories. They follow closely Christ's precept about the Magdalen. Among the people honored by burial in St. Peter's there are even some ladies who in their time were "talked about," as is Stephanie to-day. Perhaps the most notable among these was Christina of Sweden, who, Marion Crawford says, surpassed even Lucrezia Borgia in that latter lady's line. Christina, while in Rome, lived in the Palazzo Corsini and died there. Probably she was a generous daughter of the church, hence her mortuary honors.

Queen Christina, by the way, was fond of foreign travel and sojourning in foreign lands—an unusual thing among crowned heads in her day. Before she came to Rome she spent some time in France. There she also occupied a palace—placed at her disposal by the French Government, if my memory serves me.

Here Christina held her little court. Here the French wits and courtiers hastened to pay her homage. Here the French philosophers and encyclopedists repaired to do honor to this royal blue-stocking. Here the intrigues and amours of a Swedish court were transplanted to French soil. And

here the pleasure-loving queen not only had her court and her courtiers, but her favorite, for, like Catherine of Russia, Christina of Sweden had many favorites. The Russian empress preferred Russian favorites, so the Swedish queen preferred Swedes.

So the favorite in this transplanted Swedish court was Swedish and not French. Perhaps it were better for him had he been French, for one day the queen discovered that the faithless favorite was engaged in an intrigue with one of her maids of honor. The justly incensed sovereign at once convened a private court, had him tried by the officers of her body-guard, condemned and beheaded. As for the maid of honor, that luckless light of love was at once packed off, bag and baggage, to Sweden.

This short shrift and sharp justice on French soil naturally caused the French Government some perturbation when it leaked out. The French monarch caused the intimation to be conveyed as delicately as possible to the Swedish queen that he objected to such proceedings. Christina was astounded. "Does the king know," she asked, "that the man was my subject?" Yes, the king knew it. "Does the king know what he did?" Louis delicately admitted some knowledge of the offense. "And does the king believe that I will submit to such an outrage without enforcing exemplary justice in my household?"

In the face of the royal lady's unassumed anger, the perplexed French Government was forced to reply that they had no objection to her killing any or all of her subjects, but that they really wished that she wouldn't do it while in France. And if she had to mess up tessellated marble floors with offending gentlemen's heads, wouldn't she kindly—er—er—go away?

Which Christina did.

This delicate and extrinsic attitude of the French Government has always reminded me of the old story of the epileptic tramp who says to the good housewife at her front-door, "Say, lady, can I have a fit in your front-yard?" To which the practical lady replies, kindly, "No, go around to the back-yard; here you would muss up the flower-beds."

So Christina of Sweden shook the dust of King Louis's park-walks and flower-beds from her feet and left his dominions. She never forgave him. She never entered them again. It was shortly after these events that she came to live in Rome.

It is certainly rather queer that a lady of such ingenuous immorality should be buried in St. Peter's. But the Popes have frequently been blind to moral obliquities. Once a year it is a custom of the Popes to confer the "Golden Rose" upon some distinguished Roman Catholic lady. Some years ago it was given to ex-Queen Isabella of Spain. It will be remembered that this lady, for political reasons, was married to her cousin, Don Francisco d'Assissi, who, it was notorious, could not become a father. When Queen Isabella discovered this, she announced, sardonically, that the royal line must be unbroken, and she presented Don Francisco with several children. One of these was Alfonso, father of the present Spanish king. Perhaps he knew who his father was, but his mother was generally believed to be in doubt about the matter. Many think it was General Prim. Whoever the first gentleman was, he was succeeded by a long line of lovers; and it was to this lady, Queen Isabella, that Pope Pius the Ninth presented the Golden Rose—for chastity!

When Queen Isabella dies they ought to bury her here in St. Peter's beside Queen Christina of Sweden.

ROME, May, 1900.

JEROME A. HART.

During a recent debate in the French Chamber on the colonial army, M. Sembat proposed an amendment forbidding the presence of colonial troops in the mother country, on the ground that they were too much under the control of their immediate commanders, and were, therefore, likely to be peculiarly available in the case of a meditated *coup d'état*. This elicited a characteristic speech—which pleased the house greatly—from the minister of war, the Marquis de Gallifet. In the first place, he said, it was necessary for colonial troops to return home occasionally for purposes of recuperation, and, in the second, *coups d'état* were made in Paris, not in Lorient, Brest, or Toulon. The marquis then proceeded to say that a *coup d'état* could not be effected in Paris without the consent of the military governor and of the minister of war. He was quite sure that his friend, General Brugère would have him arrested if he attempted anything of the kind, and he certainly would arrest General Brugère if he suspected him of treasonable practices. "They may have attempted to make a *coup d'état* fifteen years ago," he said, "but it was not the army that prepared it. We had to put up with the person who personified it. We never sought to aid him. He who wished to make it had not the courage of a great criminal. Moreover, General Saussier would have prevented it."

A noted broker of Wall Street (though retired for twenty years), and a famous driver of horses, Addison Gould Jerome, has died at his home in New York City at the age of fifty-eight. He was one of the well-known Jerome family, nephew of Leonard, Lawrence, and son of Addison, and first cousin of Lady Randolph Churchill, who was daughter of Leonard. Mr. Jerome is remarkable from the fact that after he had lost his fortune in the Black Friday panic, he won it back again and then stopped.

The sixteen electric floats built in New Orleans at a cost of forty-two thousand dollars have been sold to Denver for an exhibition there, and they will then be sent to Wichita, Kas., for the next street fair. They are the first electric floats built in the world.

Statistics have lately been compiled with the object of showing how the birds of this country are thriving. In only three States—North Carolina, California, and Oregon—are the birds holding their own.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Captain S. E. White, of Columbia, S. C., an old Confederate soldier, will erect a monument to the dead Indians who helped the Confederate cause.

The oldest man in the United States Senate is Edmund W. Pettus, of Alabama, who will be seventy-nine years of age in July. The next oldest is John T. Morgan, his colleague, who will be seventy-six years of age in June.

It is said that more than seventy-two thousand letters and post-cards from all parts of the world, for the Duke of the Abruzzi, who has spent the last year in Franz Josef Land, have accumulated in the hands of the Italian consul at Christiania.

It has taken a year to sift through the manuscripts left by Johann Strauss. His executors have found complete a ballet, "Cinderella," which will be performed next fall at the Berlin Opera House, an operetta, and eight sets of waltzes, besides many pieces for former operas which he did not use.

A heavy burden of poetic ancestors weighs on the little son just born to the Hon. Neville Lytton, heir-presumptive to the Earldom of Lytton. Through his father he is grandson of Owen Meredith and great-grandson of Bulwer Lytton, and through his mother, great-grandson of Lord Byron and grandson of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt.

The Duke of Devonshire, as chancellor of the University of Cambridge, conferred the degree of doctor of laws on the King of Sweden and Norway, May 14th, amid much enthusiasm. The public orator lauded the king as a musician, poet, orator, and historian, who had recently made public the avowal of his conviction of the justice of Great Britain's cause in South Africa.

The Supreme Court of the United States on Monday, May 28th, decided against Admiral Dewey's claim for bounty. The original claim of Admiral Dewey and his sailors was about \$400,000. The court of claims reduced it to \$200,000, and that decision is now sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States. The admiral's personal claim is reduced to about \$10,000.

Fridtjof Nansen is planning another expedition for the coming summer. It will not be a polar trip this time, but, as he describes it in "Petermann's Mittheilung," has for its object an exact physical and biological examination of the Norwegian Sea in all its depths between Norway, Iceland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen. The temperature and specific gravity of the water will be specially studied.

The first woman to obtain the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Vienna is Countess Gabrielle von Wartensleben. She is thirty years of age and the divorced wife of Count Konrad von Wartensleben, by whom she had a son, now nine years of age. She was a Baroness von Andrian-Werburg before marriage, and her mother was the daughter of Meyerheer, the composer. The countess's specialty is classical philology.

Major-General Arthur MacArthur, who has succeeded General Otis in command of the United States army in the Philippine Islands, escaped death at the battle of Kenesaw by means of a package of letters which he carried in his pocket. "It is one of the few genuine cases of the many that are told of where letters from some one 'dearer than a sister' saved the life of him who was carrying them," says Edward B. Clark in the Chicago Times-Herald.

While Mlle. de Staël, daughter of the Russian ambassador to Great Britain, was recently being married to Count Alexis Orloff-Davidoff in London, according to the Russian rite, with the Prince of Wales, Lord Rosebery, and a church full of notables looking on, her bridal veil caught fire from the lighted taper she held in her hand and blazed up. She kept still while the bridegroom put out the fire with his hands and others pulled off the veil, and the ceremony went on.

Signorina Loretta Italia Garibaldi has entered the preparatory school of the Woman's College of Baltimore, where she is making up back work in order that she may enter college next autumn. She is the granddaughter of the famous General Garibaldi. Her father, Gumiotti Garibaldi, has achieved distinction as a military leader. Signorina Garibaldi will remain at the Woman's College until she has finished her full course, returning to Rome only during her vacations.

King Alfonso's elder sister, the Princess of Asturias, who for a few months before his birth was Queen Mercedes of Spain, is nearly twenty years of age, and a husband is being sought for her. One candidate, whom she is said to favor, is Prince Carlo of Bourbon Caserta, brother of the head of the Neapolitan Bourbons, but objection is made to him on the ground that the blood relationship is too close and that both branches of the Bourbons have shown a tendency to consumption. Don Jaime, the son of Don Carlos, another candidate, would put an end for good to the Carlist agitation if accepted, but his personal character stands in the way. The queen regent is said to favor the selection of some Austrian archduke.

At last, after many weary months of darkness, Signor Crispi, Italy's aged statesman, is able to see, owing to the removal of a cataract from each eye. The other day he rose with the handglasses still nominally on, but after breakfast he was led to an open window of the Villa Lina, where he lives in Naples, under which stretches the glorious bay, with its islands and smoking sentinel, glittering as only the Mediterranean can in the sun, and the clouds were removed. As his eyes became accustomed to the golden sunlight and fell on his favorite view, he drew a long breath and his eyes filled with tears. After a rest, the aged statesman had the pleasure of opening his own letters and telegrams, of which there were many of congratulation.



## THE WAXEN HEAD.

A Study of Madoess.

Yes, I killed him.

But why? you ask. Ah, that is the question. The judge, the lawyers, and the jury can not tell. They have ascribed all manner of motives to me. They have said that I was brutal and cold-blooded from my birth—a moral monster. Wrong—I am gentle almost to timidity. They have said that there was a woman in the case. Wrong—I scarcely knew the man, and knew no woman whom he knew. My advocate has said that I am mad, and that the waxen head reminded me of some woman whom I had loved. Wrong—I never loved but one, and she was dark.

The head, you will notice, is that of a blonde.

Yes, I killed him, and for what you will think a trifle—because he refused to remove a waxen image from the window of his hair-dressing shop.

Odd, was it not?

Let me tell you my story. I was poor—miserably, wretchedly poor. I had come to the great city, as come so many men, in search of employment. Anything, whether hand-work or brain-work, would I willingly have done. But work I could not get. The first day I went to seventeen places. They were sorry there was no opening; possibly there might be; would I call again? and I was politely ushered out.

I waited. I called again. I was again rebuffed—a little less politely than before. I went to other places. The same experience. In all the great city there seemed no work for me to do.

I was gradually spending the small stock of money I had brought with me—all I had in the world. Finally it was gone. I pawned what few articles of jewelry I had, and continued my quest for work. At last I received some. It was copying, at a miserable pittance, but it was work.

My humble lodging was in a dingy street, and directly opposite was a hair-dresser's shop. In the window was an object the sight of which annoyed me. In this life you meet persons who are repugnant to you, as well as those whom you like. To one of a sensitive nature, like myself, the same rule applies to inanimate objects. Even for tables and chairs I have my likes and dislikes.

Things, says the Latin poet, have tears; so, too, have they irony. And this object in the hair-dresser's window produced upon me a disagreeable sensation of irony. The impression was all the more disagreeable, because I was ashamed of myself for feeling it.

I crossed the street, and examined the object of my dislike. It was nothing—nothing but a Waxen Head. But it was disagreeable. It looked like a real head—a head cut from a body. It was not a bust, such as hair-dressers ordinarily have, but a simple head, cut off at the neck, and placed on a shelf, with a background of coarse, red cloth. A flowing blonde wig was upon it, and its glassy blue eyes had a metallic lustre. There was a mechanical smile upon its painted lips—a disagreeable smile. Almost a contemptuous smile. And I could not help thinking that the Thing looked superciliously at me.

I finished the copying I had, and went for more. None to be had. Again I went my weary round. No work. Dispirited and melancholy, I returned to my lonely room. It was after dark. The hair-dresser's window was faintly illuminated by a sickly, sputtering lamp. But in the darkness there shone out two brilliant points of light.

They were the eyes of the Waxen Head.

I began to grow alarmed, despite myself. Could the cursed Thing be acting on my brain? Was I in danger of madness? But no; what folly! I would not look upon it. I would avoid gazing out of the window. For a week I would not let my eyes fall upon it. But it was not without an effort. I experienced veritable tugs at times, pulling me around to look at the Waxen Head. But I resisted.

At last one night I was returning home just after dark. The window was not lighted; I was safe. Just as I reached the front of the shop a lamp-lighter touched a street lamp near by. The flame shot from the jet, the light fell upon the window. Starting out of the darkness I saw the mocking Head.

I could not restrain myself. I entered the shop, determined to make the owner remove the hideous Thing. As I crossed the threshold a smug fellow advanced, bowing, smirking, and rubbing his hands.

"What can I do for you, sir?"

"Nothing," said I; "that is, nothing in the—what a very singular head you have there in the window!"

"Do you think so, sir?"

"Yes. Can it be possible that it is of any use to you?"

"Oh, yes; it serves to attract customers, and to display wigs. And then, you know, it is one of the accessories of our business."

"But," said I, hotly, "why do you not have a bust? You certainly should have a bust." He was staring at me. I went on more calmly: "Besides, with a bust, a handsome pair of shoulders, a necklace, or something of the kind, your window would look much more attractive."

"Very true, sir," he replied, "but such things cost money, and money, sir, is something not very plentiful in this shop."

I grew excited again. I could not help it. "I do not care," said I; "that object there looks like a genuine head—a human head. There are people whom such things affect. A nervous shock might be caused—"

He burst into a roar of laughter.

I changed my tone. I became humble. I admitted that the head produced a sinister impression on me, and begged him to remove it.

"Why," said he, "if you are so nervous, you had better change your lodgings. It is easy to do that. I do not see why I should injure my business on account of your whims." He was right. I could not rightfully ask him to do it. But change my lodgings—what a bitter jest! I could not pay for those I had, much less secure new ones, with pay-

ment in advance required. I went out dejectedly, my head bent, and left the Thing still in the window. And yet they call me ferocious!

But my torture was only begun. The cursed barber told his neighbors of my visit. I became a show for the giggling shop-keepers. They would watch for my goings and comings, and when I passed the window with averted face, they would chuckle and sneer. Even the little children would point their fingers at me, and their childish trebles would join the sneering laughter of the elder fools.

Curses on them! I wonder I did not do murder then.

One day my friend Arnold came to see me—the only friend I had in the great city. He brought good news—he had secured a place for me as clerk in an office. The pay was wretchedly small, but it was a place. I could have wept for joy. I pressed Arnold's hand convulsively, and thanked him as few men are thanked. I was to take the place in two days. He left me a happy man.

The next evening I was seated in my room. It was cold, and I was shivering, for I had no fire. It was the twentieth of February. Oh, yes, I remember the date. I can never forget it. As I sat there, thinking over my unexpected good fortune, and pinching myself, partly to keep warm and partly to be sure I was awake, I heard a knock. I opened the door. A letter. I unfolded it and read:

DEAR SIR: We regret to inform you that the position which was secured for you in our employ by Mr. Arnold is no longer vacant. It has been filled by the appointment of a relative of one of the members of the firm.

Yours very truly,

I crumpled the letter convulsively in my hand. The room began to whirl around me. I staggered and fell to the floor.

When I recovered my senses a new and strange light fell upon my dazed eyes. The curtain was drawn, but still the light came through. Mechanically I pulled aside the curtain to see what it could be. I recoiled. For the barber had fitted up his window with gas-jets, and in the centre of an aureola of ten lights appeared the Waxen Head.

I glanced at it. There was the same haughty look from its glassy eyes, the same sneering smile upon its painted lips. They moved—I swear I saw them move.

With a hoarse cry I bounded from the room. In two seconds I was in the villain's shop.

"Scoundrel!" I hissed, "you have mocked at me—you shall never again have the chance."

"Pooh!" said he, insolently; "what's the matter with you? Go and sleep the liquor off."

There was a sneer upon his fool's face as he spoke.

A knife came to my hand.

There was no sneer upon his white face when he died.

## WORK.

The Inscrutable who set this orb awhirl  
And peopled it with men and mysteries,  
With height and vale diversified its face,  
Left beast to prey on beast and fish on fish,  
Geared life to death, conditioned each on each,  
Sore price of growth, but indispensable.  
To poverty he gave its warning sting,  
And poisoned luxury with seeds of sloth.  
Gave power to strength that effort might attain;  
Gave power to wit that knowledge might direct;  
And so with penalties, incentives, gains,  
Limits and compensations intricate,  
He dowered this earth, that man should never rest  
Save as his Maker's will be carried out.

On toward his destiny the creature drives,  
Tumultuous, incessant, mutinous,  
Usurping now his weaker fellow's share,  
Yielding again his own to stronger might,  
Aye seeking such a place or such a board  
That he and his the common lot may cheat,  
And lived unweary by fate.

Vain wish! fond dream  
That ever fades on eve of coming true!  
There is no easy, unearned joy on earth  
Save what God gives—the lustiness of youth,  
And love's dear pangs. All other joys we gain  
By striving, and so qualified we are  
That effort's zest our needs as much consoles  
As effort's gain. Both issues are our due.  
Sore lot it is to sweat and not be filled,  
But sore as well aye to be filled, nor sweat.  
Ever to plow and see another reap—  
Oh, that is hard; but ease that stretches far  
Beyond the space that labor's waste repairs  
Speeds to decay. Death lies hid in that,  
And seeds of every sin that rots the strength  
And stains the soul. Better when work is past  
Back into dust dissolve and help a seed  
Climb upwards, than with strength still fall  
Deny to God His claim and thwart His wish.

Fond fools with gold in store whose end they miss,  
Glutted with unused opportunity,  
Behold, drift idle on inglorious tides,  
Nor ever trim a sail nor make a port;  
Playing that life is play, until at last  
They sink at anchor.

Sorrier still the wights  
Whom poverty's distresses vainly goad,  
Whose wants too grasping for their shiftless powers  
Drive not to work but from it. This too hard  
They deem, and that too slow, and ever seeking ease  
And shunning toil, nor gold nor strength they win,  
But weak, inept, unskilled, incapable,  
Their bitter cry assails the tranquil stars  
While labor's tramping hosts surge over them.

To our dim sense God's plan seems often harsh.  
Big fish eats small; earthquakes and storms destroy;  
Greed strips the poor; guile plunders righteousness.  
But watch! see empires fall; see greed o'erreach  
Its lust! see power in fear of rival power  
Raise up its spiteful strength, clothe hands with skill,  
Teach minds to think; were strength not powerful  
Whose need would nourish them and burnish thought?  
Could not the leader and the learner claim  
Their effort's guerdon, on a stagnant earth  
Successive races round and round might move,  
But never forward. Wounds and wants and fears,  
The seething urgency of discontent,  
And groans and tears, grim tokens in themselves,  
May help mankind fulfill its destiny.

Oh Prodigal of means and men and time,  
But in decree and aim immutable,  
Our doom, black sometimes when we shrink from it,  
Shines glorious when we face it sturdily,  
And see the shaping and compelling hand  
That leads who will be led and drives the rest.

—Edward S. Martin in May Scribner's Magazine.

## HOLLOW EXPOSITION CEREMONIES.

Weary Progress of Invited Guests at the Absurd Openings of Unfinished Buildings—Gradual Shaping of the Great Show—President Loubet's Exposition Face.

"What did you see at the Exposition?" asks a popular street song. And the answering refrain is "I saw, I saw, I saw with my eyes—just that there was nothing to see." And that is pretty nearly the truth. For what is open is the vast, magnificent space covered with glorious white palaces where the Exposition will be in, say, a month's time.

In my last letter I wrote of the hideous unpreparedness of the great show one week before the opening, which took place on April 14th. They worked wonders in that one week, workmen and soldiers, one thousand of them, toiling terribly by sunlight and moonlight and gaslight, from dawn till dusk, and dusk till dawn. But they could not work the wonder of readiness. Wherever the president passed on the opening day, and the press in his wake, scaffolding had been pulled down and imitation plantations—spoils of the florists—had been run up; the rough ways had been made a little plain, and not everywhere did one bark one's shins against barrels. Two only of the national pavilions were in condition to receive visitors, and not in one single hall, except in the great Hall of the Festivals, could one stand at one's ease and look around on something definitely finished.

And our progress was often very hard. The hapless women invited to the opening, wives and daughters of the great ones of the earth, had bitter cause for grief. They had arrayed themselves in all the glory of their exposition gowns, in robes that queens might envy—if perchance queens have not always as a birthright unlimited credit in the Rue de la Paix. And bravely putting trust in the president, and in M. Picard, and in the journals, they promenaded their magnificence through the grounds. Dismal day for them—their rich fabrics and delicate broidery ruined hopelessly forever. Respectable duchesses, when they walk in a presidential progress before the assembled distinction of the civilized world, can not fling their skirts over their arms and trot around like ordinary, every-day women-folk saving their finery, however numerous the heaps of building-refuse, or the doors glistening with wet paint that stand in their way. So the duchesses and *grandes dames* had to look as pleasant as possible while step by step they accumulated paint-splurges and white dust upon their brilliant raiment, and heard at intervals the agonizing sound of their silken garments tearing against nails and piles of iron or wood. It was to weep.

And, sooth to say, every one was disillusioned by that progress. In the great Hall of the Festivals we had believed for a moment. But once outside that—Even though the sun shone brightly out of an exquisite blue sky and on a river whose waters danced so joyously by us, even though the white-and-gold palaces and pavilions looked dream-like in their fresh beauty, even though all Paris was massed joyously outside the barricades, watching and cheering from every point of vantage, even so it was impossible not to feel chilled. The bleak interiors of the few buildings which were sufficiently advanced to allow us to file in and gaze for a moment on their dusty emptiness were not exhilarating. We had made a weary pilgrimage through dust and disorder and, lo, the shrine of our hopes stood dusty and disorderly before us. It was to blaspheme.

That is three weeks ago now, and though there are still a great many nails to knock in, the truth is that things are getting ship-shape. The more the progress made, it is true, the more one sees how long it will take to get everything quite ready. But from this week onward the Exposition begins to be really worth visiting. Many acres of waste lands have already blossomed into green sward and rich, green boskiness. Paths have been laid down where a little while ago one stumbled painfully over ridgy, incumbered cart-tracks. There are, in not a few spots, flower-beds exquisite in their flaming color. The thousands of statues and monumental groups—literally "thousands"—that are to adorn broad avenues and leafy lanes are slowly getting into place. The "Rue de Paris," which to some degree is to correspond to Chicago's famous "Midway," is already aglow by night with myriads of tiny electric lamps, shining like fire-flies among the green, overhanging boughs.

Three days ago was held the official inauguration of the two "Palaces of Art"—which, by the way, are superb exteriorly and are to remain a possession forever to the greater glory of the magnificent Champs-Élysées neighborhood. The president was here and the notabilities and the ever-faithful press. I assure you, the ceremony was the dreariest thing I ever saw. We marched, a mournful procession of despairing mortals through kilometres of inconceivable disorder, solemnly inaugurating two stately shells. Outside, grandeur and delicate beauty combined; inside, the most extraordinary assortment of bits of things one could possibly conceive. Bits of gigantic horses, bits of colossal men, great chunks of bronze and marble and stone, labeled with numbers which indicated the exact positions they were to take in the setting-up. The inevitable, eternal packing-cases cumbered our steps, clouds of dust fell steadily on us from the lofty roof where workmen were chipping and fitting, the air was filled with a sickening, vault-like smell of wet plaster.

"The old man needs a pull at something strong," whimpered an irreverent brother of the pen as the president passed wearily by us. And certainly he looked worn out, poor Father Loubet. He is already wearing what, no doubt, yellow journalism will soon be calling the "exposition face." These absurd "openings" of unfinished things are taking all the old-time placidity and *bonhomie* out of his simple, pleasant face. Uneasy must lie the bead on which at any minute may fall, from the roof of a duly inaugurated palace, a bucket of plaster, a hod of bricks, or a well-fed workman.

STEPHEN MACKENNA.

PARIS, May 3, 1900.



## A WOMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS.

The Punishment That Came through Their Publication—Mrs. Wharton's Brilliant Story, "The Touchstone."

When the letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett were printed and offered to the public, discussion of the right to invade such precincts was provoked, and there is little doubt that many who did not express themselves in terms were pained by the publication. It may be too much to say that the suggestion of Edith Wharton's story, "The Touchstone," came from the stir caused by the Barrett-Browning volume, but the motive used in her novel is related to that action. Though only a few weeks from the press, Mrs. Wharton's book has achieved already a distinct success, and it will be remembered as one of the most brilliant works of fiction of the season.

Stephen Glennard, the central figure in the story, is surprised by an advertisement in a London newspaper asking for any material that will assist a biographer in preparing a volume on the late Margaret Aubyn, a writer whose fame had crossed the ocean, and is moved to recall his friendship with the gifted woman:

He saw her again as she had looked at their first meeting, the poor woman of genius with her long pale face and short-sighted eyes, softened a little by the grace of youth and inexperience, but so incapable even then of any hold upon the pulses. When she spoke, indeed, she was wonderful, more wonderful, perhaps, than when later, to Glennard's fancy, at least, the consciousness of memorable things uttered seemed to take from even her most intimate speech the perfect bloom of privacy. It was in those earliest days, if ever, that he had come near loving her; though even then his sentiment had lived only to the intervals of its expression. Later, when to be loved by her had been a state to touch any man's imagination, the physical reluctance had, inexplicably, so overborne the intellectual attraction, that the last years had been, to both of them, an agony of conflicting impulses. Even now, if, in turning over old papers his hand lit on her letters, the touch filled him with inarticulate misery.

"She had so few intimate friends. . . . that letters will be of special value." So few intimate friends! For years she had but one; one who, in the last years, had required her wonderful paces, her tragic outpourings of love, humility, and pardon, with the scant phrases by which a man evades the vulgarst of sentimental importunities. He had been a brute in spite of himself, and sometimes, now that the remembrance of her face had faded, and only her voice and words remained with him, he chafed at his own inadequacy, his stupid inability to rise to the height of her passion. His egoism was not of a kind to mirror its complacency in the adventure. To have been loved by the most brilliant woman of her day, and to have been incapable of loving her, seemed to him, in looking back, derisive evidence of his limitations; and his remorseful tenderness for her memory was complicated with a sense of irritation against her for having given him once for all the measure of his emotional capacity. It was not often, however, that he thus probed the past. The public, in taking possession of Mrs. Aubyn, had eased his shoulders of their burden. There was something fatuous in an attitude of sentimental apology toward a memory already classic: to reproach one's self for not having loved Margaret Aubyn was a good deal like being disturbed by an inability to admire the Venus of Milo. From her cold niche of fame she looked down ironically enough on his self-flagellations. . . . It was only when he came on something that belonged to her that he felt a sudden renewal of the old feeling, the strange dual impulse that drew him to her voice but drove him from her hand, so that even now, at sight of anything she had touched, his heart contracted painfully. It happened seldom nowadays. Her little presents, one by one, had disappeared from his rooms, and her letters, kept from some unacknowledged puerile vanity in the possession of such treasures, seldom came beneath his hand.

There is little to console him in reviewing his own course in that friendship:

When they met she had just published her first novel, and Glennard, who afterward had an ambitious man's impatience of distinguished women, was young enough to be dazzled by the semi-publicity it gave her. It was the kind of hook that makes elderly ladies lower their voices and call each other "my dear" when they furtively discuss it; and Glennard exulted in the superior knowledge of the world that enabled him to take as a matter of course sentiments over which the university shook its head. Still more delightful was it to hear Mrs. Aubyn waken the echoes of academic drawing-rooms with audacities surpassing those of her printed page. Her intellectual independence gave a touch of comradeship to their intimacy, prolonging the illusion of college friendships based on a joyous interchange of heresies. Mrs. Aubyn and Glennard represented to each other the augur's wink behind the Billbridge idol; they walked together in that light of young omniscience from which fate so curiously excludes one's elders.

The selfish, uncertain man, and the woman whose gifts were beyond mere beauty, are shown with art in this picture of their last interview:

The attitude of looking up is a strain on the muscles; and it was becoming more and more Glennard's opinion that brains, in a woman, should be merely the overture of beauty. To beauty Mrs. Aubyn could lay no claim; and while she had enough prettiness to exasperate him by her incapacity to make use of it, she seemed invincibly ignorant of any of the little artifices whereby women

contrive to hide their defects and even to turn them into graces. Her dress never seemed a part of her; all her clothes had an impersonal air, as though they had belonged to some one else and been borrowed in an emergency that had somehow become chronic. She was conscious enough of her deficiencies to try to amend them by rash imitations of the most approved models; but no woman who does not dress well intuitively will ever do so by the light of reason, and Mrs. Aubyn's plagiarisms, to borrow a metaphor of her trade, somehow never seemed to be incorporated with the text.

Genius is of small use to a woman who does not know how to do her hair. The fame that came to Mrs. Aubyn with her second book left Glennard's imagination untouched, or had almost the negative effect of removing her still farther from the circle of his contracting sympathies. We are all the sport of time; and fate had so perversely ordered the chronology of Margaret Aubyn's romance that when her husband died Glennard felt as though he had lost a friend.

Their relations remained thus negatively tender till she suddenly wrote him of her decision to go abroad to live. Her father had died, she had no near ties in Hillbridge, and London offered more scope than New York to her expanding personality. She was already famous, and her laurels were yet unharvested.

For a moment the news roused Glennard to a jealous sense of lost opportunities. He wanted, at any rate, to reassert his power before she made the final effort of escape. They had not met for over a year, but of course he could not let her sail without seeing her. She came to New York the day before her departure, and they spent its last hours together. Glennard had placed no course of action—he simply meant to let himself drift. They both drifted, for a long time, down the languid current of reminiscence; she seemed to sit passive, letting him push his way back through the overgrown channels of the past. At length she reminded him that they must bring their explorations to an end. He rose to leave, and stood looking at her with the same uncertainty in his heart. He was tired of her already—he was always tired of her—yet he was not sure that he wanted her to go.

"I may never see you again," he said, as though confidently appealing to her compassion.

Her look enveloped him. "And I shall see you always—always!"

"Why go then?" escaped him.

"To be nearer you," she answered; and the words dismissed him like a closing door.

Glennard is tempted to sell the precious letters, but, before he can make up his mind to such an action, introduces the subject with some reservations to a friend on whose business judgment he relies more than on his honor:

"Great Scott!" said Flamel, sitting up. "A collection of Margaret Aubyn's letters? Did you say you had them?"

"They were left me—by my friend."

"I see. Was he—well, no matter. You're to be congratulated, at any rate. What are you going to do with them?"

Glennard stood up with a sense of weariness in all his bones. "Oh, I don't know. I haven't thought much about it. I just happened to see that some fellow was writing her life—"

"Joslin; yes. You didn't think of giving them to him?"

Glennard had lounged across the room, and stood staring up at a bronze Bacchus who dropped her garlanded head above the pediment of an Italian cabinet. "What ought I to do? You're just the fellow to advise me." He felt the blood in his cheek as he spoke.

Flamel sat with meditative eye. "What do you want to do with them?" he asked.

"I want to publish them," said Glennard, swinging round with sudden energy—"if I can—"

"If you can? They're yours, you say?"

"They're mine fast enough. There's no one to prevent—I mean there are no restrictions—" he was arrested by the sense that these accumulated proofs of impunity might precisely stand as the strongest check of his action.

"And Mrs. Aubyn had no family, I believe?"

"No."

"Then I don't see who's to interfere," said Flamel, studying his cigar-tip.

Glennard had turned his unseeing stare on an ecstatic Saint Catharine, framed in tarnished gilding.

"It's just this way," he began again, with an effort. "When letters are as personal as—these of my friend's. . . . Well, I don't mind telling you that the cash would make a heap of difference to me; such a lot that it rather obscures my judgment—the fact is, if I could lay my hand on a few thousands now I could get into a big thing, and without appreciable risk; and I'd like to know whether you think I'd be justified, under the circumstances. . . ."

He paused with a dry throat. It seemed to him ever to sink lower in his own estimation. He was in truth less ashamed of weighing the temptation than of submitting his scruples to a man like Flamel, and affecting to appeal to sentiments of delicacy on the absence of which he had consciously reckoned. But he had reached a point where each word seemed to compel another, as each wave in a stream is forced forward by the pressure behind it.

Strengthened in his desire to profit by his possession, Glennard gives the letters to the publishers, their liberal offer overcoming his last scruples and permitting him to marry at once the woman who seemed about to be taken from him:

The sum obtained from the publishers already yielded a return which, combined with Glennard's professional earnings, took the edge of compulsion from their way of living, making it appear the expression of a graceful preference for simplicity. It was the mitigated poverty which can subscribe to a review or two and have a few flowers on the dining-table. And already, in a small way, Glennard was

beginning to feel the magnetic quality of prosperity. Clients who had passed his door in the hungry days sought it out now that it bore the name of a successful man. It was understood that a small inheritance, cleverly invested, was the source of his fortune; and there was a feeling that a man who could do so well for himself was likely to know how to turn over other people's money.

But it was in the more intimate reward of his wife's happiness that Glennard tasted the full flavor of success. Coming out of conditions so narrow that those he offered her seemed spacious, she fitted into her new life without any of those manifest efforts at adjustment that are so sore to a husband's pride as the critical re-arrangement of the bridal furniture. She had given him, instead, the delicate pleasure of watching her expand like a sea-creature restored to its element, stretching out the atrophied tentacles of girlish vanity and enjoyment into the rising tide of opportunity. And somehow—in the windowless inner cell of his consciousness where self-criticism covered—Glennard's course seemed justified by its merely material success. How could such a crop of innocent blessedness have sprung from tainted soil? . . .

He had not reckoned on the sensation the bringing out of the letters caused, and in a brief space it seemed to him that the whole world buzzed with talk about Margaret Aubyn and her love. This is but one of the scenes that came before him. Glennard and his wife were members of a party on a yachting trip:

"You've read them, of course, Mrs. Glennard?" he heard her ask; and, in reply to Alexa's vague interrogation: "Why, the 'Aubyn Letters'—it's the only book people are talking of this week."

Mrs. Dresham immediately saw her advantage. "You haven't read them? How very extraordinary! As Mrs. Armiger says, the book's in the air; one breathes it in like the influenza."

Glennard sat motionless, watching his wife.

"Perhaps it hasn't reached the suburbs yet," she said, with her untroubled smile.

"Oh, do let me come to you, then!" Mrs. Touchett cried; "anything for a change of air! I'm positively sick of the book, and I can't put it down. Can't you sail us beyond its reach, Mr. Flamel?"

Flamel shook his head. "Not even with this breeze. Literature travels faster than steam nowadays. And the worst of it is that we can't any of us give up reading; it's as insidious as a vice and as tiresome as a virtue."

"I believe it is a vice, almost, to read such a book as the 'Letters,'" said Mrs. Touchett. "It's the woman's soul, absolutely torn up by the roots—her whole self laid bare; and to a man who evidently didn't care; who couldn't have cared. I don't mean to read another line; it's too much like listening at a key-hole."

"But if she wanted it published?"

"Wanted it? How do we know she did?"

"Why, I heard she'd left the letters to the man—"

whoever he is—with directions that they should be published after his death—"

"I don't believe it," Mrs. Touchett declared.

"He's dead, then, is he?" one of the men asked.

"Why, you don't suppose if he were alive he could ever hold up his head again, with these letters being read by everybody?" Mrs. Touchett protested. "It must have been horrible enough to know they'd been written to him; but to publish them! No man could have done it and no woman could have told him to—"

"Oh, come, come," Dresham judicially interposed; "after all, they're not love-letters."

"No—that's the worst of it; they're unloved letters," Mrs. Touchett retorted.

Glennard had once told his wife that Mrs. Aubyn had been his friend, and soon he was tormented by the thought that she had discovered his secret, and knew he had sold the letters. Unable to bear the suspense, he finally tells the whole miserable story:

"You didn't know, then?"

She seemed to speak with an effort. "Not until—"

"Till I gave you those papers to sort?"

Her head sank.

"You understood then?"

"Yes."

He looked at her immovable face. "Had you suspected—before?" was slowly wrung from him.

"At times—yes—"

Her voice dropped to a whisper.

"Why? From anything that was said?"

There was a shade of pity in her glance. "No one said anything—no one told me anything." She looked away from him. "It was your manner—"

"My manner?"

"Whenever the book was mentioned. Things you said—once or twice—your irritation—I can't explain."

Glennard, unconsciously, had moved nearer. He breathed like a man who had been running. "You knew, then, you knew—" he stammered. The avowal of her love for Flamel would have hurt him less—would have rendered her less remote. "You knew—you knew—" he repeated; and suddenly his anguish gathered voice. "My God!" he cried, "you suspected it first, you say—and then you knew it—this damnable, this accursed thing; you knew it months ago—it's months since I put that paper in your way—and yet you've done nothing, you've said nothing, you've made no sign; you've lived alongside of me as if it had made no difference—no difference in either of our lives. What are you made of, I wonder? Don't you see the hideous ignominy of it? Don't you see how you've shared in my disgrace? Or, haven't you any sense of shame?"

It is the woman who realizes to the full the significance of his course, and the results that his choice has brought:

She dropped beside him and hid her anguish against his knees. They clung thus in silence a

long time, driven together down the same fierce blast of shame. When at length she lifted her face, he averted his. Her scorn would have hurt him less than the tears on his hands.

She spoke languidly, like a child emerging from a passion of weeping. "It was for the money—"

"His lips shaped an assent."

"That was the inheritance—that we married on?"

"Yes."

She drew back and rose to her feet. He sat watching her as she wandered away from him.

"You hate me," broke from him.

She made no answer.

"Aye, you hate me!" he persisted.

"That would have been so simple," she answered, with a strange smile. She dropped into a chair near the writing-table and rested a bowed forehead on her hand.

Even this man's selfishness is at last made plain to him, and the realization deepens his sorrow:

Knéeing by her he caught her hands. "Don't you see that it's become an obsession with me? That if I could strip myself down to the last lie—only there'd always be another one left under it—and do penance naked in the market-place, I should at least have the relief of easing one anguish by another? Don't you see that the worst of my torture is the impossibility of such atonements?"

Her hands lay in his without returning pressure. "Ah, poor woman, poor woman," he heard her sigh.

"Don't pity her, pity me! What have I done to her or to you, after all? You're both inaccessible! It was myself I sold."

It is in the clear sight of the woman that the lesson and the recompense first appear. "Don't you see," she says, "that she has given you to yourself? That you've never before been what she thought, and that now, so wonderfully, she's made you into the man she loved? That is the gift she would have wished to give."

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

Coins of quaint and obsolete design and almost forgotten coinage have begun to circulate in some of the worst famioe-stricken districts of India. Some of these have reposed for two hundred years beneath a family tree. The modern native of India has no more faith in the security of banks than his great-great-grandfather had. He invests his savings in jewelry, or hides his spare rupees in a bank of his own—usually a brass pot buried under a tree. Before he dies, he imparts the knowledge of its whereabouts to his sons, who in turn deposit their savings in the same hiding-place. When a Hindoo dies suddenly, his "pot" is diligently searched for by his relatives, but the search is often fruitless. After the Mahomedan Empire began to wane, each petty chief and Rajahette coined his own rupee, and put his individual variation on value and weight. Some of these designs are very curious, though most of them bear, in addition to the eccentric fancy of the native who struck them, the name and titles of the reigning emperor.

New York now regulates (by forbidding) the publication of letters or private papers found among the effects of persons who have been dangerously hurt, or have died suddenly, or committed suicide, unless a coroner directs such publication as a means of identifying the dead or discovering a crime. This law, which the governor signed a few days ago, is in timely restraint of a species of publicity which was sometimes very cruel, for the practice has been to look upon papers found on the unknown dead as the proper loot of the sensational newspapers, to be printed without regard for the reputation of the deceased or the feelings of any survivor.

Isabelle, the flower girl of the Jockey Club, a Parisian notoriety of the Second Empire, died recently in a Paris hospital in great destitution.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Romance of Modero Italy.

The story of Italian life told by Dr. William Barry in his latest novel, "Arden Massiter," is as full of desperate adventures, plots and counterplots, mystery and passion, as if its time had been in the Middle Ages instead of the present. Yet there is little of romantic unreality about it. Dr. Barry is no stranger to Rome, or the varied aspects of United Italy's problems of government. His pictures are well drawn, especially those of the disturbing elements in that unfortunate country, and the figures are real. To his knowledge of the conditions is added the gift of dramatic narration, and his story, which is worth telling, aside from the interest and value of its settings, moves steadily forward, sometimes swiftly and with exciting strength, from introduction to conclusion.

A young English newspaper correspondent, who returns to Rome after an absence of fifteen years, is the central figure of the story, and he would be out of harmony with his surroundings but for the fact that he inclines to socialism, and has made some acquaintances in low life in London whose connections in Rome are calculated to aid him in his researches and writing. Soon after his arrival, in spite of warnings from his host, he begins to frequent a Roman eating-house where he hopes to meet a socialist friend of former years, and suddenly is forced to take part in a disturbance which results in the death of a ruffian. To escape the vengeance of the outlaw's friends, the Englishman takes refuge with a young nobleman at the country home of the family, and here he soon becomes intimately connected with the fortunes of the house. There is an old and stately father, a lovely and devotedly religious daughter, and the son whose friendship the young newspaper correspondent had won at their first meeting. Another son, who has left his home to become the son-in-law of the prime minister and has been cast off by father and brother because of his affiliation with the government which is not recognized by the church, is one of the chief actors, and his reconciliation with his people at the end is one of the Englishman's achievements.

One of the leaders of the Camorra, that secret organization whose members are to be found everywhere, from prison to palace, plays an important part in the story. An out-at-elbows disreputable, when Massiter first knew him in London, he has worked his way up to a place of influence and income in Rome, and his power threatens the Duke of Roccaforte and his family soon after Massiter becomes their guest. The Marchese di Lucera is another evil-disposed character, and his pursuit of Donna Costanza, the daughter of the duke, and her aversion for him furnish some of the most striking episodes of the romance. Through all the dangers and complications the Englishman comes triumphant, but there is little of promise for him until the end.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Gifted Women of Colonial Days.

Among recent studies of the social life of early days in the United States there are few so distinctive and valuable as "Salons Colonial and Republican," by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. The word "salon" has been used in this work to designate the drawing-rooms described, because no other term so fully represents social circles presided over by cultivated women as that which was first applied to the brilliant coteries gathered together by the famous French women of the seventeenth century, who knew so well how to combine intellectual ability with womanly grace and charm.

The first chapter of the book gives many reminiscences of Elizabeth Graeme—better known as Mrs. Hugh Ferguson, who was during the latter half of the last century easily the most learned woman in America—and notes of her home in Philadelphia, the colonial town containing at that time more literary and scientific people than any other. The social etiquette of the first administration in New York, later pictures of life in Washington, and the *salon* of Mrs. James Rush in Philadelphia are leading topics in the following chapters, and throughout there is a wealth of anecdote and personal mention.

The volume is handsomely printed, and illustrated with more than fifty portraits from paintings and miniatures of rare beauty and interest. A complete index is one of its attractive features, making any allusion of easy reference.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$3.00.

## Stories of Original Design.

The taking title of Arthur Cosslett Smith's volume of short stories, "The Monk and the Dancer," is not the best thing about the book. Each of the six tales is an entertaining piece of work, and there are no repetitions, either in incidents or characters. The originality of the sketches is in their motives, rather than in their treatment, for the descriptions, the cynical conclusions, the nervous force veiled by smooth phrases, are suggestive of "Ouida," but the suggestion is not to the discredit of the younger writer.

The first and longest of the stories tells of a monk

whose twenty-two years of life had all been spent in the abbey of La Trappe, among the brothers who perform all their tasks in silence. Travelers are entertained when they present themselves at the gate of the abbey, and one day a Spanish dancer, on her way to Algiers, is served with food in the guests' room, and during her stay of half an hour fascinates the young monk, whose dark eyes have impressed her. That night the monk escapes from the abbey and follows the dancer, and for months she keeps him near her, loading him with favors. At last she tires of her pet and deserts him, leaving money and a good-by message. The monk walks six hundred miles to Paris to see her once more, then returns heart-broken to the abbey.

The second story describes an amusing mistake on the part of a dissipated young Englishman, who succeeds suddenly to an earldom, and, finding a note among his elderly predecessor's effects which seems to be an acceptance of the old man's offer of marriage by a young American heiress, unselfishly proposes to carry out the contract and burden himself with a bride. "Some Old Families" is an American story, in which a railroad president's son is rebuffed by a Tennessee mountaineer, who refuses to allow his barefooted daughter to marry any one beneath her. "The Eye of the Harem," is the record of a bishop's weakness for a single day and evening, and his Providential rescue at the end of his stirring adventures. There are two other stories, one of which, "The Senior Reader," is perhaps the most serious effort in the volume, though not the most pathetic. A mere outline of the story can give little suggestion of its interest or strength.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A literary autobiography of William Dean Howells, bearing the title of "My Acquaintance Among Authors: A Personal Retrospect of American Literature," is to be run as a serial before being brought out in book-form.

After a long silence Lucas Malet, the daughter of Charles Kingsley, known to her friends as Mrs. St. Leger Harrison, is to publish a new novel, called "The Gateless Barrier."

Lady Randolph Churchill has no intention of allowing the *Anglo-Saxon Review* to go out of existence. The next number will contain a story by Maurice Hewlett and an elaborate study of Castlereagh by the Marchioness of Londonderry.

Anna Katharine Green has completed a new and exciting detective story, which will be brought out in the autumn.

"The Bennett Twins," by Grace Marguerite Hurd, which is to be published this week by the Macmillan Company, is a story of student life in New York. Many of the characters are likely to be recognized by artists who have worked in the studios of the more famous masters of that city.

"The Chronic Loafer," by Nelson Lloyd, has just been brought out by J. F. Taylor & Co.

The most popular of Italian authors, Edmondo de Amicis, of whose "Cuore" 235,000 copies have been sold, has just brought out his "Memoirs." They tell less about himself than about his friends and contemporaries. One of the most dramatic incidents in his life was his attempt, as a boy of thirteen, to escape from his home, and, with some other boys, join Garibaldi's forces on the way to Italy. His mother got wind of the project and frustrated it.

"Meloan Farm," the last novel of Maria Louise Pool, which has been running as a serial in *Harper's Bazar*, will be brought out in book-form soon.

Theodore Watts Dunton is completing a volume of reminiscences and a novel, the title of which has not yet been decided upon.

Sarah Grand's new novel, which will begin to run as a serial in an Eastern magazine early in July, was originally called "Petticoats," but when it was discovered that this piquant title had already been used, the name was changed to "Babs, the Impossible."

Marion Harland has collaborated with her son, Albert Payson Terhune, on a novel of life in the oil regions of Pennsylvania.

"Problems of Expansion," by Whitelaw Reid, is a work of political interest that is announced for early publication.

A complete set of "The Snob" and "The Gownsmen," with all of Thackeray's contributions, was sold for \$660 in London lately. "The Orphan of Pimlico" brought \$77. "The Corsair" (New York) \$82, and "Vanity Fair" (1848) \$61.

"Nude Souls" is the odd title of the novel which "Benjamin Swift" (W. R. Patterson) is busily writing. It is described as a somewhat ruthless analysis of certain moral and spiritual conditions.

The June announcements of D. Appleton & Co. are very strong in promising novels. They will follow Miss Fowler's "Farringtons" and Mr. Thomas's "Last Lady of Mulberry" with "In Circling Camps," a romance of the American Civil War, by J. A. Altscheler; "Pine Knot," a story of

Kentucky life, by William E. Barton, author of "A Hero in Homespun"; and a new novel entitled "The Girl at the Halfway House," by E. Hough, author of "The Story of the Cowboy," which is described as a genuine epic of the West.

In an interview with George Bernard Shaw in the *London Mail*, the eccentric author is alleged to have said:

"When I want to work I have to go in the country in the fresh air, early in the morning. That is what makes my work different from that of other writers. They write in town, at night. First they poison themselves with alcohol and tobacco, drinking and smoking at their dinner, then they go in their studies, draw the blinds, turn on the light, and work. The consequence is that almost all of modern literature is drunken. The taint of tobacco, of wine, of meat-eating, runs right through it."

## RECENT VERSE.

## Involuntary.

Sorrow and pity had clutched my heart,  
Lashed its chords to their infinite chain;  
They watched dull-eyed, as I sat apart,  
A pallid fate at the gates of pain.

Torturing thoughts from an empty past  
Surged within, like a hurrying pack  
Of hungry wolves which before the blast  
Fretted the snows in the heaten track.

Colder than where they jibber and glide  
My future beckoned across life's way;  
I turned and shivered and crept to hide  
Where ruined hope on my hearthstone lay.

When lo, a presence! I saw him stand  
Rosy and smiling, a dimpled child  
Draw near and eye me, with outstretched hand  
"Catch me who will! I am free and wild!"

He took my fingers the damp had chilled,  
To his little red mouth's wooing breath,  
He touched my hair that the nights had filled  
With wet wet dews of despair and death.

Round my heart he threw warm red roses,  
Bound and pulled me with artful grace,  
Slightly sweet with imperious poses  
He clasped me close in his soft embrace.

Trembling, frightened, with feet that stumbled,  
"Tell me thy name, oh thou pretty boy!"  
He laughed at my voice that fear had humbled,  
"Ho, foolish coward, my name is Joy!"  
—Julien Gordon in *Collier's Weekly*.

## Love's Passage.

As one, in passing through a darkened room,  
Should brush the fine-drawn, gold threads of a harp,  
And thus, though all unwittingly, should wake  
A chord of rich and tender melody—  
So your dear love, unconsciously at first,  
Found its response within my waiting heart,  
Which barred, unseen, your pathway as you went.  
—Elizabeth Barnett Esler in *June Century Magazine*.

## The Symphony of Spring.

Along the ledges of the sky the Spring  
Shakes out the cloud-folds of her gown,  
And sends the rustling rain-drops hurtling down.  
Amid the violets, half-asleep with purple eyes,  
They bring  
A freshness and surprise.

Now sound the vibrant sinews of the wind  
Which throb in melancholy mood—  
The chords of dreamy rainy interlude;  
And now the gorgeous lightning, on the thundering strings  
Entwined  
In silver coils, clings.

The tones decrease; Spring's rustling robe sounds far  
Down through the cañons of the sky,  
And by the busy wind's wet fingers, high  
Upon the western rim, the ruined clouds are piled  
With scar,  
And cliff, and foot-bill wild.

See now! The wak'ning sun crawls through the clouds  
And spins a rainbow's quivering stain  
Of thin and twisted threads of gauzy rain;  
And o'er the forest-bearded hill, with arching dyes,  
It crowds  
Its shoulder 'gainst the skies.

—Joe Egan in *Harper's Weekly*.

"The Red Badge of Courage," which first brought fame to Stephen Crane, who is dying of consumption, was written in nine days; but if this novel brought him a reputation, it did not bring fortune, according to Mr. Harriman. He writes:

"This story was the result of a conclusion arrived at by Stephen Crane after reading a battle-story in a certain monthly magazine—that he could write a better one—he who had never seen even a sham battle by his State militia, who did not know a Maxim from a Krag-Jorgensen. He selected the Battle of Chancellorsville. From records he learned the topography of the country, the atmosphere of the battle, the position of the troops, and then he wrote his story without mentioning a name, a locality, a troop, and at the same time he presented accurately, picturesquely, vividly, the problem of war resolved to an equation of battle. And for this tale, running as it did into edition after edition, he received in all one hundred and ninety dollars—ninety dollars for the syndicate rights in America, and one hundred dollars for the same rights in England."

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Story of a Tenement-House.

Undoubtedly I. K. Friedman might have chosen a title more attractive than "Poor People" for his latest story, but those who hold the charm in its pages and follow the fortunes of its characters through to the end will not care to criticize the name. It is not a pretentious story. In the poem and epilogue there are some labored paragraphs, artificial touches that add nothing to the impressions given in the main argument, the simple chronicle of life in a tenement-house in a great city, but the beauty and strength of the work is in its unaffected realism and humanity. A poor old music-store clerk, who dreams of composing an opera; his daughters, one a saleswoman at a ribbon counter with worldly aspirations, and the other a patient sewing-woman whose young life has seen little of pleasure or rest; a German cabinet-maker with a weakness for liquor, and his son, a watch-maker, who has acted small parts with a dramatic company and has the gifts of a playwright—these are the principal figures, and their sorrows and joys the theme. Their neighbors are introduced—the shoemaker, the laundress, the fortune-teller, the successful foreman in the furniture factory who becomes a manufacturer, and others—and all are drawn with skill. Their language and their impulses are real, and there is no apparent effort to work up sympathy for them.

There is humor in the story, and pathos, and there is no discussion of social problems. Its lessons are not enforced, its distribution of rewards and punishments at the end is sparingly done. The young dramatist writes a successful play, its motive the suggestions of the life around him; but his greatest success is his victory over an inherited weakness, and his richest recompense the love of the girl who encouraged him and had faith in his efforts. If its sunshine is never gloriously bright and warm, neither is its shadow ever forbiddingly dark. Many of its pictures will fade slowly from the memory of the reader.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

## Rome in the Days of Carinus.

In his short yet powerful historical novel, "A Christian but a Roman," Maurus Jókai, for the time being, forsakes his beloved Hungary—with which most of his books so far translated deal—for Rome during the brief reign of Carinus in the latter part of the third century. The historical background is skillfully subordinated to the main thread of the story, which pictures that bloody period when the viciousness of Rome's rulers was beginning to overshadow its overthrow, and when to embrace the Christian faith was to invite death and torture.

The main characters—all vivid creations—correspond in some respects to those of Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis," Carinus being a second Nero, Manlius Sinister a combination of Petronius and Vinicius, Sophronia another Lygia, and Evius a weak Tigellinus. The fascinating and misjudged Glyceria, who is sure to win the sympathy of the reader, alone has no counterpart. There is no resemblance, however, in the plot, which is full of dramatic action and picturesque incidents. The climax of the story is reached when Manlius, in the battle near Mergum, in Moesia, leads the Roman army to victory, and then in the hour of Carinus's triumph kills him to avenge the death of Sophronia, his betrothed, who, when persecuted with many other Christians, took her own life rather than become the dissolute emperor's mistress.

Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

## Wit and Humor in the Village Forum.

That gathering-place of rustic philosophers, the village store, has not been neglected by American humorists, but it has remained for Nelson Lloyd to discover one of these schools of story-telling in a little celebrated region, to photograph the group of congenial yet disagreeing individuals, and to record their happiest efforts of badinage and narration. The scene of the happenings in "The Chronic Loafer" is in the heart of Pennsylvania, and the dialect of the speakers is not altogether familiar, but the impulses and interests that stir the little community are those of better-known places. The chief story-teller is the "Chronic Loafer," but he deserves a better name. He merely wishes to "travel comfortable 'thoo this world. Travel slow, but allus keep movin'. Ye can see the country ez ye go, stoppin' 't'ow an' then to fish trout, or take a bang at a coon, or at the store to discuss a leetle. Don't live too fast—don't live too slow—live mejum." But there are others who tell good stories—the patriarch, the miller, the store-keeper, the school-teacher, and the G. A. R. man—and there is no meeting of these characters which is not illuminated with humor and homely wit.

Among the twenty-two stories there are some that far outrank their companions, but there is not one that is lacking in point or interest. "The Missus," in which the Chronic Loafer tells how he won his better half, is among the best; "Breaking the Ice," the experience of two young members of that strict sect, the Dunkards, at an interdicted picnic dance, is another particularly pleasing chronicle; "Joe Varner's Belling," the story of a

lonely old man and his last tragic disappointment; is a pathetic memory; and "Two Stay-at-Homes," the description of a wife's efforts to restrain the newly awakened ardor of a veteran when the news of the Spanish-American War arrives, is a humorous bit that will bring a smile when it is read a second or a third time.

Mr. Lloyd is a humorist, and his touch is as sure as it is light. His first book will win regard with all who look upon the sunny side of life, and they will expect more good things from his pen in days to come. And it is safe to predict that they will not be disappointed.

Published by J. F. Taylor & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

## A New Political History of France.

Baron Pierre de Coubertin is the author of an historical study entitled "France Since 1814," which is worthy of the attention of republicans everywhere. The historian is not without pride in his country, but he is far from being pleased with present prospects, and believes some difficult work is before the French people—work which is needed to finish what has been well begun.

The baron finds in foreign opinions of France a variance which he attributes to the absence of any solid basis of appreciation. The usual plan of considering French history since the death of Napoleon the First as if split into periods perfectly distinct from each other, and studying them apart, he considers the cause of the false conceptions, and his work is an effort to bring to light the underlying metaphysical thread which unites the several periods. The volume points out many strange parallels and coincidences, and notes with clearness the advances made and the hampering conditions from which the nation has not been able to free itself. Origins are no less important in the writer's view than developments, for without a thorough knowledge of the beginning the tendency can not be understood. The history is well written, and its conclusions are suggestive if not convincing.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

## New Publications.

A scholarly essay, presented in an attractive form, is "What Is Poetry?" by Edmond Holmes. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Advent of Empire," by Morrison L. Swift, is a thin volume of rhymes and blank verse inspired by consideration for the Boers and Filipinos and hatred for their enemies. It is incoherent and venomous. Published by the Rohnbrock Press, Los Angeles; price, \$1.00.

"The Head of Pash," by Willis Boyd Allen, is a detective story of more than ordinary art and interest. Its scenes range from a New England village to the Pyramids of Egypt, and each one offers pleasing entertainment. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Six stories of soldier life, some beginning with scenes in English college fields and ending in the gray dust of the Transvaal, are in the volume entitled "For the Queen in South Africa," by Caryll Davis Haskins, and all are well told. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

Professor George T. Fairchild, of Berea College, Kentucky, offers in "Rural Wealth and Welfare" an instructive and stimulating manual. It treats practical questions briefly but with consideration. The volume can be commended to all interested in country life. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

"A Country Without Strikes," by Henry Demarest Lloyd, is something more than a description of a visit to the Compulsory Arbitration Court of New Zealand. The book is full of information and practical suggestion. Its lessons can not well be ignored by employers or employed. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

A plain and brief presentation of the evidence in support of the claim that the human race is a product of evolution is made in "Man and His Ancestor," by Charles Morris. The author writes clearly and forcibly, yet without dogmatism, and his essay is well arranged. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

The "Vest-Pocket Standard Spanish-English English-Spanish Dictionary" contains the figured pronunciation of every word in both languages, a collection of English and Spanish idioms, and many maps and statistics of Spanish-speaking countries. A list of leading cities in Puerto Rico and the Philippines is included. The little volume is a marvel of condensation and convenience. Published by Laird & Lee, Chicago; price, 25 cents.

The career of a dashing soldier, from his childhood as the ward of a clockmaker to his manhood and service as one of Richelieu's guardsmen, and the winning of his own at last in the title and estate of a marquis, is pictured in "The Cardinal's Musketeer," by M. Inlay Taylor. There is a pretty love story in the tale, and the author has made all her pictures pleasing and in no way at variance with historic verities. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

In the Temple Classics Series the latest issues are "The Princess, and Other Poems," by Tennyson;

"The Task," by William Cowper; "On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History," by Thomas Carlyle; and "The Earlier Monologues of Robert Browning." Each volume has a finely engraved portrait as a frontispiece, and the editorial notes are evidence of the care with which the works are presented. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 50 cents each.

Ibsen's latest work, "When We Dead Awaken," a dramatic epilogue in three acts, has been translated by William Archer. The play is pronounced the great dramatist's masterpiece, but this judgment will not be general even among his admirers. There is no social problem in the work, and its theme may be described in a sentence—life is empty without love. There are some powerful scenes, notably those between Rubek the sculptor and Irene, the woman who had given her youth and beauty to be his model. The end is as strange and impressive as anything in his works. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

## "The Real Thrums of Barrie."

In an entertaining article in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Mary B. Mullett gives us a charming glimpse of Thrums, the corner of the world made famous by James Barrie in his various volumes. Miss Mullett says:

"There is one great point of difference between the real Thrums and the one which Mr. J. M. Barrie has made dear to us all. The real Thrums is called 'Kirkmuir,' a big, purring mouthful of a name which Barrie must have been loth to abandon. It is a 'bit' of a town at the end of a 'hit' of railroad. The farmers come in of a Friday to have a little talk together in the old square about the crops; and the great outside world peeps in occasionally, because, forsooth, 'a wee black mon' once lived there with dreams and realities, which he has since made a part of our lives also. It was an old Thrums woman who gave me that phrase about Barrie. We were talking of him, and I said to her, dropping into the Scotch which hurried and bumbled around me: 'I'd like fine to see him!'

"'Eh,' said she, patronizingly, 'he's naething but a wee black mon! Oh, ay! An' shy, too! He doensna likit to be looked at. Na, na! Ay, the Countess o' Strathmore cam' up to see him last week, but he wouldna appear.'

"'And is he here now?' I eagerly demanded. "'Oh, ay! An' his wife, too! She's no a big body, either, an' she doensna likit to be looked at herself,' though she's gey guid to look at. Ay!'

As to the famous house with 'the window,' a neighbor thus enlightened Miss Mullett:

"'Ay, it was in an awful state,' said the neighbor with whom I gossiped over the stone wall, 'but it was sold to another mon. Maister Barrie's father was fearin' they would be tearin' it down, an' some fowk thoct that Maister Barrie would buy it himself. But he's no muckle for such things. The window oop there's no the oreeginal window. Na, na! That's the attic window whaur Leebie gae'd to see if the smoke wair comin' oot o' the meenister's chimney. If there was any window below, as Maister Barrie says there was, it's no there now; but the mon as hae bocht it was sayin' he thoct he'd put ane in again.'

"So the next time I go to Thrums I may be shown the window through which Jess watched her world."

Later Miss Mullett was given an opportunity to see Mr. Barrie. She says:

"In the appalling hush which broods over the British hotel table, I heard some one say: 'Mr. Barrie'll be leaving this morning, I'm thinking. His sister brought his cycle to the shop yesterday, and said it was to be at the eleven-o'clock train in a state of repair. He'll be bound for London, I'm thinking. He never comes into the town himself if he can help it. He so dislikes being looked at.'

"My friends and I exchanged glances. We were sorry that Mr. Barrie had such an aversion to being looked at, but look at him we would, if possible. And we did. We saw him at the station to which the family party walked together. Mrs. Barrie first, a slight figure in brown and scarlet, more English in dress than in face, holding her head rather proudly and walking confidently—she was on the 'tug before her marriage. With her was Miss Barrie, a quietly dressed, rather colorless woman, not one to draw attention from the three men who followed her. The tallest of these three, the one in ministerial 'black,' a high hat on his snowy head, was Dr. Ogilvie, brother to Barrie's mother. The other white-haired man—doubled over, as are so many, in this land of looms, and wearing great hobnail shoes, for he likes to take care of the pretty garden at the top of the brae—was Barrie's father. Between them was a slight figure of boyish slenderness. The straw hat had palpably seen its owner through the season, and he had not just been introduced to his brown suit either. At any rate, though small, he was not dapper, and we breathed a sigh of relief. Then, as he turned, we looked at his face with eagerness. He might disappoint us so keenly that we would wish we had not come.

"No fear of that! It is a thin, dark face, almost haggard. It is not the face of his pictures. It is delicate, sensitive, wistful somehow, but stronger than we had expected it to be. Quite the face of a man who 'wouldna appear' when he chose not to, countless or no countless. I call him dark and the old woman called him black, but I think we both exaggerate. I do not think he is really very dark, but the dominating sadness of his face makes almost a real shadow over it. He smiled once or twice, but his face did not really once light up. I would like to see it when it does. But sad and thin as it was, it is a face that one would not soon forget—yes, and that one would be glad to remember."

## WOMANLY BEAUTY.

## How to Gain It. How to Retain It.

JOHN V. SHOEMAKER A. M., M. D.,

Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Clinical Medicine and Diseases of the Skin in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia; Physician to the Hospital; Member of the American and British Medical Associations; Fellow of the Medical Society of London, etc.

Is the author of a comprehensive new book entitled:

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Maxine Elliott was recently pronounced to be the most beautiful woman on the American stage by no less an authority than Metcalf, of *Life*. Up to within the period that dates from the beginning of her stage association with Nat Goodwin, she was regarded simply and solely as a beauty, neither possessing nor claiming pretensions to more than slight ability as an actress. Her beauty, however undeniable it is, has always had the quality of being "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null." In analyzing her features, one finds that she possesses all the points that constitute the generally accepted standard of physical beauty; large, languishing eyes, a low brow, rich, dark hair, a straight nose, a small mouth, and a cream-white skin are all hers. To many, however, this fair page has been uninformed with the glow of feeling. Within the year the Eastern critics have been celebrating with shouts of joy the fact that the beautiful statue has at last developed a soul, and so San Franciscans have been going in shoals to inspect Miss Elliott's soul. It is not a bad sort of soul either, for its kind. A soul that has to be developed by careful cultivation, and whose native growth requires engraving from a more vigorous plant to develop it to the full beauty of leaf and blossom, never quite equals the original article, even in its untrammelled, wild luxuriance.

I hardly confess that if I saw them growing in juxtaposition, I would gather the brilliant, unpruned, misdirected, struggling efflorescence of a Nance O'Neil's power, rather than the carefully cultivated, tame, trimmed foliage put forth by a Maxine Elliott. These things, however, are always a matter of taste, and one must thoroughly respect this young lady for the enthusiasm and energy with which she has gone to work, and in so short a time produced such a fair harvest of good results. I doubt if she will ever know the keen joy of the artist who has swept a powerful hand over the heart-strings of his hearers, and heard the glad music of their wild acclaim. She has neither originality, nor the warmth of a rich personality, but cordial appreciation and a calm, judicial admiration she will undoubtedly inspire.

Miss Elliott, indeed, was not present in the play when the note of deepest feeling was struck. That was in the moment of reconciliation between the two Dicks, when kind guardian and headstrong boy sobbed away their heartaches in each other's arms. Nat Goodwin has very sensibly selected a play that has not arrogated to himself all the good points and telling situations of the male parts, and in consequence Harry Woodruff as the spoiled, perverse Imp had a very important rôle, to which he did full justice. It is that of a character which we have all been made familiar with and gnashed our teeth over in English novels—the dissipated, weak, foolish youth who throws good capital after bad pleasures, while the fond, indulgent parent or guardian sits at home in satisfied self-denial and complacently opens the purse-strings to confident demand. Harry Woodruff, with his fair, curly hair, his pale-blue eyes, his stripling's figure, and his dandified raiment, was the part to the life in appearance. In acting, the young fellow was surprisingly good—the weak vehemence, the foolish passion and feeble frenzy of the boy-lover at being balked of his glittering toy, and finally the burst of unbridled, womanish emotion and repentance with which, in his tricked, deserted state, he turned to the steady constancy of tried home affection, were all carefully studied and admirably consistent features. So much so, that I feel quite a curiosity to see this young gentleman in another rôle, to discover just how much he is indebted to natural fitness in face, voice, and appearance for the success of his very intelligent portrayal.

Nat Goodwin, as ever, has a part (that of the indulgent guardian) in which the native goodness of his heart is rather out of proportion to the small size of his head. It is a peculiarity of Mr. Goodwin's talent that it seems to demand as a vehicle for its best expression a rôle in which the emotions that agitate him, and their resulting action, are just a little beyond the bounds of nature and common sense. In spite of the moderation and quiet realism (albeit a little long-drawn-out) that pleased us in the first act, the guardian in the later acts makes a thorough fool of himself when he tries to save the boy from the consequences of his folly by attempting to follow a plan which would involve the dragging of the clean respectability of his own good name through the muck of London scandal. It is an act of self-sacrifice that a father would scarcely do for his own son. Any one of those uninteresting youths at the Corinthian Club—except, perhaps, the pompous, good and solemn young man, who, with such a virtuous flourish, turns his back on scarlet tempta-

tion—could have been invested with the thousand-pound magnet in order to draw the wickedly scintillant Firefly away from the dazzled Imp.

But no matter to what extremes the types that Mr. Goodwin represents may go, he always maintains a good hold on the sympathy of his audience. With his pleasantly humorous personality, his fund of slightly exaggerated sentiment, and the skillful technique resulting from years of closely studying the surest methods of appealing to the surface sentiment of the American public, he stands to-day one of the best exponents on the national stage of a type of well-trained, painstaking, carefully developed bistrionic mediocrity.

As a whole, the performance is stamped by this characteristic. Everything—play, mounting, acting, stage-setting—is evenly, unexcitingly good. Like its brilliant predecessor of a week ago, "When We Were Twenty-One," preaches a little sermon, neither dull, canting, nor insincere, but interesting, a little sensational, like our latter-day preachers, sharp, vigorous, and stamped with truth. Perhaps it may yet do a good work, and snatch a few more Imps from being scorched by the burning of some other fitfully flickering stage Firefly.

Few plays that are presented in San Francisco are of the kind which stimulate thought and leave behind them the seed which grows into discussion or argument. The "Tyranny of Tears," however, is one of that small number. It has swept comet-like across our dull, dramatic horizon, leaving a trail of comment and controversy behind it. All disputation falls to a dead calm of assent, however, on one subject. The pretty secretary must go. The wives hotly, the husbands teasingly, the bachelors cynically, the maids dispassionately, all agree that girl secretaries to attractive young married men are inimical to the peace of the domestic household.

The point around which discussion becomes most active is as to just what degree of culpability attaches to Hyacinth Woodward in the domestic imbroglio. Most of the women regard her as "a nasty, sneering thing," term her "a cat" with pistol-shot emphasis, and assert, with flashing eyes and in forcible if inelegant English, that they would "bounce" her. The gentlest and happiest of wives becomes fierce and heated in discussing this matter. No doubt they are right. A happy married state is woman's stronghold from the storms and stress of life. She is justified in using with gentleness, tact, policy, strategy, Jesuitry, or even a mild violence—all kinds of weapons—to strengthen her position, providing that she respects her own dignity and the rights of her husband. Hence no one has found fault with the stand the wife made as to the dismissal of the pretty, but too susceptible secretary. But there is the very point on which all do not agree—that is, as to just how far the sentimental susceptibilities of Hyacinth Woodward were involved, and how much of "a cat" she was.

It seems to me that there are skillfully subtle elements compounded in the making up of Hyacinth's sentiments toward Clement Parbury which the dramatist had not intended to be of the feline order. Let any woman imagine herself to be in the position of a sbrewed, disinterested spectator of the undeserved domestic infidelities of a Clement Parbury; let her see him bear with too great resignation, almost with weakness, daily assaults upon his time, his nerves, his patience, and his forbearance; let her know his worth, esteem his mental superiority, divine his honor, experience his kindness, and she will become his partisan against his wife, and long to put an adjusting finger into the domestic pie. Hyacinth Woodward did not. Instead she remained outwardly calm and unseeing; inwardly she seethed, and pitied the husband all the more with a slightly patronizing, almost, maternal pity. At the same time, as she was young and lonely, and was shut up for several hours a day with an unusually interesting and lovable man, to whom she was bound by a common taste of mutual interest—furthermore, as the interruptions of the wife were ill-advised, unwelcome, and disturbing—the proper values of the situation became slightly mixed. Unconsciously she yielded to the influences of a dangerously disturbing proximity, and became, if not in love, at least slightly smitten. When the disagreement came, the girl, who was proud and pure-minded, mistook the heat of her feelings for justifiable partisanship. She did not dream of the fact of her presence being viewed in a compromising light until the husband guessed something of the state of things, and, mindful of his wife's pride and of the young girl's reputation, gently advised her to go. It was like a lightning-stroke scarring her pride and self-respect when she saw what could be, and was inferred; she tore the rejected rose, which had been lightly given in defiance of the careless attentions of Gunning, to shreds, and, after a brief thunder-shower of tears, was her calm, well-poised, reasonable, self-respecting self.

But first, she delivered one cattish scratch, and not a wife in the audience forgave it. She said, in answer to the recriminations of Mrs. Parbury, "I descended to your level, and I cried." I think myself that Haddon Chambers, not being able to put himself in imaginary petticoats, and hear through matronly ears, was merely thinking of a good curtain-speech. But the sting rankled, and from that moment every matron in the house was on the side of the wife. So were many maids, who intended some time to be wives. So were a few hus-

bands. The bachelors agreed outwardly with the ladies, and probably resolved inwardly to avoid tearfully inclined maidens of exacting disposition; not knowing, poor innocents, that marriage proposals are not always the fruit of careful meditation and prolonged selection. Not realizing that, given fortuitous circumstance, such as a moonlit tête-à-tête with a cooing, nestling girl, many a deeply sworn bachelor has been the amazed spectator of his own undoing. He has stood, as it were, apart, like one in a hypnotized trance, and heard issue from his nerveless lips the fatal words that undid the firm resolutions of a life-time.

One effect I am convinced this play has had, namely, a slight flurry in the pretty type-writer market. Also, I am inclined to think that wives, especially those on the shady side of thirty-five, have been dropping casually into their husbands' offices this week, and furtively scrutinizing the faces of any round-cheeked, soft-throated, wavy-haired type-writing sirens whose looks might prove invidious to a wife's security and happiness. Divers resolutions have also probably resulted from heated discussion over this vitally interesting play. From the wives, probably this: Always to throw iced water on any projects involving close business association between one's husband and a fascinating fair. From the husbands: In future to quell domestic insurrection by threats of engaging a pretty type-writer. From the bachelors (who have intentions): To select for a wife a woman who frequently allows her husband a night (or a week) off, and who is of so cheerful a disposition that nothing short of a death in the family will reduce her to tears. From the maidens: To keep a sharp lookout for a matrimonial chance that wears such good clothes, has such good manners, says such good things, and draws such a good income as George Gunning.

Probably of these four resolutions, the first and the last are the ones which will be most vigorously maintained.

JOSEFITA.

#### Irving Institute Alumnae Luncheon.

The Alumnae of Irving Institute celebrated their annual reunion and luncheon on Friday, May 25th. A short musical and literary programme added much pleasure to the occasion, the soloists being Miss Jessie Lyon, Misses Florence and Edna Smart, and Miss Estelle Davis. Those at table were:

Mrs. Anita Boole McKee, president, Miss Florence Smart, Miss Louisa Lucas, Miss Hattie Jackson, Miss Miriam Hall, Rev. and Mrs. E. B. Church, Mme. Nis-Herrera, Miss Ella M. Pinkham, Mrs. Louise Humphrey-Smith, Miss Estelle Guppy, Mrs. Isabel Stewart-Bostwick, Mrs. Clara Boole Davis, Mrs. Marian Morrison Cornell, Miss Lilla Boole, Mrs. Teen Goodall Keil, Mrs. Lottie Rundle Chapman, Miss Maud Turrell, Mrs. Ella Seaton Tuttle, Miss Dora Howe, Mrs. Ila Lane Allen, Miss Grace De Forest, Miss Laura Levensaler, Miss Bessie Prindle, Miss Maybelle Cary, Mrs. Emilia Johnson Woblander, Miss Effie Burris, Miss Ethel Lieb, Mrs. Mary Spear Barnes, Miss Sarah Coward, Miss Edith Kennedy, Miss Mabel Southack, Miss Mary Waterman, Miss Estelle Davis, Miss Agnes Stewart, Mrs. Lena Atkins Daulty, Mrs. Agnes Marshall Spalding, Mrs. Ellie Panno Schranz, Mrs. Marie Taylor Bateman, Miss Edna Smart, Mrs. Ellison Vernon Sanford, Miss Myrtle Lieb, Miss Edna Farrow, Miss Maud Case, Miss Ethel Clary, Miss Aileen Day, Miss Gertrude Featherstone, Miss Mabel Gale, Miss Mabel Korts, Miss Mabel Norris, Miss Blanche Southack, Miss Maybelle Stone, Miss Jessie Lyon, Miss Blanche Doane, Miss Ida Downing, Miss Jeannette Gillis, Miss Ethel Hendy, Miss Elvira Hobbs, Miss Gertrude Kennedy, Miss Maude McColl, Miss Leila McDermott, Miss Eleanor Soper, Miss Eleanor Averell, Miss Mabel Cox, Miss Daisy Farrow, Miss Olive Fisher, Miss Tina Hartman, Miss Edna Hepburn, Miss Ione Pennington, Miss Carolyn Poole, and Miss Paula Zeile Wolf.

#### Sleep Changes the Verdict.

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Argonaut Publishing Co.,

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## A TALK WITH CLYDE FITCH.

## A Successful Dramatist's Views on His Calling.

The theatre is probably the most democratic of amusements, the one enjoyed by the greatest number of people of all kinds and conditions, so a man like Clyde Fitch, who wrote such successful plays as "Beau Brummel" for Richard Mansfield, "The Moth and the Flame" for Herbert Kelsey and Effie Shannon, "Nathan Hale" and "The Cowboy and the Lady" for Nat Goodwin, "Barbara Frietchie" for Julia Marlowe, and the much-discussed "Sappho" for Olga Nethersole, may be supposed to know about as well as any one what the taste of the public demands. In a recent interview in the New York Times he said, in answer to the question "Can it be said that the public has a taste for any particular kind of a play?" :

"How can it be when in a single season there will be so many different plays that are great successes? You will have a romantic costume play, a farce-comedy, a dramatization of a book; the people will crowd to see an innocent, bright, clean little play, which might be said to be just the kind of a play they wanted, if at the same time they were not crowding another theatre where there was a play which was just the opposite. There may be, perhaps, a season when there is a preponderance of romantic plays, but that is because one romantic play has been a success and every one then rushes in haste after a romantic play, because they think those are the plays the people like. It is hard to tell what kind of a play will make a success. Good plays are not all successful, and some plays that are not considered good make very popular productions. It seems to me that no play will ever succeed unless there is something really good in it—that is, if it is a play which does not have illegitimate advertisement. A play may be licentious; that fact is advertised; people flock to see it on that account, and it achieves a certain success. But for other plays, when they succeed there must be some good reason for it. People like novelty, and they like a love-story in a play; all mankind loves a lover."

While there are good plays that have not succeeded, Mr. Fitch believes that all the great plays that come down to us, as are found from studying the history of the stage, met with an immediate success :

"Because one dramatization of a book has succeeded, it is not at all certain that another will, though a popular book always has a certain amount of patronage assured for the play. The people who have read it and liked it are very sure to go and see how they like it as a play. A good many things go to make up the success of a play. A play may be written which is not so good in itself, but it will give some popular actor a chance to appear in a new way, and the audiences are grateful for the opportunity of seeing a favorite in the play, and it becomes popular. A popular actor and a popular book will always give a play a certain chance aside from its own merits. It would not be difficult to say that such and such a class of people like such a kind of a play, but taking the people as a whole, the people all over the country, it can not be said that they like one kind of a play more than another, though for the drama as a whole the taste of the people is constantly improving."

Concerning the choice of a subject for a play, he remarked :

"History has always interested and amused me, and it is a pleasure for me to write on historical subjects. I had always considered Nathan Hale an interesting character. He was noble and manly; that little love-scene might have occurred in his life, and so the play developed around him. There is no reason why the history and legends of the country should not be used in this way. Barbara Frietchie must have been an old woman confined to her room at the time when Stonewall Jackson passed through Fredericksburg. I got my details about it from a man who was with him. Whittier used the story, as it pleased him, and there was no reason why it should not be used in another form. There is a great field in America, I believe, for plays dealing with the history of the country. Such plays in England are made social documents. There is no reason why we should not have them. To give value to such plays the manners and customs of the people at the time described must be given with accuracy of detail. The object of a play is to entertain and amuse; it is not to teach or to preach. To preach is the work of the churches, and yet it should be artistically accurate and in no way demoralizing."

In writing a play for an individual there is usually an attempt to throw one's self in sympathy with him, to look upon the character from the point of view of the person who is to take the part :

"It does not make the work more difficult, and perhaps it is rather a help to have in mind one person always in connection with the character. But the writer can not be too much hampered by this. The first object is the story, and it must tell itself in its own way naturally; but if the people who are to take certain characters are always in mind, they will not be asked to do anything entirely out of the range of their possibilities in acting. And yet this is not at all necessary to the success of the actor. 'Nathan Hale,' in which Mr. Goodwin made a conspicuous success, was not written for him. There was no special reason for choosing the plot of 'The Cowboy and the Lady,' in which he appeared next, except that it was radically different from 'Nathan Hale.' He had had a successful run of a romantic costume play, and the Western life of to-day would give him something entirely new."

Going on to speak of the drama in America and of American dramatists, Mr. Fitch was enthusiastic :

"America is the great growing country in everything," he said, "and the American drama is not going to the dogs. We are making a wonderful growth in literature, art, and architecture, and the drama is not falling behind, it is improving with the rest. How does our work of to-day compare with the contemporaneous work in other countries? To be sure, the art of painting was started in Italy, but the modern art of the country is not worth a row of pins. We can compare favorably with other countries in all the arts. We have not started a school of painting in America because our artists go abroad to study, but we have a school of architecture, and we are putting up some wonderfully fine and beautiful buildings. We are writing good hooks; we have fine actors and actresses, and our dramatists are trying to write better plays. They say that American dramatists do not have a fair chance, but if we take a healthy, normal view of the situation we need not be discouraged. We have a larger field to fight against than writers of other countries. We have plays from England, Germany, and France, as well as the plays from our own friendly rivals in this country—and we should consider the latter only friendly rivals, for the success which comes to one of us means success for all."

Mr. Fitch remarks that in other countries they fill their theatres with the plays by their own writers :

"That is so in Germany; in France they have their own, and while some of our plays have been successful in England, they are not anxious for them. But plays from those countries are brought here, and we can not expect it to be otherwise. It would be madness to ask a manager not to take a play which has been proved to be successful. They are writing fine plays in England, and very good in France, but there is not a bit of doubt of the future of the drama in America. American dramatists say that preference is given to foreign plays, but that is not exactly so. We have got to fight and work hard, and if we take a healthy, manly view of it, there is no doubt but we shall succeed. We have a great many theatres to fill, and we are producing nearly as many plays as they are in England. We must find out, if our plays are not successful, where the trouble lies. It has been demonstrated that good American plays can be successful and have an enormous vogue. The people don't care who write plays. They want to be entertained and amused, and if American dramatists write the plays that will do this they will succeed."

## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Second Week of the Goodwins.

Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott will enter upon their second and last week in "When We Were Twenty-One" at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night. They have had crowded houses at every performance this week, and it is safe to predict that the same conditions will continue through their engagement. It will doubtless be the most successful season they have played in San Francisco, from the financial as well as from the artistic standpoint. The play is a charming one, and it is excellently presented by an unusually clever company.

The next attraction will be Kellar, the magician, with his spirit manifestations, his strange cabinets, his thought-reading experiments, and his mysterious illusions. Mrs. Kellar is his chief assistant.

## An All-Star Cast in a Hoyt Farce.

The popular Neill Company will give their farewell performance at the California Theatre this (Saturday) evening, and on Sunday night Dunne and Ryley's all-star company begin a ten weeks' season, the opening production being Hoyt's popular farce, "A Rag Baby." Among the well-known members of the company are Matthews and Bulger, who have been seen here to advantage in "At Gay Coney Island" and "By the Sad Sea Waves"; Walter Jones, of New York Casino fame, recently at the Orpheum; Mary Marble, the dainty little "daughter of the regiment" in "A Milk White Flag"; Maude Courtney, Phil H. Ryley, Tony Hart, John W. Dunne, Bessie Tannehill, Marion Gunning, Ethel Kirwan, Gertrude Wood; the "Eight Mascots," pretty dancing girls who were imported from England last summer by George Lederer for his spectacle, "The Man in the Moon"; and Wiseman's Serenaders, a quartet who are expected to make a big hit.

With such a list of popular fun-makers this extended season of Hoyt revivals should prove a great success. Extra Thursday matinées are to be given each week.

## "The Three Guardsmen."

The romantic comic opera, "The Three Guardsmen," has proved another success at the Tivoli Opera House, and the management have decided to continue it another week. Ferris Hartman has a budget of new topical songs, and Alf C. Wheelan, William Schuster, Tom Greene, Helen Merrill, Annie Myers, and Francis Graham all have roles that give them ample opportunity to appear to advantage. The scenery and costumes are especially effective, and the entire performance is bright and spirited from start to finish.

A great combination of popular favorites will be seen in the next production, "Madeline, or the Magic Kiss," when Edwin Stevens—fresh from his successes with the Empire Theatre company in New York—and Anna Lichter make their re-appearance.

## The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.

It is doubtful if there is any vaudeville house in the United States which can boast of such an excel-

lent array of talent as will grace the boards of the Orpheum next week. In addition to Lillian Burkhardt, one of the daintiest actresses who have been seen here in a long time, who will appear in a new little comedy entitled "Her Soldier Boy," the management announces several new-comers, the most notable being Joseph Hart and Carrie de Mar, two San Francisco favorites. They will be seen in Mr. Hart's latest sketch, "A Close Call," and another of his skits, "An Eventful Day," and will be presented by Fleurette, the dancer, and Frank Gardiner. Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry also have a pretty little farce to offer which is new to this city.

Among others retained from this week's bill are Vandy, Midgeley and Carlisle, the Mignani Family, and the Biograph in new war views.

## THEATRE VERSE.

## A Modern Play.

A little bit of atmosphere,  
Whole reams of purest chaff,  
A plaster paris hero,  
And a clown to make you laugh ;

A glare of scenic splendor,  
A lot of calcium light,  
Some spout innuendo,  
And a plot a trifle trite ;

Love-making (rather shady)  
'Twixt the plaster-paris cast  
And a flashy leading lady,  
With a long and doubtful past ;

Some sentiment (quite mushy)  
'Twixt a leading juvenile  
And a soubrette, rather gushy,  
Of the frisky, Frenchy style ;

The problem of the sexes,  
Rehearsed, rehearsed, served up,  
By the lady, whom it vexes,  
In a soiled tho' dainty cup ;

Rich gowns that cost a fortune,  
A cast none can dispute,  
Silk petticoats and torchon,  
And a manager astute ;

Whole tons of advertising,  
Of interviewing, too,  
A forerunner, advising  
The troupe just what to do ;

Newspapers, hought and paid for,  
Press agents everywhere,  
All honest critics laid for  
And silenced, Sir, with care !

A roar of brass and cymbals,  
For which the Public pay  
The price of curiosity  
And get the modern play.

—Irene Rowland in Life.

## In the Play.

In a painted "forest of Arden," in the glare of the garish light,  
In doublet and hose, hewpowdered and rouged, you sigh to me night by night ;  
Attuned to the sway of your cadenced voice as a harp to the wooing wind,  
I thrill at the touch of your painted lips, for—"I'm your Rosalind!"

Could you know that my art in seeming was a dearer thing than art,  
That the love words whispered nightly spring straight from a loving heart ;  
Could you know that my soul speaks to you—aye, soul and spirit and mind—  
When I gaze deep into your eyes and breathe, "And I am your Rosalind!"

To you 'tis a vain dissembling, a part of the work of the day ;  
And the words that your voice makes music, but the dull, dead lines of a play.  
Little you care for the woman you woo, save as a foil designed  
To prove your skill as a lover ; yet—"I am your Rosalind!"

I merge in the player the woman. The actress good at her art  
Must needs look well to each glance and tone, must needs play still a part,  
Tho' the woman soul that must else be dumb—aye, soul and spirit and mind—

Cry to your soul in another's words : "And I am your Rosalind!"

—Leigh Gordon Giltner in New England Magazine.

—Dr. C. W. Decker, dentist, 806 Market. Specialty, "Colton Gas" for painless teeth extracting.

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## VANITY FAIR.

Marriage has always been one of the world's greatest themes. The great thing, a wise philosopher once said, is to get the right girl, but he gives us no code of rules to follow. Just as men have found different ways of proposing, so there have been endless ways in which men have met their fates. Horace Greeley and Mary Young Cheney were married the first day they met. They had corresponded for some time, a common friend, who was something of a matchmaker, having brought this about. She was all his fancy painted her, but she was much disappointed in his appearance, so much so that when he appeared before her, having proposed and been accepted by letter, she frankly told him that, although she married him, she was not in love with him. Their married life was long and happy, and the loss of his wife was a blow which Greeley did not long survive. The second time that Bismarck met Fraulein Johanna Puttkammer he kissed her in the presence of a number of guests. The immediate effect of this behavior was the prompt announcement of the betrothal, which was soon followed by the marriage. Fraulein Puttkammer was a bridesmaid for a friend the first time Bismarck saw her. These two young people, as Rosalind says, "no sooner met than they looked, no sooner looked than they loved." The first time Mary Todd met Lincoln she said to her sister, "That man will be President one of these days. He will make a husband to be proud of." About that time Lincoln's chances of becoming President seemed as remote as possible, and Mary's sister laughed the idea to scorn. A few months afterward Mary Todd was married to "Ugly Abe," and in fourteen years the prediction was fulfilled. As a child the future Mrs. Lincoln had prophesied that she would become the wife of a President of the United States. The first marriage of Jefferson Davis was of a romantic character. Falling desperately in love with Sallie Taylor, daughter of Colonel Zachary Taylor, who did not approve of the attachment, the young people took matters in their own hands and eloped. Sixteen years passed before "Old Zach" would speak to his son-in-law, and then it was because he and his regiment had covered themselves with glory at the Battle of Buena Vista.

Rather a pretty story is told of how the present Emperor of Russia proposed to Princess Alix of Hesse. He was Czarowitz at the time, and thus addressed the lady: "My father, the Czar, has commanded me to offer you my hand and heart." The princess smiled at the queer, formal wording of the sentence, but immediately answered: "My grandmother, the Queen of England, has commanded me to accept the offer of your hand—your heart I shall take for myself." With Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, it was "love my daughter, love me." Mrs. Tennant persistently refused to consent to her daughter marrying. "Dolly is all that I have left, and I can not, shall not, part with her." But to entreaties she finally yielded, she said: "I want your daughter for my wife," Stanley said; "give her to me and do you at the same time become my mother, father, brother, and sister." "She is yours," replied mamma, "and so am I." That, in brief, is the story of Stanley's wooing, and Mrs. Tennant is his as irreparably and indissolubly as her daughter is, and Mr. Stanley is said to be a model husband and a tractable son. Lord Beaconsfield's courtship had a quaint climax. As all the world knows, the earl married a widow, Mrs. Wyndham Lewes, twenty years older than himself. It was while she was living near Cardiff that "Dizzy" proposed to her. Through the window the lady saw him approaching, and instructed her maid to say that Mrs. Lewes was "not at home." When the girl reached the hall, Disraeli was hanging his overcoat on a peg. "My mistress, sir, is not at home," she said. "I did not ask for her," he replied, "but I shall wait until she is 'at home,' so make me some tea." He waited and enjoyed his solitary tea, after which the widow appeared, to whom, without further loss of time, he proposed and was accepted.

The American woman, who regards a possible consular appointment to some foreign town as a fine thing for herself and family as well as for her husband, makes a big mistake (says the New York Sun). A few favored spots offer certain advantages to the American consul there; the majority offer a larger number of disadvantages. These result not from the responsibilities of such a position; they are out-and-out hardships, only to be realized after one has come face to face with them and is convinced that they are insuperable difficulties. For instance, in England most of the consular posts are in the heart of the manufacturing districts, and if there be anything deadlier and duller than a manufacturing district in England, Americans don't know it. The consul himself, if he have the least interest in Uncle Sam's interests and in the other things that be has been placed there for, may get some satisfaction out of it; for the women of the family it is life well-nigh insupportable. Unlimited means (with which not all consuls are provided) may vary the monotony by Continental trips or prolonged sojourns in London; normal existence as forced by surroundings is to be endured with

difficulty. The provincial English are very, very provincial. Unlike London or their countrymen of larger growth, they still regard most of their American cousins with somewhat of suspicion. The inhabitants of an English manufacturing district are generally well-to-do, living in comfortable graystone, hedge-rowed houses, but knowing almost nothing of the stirring world beyond those hedge-rows, and, seemingly, not wanting to know anything. They call upon new neighbors, and in a tentative way invite them to tea, and later to look over the photograph album. They dress in box-coats and white straw sailor hats, and they are afraid of their own voices, particularly in laughing. That is the sort of people the wife and daughters of the ordinary American consul are thrown with. The people upon whom they are dependent for "society." Consular life abroad may, indeed, be a change, but except at the few star posts it is very, very dreary.

"Not since diamonds were brought to light or Easter has invented has a possession so fascinating the feminine mind in France as the automobile," writes Emily Holt in the Chicago Record. "Take a walk down the Champs-Élysées any morning this spring or turn into the Bois de Boulogne any fine afternoon you like, and what will interest you more, if you come from America, than all the other surprising sights that Paris affords will be the numbers, even hundreds, of women steering their own horseless carriages. Undoubtedly the most sumptuous in their fittings and gay in their colorings are those built for use at shopping and for airings in the park, while the mere sporting-traps take on a soberer hue. There is, for example, the lovely little motorcycle chaise used by Mme. Casimir Perier for going her morning rounds on the shopping boulevards. That was only brought out last autumn, but it set the fashion all over Paris as a light morning carriage, for it is drawn by a man-servant on a quadricycle and is one of the least expensive motor vehicles that can be bought, costing only seven hundred dollars and operating at less than eight cents a mile. When the wife of the wealthy ex-president appeared in her low-swung, apple-green, wicker phaeton seat, the upholstering done in melton to match the paint, and the mud-guard and hand-rail done in white-enameled leather, there was a rush on the maker of the original for copies, and with the warm days of early spring the newly built shopping-chairs began scooting about the town in a dozen different tints of paint."

"Mme. Réjane goes along steering herself in an automobile of burning red, set off with gilt and white varnish. Sarah Bernhardt, her autumn-leaf hair in the Duc de Reichstadt curl and her body buttoned slimly and solemnly in a frogged black satin coat, takes her way, her white-gauntleted hand on the lever of a dead-black duke lined with dull-black satin, and a vast heap of yellow roses always piling the cushions at her feet, the most conspicuously admired figure in the long row. Rarely does a man occupy one of the gracious little chariots unless he is the guest of the lady who owns it, and while this procession, all flowers and lace-trimmed parasols, and expressive of the latest agony of the dressmaker's art, goes by, down the other avenues in quite a different sort of trap the women of the exclusive fashion hum through the air. Low-swung lazy chairs, tufted in satin, are not in the pose of the modish Parisian demoiselle. A high-set stanhope, 'tres Anglais, tres chic,' with a seat for the dogs, is the automobile for modish femininity. She dresses well, so do the dogs which sit opposite, and her handsome trap is all white, or bright green-and-white, or a vivid yellow. Bronze and red, with dark-green cushions, is the vehicle the young Princess Rohan steers herself in, and she and Miss Porter, the American ambassador's daughter, who has a dark-blue stanhope and a trio of very fashionable dogs, go out alone, because they affect the delightful independence of the thing, and both learned the art of steering at the great Charrons."

Did the genius of the lamp but transport Lord Roberts or some of the other popular generals from South Africa to the counters of some of the fancy shops in the West End, one may safely say they would deem it necessary to blush. For, according to a writer in the London Express, there has lately sprung up an ungovernable desire on the part of ladies "who shop" to publicly demonstrate their affection for the British army; and this is how the thing is done. The sale of buttons, their fronts adorned with the miniature portraits of military heroes, has lately assumed gigantic proportions. No lady enters a draper's shop of established degree without stopping at the button basket and making a selection. Here is where the effusive demonstration hinted at above begins. Dipping a delicate hand into the basket, the customer will shuffle its contents until she alights on the "man of her choice." When the discovery is made, the shop-girl is the witness of a round of kisses spontaneously bestowed on the little button. Public criticism has a significant effect on the feminine attentions thus so daintily made. For instance, General Buller is the recipient of far fewer kisses than formerly; Lord Methuen, though his blue-blooded connection brings him prominently forward, has similarly suffered in popularity; and Sir Charles Warren remains mute in the basket. On the other

hand, "Bobs" and Kitchener are, it almost goes without saying, prime favorites; proprietors have deemed it only judicious to let these two portraits principally predominate. Last, but not least, is the heroic defender of Mafeking; and, with all due deference to Lord Roberts, it must be confessed that he gets more kisses than anybody. In fact, many ladies are impervious in this respect, and won't go away till "B.P." has been secured.

The visit recently paid by the Queen of Saxony to the Empress Eugénie on the Riviera must have awakened strange memories. When the future Emperor Napoleon the Third had seized power in France, he sought to ally himself by marriage with some royal house, and he proposed for the hand of Princess Caroline of Holstein-Gottorp, the only child of the last of the dethroned house of Wasa, and through her mother a granddaughter of the Grand Duchess Stephanie (Beauharnais) of Baden, the adopted daughter of Napoleon the First and Josephine. The offer was, however, declined, and, on assuming the throne, Napoleon married Eugénie, Comtesse de Teba, in January, 1853, while Princess Caroline married, six months later, Prince Albert, now King of Saxony.

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## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the five days ending Tuesday, May 29th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	400	@ 109 1/4		
Contra Water 5%.....	1,000	@ 108 1/4	109 1/4	111
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	10,000	@ 104 1/4		104 1/2
N. R. of Cal. 6%.....	5,000	@ 115 1/4		
Northern Cal. Ry. 5%.....	10,000	@ 113		
Oakland Transit 6%.....	16,000	@ 118	118	
Oceanic S. Co. 4%.....	1,000	@ 107 1/4		
Park & C. H. Ry. 6%.....	1,000	@ 104 1/4	104 1/4	104 1/2
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	3,000	@ 120 - 120 1/4	119 1/4	120
S. P. Branch 6%.....	5,000	@ 130 1/4		
S. V. Water 4%.....	11,000	@ 103	103	
	STOCKS.		Closed.	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	475	@ 71 1/4 - 72	71 1/4	72
Spring Valley Water.....	50	@ 95 - 95 1/4	95	95 1/4
	Gas and Electric.			
Equitable Gas Light.....	125	@ 25 1/2 - 26	26	
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	35	@ 45 1/4 - 45 1/2	45	46
Pacific Lighting Co.....	65	@ 44	43 1/4	
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	110	@ 46 1/2 - 47	46 1/2	46 1/2
	Banks.			
Anglo-Cal. Bank.....	100	@ 65 1/4	65	67
Cal. S. D. & T. Co.....	15	@ 105	104 1/2	
	Street R. R.			
Market St.....	180	@ 62 1/4 - 62 1/2	62	62 1/2
	Powders.			
Giant Con.....	850	@ 83 1/4 - 86	85	85 1/2
	Sugars.			
Hana P. Co.....	650	@ 73 1/4 - 77	73 1/4	77
Hawaiian.....	395	@ 88 - 89 1/2	89 1/2	
Honokaa S. Co.....	590	@ 34 - 34 1/4	34 1/4	34 1/2
Hutchinson.....	50	@ 26 1/2	25 1/2	26 1/2
Kilauea S. Co.....	75	@ 20 1/2 - 21	20 1/2	21
Makaweli S. Co.....	300	@ 47 1/2 - 47 3/4	47 1/2	47 3/4
Onomea S. Co.....	150	@ 27 1/2		
Paauhau S. P. Co.....	355	@ 31 1/4 - 31 1/2	31 1/2	
	Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers.....	100	@ 116 1/4	117	
Oceanic S. Co.....	225	@ 93 - 93 1/2	93 1/2	94

Wednesday being Decoration Day the board was closed, and this week ended an uneventful month—transactions light, prices heavy, waters the only stocks that have held their own and shown no signs of inherent weakness. With bubonic plague banished from the islands in almost every case, the yield exceeding the estimate, the price of raw sugar advanced from last year's prices, and good balances left over, it seems strange that sugars have not advanced and shown bold fronts. California Fruit Canneries have steadily though slowly declined under a few small sales. With the prospect of a good fruit crop and the coast clear, such a condition of weakness is beyond our powers of explanation. It is to be hoped that advances in the prices of stocks during the coming month will not answer the poet's query as to "what is more rare than a day in June."

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

GEO. R. SANDERSON, A. W. BLOW,  
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.  
Tel. Bush 24. 238 Montgomery Street, S. F.

ARTHUR W. MOORE,  
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.  
Stock and Bond Broker.

412 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Hawaiian Trust & Investment Co., Ltd

Stocks and Bonds—We buy and sell strictly on commission all first-class Hawaiian Stocks and Bonds. Members of Honolulu Stock Exchange.

In General—We are prepared to look after property both real and personal, collect and remit incomes, and execute any business commission for persons residing abroad.

References—Messrs. Welch & Co., 220 California Street, San Francisco, Cal. Bank of Hawaii, Limited, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.  
GEORGE E. CARTER, Treasurer,  
408 Fort Street, Honolulu, H. I.

## Worn Out?

TRY VIN TRY  
MARIANI

(MARIANI WINE)

WORLD FAMOUS TONIC.

Mariani Wine is a tonic prepared upon truly scientific principles. It is safe and beneficial as well as agreeable. Mariani Wine has more than 8,000 written endorsements from leading physicians in all parts of the world.

Mariani Wine gives power to the brain, strength and elasticity to the muscles, and richness to the blood. It is a promoter of good health and longevity. Makes the old young; keeps the young strong.

Mariani Wine is specially recommended for General Debility, Overwork, Weakness from whatever causes, Profound Depression and Exhaustion, Throat and Lung Diseases, La Grippe, Consumption, and Malaria. It is a diffusible tonic for the entire system.

Mariani Wine is invaluable for overworked men, delicate women, and sickly children. It stimulates, strengthens, and sustains the system, and braces body and brain. It combats Malaria and La Grippe. May be used effectively in form of a hot grog.

Sold by all druggists.

Beware of imitations.

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.

MAIN OFFICE—23 POWELL STREET

Branches—5a Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave. Laundry on 13th St. between Howard and Folsom.

ORDINARY MENDING, etc., free of charge. Work called for and delivered free of charge.

## GEO. GOODMAN

PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF

ARTIFICIAL STONE Schillinger's Patent.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Side Walk and Garden Walk a Specialty.

Office, 307 Montgomery St., Nevada Block, S. F.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,213,146.59  
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits December 30, 1899..... 28,163,655.41

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HOFSTADT; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHWITZ; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOWN; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Robte, D. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1900.....\$26,110,681  
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000  
Reserve Fund..... 210,067  
Contingent Fund..... 407,389

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
Directors—George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, Geo. Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000  
SURPLUS..... 1,000,000  
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT. 2,321,212  
January 1, 1900.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier  
ALLEN M. CLAV.....Secretary

## CORRESPONDENTS:

New York.....Messrs. Ladd & Co.  
Boston.....The Bank of New York, N. B. A.  
Chicago.....The National Exchange Bank  
Philadelphia.....The National Shawmut Bank  
St. Louis.....Illinois Trust and Savings Bank  
San Francisco.....Union National Bank  
London.....The Philadelphia National Bank  
Paris.....St. Louis Boatmen's Bank  
Berlin.....The Bank of California  
China, Japan, and East Indies.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
Australia and New Zealand.....Messrs. de Rothschild Frères  
Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager; H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst.-Cashier; H. L. MILLER, Second Asst.-Cashier.

Directors—John J. Valentine, Andrew Christensen, Oliver Elridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Bermingham, Dudley Evans.

Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869,451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco, 411 California Street.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is recorded that a Scottish innkeeper once said of the late Duke of Argyll: "His grace is a verri deefcult poseetio whatever. His pride of intellect will oo' let him associate with men of his ain hirth, and his pride of hirth will no' let him associate with men of his aile iotellct."

When Charles Dudley Warner was editor of the *Harford Press*, hack in the 'sixties, arousing the patriotism of the States by his energetic appeals, one of the type-setters came in from the composing-room one day, and, facing Mr. Warner, said: "Mr. Warner, I've decided to enlist in the army." With mingled emotions of pride and responsibility Mr. Warner replied that it pleased him that the man felt the call to duty. "Oh, it isn't that," said the truthful compositor, "but I'd rather be shot than set your copy."

Archbishop Temple, of Canterbury, is always made impatient of bores, especially clerical bores. One of the clergy of his diocese, who had pestered him a good deal recently, wrote an inordinately long letter describing a picture which he proposed to put up in the chancel of the church, and asking permission to do so. By the time his grace reached the end of the epistle his patience was quite exhausted, and he replied on a post-card: "DEAR BLANK—Hang the picture!" The clergyman is still wondering how he ought to regard the reply.

At a certain cloth factory in Scotland it was the custom to fine the workpeople for turning out bad work. One day a workman brought a piece of cloth to be examined, and the manager found two little holes about an inch apart. He then showed these to the man and demanded two shillings fine—a shilling for each hole. "Is it a shilling for each hole?" asked the man. "Yes," said the manager. "And is it the same for every hole, big or little?" "Yes, exactly the same," said the manager. "Well, then, I'll save a shilling," and putting his fingers in the holes, he quickly made the two into one.

Ex-Governor George W. Peck, of Wisconsin, author of "Peck's Bad Boy," was running a little country weekly in the pineries in the early 'sixties. It was an unimportant sheet save for one column of jokes which Peck wrote each week. This department caught the eye of "Brick" Pomeroy, who was then printing his *Democrat* in La Crosse, Wis., and one day he wrote to Peck, asking him whether he would be willing to go down to La Crosse and work for the *Democrat* at twenty-five dollars a week. Three days later Mr. Pomeroy got this telegram: "I accept your offer quicker than instantly. For heaven's sake don't withdraw it!"

In a recent letter from the front, Lieutenant Winston Churchill tells this amusing story of General Hart, whose personal recklessness has been one of the features of General Buller's campaign. On the first day at Spion Kop General Hart discovered a soldier sitting safely behind a rock and a long way behind the firing-line. "Good afternoon, my man," he said in his most nervous, apologetic voice; "what are you doing here?" "Sir," replied the soldier, "an officer told me to stop here, sir." "Oh, why?" "I'm a third-class shot, sir." "Dear me," said the general after some reflection, "that's an awful pity, because you see you'll have to get quite close to the Boers to do any good. Come along with me and I'll find you a nice place," and a mournful procession trailed off toward the most advanced skirmishers.

Not long ago Sir William Vernon Harcourt dined on an English man-of-war, and a storm coming up, the captain, who was a very small man, persuaded him to occupy his state-room for the night. The steward was not notified of the arrangement, and the following morning at six o'clock he brought a cup of coffee to the captain's door. Knocking twice without receiving a reply was most unusual, so he hastily pushed open the door and inquired: "Don't you wish your coffee this morning, sir?" Sir William gave a snore, and the steward was amazed to see a huge figure turn over under the bed-clothes. Smash went the cup and saucer, and the frightened sailor tore off to the surgeon's office. "For heaven's sake, sir," he gasped; "come to the captain! He's speechless and swollen to ten times his natural size!"

Lately, at the opening of a free library at Acton, England, Hon. Joseph H. Choate, the American ambassador to Great Britain, delivered an address, and caused much laughter by his impromptu references to a baby who persisted in distracting the attention of the audience by making its voice heard at the most inconvenient moments. The first interruption occurred early in the speech. Mr. Choate was saying: "There is a special provision for children in your library, and I think when men come to make a choice of a residence in Acton they will not forget that fact." Here the baby screamed in such a manner as to drown the words of the speaker. There was some disturbance, but Mr. Choate said: "Don't be disturbed by the baby. Nobody knows better than my lord hishop that out of the mouths

of babes and sucklings cometh wisdom." Things went fairly well after this, the baby appearing to be flattered by the reference, until Mr. Choate was saying: "There is a book with which all of you—" Here the baby wailed loudly. "Except, possibly, the baby—are familiar," the ambassador went on; "it is Ecclesiastes, and it says that of the making of books there is no end."

## CENSUS OF THE RAFFERTY FAMILY.

## Information from the Lady of the House.

"No, I'm not huyin' hukes to-day, nor any other day," said Mrs. Rafferty, as she stood with her hand on the door ready to shut it in the face of the young man in the hall.

"But, madam, I'm not selling books. I am an agent in the employ of the government. I am the census-taker."

"Oh, you are, are you? Well, I'll let you know that you won't take any away from here, becase we have noose. So there!"

"My good womao, I am afraid you do not understand. About once in every decade the government sends men like myself around the country to find out hy courteous inquiry at what ratio the population has increased since the last census and to procure other data necessary for preservation in the archives of this glorious republic."

"Oh, 'tis infouration you want. What does it cost? Are you sure you're not from O'Connor's, the 'stallment man, becase we haven't the bedroom set paid for yet, all on account o' the wit days this month, and Patrick bein' a mason and workin' on ao outside job, of course he couldn't work in the rain, small hlame to him, and Jamesey havin' a oew pair o' shoes a dollar an' a half, as I may die where I stand in me shoes, God save me from my sins, and there's the dollar I spint goin' to Cooney's Island lasht Sunda', mebbe I oughtn't to spind it, but the sun was so bright, glory be, and I had the new straw hat I'm afther huyin' in Division Street for forty-five cints, wid the wax cherries an' il! Arrah, dear man, come in and sit down. Sure you must beh tired climbin' up the five stairs. Faith, if you are thirsty I have the can if you have the price, and I won't be gone while you'll be winkin' twice—"

"But, my dear madam, I'm—" "Don't say a word about it, darlint, you're timperance. There, Katy, you scut you, will you come awa' from the windy, or I'll lay me heavy hand on you! Do you want to be making gods' mate of yourself on the sidewalk below, gur-r! Oh, sir, children are a sore trial, so they are. What wid the washin' and the mendin', the mumps, the m'asles! and mebbe if you wouldn't be takin' beer you'd try a drop o' the craytur! Sure, I wouldn't be blamin' you for not likin' the beer, the docther was sayin' on'y the other day that heer was bad for your kidneys, but my man must have kidneys made of brass. It won't be long now before he'll be sittin' out on the roof and lowerin' the pall down to the saloon below wid a string to be filled every hour and singin'!"

"Beer, beer, glorious beer, Fill yerself right up to here. Make a whole meal of it. Drink a whole meal of it."

I forget the rest. But I don't believe all the doctors say, do you, sir?"

Here Mrs. Rafferty stopped to take hreath, which enabled the census-taker to say:

"Excuse me, madam, but we are not getting along very fast. Of course, everything you have been saying is very interesting from an autohographical and sociological standpoint. A sort of history of how-the-other-half-lives, you understand. But in order to facilitate the work in which I am engaged, perhaps it would be better if I should ask you a few questions and you should answer hy a simple affirmative or negative, as the case may be. How will that suit you?"

"Well, I suppose 'tis all right. But divil a wan o' us knows what you're sayin'. Not that I want to hurt your feelin's, sir. I always says to my little boys and gur-rls, always be polite, says I, becase politeness costs nothin' and nayther man nor woman ever threw bricks at a man for bein' polite. There's Casey's boy, Mike, that's goin' to the high school. You were never introduced to him, sir! No? Well, you should see the dignacious way he'd be takin' his hat off to a ledly, and him goin' down the street! 'Tis the Southern way that pays the bebst, never fear. 'Twill capture young and old, hump-back and cripple, the lovely and the homely, glory be! Eddicashun is not to be sneered at, as the goose said after she swallowed the red-hot horse-shoe nail. Faith, Willie, you spalpeen, will you put down that varnish can! Did you swally it? Open your mouth! Oh, my! oh, my! You little larrup, you have your toogoe all painted! And the gentleman lookio' at you! 'Tis hard enough gettin' the dirt off the outside of your skin, but how'll I scrape the paint off your insides? Now, I suppose, you'll have to swally some sand-paper. There, there, don't cry. See, the gentleman is givin' you a penny."

"Wisht you, wisht you, wisht you my baby, Don't you know that your mother is right, Sure the noise that you make would drive Slatery crazy; Wisht you, my darlint, and be a good boy."

"You'll excuse me, sir, while I'm rockin' the darlint asleep. The varnish is it? Faith he'll forget

all about it agin the mornin'. Is that you, Mrs. Murphy? come in, acushla. Will I lend you the ind of a quarter of a pound o' tay? Of course I will. This is my oighbor, sir. She lives on the floor below. Mary, dear, this is an ageot from the gov'ment. He is tellin' me purty stories about how to behave. I'm hearin' that Fogarty's daughter rao away wid Phil Kelly, and he only koovin' her three weeks lasht Tuesda'! Look a' that now! Sit ye down, sir. Hush, Willie! Well, well, did I ever hear the likes o' that? So they were married in Jersey, eh? Wooders will never sthoph, as the duck said when the hawk flew awa' wid his tail-feathers. What! Are you goin', sir? Well, come io tomorrow, and I'll give you some more information. Good day and good luck to you."—*New York Sun*.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Generous.

Cupid came ooe Summer's day  
Aod boldly took her heart away;  
But to his credit be it told,  
He filled the cavity with gold.

—*Town Topics*.

## Ambiguous.

The camel remarked to the ape:  
"I think it's a mighty poor jape  
To light with a jump  
On the top of my hump  
When I said: 'Just get on to my shape.'"

—*Chicago Record*.

## Home They Brought Her Sailor Son.

Home they brought her sailor son,  
Grown a man across the sea;  
Tall and broad, and black of beard,  
And hoarse of voice as man may be.

Then they praised him—called him "Smart,"  
"Sharpest lad that ever stept";  
But her son she did not know,  
And she neither smiled nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
Set a pigeon-pie in sight;  
She saw him eat—"Tis he, 'tis he!"  
She knew him hy his appetite!

—*St. Andrew's Gazette*.

## The Boer Envoys.

These three arrived the other day,  
Pursuog some reconditte plan;  
They stepped ashore in Naples Bay,  
And took their tickets for Milan.  
They told no tales, they spun no yarns,  
Mute Fischer, Wessels, Wolmarraans.

They first tried Italy, no doubt;  
I think she answered, "Non lo so."  
And bowing them politely out,  
"Mi scusino, Signori, no."  
They then—their route seems rather vague—  
Removed to lodgings at The Hague.

A pleasant place, where tulips grow,  
And people seemed extremely kind,  
Yet even they said "Neen"—that's "No"—  
"Ask some one else, if you don't mind."  
The tulips' tints looked gay and glad,  
And yet the delegates were sad.

Though Beaufort grumbled, "A quoi bon?"  
To other lands he wrote a line;  
But France replied "Mille regrets, non,"  
And Germany, "Verzeihung, nein."  
What Russia said I can not show—  
I never heard the Russ for "no."

The tulips flaunt resplendent still,  
And seem to mock the stranger's woe;  
They pay—I hope they pay—their bill,  
And from unfeeling Europe go.  
They hid good-by to Amsterdam,  
And cross the sea to Uncle Sam.

What just at present he may say,  
Or scream, one can not well predict;  
Will Bryan's party gain the day,  
Or hy McKinley's friends be licked?  
But if he's asked to strike a blow,  
I guess he'll also answer "No."

—*Black and White*.

## Moore's Polson Oak Remedy.

Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS  
(LTD.) OF ABERDEEN.VVO  
Scotch Whisky

Importers - MACONDRAY & CO.

## Paris Exposition

—AND—

## PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU

Tours and tickets, hotel accommodations, etc. Superior arrangements for all classes of travel.

## THOS. COOK &amp; SON,

621 Market Street, San Francisco.

## ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 18, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the fifth day of June, 1900, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

Office—Room 20, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING!  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets,

at 1 P. M., for  
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1900.  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu)..... Wednesday, June 6  
Doric. (Via Honolulu)..... Saturday, June 30  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu)..... Thursday, July 26  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, August 21  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's o  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND  
U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1900.  
Hongkong Maru..... Thursday, June 14  
Nippon Maru..... Tuesday, July 10  
America Maru..... Friday, August 3

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
421 Market Street, cor. First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

**OCEANIC**  
Steamship Company  
S. S. Mariposa sails  
via Honolulu and  
Ankara, for Sydney,  
Wednesday, June 13,  
at 8 p. m.  
S. S. Australia, for  
Honolulu only, Wed-  
nesday, June 27, 2 p. m.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgom-  
ery St., Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5, and every fifth day thereafter.  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., June 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, July 2, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., June 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, July 2, and every fourth day thereafter.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., June 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, July 4, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.  
For Mexican ports, 10 A. M., Seventh of each month.  
The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.  
Ticket Office: A New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel)  
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St. S. F.

## International Navigation Co.'s Lines

## AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.  
St. Louis..... June 13  
St. Paul..... June 27  
New York..... June 20  
St. Louis..... July 4

## RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.

Friesland..... June 13  
Westernland..... June 27  
Southwark..... June 20  
Kensington..... July 4

## EMPIRE LINE.

To Alaska and Gold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



## SOCIETY.

## The Harrison-Crocker Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Mary Crocker, the elder daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Crocker, and Mr. Francis Burton Harrison, son of Mr. and Mrs. Burton Harrison, of New York, will take place at Tuxedo Park on next Thursday, June 7th. The ceremony will be performed at St. Mary's Protestant-Episcopal Church at twelve-thirty o'clock by the Rev. Dr. W. F. Brand, of Baltimore, the great-uncle of the bridegroom, who will be assisted by the Rev. George Grenville Merrill, the rector of the church. The bride will be given into the keeping of the groom by her great-uncle, Mr. D. O. Mills. Miss Mary Scott will be the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Jennie Crocker, the bride's sister, Miss Harriet Alexander, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Miss Jean Reed, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reed, Miss Susan Alexander McCook, niece of Mr. Alexander, and Miss Caroline Taylor, and Miss Genevieve Carolan, of this city. Mr. Frank Lyon Polk, of New York, will be the best man, and Mr. Archibald C. Harrison, the groom's brother, Mr. Gouverneur Morris, Mr. Albert Fairfax and Mr. Guy Fairfax Cary, the groom's three cousins, Mr. Frederick d'Hauteville, Mr. Allan Robbins, Mr. William Sloan, of New York, and Mr. Arthur Shepley, of St. Louis, will act as ushers.

The church ceremony, to which few others than relatives and intimate friends will be bidden, is to be followed by a wedding breakfast at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Charles B. Alexander.

## Theatre-Parties.

Society was out in full force on Monday night when Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott, after an absence of three years, made their re-appearance at the Columbia Theatre in H. V. Esmond's charming play, "When We Were Twenty-One." Among the most notable theatre-parties were those given by Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels and Mr. and Mrs. Avery McCarthy, who entertained their guests at supper at the Palace Hotel after the performance, and by Mrs. William Kohl, and Miss Ethel Keeney.

The guests of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels were Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Lillie Spreckels, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. Costigan, and Mr. Bert Cadwalader.

Those in Mr. and Mrs. Avery McCarthy's party were Miss Maenie McNutt, Miss Helen Wagner,

Miss Adelaide Murphy, Mr. Frank Goad, Mr. Peter D. Martin, and Mr. Richard Tobin.

Mrs. William Kohl's party included Mr. and Mrs. Robert Nuttall, Dr. and Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, and Miss Mamie Kohl.

Miss Ethel Keeney's guests were Miss Loughborough, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Mr. George Loughborough, and Mr. Wilcox.

## June Weddings.

The wedding of Miss Leila Voorhies, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, to Lieutenant Guy T. Scott, son of Senator Nathan B. Scott, of West Virginia, will take place on Tuesday, June 12th, at the home of the bride's parents, 2111 California Street. Miss Elizabeth Huntington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington, will be the maid of honor, and Lieutenant Henry M. Merriam, U. S. A., son of Brigadier-General Henry C. Merriam, U. S. A., will be the best man.

Mr. and Mrs. James Moffitt have issued cards for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Alice Moffitt, to Mr. George Doubleday, of New York, on Thursday, June 14th, at noon at their residence, Twenty-Second and Webster Streets, Oakland. Miss Moffitt, the bride's sister, will be the maid of honor, and Mr. Charles Foster, of Chicago, will act as best man.

The wedding of Miss Harriet Tay, daughter of the late Mr. George H. Tay and sister of Mr. Charles Fox Tay, to Mr. Peter Fletcher, of New York, will take place at Grace Church on Wednesday evening, June 20th. The church ceremony will be followed by a reception at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fox Tay on Pine Street.

## Notes and Gossip.

Miss Florence Josselyn gave a large house-party at her parents' country home at Woodside, San Mateo County, May 29th. Among the guests were Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Adelaide Murphy, Mr. Peter D. Martin, Mr. Redick McKee Duperu, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, and Mr. Walter S. Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan, who are still in Paris, will sail for New York on June 25th, and expect to reach California a month later. Mr. Carolan's new stables at Burlingame, which are rapidly nearing completion under the direction of Mr. Willis Polk, will eclipse any on this coast. The coach-house, which is eighty-five feet square and is to be beautifully adorned in Mr. Carolan's stable colors, when ready for use, will be opened with a large ball.

Mr. Walter S. Martin recently gave a delightful

picnic at Burlingame in honor of Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin. Among others present were Miss Kate Clement, Mrs. Charles Raoul-Duval, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Hobart, Mr. Peter D. Martin, Mr. Richard Tobin, and Mr. Joseph Tobin.

Mr. M. A. Newell gave a farewell dinner in honor of Mr. Leon Sloss, Jr., on Saturday, May 26th, in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club. Others present were Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. John Sidney Webb, Mr. Dent Robert, Mr. Vanderlynn Stow, Mr. J. C. Wilson, Mr. Harry H. Smith, Mr. S. D. Barstow, and Mr. D. English. Mr. Sloss left for Alaska on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., gave a tally-ho party to Mt. Diablo Friday, May 25th, the party returning to Oakland the next evening. Those who enjoyed the outing were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., the Misses Florence and Jean Hush, Mr. Frank R. Wells, Mr. Valentine Hush, and Mr. Walter Hush.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Code, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip D. Code, to Lieutenant-Commander Reginald F. Nicholson, U. S. N., took place at the residence of the bride's parents, 976 Valencia Street, on Friday afternoon, June 1st. The ceremony was celebrated at four o'clock, the Rev. E. B. Church officiating. Lieutenant-Commander Nicholson and his bride leave immediately for Seattle, where he has been ordered to take charge of the torpedo-boat destroyer *Goldsborough* on its trial trip.

Mrs. A. S. Baldwin gave a six-handed euchre-party of three tables on Friday, May 25th, in honor of her mother, Mrs. C. W. Clarke.

Miss Fanny Danforth gave a luncheon at her home on Thursday, May 24th, in honor of Miss Harriet Tay. Those at table were Mrs. E. P. Danforth, Mrs. Edwin Danforth, Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, Mrs. J. Harron, Mrs. Will Hamilton, Mrs. Robert Morrow, Mrs. Charles Fox Tay, and Mrs. John Jackson.

Mrs. Oscar Luning gave a luncheon at her Oakland home on Tuesday in honor of Miss Alice Moffitt, whose marriage to Mr. George Doubleday, of New York, is to take place on June 14th.

Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Owens recently gave a dinner at their home on Pacific Avenue at which they entertained Dr. and Mrs. C. N. Ellinwood, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Mr. Kelley, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, and Major Charles Boyd, Thirty-Seventh Infantry, U. S. A.

The Loring Club will give the fourth concert of its twenty-third season at Odd Fellows' Hall on Thursday evening, June 7th, under the direction of Mr. David W. Loring.

## Golf Notes.

The handicap tournament held on Decoration Day, May 30th, at the Presidio links, proved a closely contested match, and was won by Mr. C. F. Mullins, Mr. J. W. Byrne taking second prize. Although a medium wind was blowing, the day was considered a good one for the match, which was medal play over 36 holes. Following are the complete scores with handicap, gross and net, of the twelve players who entered:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	Gross.	cap.	Net.
Charles Page.....	56	50	56	52	214	10	204
Peter McG. McBean.....	62	70	63	61	256	24	232
H. Blackman.....	62	57	53	58	230	24	206
C. F. Mullins.....	49	54	54	53	210	22	188
Major H. J. Gallagher.....	55	59	52	52	218	16	202
A. C. Bingham.....	55	58	62	62	237	20	217
H. Tevis.....	57	54	50	66	227	24	203
L. Kellogg.....	63	62	53	54	232	12	220
L. Chenev.....	59	55	55	52	221	24	197
J. W. Byrne.....	50	49	49	52	200	10	190
S. L. Abbot, Jr.....	50	50	51	50	201	4	197
W. Ames.....	57	59	62	64	242	24	218

A large crowd was in attendance on Decoration Day, May 30th, at the golf tournament for the Council's Cups at the San Rafael Golf Club links. The men played 18 holes consecutively, while the women divided the play into a 9 hole circuit for morning and afternoon.

Mrs. Frank S. Johnson beat Mrs. Fred Green, 4 up and 3 to play; Miss Hoffman beat Mrs. Mark Gerstle, 10 up and 8 to play; Mrs. J. J. Crooks drawing a bye. Miss Hoffman drew a bye for Saturday's contest.

Mr. E. J. McCutcheon beat Mr. Maurice Dore, 8 up and 6 to play; Mr. J. J. Crooks beat Mr. Chauncey Winslow, 2 up; Mr. George Heazleton beat Mr. Charles Eels, 1 up, nineteen holes being played; Mr. Carter Pomeroy beat Mr. A. A. Curtis, 6 up.

The tournament will be resumed to-day (Saturday) between the various winners of last Saturday until the contests will have narrowed down to single players in each class.

Those who are interested in gypsies will learn, if they have not already learned, that these interesting nomads are rapidly advancing toward extinction. In England they continue to live in tents and caravans; the women roam about the country as of old, hawking wares and telling fortunes; the men carry on a little tinkering and a little looking after their horses, but their former knowledge of working in metals has vanished; so has their love of music; so, too, has their former health. They were once the most healthy of people; perhaps, too, the longest lived and the hardiest; they are now afflicted; they are poverty-stricken; their children are poorly fed and badly clad; their camps are smaller and fewer than of old.

## Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not exoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

## Eureka Ranch.

A delightfully situated home among redwoods in Santa Cruz Mountains. Large, shady grounds, large, sunny rooms, cream, poultry, fruit. Modern improvements. Nice bath-room, porcelain tub, etc. Terms reasonable. Box 92, Rural Delivery, Santa Cruz, Cal.

Nervous Prostration and the Liquor, Morphine, and Tobacco Habits Cured at the

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Alum baking powders are low priced, as alum costs but two cents a pound; but alum is a corrosive poison and it renders the baking powder dangerous to use in food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.



## SOCIETY.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Mary Scott and Miss Swift, of New York, will sail for Europe, chartered by Mrs. Moseley, soon after the wedding of Miss Mary Crocker, at Tuxedo Park, on June 7th. Miss Caro Crockett, who had intended going abroad with Miss Scott, and who was to have been one of the bridesmaids at the Harrison-Crocker wedding, returned from New York early in the week with her mother, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels, accompanied by their niece, Miss Annie Bremmer, left last Saturday in their special car for New York. They will go to Europe, spending a few months at the Paris Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker and the Misses Rutherford arrived in Florence from Rome early in the week.

Mrs. John W. Mackay has arrived in London from Paris. She has not fully recovered from her severe attack of the grip, and it is said that it is doubtful if she will entertain this year. The Princess Colonna is with her.

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr. (née Fair), who, since their arrival from Europe, have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, at their country place at Hempstead, L. I., are to occupy "Belvoir," their Newport villa, during the summer.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst has closed her Berkeley residence and is occupying her country home near Pleasanton. She will leave for the East soon, accompanied by her nieces, Miss Lane and Miss Apperson.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and Miss Mollie Thomas left during the week for San Rafael, where they have taken the Carter Pomeroy residence for two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson and the Misses Wilson have arrived in London, en route to the Paris Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan J. Crooks expect to leave in a few days for the East, and will be away several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee expect to leave in a few days for San Rafael, where they have taken the George Page cottage for the summer.

Miss Maenie McNutt leaves next week for Santa Barbara, where she will be the guest of Mrs. Fithian for a month.

Mrs. Charles Wyndham, wife of Mr. Wyndham, the eminent English actor who is now delighting London audiences with his production of Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mullins. Mrs. Wyndham and Miss Alice M. Mullins will soon leave for a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dean and Miss Helen Dean have gone to San Rafael, where they expect to spend the summer months.

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury and Miss Margaret Salisbury, who had intended accompanying Mr. Salisbury on Saturday last to Nome, were forced at the last moment to abandon their trip owing to Mrs. Salisbury's ill health.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King expect to spend the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani, after a brief stay in this city at the California Hotel, sailed for Honolulu on Tuesday.

Countess Telfener, sister of Mrs. John W. Mackay, arrived in New York last week. She expects to visit the Pacific Coast before returning to Europe.

Miss Edith Van Buren, who accompanied Mrs. Roswell Hitchcock to Dawson last year, and has been spending the winter at Nice, is now in Paris for the summer. She expects to come to California late in the fall for an extended sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Cheney expect to leave in a few days for New York en route to Europe, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor and Miss Marie Voorhies are in Paris.

Miss Elizabeth Zane, who returned from New York on Monday after a year's absence, and Miss Marie Zane, after an extended visit abroad, are visiting relatives in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Luning will spend the summer at Livermore Flats, near Cloverdale.

Mrs. James de la Montanya and Miss Jennie de la Montanya have been in Fresno for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson have rented the Jones cottage in San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey left a few days ago for San Rafael, where they have taken rooms at the Hotel Rafael for the month of June. Miss Katharine Dillon accompanies them.

Mrs. Ella Hotelling and children are in New York City, having returned from abroad.

Miss Gladys Merrill, daughter of Mrs. John Merrill, will return home from Miss Ely's school in New York on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baldwin (née Kittredge) have arrived in New York City.

Miss Geraldine Bonner left for the East on Sunday, May 27th. After a fortnight's stay in New York she will sail for England, where she will visit relatives for several months. Before her return, late in the fall, she expects to visit the Paris Exposition.

Mr. Everett N. Bee sailed from New York for Liverpool on the White Star steamer *Teutonic* on May 23d.

Mr. E. H. Sheldon returned on Saturday last from a six weeks' trip East, and will spend the summer at Sausalito.

Mrs. William W. Foote and Miss Bertha Foote, of Oakland, after a few weeks' stay in Nice during the Floral Carnival, are now in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, Miss Marion Smith,

Miss Florence Nightingale, and Miss Grace Sperry left Oakland for New York on Saturday last.

Mrs. W. F. Van Bergen has been visiting Mrs. C. K. McClatchy in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Onatavia have returned to Paris, and taken an apartment near the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile.

Mr. and Mrs. James Irvine are at their ranch in Southern California.

A party including Mr. James Alva Watt, Miss B. F. Runyon, Mr. Rolla B. Watt, Mr. William Baird, and Mr. J. Baird, of Washington D. C., and Mrs. G. Loring Cunningham, of Oakland, were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Mrs. Walter W. Felton, of Mazatlan, Mexico, departed for her home early in the week after a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Bryan.

Mrs. Lester Herrick, accompanied by Miss Marion Harrison, has left for a visit to her parents, Dr. and Mrs. P. B. Miller, of Seattle.

Mr. James F. J. Archibald is at present with the Boer army in South Africa. Mrs. F. A. Archibald and Miss Clara Archibald are visiting friends in Albany, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Scheld, of Sacramento, were at the Occidental Hotel a few days ago.

Mrs. W. Borrowe and Miss Borrowe, of Sausalito, were at the California Hotel during the week.

Mr. Peter Donahue, of Laurelwood, Santa Clara County, is in Rome.

Mr. E. S. Pillsbury is in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. James Logan, of Worcester, Mass., have returned to town, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Professor R. S. Allardice and Professor V. L. Kellogg came up from Stanford University during the week, and were at the California Hotel.

Mrs. H. S. Crocker visited the Tavern of Tamalpais a few days ago.

Mr. R. C. L. Perkins, of Cambridge, England, who is making a pleasure tour of the Pacific Coast, was at the Occidental Hotel for a few days early in the week.

Mr. William Haywood, the American consul-general to Hawaii, returned from a brief trip to Washington, D. C., early in the week, and on Tuesday sailed for the islands. Mr. Haywood retires from his present position on June 14th next, that being the date when Hawaii is to become a Territory of the United States.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Montague, of Cambridge, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Wood, of Toronto, Canada, Mrs. G. M. Mott, of Sacramento, Mrs. Henry S. Knapp, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Huggins, of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. B. Carling and Mr. Bruce Ballentag, of Honolulu, Mr. M. L. Duggan, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Peckham, of Milwaukee, Mrs. R. M. Dickinson, of Rockville, Mr. J. A. Graham, of Salt Lake City, Mrs. W. J. Dutton, Mr. G. E. Dutton, Mr. H. D. Martin, Miss Belle Harnes, Mr. Henry S. Martin, Mr. R. H. Jones, and Mr. W. G. Barnes.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mrs. M. de Forest, of Los Gatos, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Whitmore, of Salt Lake City, Miss E. R. Allen, of Omaha, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Williams, of Memphis, Mr. C. F. Allen and Mr. James Williamson, of New York, Mr. J. de Lapeyriere, of Paris, Judge Milton Elliott, of Astoria, Or., Colonel E. T. Blackmer, of San Diego, Mrs. Robert T. Devlin, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. Paul U. Rippert, of San Leandro, Mr. D. L. Newman, of Hanford, Mr. W. A. Mackinder, of St. Helena, Mrs. H. C. Short and Miss Short, of Topeka, Kas., Mr. W. D. Haslam, of Santa Cruz, Mr. C. A. Boyle, of Chicago, Mrs. L. W. Burris, of Santa Rosa, and Miss Parrou and Miss Jones, of Fresno.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General Elwell S. Otis, U. S. V., former commander of the United States army in the Philippine Islands, arrived from Manila on the transport *Meade* on Wednesday, May 30th, en route to Washington, D. C. General Otis is to be promoted to the rank of a major-general in the regular army on June 16th, succeeding Major-General Wesley Merritt, U. S. A., who will be retired on that date.

Mrs. Isaac Kite, who has been in Hong Kong since the arrival of the *Monterey*, to which Surgeon Kite, U. S. N., is attached, has decided not to return to Manila for the summer. She will instead, when the ship leaves Hong Kong for the Philippines, sail for Japan, where she will spend the warm months. Mrs. Kite's little son has quite recovered from the severe attack of whooping-cough which he had in the early spring.

Acting Assistant-Surgeon Fred S. Macey, U. S. A., of Somerville, Mass., who was ordered to San Francisco for assignment to duty by the commanding general of the Department of California, arrived in this city Tuesday, and was at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant John P. McGuinness, U. S. N., has joined the *Independence* at Mare Island after a month's leave spent at Boise City, Ida.

Major Lewis Smith, Fourth Artillery, U. S. A., and Mrs. Smith, leave on Sunday, June 3d, for a tour of the world. They are to visit Paris in August.

Lieutenant Campbell E. Bahcock, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., left a few days ago for Vancouver Barracks, where his command, Company C, is located.

Lieutenant-Commander Walter S. Hughes, U. S. N., registered at the California Hotel on Tuesday.

Captain Edwin Longnecker, U. S. N., recently commanding the *New Orleans*, has been admitted to the Mare Island Naval Hospital for treatment.

Major Frank Bridgman, U. S. A., retired, is registered at the Occidental Hotel.

The frigate *Hartford*, Admiral Farragut's old flagship, commanded by Commander John M. Hawley, U. S. N., has ended its long voyage from San Fran-

cisco to the Atlantic sea-coast, having come to anchor in Hampton Roads on Wednesday, May 30th.

The United States cruiser *Philadelphia* is being overhauled at Mare Island Navy Yard, and it is said that she will be sent into Japanese waters as soon as her repairs are completed. The *Concord* and *Bennington* were to have come home from the Asiatic station, but the order has been countermanded and they will remain in the Orient. Both vessels require overhauling, but the work will be done at Hong Kong.

## Entertainment for Rear-Admiral Hichborn.

Rear-Admiral Philip Hichborn, U. S. N., chief constructor of the navy, who came from Washington, D. C., to the Pacific Coast for the purpose of inspecting Mare Island Navy Yard, was the recipient of many social attentions during his brief stay here. On Thursday evening, May 24th, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Gray, of Oakland, gave a dinner at their home on Tenth Street, Oakland, in his honor, among others at table being Mr. and Mrs. Giles H. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. I. E. Thayer, Mr. Philip R. Thayer, the Misses Mabel and Elizabeth Gray, and Mr. Prentiss N. Gray.

On Monday the distinguished naval officer was given an informal reception at the Bernard Hotel, Vallejo, when he met many of his friends whom he had not seen for thirty years. On Tuesday he made an official visit to Mare Island, and in the evening was tendered a reception by the officers of the navy-yard. Wednesday evening he was entertained at a banquet given by Vallejo Lodge, No. 87, F. and A. M., of which he has been a member for many years, and is also one of its past-masters.

Rear-Admiral Hichborn and Mrs. Hichborn and party left for Portland, Or., on Thursday.

The Tavern of Tamalpais is nearing completion, having been entirely reconstructed. It will contain between thirty and forty newly furnished rooms, and will be ready for the reception of guests on Wednesday, June 6th. About that date a regular train will be operated, leaving San Francisco (via Sausalito Ferry) at 5:15 P. M., reaching the tavern in time for dinner, and a view of the sunset and magnificent cloud or fog effects. Returning, it will leave the tavern at 7:10 A. M., and arrive in San Francisco at 8:45 A. M., in time for business.

Irish enthusiasts are demanding that the new regiment of Irish guards shall wear the kilt, on the ground that it was the national dress of Irishmen long before the Scotch Highlanders took to wearing it.

## A New Literary Triumph.

"The Redemption of David Corson," by Charles Frederic Goss, is the latest invader of bookdom, and promises great success. For sale at Cooper's, 746 Market Street.

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To buy precious stones, pearls, fine jewelry, and silverware. A. Hirschman, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

After 24 years under Palace Hotel, Marsh's Japanese Fine Art Store has moved to 214 Post St.

## Change in Partnership.

We announce the partnership of Foote & Winterburn as successors to the business of H. H. Scott & Co., coal dealers, Mr. Scott having engaged in real estate.

Mr. Foote, the son of Judge H. S. Foote, and nephew of Paris Commissioner Foote, has been a member of the old firm for six years.

Mr. Winterburn, the son of Jos. Winterburn, pioneer publisher and capitalist, takes Mr. Scott's interest.

The business will be continued as heretofore at 304 Montgomery Street. Telephone Main 5703.

## Moët &amp; Chandon

By strictly adhering to the conservative traditions of the old, honored custom of the ancient house of Moët & Chandon, the present management's aim is not to turn out immense quantities, but it has well succeeded in its endeavor for recognition on part of the connoisseurs, by catering principally to the aristocratic classes in Europe and better custom all over the world.—*Wine Review*.

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The high standard of excellence maintained by these hotels is recognized and appreciated by a fastidious and discriminating clientele, who regularly make them their head-quarters when visiting San Francisco.

The tourist, pleasure-seeker, and the business man will find the location particularly desirable, being in close proximity to places of amusement, wholesale and shopping districts, and with the further advantage of having street-cars to all parts of the city pass the entrance.

American plan. European plan.

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## Ladies' Oxfords

FOR ONE WEEK

BEGINNING MONDAY, MAY 14.

Ladies' Fine Russet Oxfords, LXV. heels, Piccadilly toes, hand-turned soles. Regular price, \$5.00  
Special Sale Price, \$2.15  
Ladies' Chocolate Tan Oxfords, latest lasts, new toes, hand-turned soles. Regular price, \$3.00  
Special Sale Price, \$1.95  
Ladies' Black Kid Oxfords, new toes, latest lasts, hand-turned soles. Regular price, \$3.00  
Special Sale Price, \$1.95

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Highest recommendations for cure of Poorness of Blood, Stomach troubles and General Debility. Increases the appetite, strengthens the nerves and builds up the entire system.

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LEAVE FROM MAY 13, 1900. ARRIVE

*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Runcy, and Sacramento	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	*6.15 P
*8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville	*7.45 P
*8.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East	*11.45 A
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese (for Yosemite), Sonoma, Carleton	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	*11.45 A
*9.00 A	Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno	*6.45 P
*9.30 A	Vallejo, Marysville, and Way Stations	*6.45 P
*10.00 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago	*5.15 P
*11.00 A	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville	*4.15 P
*12.00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	*6.45 P
*12.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers	*5.00 A
*3.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations	*5.45 P
*4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville	*10.45 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	*9.45 A
*5.09 P	Fresno Passenger—Martinez, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Berenda (Raymond for Yosemite), Fresno	*12.15 P
*5.30 P	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	*8.45 A
*5.30 P	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	*6.45 P
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José	*7.45 A
*6.00 P	Vallejo	*12.15 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago	*11.45 A
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago	*4.15 P
*7.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations	*19.55 P
*8.05 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	*8.15 A

**COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).**  
(Foot of Market Street.)

*7.45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations	*18.05 P
*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations	*6.20 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos	*8.50 A
*4.15 P	Glenwood, Felton, Santa Cruz	*8.50 A

**CREAK ROUTE FERRY.**

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—  
\*7.15 9.00 11.00 A. M. \*11.00 \*2.00 3.00 5.00 P. M.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—  
\*7.15 9.00 11.00 A. M. \*11.00 \*2.00 3.00 5.00 P. M.

**COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge).**  
(Third and Townsend Streets.)

*16.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco	*16.30 P
*17.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Alameda Excursion for San José)	*1.30 P
*17.30 A	Sunday Excursion for San José to Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations	*18.35 P
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Santa Cruz, Salinas, and Principal Way Stations	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José, Los Gatos and Way Stations	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove	*10.36 A
*13.30 P	San José and Way Stations	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations	*19.00 A
*5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations	*18.35 A
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations	*18.00 A
*6.45 P	San José and Way Stations	*7.30 P

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.  
\* Daily. † Sunday excepted. ‡ Sunday only.  
§ Saturday and Sunday. ¶ Sunday and Monday.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Crolius—"What is there between you and that heiress?" Burgess (sadly)—"Her father."—*Town Topics.*

Larry—"Be hivins, Dinnis, that ould hen's atin' tacks." Dinnis—"Maybe she's goin' to lay a carpet."—*St. Andrew's Gazette.*

"The cuckoo in that clock reminds me of a poor ball-player and an arrogant labor union." "How so?" "It goes out on so many strikes."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

"I'd give five years of my life to get out of this scrape," said the prisoner at the bar. "I'll let you out with three," said the judge as he passed sentence.—*Green Bag.*

Tramp—"Excuse me, have you seen a policeman?" Cyclist—"No." Tramp—"Then I'll have to call on you to give up your watch and money."—*Tit-Bits.*

Porter (at the Irish country railway station, in voluble but dreary monotone)—"The half-past nine o'clock thrain win't shart to-night till ten o'clock, and there'll be no lasht thrain."—*Ex.*

"Skinner got a bill the other day for his wife's automobile drives, and he's been laid up ever since." "What's the matter?" "The doctor says he is suffering from an overcharge of electricity."—*Life.*

Sergeant Finnegan (on the skirmish line)—"Siddy, me byes; sure they be too far off yit; but when they get furnist the bushes there, thry a few blank cartridges at 'em until yees git the range."—*Life.*

Mother—"Didn't I tell you not to touch the preserves without my permission?" Son—"Yes, mother." Mother—"Then why didn't you come to me and ask me?" Son—"Because I wanted some."—*Life.*

Diplomacy: Census-taker—"What is your age, madam?" Mrs. Neighbors—"Did the woman next door give her age?" Census-taker—"Certainly." Mrs. Neighbors—"Well, I'm two years younger than she is."—*Chicago News.*

Injury in a French duel: "While I was abroad I witnessed a duel in France." "Anybody hurt?" "Yes; one of the principals had a rib broken embracing the other after the combat was over."—*Philadelphia North American.*

"Gracious!" exclaimed the influential Tagalo, surprised at seeing Aguinaldo again; "what have you come out for?" "Bryan and anti-expansion," briefly replied the insurgent chieftain, plunging again into the jungle.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"I want to get one o' them things," said the old lady, pointing at an assortment of thermometers. "Yes, ma'am," replied the dealer; "how high do you care to go?" "Why, not too high and not too low; I want one that'll keep my house just right this summer."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"Yes, I caught a beautiful string," said the sun-blistered banker; "many of 'em weighed four pounds." There was a brief silence. The voice of the insurance agent broke it. "About how many did it take to weigh it?" he mildly asked. "Not over ten," replied the unabashed banker.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Papa," said little Percy, "why doesn't mamma travel with the circus?" "Why?" Mr. Henpeck asked; "what could she do in a circus?" "She might be the strong woman. I heard her telling grandma, the other day, that she could wind you around her little finger just as easy as nothing."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

"Confidentially," said the undertaker's wife, "Mr. Smith hasn't paid the bill for his wife's funeral yet." "Isn't that scandalous?" exclaimed Mrs. Gabbie; "I should think he'd be ashamed to let people see how little he thought of his wife." "Yes, and his brother John, when his wife was buried, paid the very next day." "Huh! 'Peared like he was glad to get rid of her, didn't it?"—*Philadelphia Press.*

Ready for martyrdom: "No," said Meandering Mike, "I ain't doin' nothin' at present. I am simply waitin'." "Waiting for what?" "Fur dese trusts to realize de peril deir wealth is bringin' 'em into. When de crisis comes an' de magnates finds dey're hein' socially ostracised, dey'll go lookin' around for some one to dump de responsibilities onto. Den I'll step up an' say, 'Gents, I'll take de awful burden of wealt' off yer han's an' not charge ye a cent.'"—*Washington Star.*

After teething is finished, Steedman's Soothing Powders will be found useful to correct the minor disorders of children, up to ten years.

"George says he doesn't know the taste of liquor." "Pours it down so fast, I suppose, that his palate doesn't get a chance."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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There are a number of State elections this year which will be held prior to the Presidential election in November. As such State elections are apt to be preliminary ballotings by which the attitude of a State in the final contest may be gauged, they become of varying interest according to the record of the State for being of certain or doubtful political complexion. These States and the dates of their elections are: Oregon, which has just balloted, on June 4th; North Carolina, August 2d; Alabama, August 6th; Arkansas, September 3d; Vermont, September 4th; Maine, September 10th; and Georgia, October 3d. Of the seven States, the greatest interest will centre in the results in Oregon and Maine. No

one will look with confidence for anything except Democratic victories in North Carolina, Alabama, Arkansas, or Georgia, although North Carolina has now a Republican governor and one Republican United States Senator. It is considered equally certain that Vermont will go Republican. But in both Maine and Oregon there have frequently appeared elements of uncertainty.

The Oregon election was held this week, and as we write the votes have not all been counted, but the gratifying news which comes is that Oregon has stood faithfully by the Republican party in spite of conditions which have made some of the stoutest-hearted Republicans fearful of the result.

The voting in Oregon was for a justice of the supreme court, a dairy and food commissioner, congressmen, and seventy-five members of the State legislature. There were three tickets in the field: the Republican; a fusion ticket, made up of Democrats, Silver Republicans, and Populists; and a straight Populist ticket, the latter counting for little. The Republicans are deserving of credit for a gallant uphill fight. They have not only had to meet the combined fusion elements, but they were handicapped by division among themselves, and adverse local conditions in the city of Portland, which culminated in placing a citizens' ticket in the field in that important and populous stronghold of the State.

Fortunately, the issues of the campaign have been generally clearly marked. Republicans there have been much divided in opinion over the Puerto Rican legislation in Congress, and that difference has been emphasized by the position of Oregon's congressman and senators. Representatives Moody and Tongue and Senator McBride voted for the Puerto Rican bill, while Senator Simon voted adversely. Notwithstanding this, the platforms were strikingly similar to those which it is confidently expected will be put forth by the national committees. The Republican platform indorsed the administration and favored the renomination of President McKinley, while that of the fusion party supported the Democratic Chicago platform, condemned imperialism and militarism, opposed both the Puerto Rican and the Dingley tariff, favored the ultimate independence of the Philippines, and extended sympathy to the Boers.

The campaign was vigorously fought out on both sides. The Republicans imported no aid from outside the State, while their opponents were aided and encouraged by the recent visit of Bryan and the stumping abilities of Cyclone Davis and James B. Weaver. After such a battle it will put heart into Republicans throughout the country to know that a decisive victory has been won. The news based on incomplete returns indicates that the Republicans have elected their candidate for supreme judge by a majority of from 8,000 to 10,000, and their dairy and food commissioner by about the same figures. Tongue has been returned to Congress by a gain of between 500 and 1,000 over his last election, and Moody is also returned by a majority approximating 8,000. There are said to be some Democratic gains in the legislature, but conceding all such claims there will still remain a Republican legislative majority of ten or eleven. The legislature just elected is important from a national standpoint in that it will be called on to elect a United States Senator to succeed Senator McBride.

However, after many trials and much tribulation, the election is over and has been so decisively won that Oregon may be congratulated on having preserved her standing as a Republican commonwealth, and on having blazed the way to Republican victory next November. Barring any unlooked-for surprises, Oregon may be set down now for even a more sweeping Republican victory next fall. The national ticket will bring out a greater vote than the State election, the issues will be the same, and it is impossible that they should be presented then with greater Democratic insistence and vehemence than in the contest which has just closed. Oregon has been in the habit of increasing its vote largely in national campaigns, and of giving the greatest gain to the Republican party. The State has definitely set its face against the theories of Bryanism, and its people are deeply interested in the rapidly expanding trade with the Orient, a

generous share of which is already being reaped by her merchants and her industries. The recent election practically assures Oregon's four electoral votes to the Republicans next fall.

A studied effort has been made to create a belief that the sands of Cape Nome are not only heavy with gold, but that the precious metal only awaits the arrival of somebody willing to shovel it out. No longer ago than last Sunday a local paper contained an article on the subject, portraying in such glittering terms the possibilities of Nome, the certainty of acquiring riches by going there, even if forced to work for wages, that to the thoughtful mind the exaggeration was apparent and ridiculous. Nevertheless, this claptrap does have the effect of hurrying to an inhospitable clime thousands who will there undergo nothing but hardship and acquire only experience. Some are going without means, others lacking in physical strength. Along with this throng are adventurers of both sexes, the barpies of each outpost of civilization, their plan being to batten on whomsoever may meet a degree of success or with available funds reach the new land. In the vast majority of instances those who are starting full of hope, and for legitimate purposes, will meet with disappointment, so overwhelming are the chances against them.

There can be no doubt but fifty thousand will go this year to Nome, and some estimates double this number. The volume of this outflow can be appreciated by comparison with the Klondike rush. In 1898, twenty-six thousand went to the Klondike, and the following year only six thousand two hundred. All these thousands are going to a country which produces nothing to sustain life, where fuel and lumber must be brought from a distance, where the cold is fearful, the sanitary conditions necessarily bad, the valuable claims already taken, and the only goal a vague but alluring promise of riches. That there will be suffering, and a homeward scramble, nobody who has ever watched the birth and death of a mining fever can doubt.

By the end of May more than twelve thousand had sailed for Nome. Up to June 10th there had started, or been scheduled to start, twenty-one steam craft and thirty-two ships and schooners, with a capacity of from fifty each to twelve hundred or over. Eight ships, with accommodations for one thousand each, are expected to make four round trips, these vessels alone being counted upon for at least thirty thousand passengers into the North. Among the boats drafted into service are some reckoned utterly unseaworthy, and there is every probability that before autumn there will be told gruesome stories of tragedy concerning them. The rush is general, not alone by reason of fabulous accounts, but the absence of privations from the journey. It does not come from the United States wholly, for Australia, Chile, Peru, Russia, and Scandinavia each furnish a quota, and from the presence of these aliens there is certain to arise turmoil and litigation. In view of this many lawyers have joined the procession, intent not upon prospecting, but upon fees. For a time the rude justice of a mining camp may prevail, but this must give way to statutory procedure, and history teaches that in legal controversy over claims the long purse wins.

The rush has created activity in industrial circles, involving as it does increase in freight transportation. Freight ships go laden with tents, portable houses, coal, lumber, food-stuffs, and machinery, representing the investment of enormous capital. One steamer recently carried from San Francisco \$350,000 worth of mining machinery, and others have taken as much. Barges and steam-tugs and sampans have gone to assist in lightering at Cape Nome, for there is no port admitting ships of more than eight-foot draft. Among the multitude seeking Nome are men who have made millions and lost them; men who have fortunes they will endeavor to increase; but by far the greater portion have little and never had much.

Statements are made that Nome is the richest gold camp ever discovered, that it affords a chance for all, but similar



statements have been made concerning every new camp. Marvelous yarns are spun of fortune won in a day. All this must be taken guardedly. Expenses are high, locations scarce, labor will be plentiful, and the value of territory not already staked is conjectural.

Whether or not the nine cases of Chinese who have died within the last three months in this city were genuine cases of bubonic plague or not, the fear that has been aroused by them is wholly unnecessary. Throughout the whole country San Francisco is regarded as suffering from an epidemic of this dread disease, and even Dr. Murphy, of the New York Board of Health, declares that the danger point for the whole country is now this city—that there is no danger of invasion from the Atlantic seaboard. The slightest knowledge of the facts and of the history of San Francisco is sufficient to prove the fallacy of this opinion. If these nine cases were genuine bubonic plague it is practically the first time in the history of that scourge that its invasion has been so slow. There was an average of one case in ten days for a period of three months, and during the last month not one new case has been discovered, in spite of the most rigid inspection of the suspected quarter of the city. Almost invariably in other parts of the world where the plague has broken out it has spread with alarming rapidity and has numbered its victims by the hundreds daily.

The quarantining of Chinatown, even though there is only a suspicion that the plague has invaded that section of the city, was perhaps justifiable, not so much on hygienic grounds as for the purpose of allaying the fear in outside communities. Several of them were on the point of quarantining the whole city—an entirely unnecessary measure, since assuming that there has been plague in the Chinese quarter, there is absolutely no danger of its spreading to other parts of the city. The bubonic plague, like all other "filth diseases," thrives only under the most unsanitary conditions. It seldom attacks white people, and then only those who live among the slums. In India, where the disease is raging almost constantly, the white population is not attacked and pays little or no attention to it. Outside of Chinatown, San Francisco has no tenement quarter, such as offers such favorable conditions for the spread of contagious diseases in other large cities. The population is spread out over a vast area, and not crowded together as is made necessary by the high price of land elsewhere. The prevailing westerly breezes from the ocean purify the atmosphere and dissipate the germs of disease. The many hills insure perfect drainage and the tides of the bay carry off all refuse matter. It is a natural consequence of these conditions that, in spite of the constant intercourse with the Orient, no contagious disease has ever become epidemic here.

The cases that have been discovered have all been found in the Chinese quarter of the city, and with the quarantine that has been established, the disease will be confined to that section. The situation emphasizes anew the fact that Chinatown is a constant menace to the health of the city. The hordes of Chinese crowded together in a space that would not be sufficient for one-half the number of white people to exist in, living in filth, under the most unsanitary conditions, constitute a veritable plague-spot in the very heart of the city. Nothing but the prevailing ocean breezes has preserved the city from a series of epidemics in the past, and the greatest number of deaths from contagious "filth diseases" occur in this quarter. The very buildings are impregnated with the germs of disease. Nothing will remove the menace short of removing the Chinese denizens to some remote section, and razing the buildings to the ground. This has been suggested heretofore, but the proposition has been defeated by the fact that the property, in large part, is owned by Chinese, and compensation for the property would involve a vast sum of money. Under existing conditions, the entire section can be condemned as a menace to health. Honolulu profited by its plague epidemic to the extent of getting rid of its Chinatown, why should not San Francisco do the same?

Unless wholly lacking in judgment, the Boers know now that they are engaged in a hopeless contest. There is no promise of benign conditions to be wrung from the foe they have fought so well. Their cause is lost, and yet the courage that refuses to yield, the tenacity that is unshaken, the principle that will not swerve, excite the pitying admiration of the world. The end of the war is in sight. The spirit of the mass of Boers has been broken. Those who barass the advance of the triumphant invader constitute but a remnant. The future of South Africa becomes a problem. No more will the flags of the republics wave there, for when the flags once come down, the republics will have ceased to exist. To the Boers, absolute freedom will be a memory. The right or wrong of the result none may know, but that the Boers will be a sub-

ject race, and that their neighbors of the Orange Free State will share with them the bitter fruit of defeat, is a certainty.

The future may not be so dark as it seems. The institution of a federation such as prevails in Australia, and under which the colonists are not only content but loyal, is probable. It can not be hastily contrived, for there are wounds that must first be healed, and England must show good faith before any but a forced and fitful allegiance will be given. An element among the Boers still threatens to take to the hills and prolong hostilities as many months as possible, thinking to make England maintain in the conquered territory a garrison of at least fifty thousand men. This course, however, is not probable. There is no endurance but has a limit, and no bravery that can not be made to see the folly of useless resistance. Since General Roberts took command, the cause of the Boers has been doomed. He has progressed just as he has designed. Opposition has been fierce, but as Pretoria is approached, the Boers begin to *trek* to their farms. Those who remain are valiant as ever, but with the odds growing greater and greater against them, they must grimly appreciate the futility of keeping up the war even while they essay to do it.

Military writers assert that the relief of Mafeking was not a significant event, that it had no bearing on the campaign, but was simply a picturesque episode. However correct this view, it was there that English troops made the most splendid record achieved in Africa, and their commander won fame while other commanders were proving incompetence. Colonel Baden-Powell is the hero of the Anglo-Boer War. Shut up for weeks in a remote town, far from help, short of supplies, with part of two shattered regiments, he held the place against four times his own number, beat off assault after assault, tauntingly summoned those who beleaguered him to surrender, and finally, as assistance arrived, led a portion of them into a trap. Throughout the siege he was the life of Mafeking. He never despaired when starvation seemed at hand. A diet of horse-meat did not appall him. In some way he managed to feed the citizens and to keep his troops in good spirits. When the English guns were thundering outside of Ladysmith, and Buller's army was being hurled across the Tugela, when Kimberley was hoping to hear the strains of "God Save the Queen," Baden-Powell was isolated, knowing that for weary weeks he must hold a position that to a soldier less lion-hearted, a courage less buoyant, would have even then seemed untenable. The Boers thought they had him beyond the possibility of rescue, and deemed his attitude one of hardihood. When they were driven away, there must have come to them a revelation, and while experts may term Mafeking an episode, it was one fraught with great lessons, showing the Boers that their enemies were not depending alone on force of numbers. Since then the Boers, already disheartened by the loss of Cronje and the valiant Joubert, have never fought with their old-time vim.

So it was that the advance of the English up the Vaal toward Bechuanaland, more important as strategy, more imposing in array, assumes now in the minds of the English a secondary place. The defiance that held Mafeking was the feature of the struggle, and Britain will be glad to remember it, as to forget the blunders of Buller, of Warren and Methuen.

While the army bill was before the Senate, Secretary of War Root appeared to explain its scope and purpose, but no army officer was called upon for an opinion. It is with this circumstance, rather than with the measure itself, that a writer in the *Army and Navy Register*, doubtless a military expert, finds fault. He does not regard the new scheme as perfect by any means, and while commending portions of it, suggests that the House committee make several changes. He thinks such changes could be made without any sacrifice of the provisions he conceives to be admirable. The only portion he characterizes as pernicious is that to have "promotions by selection."

By title, the bill is one "To increase the efficiency of the military establishment of the United States." The expert thinks that not to invite army officers to give their views, which would assuredly have been of value, was wrong and unjust. He does not see how a bill could be drawn in the interest of the army, or could render it more efficient, if in any degree disastrous to military discipline or destructive to administration. He does not believe there would be manifested any petty or selfish opposition, and mildly scores Root for having anticipated something of this kind, and attempted to show in advance that it would arise from individual motives having no relation to the public welfare. The remarks of the Secretary had not been threatening, yet in their spirit they had offended the army by misconstruction of its attitude.

The expert recognizes the wisdom of reorganization of the artillery arm of the service. There was no question, he says, but this was necessary. The artillery is to be established into a corps, divided into two branches, and mate-

rially strengthened. Of this the expert approves; but he does not sanction the plan to have infantry and cavalry officers not above the rank of captain transferred to the artillery, with retention of their respective grades. He believes, also, that the chief of artillery should be on the staff of the general commanding the army.

An important point is concerning rotation in staff duty, and as to this the expert expresses no conviction further than that officers of the line and staff should both be consulted about it. He does not deem staff duty, properly performed, the sinecure it has been regarded. In regard to the selection of chiefs of staff from the "officers of the army at large," he intimates that the most careful thought should be given. The creation of a veterinary corps, the head of which shall rank as colonel, he denounces as useless and extravagant. The raising of the commanding major-general to the rank of lieutenant-general, and of the adjutant-general to be major-general, and the increase of the West Point cadet corps by one hundred, he fully indorses.

The pending bill must not be understood as permanently fixing the status of the army. It adds little to the *personnel* or the cost. Larger questions will await the next session of Congress, and meanwhile, without prejudice or politics, the pending changes should be so conducted as to bring the measure up to its expressed purposes.

The periodic political ferment of a Presidential campaign is about to submerge to greater or less extent almost every other interest of either public or private importance. It will be usbered in with the bot weather, and will doubtless be its only rival, calorically speaking. It will be a season of varying interest to eighty millions of people in this country alone. Every one, from ocean to ocean and from the lakes to the gulf, can have and will have some personal interest in the great contest of the ballots, be it never so small. Some will speak, some will write, some will sing, some will parade. Many will wear campaign buttons and display portraits of favorite candidates. All will attend campaign rallies more or less, and some fourteen millions of men will finally vote. So each one of the vast multitude will play his little part, and probably with slight realization of the appalling responsibilities, labors, anxieties, and difficulties which will beset the men who will have the management of the whole affair. Those men are the chairmen of the national committees of the great parties.

Most of us have business knowledge enough to understand the almost insupportable strain which must attend the conduct of any of the great industrial establishments. The head of such a business has a perfected organization under his control, trained men in every department, and a continued succession of the same conditions to meet from year to year, and mechanical methods with which to meet them. Compare with his the position of a national chairman in a Presidential campaign. The latter has to take his business in an inchoate state, organize it from the bottom up, provide the means to carry it on, attend to all the details, the endless ramifications to be worked out with unknown assistants and untried material, and conduct the whole, if he can, to a successful conclusion within the short and wearing period of about four of the hottest months of the year. The chairman is necessarily an *ex-officio* member of every sub-committee and bureau of the whole vast organism. In the financial department he is primarily and ultimately responsible for the collection and disbursement of the millions of dollars needed to carry on a campaign. His clients and customers are to be reckoned by millions and his working forces by thousands. He will have in addition a press bureau, through which reporters and correspondents will be furnished with news. Through it he will supply political reading-matter to perhaps three thousand weekly papers throughout the whole campaign. Another bureau will be devoted to turning out political documents, requiring its own editorial staff, compiling, printing, and distributing pamphlets, booklets, and leaflets, which will fall on the country thicker than the leaves in Vallombrosa. These publications put forth by one party in a recent campaign numbered upward of one hundred millions of separate documents, which had cost nearly half a million of dollars by the time they had reached the hands of the public. A subsidiary bureau will have charge of the task of preparing much of this political reading for voters who can read English. It must have a trained corps of translators who can put the desired information into shape for the Italian, Polish, Hungarian, Scandinavian, Finnish, and Bohemian contingents among our cosmopolitan voters, to say nothing of the French and German. A large corps of speakers must be organized, meetings all over the country arranged for, and itineraries, mapped out.

The national chairman will also run an alleged art department, by means of which he will flood the country with mill-

SINCE MAFKING WAS RELIEVED.

DISCUSSION OF THE ARMY BILL.



ions of portraits of candidates, innumerable cartoons, maps, campaign badges, pins, and buttons. One engraver is said to have delivered a million portraits to each of the Republican and Democratic campaign committees in 1892, and whether these things are valuable adjuncts to political success or not it is certain that the practice rather grows than diminishes with each succeeding campaign. When one has enumerated every business department of the national committee, and has seen the finances put in shape, and the press bureau, the plate department, the document mill, and the art divisions organized and running, he may conceive that the real work and worries of the national chairman have only just commenced, for the affairs of a political organization can not be conducted with the smooth and noiseless methods that obtain in the business world.

The national chairman will be the central object of every sort of schemer, genius, and crank, from the man who merely wants work to the deep thinker who can tell the chairman just what he ought to do in every contingency. He will have the largest mail of any individual in the world, much of which must have his personal attention. He will be offered tons of campaign poetry and campaign songs. Some of it will be good and gladly used, but most of it will have neither rhyme nor rhythm suitable for anything except the waste-basket. He will be pestered with the woes of speakers, with grievance about their dates, their places, their companions, or their expenses, for speakers are known to be as sensitive as actors, and easily put out by their treatment or surroundings. He will be bunted daily by all sorts of bangers-on watching every chance to evade the sergeant-at-arms at the party head-quarters and obtain a personal interview with the chief.

Let the reader contemplate the frame-work of the organization outlined and fill in at his leisure the details which will arise from continual supervision of his various bureaus, his clerks, his stenographers, his type-writers, his statisticians, his speakers, his editors, and add to them an incessant prodding by the opposing party, and he will agree that the chairman's life will be no bed of roses.

In a recent issue of a New York publication, Mr. H. H. Vreeland, president of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, expresses his views on the result of municipal ownership in Glasgow. As is perhaps natural from his point of view, he regards the Glasgow system as a failure, and seeks to prove his case by comparing street railway development in Glasgow with the development in New York city under private ownership. The comparison is not convincing, to say the least. The comparison should be with the conditions that existed in Glasgow before the city took the street-car system, and this comparison is wholly in favor of municipal ownership. The condition of the employees, the character of the service, the number of the passengers, the fare charged, the improvements made, and the profits to the city all speak strongly in favor of the new régime.

It is not alone in street-railway enterprises that municipal ownership has gone ahead in Glasgow. The water supply has been owned by the city for many years, and the water rates have been steadily decreasing, the poorer classes getting their supply free of charge. The disposal of sewage, and its conversion into fertilizing material are city enterprises. Street-sweeping, gas and electric-light plants, bath-houses, market-places, and slaughter-houses are all owned by the city. The city looks after the harbor and docks, and runs a steamboat service and several ferries. The People's Palace contains a winter-garden, art-gallery, museum, reading-rooms, and concert-halls. The latest development is a telephone exchange. Rates are fixed at twenty-five dollars a year, or slightly more than two dollars a month, for unlimited service; seventeen dollars and a half a year for limited service, and two cents for each call. It is generally claimed by the telephone companies that the larger a city is, the higher the rates that must be charged. Glasgow, with a population of nearly one million, including the suburbs, would seem to disprove this statement, since the rates established by the city there are only a fraction of what the private company charges in this city. These facts may well be considered, not only by the supervisors, but by the general public here. In November the question of municipal ownership will be submitted to the vote of the electors. The supervisors will probably decide which proposition is most favorable for submission, but it is not a question for the people to decide off-hand, and should be carefully studied by every voter.

A diligent searcher after truth and political emancipation, with a salary attached, announces in a Los Angeles paper the discovery that the State of California has for these many years been divided into two States, and that the system that keeps the capital of the State in the northern section and compels the

southern legislators to journey north to attend to the business of making laws is nothing more nor less than a piece of illegal oppression. It seems that General Andrés Pico introduced a law before the legislature in 1859 dividing the State into two parts, and providing for the establishment of a government in South California, including the present Counties of San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Los Angeles, Orange, San Diego, Riverside, San Bernardino, and parts of Inyo and Kern. Not only was this law passed by the legislature but the "sovereign people" of South California ratified it more than forty years ago, and, according to the idea of this southern enthusiast—whose name, B. A. Stephens, should not be allowed to drop into obscurity—this ratification gives the statute a force somewhat superior to a constitutional provision.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Stephens's emotion is superior to his legal acquirements, and even at the risk of disturbing his glow of enthusiasm it may be well to inform him that a statute, even after ratification by the people, is still only a statute, and may legally be repealed by the legislature at any time. The initiative and referendum have been engrafted upon the charter of this city, but both the old and new constitutions of the State ignore the sanctity of the voice of the "sovereign people," except in the case of constitutional amendments. However, he need not experience undue anxiety on this account. He urges the people of the sunny south to act upon the authority of this Pico law, and set up a government of their own. It may surprise him to learn that there would not be much opposition to such a course in the northern section of the State. The interests of the two sections are entirely distinct; the people are different in character and disposition. Southern California now gets more in important political positions and in appropriations than it pays into the treasury. Not all of the State officials that the south has forced upon the north have proved to be conspicuously desirable. Under the federal constitution, in order that a new State should be carved out of an old one, it is necessary to gain not only the consent of the legislature but a ratification by Congress. The first step has been taken; if the people of the land of sunshine are anxious to assume the expenses and the responsibilities of Statehood on their limited assessment roll, there is probably no particular reason why they should not be humored.

President Harper, of Chicago University, was the proponent of a plan for continuous sessions of the institution over which he presides. His plan was to have each year four terms of three months each. The student desirous of a complete course could attend all these terms and he graduated at the end of three years, or attend three terms yearly, and extend his course over four years, with precisely the same result as to the training received. The wisdom of this scheme has been much discussed inside the limits of pedagogical science, and has found wide indorsement. Evidently it is acceptable to the University of California, for announcement is made that there will be at Berkeley a summer term extending from June 25th to August 3d. This is designed especially for teachers and others who are only free to study during vacation, but there is nothing about it to bar out the ordinary student. More than this, the work accomplished may count toward a degree.

The summer-term courses include philosophy, pedagogy, history, political science, Latin, English, mathematics, physics, chemistry, and botany. There is also a department in the Semitic languages and literatures, designed particularly for clergymen. All who attend this special term will be entitled to every privilege granted the regular student, and at a reasonable cost. The faculty has been strengthened by drafts upon the faculties of other universities, among them Stanford and Clark. Naturally, a statement of these facts reads much like the outline of a circular, but the matter is one of much importance from an educational standpoint, and possesses general interest. Custom has been for a university to be closed at certain periods, its halls deserted, its laboratories left to caretakers, and its campus to weeds. There does not seem any good reason for this custom of having the machinery of education cease operations. A university open all the year could accomplish much more than if closed a quarter of the time. It would give opportunity to a greater number of students and increase its own revenues. Every instructor would still be entitled to a vacation, but arrangements for this could easily be made to accommodate the individual.

Whether President Wheeler of the University of California contemplates adoption of the Harper scheme is not shown, but surely the summer term is a step in the direction indicated. If successful, the summer term may ultimately become as important as any other, and as regular a feature of university life.

## THE THUNDER OF VESUVIUS.

A Spectacular Eruption—Naples Crowded with Sight-Seers—Royal Review of Troops—A Week of Festival—Naval Parade in the Beautiful Bay.

Tourists are like sheep. A month ago every one was flocking from Naples to Rome for Holy Week. A week ago the trend of travel was still northward from Rome. But three days ago tourists began flocking back to Naples again. Cause—a sudden outbreak of Mt. Vesuvius.

The eruption in itself was of sufficient interest to take us back to Naples for a few days' visit. But there were other attractions beside the volcano, which brought Italians as well as foreigners to Naples from all over Italy. The king and queen had gone there to inaugurate "a grand exposition of hygiene." In honor of their visit an elaborate programme had been prepared. It began with the opening of the exposition by the king and queen with a brilliant court, including the Senate and Chamber of Deputies. The second day there was a regatta on the bay for all sorts of sailing craft. Next came a "grand international sword tournament" open to all the world. The day following, the king reviewed some twelve thousand troops on the Campo di Marti. The next day there was a parade of decorated carriages in the Via Caracciolo, followed by a grand charity ball in the Auditorium, attended by hundreds of army and navy officers in their showy uniforms. The following day there was a rowing regatta for the crews of the foreign and Italian men-of-war in the harbor. After this an international lawn-tennis tournament began, with large prizes. The next day there came horse-races, both running and trotting. The last day there was a grand naval review in the harbor, closing with an illumination of the exposition buildings, search-light illumination of the squadron, and a "grand pyrotechnic display on the water."

An ending not foreseen when the programme was drawn up was a grand pyrotechnic display which eclipsed that on fleet and shore. It came from Mt. Vesuvius.

It is only a few weeks since we drove from Naples to Pompeii, returning thence the next day to Resina to make the ascent of Vesuvius. The drive along the bay shore is a beautiful one. For about eighteen miles you drive through towns, villages, and villas, so continuous that the highway seems like a street. The chief towns are Portici, Resina, Torre del Greco, and Torre Annunziata. Along the roadway one sees home-made macaroni hung on lines to dry, looking like the family "wash." It trails almost to the ground, and little dogs playfully frisk back and forth, parting the curtains of macaroni as they go. I lost my taste for macaroni after that drive.

We remarked in passing through these busy towns and pretty villages that it was strange that the inhabitants could live so placidly in the shadow of Vesuvius with these terrible engines of nature laboring beneath them—for nearly every place that I have mentioned has been at least once destroyed by the volcano.

Here let me copy from the Naples newspapers some thumb-nail notes of dates and facts. In 1631 all of these towns were destroyed by lava flows; three thousand perished. Down to 1500 nine eruptions were recorded. First historic one, A. D. 63. In A. D. 79 the destruction of Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiae. Then no great eruption until 1631. After that date, eruptions in 1707, 1737, 1760, 1767, 1779, 1794, 1804, 1805, 1822, 1850, 1855, 1858, 1861, and 1872. At this last eruption a sudden flow of lava destroyed twenty sight-seers. In 1895 there was a slight eruption. Since then the volcano has been quiet.

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The ascent of Vesuvius is now made with comparative ease. If at Pompeii, you may go up from the Hotel Diomed by horse-trail. Or you can go back from Pompeii by carriage-road to Resina, thence up to the wire-rope railway. Most tourists drive by carriage from Naples to the foot of the cone near Resina. From there the carriage-road zigzags up the mountain side about 2,200 feet. The mountain is about 4,300 feet high, varying as the crater changes. Some 2,200 feet up is the observatory, with a seismograph and other earthquake apparatus for recording seismic and volcanic phenomena. About a mile and a half beyond this point, the winding carriage-road ends. The lower station of the railway is about 2,600 feet above the sea, the railway is 2,700 feet long, and the upper station is 1,300 feet higher than the lower. At the upper station you are obliged to take the official guides if you wish to go to the brink of the crater. The carriage drive from Naples to the railway takes four to five hours; back, two to three hours; and the railway ascent is made in twelve minutes. In addition to the Diomed horse-trail, there are other trails up the mountain by which the ascent is made on horseback or on foot.



these also guides are obligatory. Needless to say, the ascent by trail is a most fatiguing trip.

The stream of curious tourists whom we noted at Vesuvius a few weeks ago has been checked. About the fifth of May signs of activity were first noted. The gigantic "pine-tree" formed of smoke which crowns the crater is a certain index to the condition of the internal fires. A week ago this curious smoke-plume elevated itself to a height of some fifteen hundred feet. Through its black shadows red flashes began to appear, followed by loud explosions. After each explosion showers of red-hot stones, scoriae, and ashes fell in fiery rain. As if echoing the noise of the explosions, subterranean rumblings were heard, and slight but almost continuous earthquake shocks were felt from Portici to Pompeii. The panic-stricken inhabitants of these Vesuvian towns and villages remained without doors all night, and the railway company kept trains in readiness to take them away if need arose. For about forty-eight hours this activity of the volcano continued to increase. Then there was a period of quiescence for a day, which has been followed by fresh outbreaks.

The detonations of the volcano even at a distance are awe-inspiring. In Naples the natives call this volcano thunder "dinanismo"—a word coined from "dynamite." I have heard several great dynamite explosions—once being near a vanishing powder-mill at Pinole—but they are fire-crackers compared to the artillery of Vesuvius. How the detonations sound up on the mountain side I do not know. We have been no nearer than Resina. There the sound is alarming. At Naples it is somewhat muffled by the distance. Even at Naples the sight is a grand one. It would thrill the most blasé. But people do not become blasé to earthquakes and volcanoes. In San Francisco I have seen listless club loungers skip for the street with great vivacity when a little temblor came. Here in Naples you see vast crowds by night as well as day on the high hills watching the volcano, for the spectacle is infinitely more impressive by night.

Grand as it is, the people here say that the eruption is a minor one. None the less, the authorities have forbidden tourists to ascend the mountain. The royal carabinieri have drawn a cordon around the base of the cone, within which line no one is allowed to enter save the official guides. The guides' house above the upper railway station has been destroyed by the fiery showers from the volcano. The upper station of the funicular railway has also been destroyed, and the railway has been ordered by the authorities to cease operations. This it would be obliged to do, however, as the wire cables and running-gear at the upper end are completely wrecked. Professor Semmola still sticks to his post at the observatory, although his telegrams show that the building is continually struck by falling stones. It is probably safe from lava flows, however, as it is on a projecting spur of the mountain.

Of course the newspapers have exaggerated the eruption. Newspapers all over the world are very much alike. Three days ago the Naples newspapers printed detailed accounts of the awful death of four daring English tourists. They approached too near the crater, and the newspapers destroyed them with showers of red-hot stones. The evening papers gave the news baldly, but the morning papers reprinted the story with all sorts of harrowing details. The sequel was curious and not unamusing. In our country the newspapers print fakes freely. No one ever heeds them, and they never take back their fakes. Here it is different. The official guides and the royal carabinieri became indignant—the soldiers because they were responsible for keeping tourists off the mountain; the guides because they were responsible for the tourists' safety after they got there. The military officers and the authorities of Resina—who control the guides—protested. Cavaliere Cacciottoli, Syndic of Resina, objected. The old common-law theory of the *corpus delicti* was unconsciously invoked. The newspapers could not produce the bodies. First they said the Englishmen were burned to death. Then they reluctantly admitted that they were only badly burned, but were lying in the hospital at the point of death. Next they admitted that they were only scorched. Finally the newspapers in the handsomest manner stated that the Englishmen, although scorched, had been miraculously saved by the bravery of the guides and the royal carabinieri.

There are some curious features to officialism here. A large body of carabinieri has been ordered to each of these Vesuvian towns. They are placed under the control of Cavaliere Cavasola, the prefect of the district. I asked why they were ordered there, as there was no disorder, only panic. I was told by cynical Neapolitans that it was to keep the villagers from running away! When the Cavaliere Cavasola concluded that it was time for them to flee, they could flee—but not before.

Cardinal da Prisco happened to be visiting at the villa of a friend near Torre del Greco. Such was the panic among the people that the parish priest appealed to him to calm them. So the cardinal, in full rig, went to the church and adjured the terrified congregation not to quit their homes.

As I write, the volcano, after a second period of quiet, has broken out again for the third time since the eruption began.

The rival attraction on the peak of Vesuvius has not detracted in any way from the success of the *fêtes* at Naples. Perhaps it has added to them. They certainly are well worth seeing. The review of the troops by the king was an extremely interesting spectacle. The province of Naples is a military department, and the city is the head-quarters of the Tenth Army Corps, of which the Crown Prince of Naples is the titular head. This is a large body of troops to be garrisoned in a city the size of Naples. Yet you see little of them. The troops are kept shut up in barracks. Only a few hundred are visible on the streets at any one time. The

sight of this large body of men under arms on the reviewing-ground was therefore significant. The government does not want the people to see them every day. They savor too strongly of conscription and taxes. But the government lets the people see them once in a while—in force and under arms.

At this review I counted ten regiments of infantry, one of Bersaglieri (riflemen), eight batteries of artillery, and two troops of cavalry. The review took place at ten o'clock in the morning. The Prince of Naples appeared at a quarter to ten accompanied by his staff. He was mounted on a handsome bay, and was saluted with three rolls of the drums. He assumed command of the troops, which command was turned over to him by General Mezza. At precisely ten o'clock the queen arrived accompanied by the Crown Princess of Naples and her ladies and gentlemen in waiting, filling four carriages. The Prince of Naples saluted and rode by the side of the queen's carriage to the royal tribune, where the queen and the Princess of Naples seated themselves. As they entered the tribune the troops drawn up around the field presented arms. At a quarter-past ten the trumpets sounding the royal *fanfare* announced the king. Descending from his carriage he mounted a fine sorrel, and the review began. When the troops marched past, the king had at his right the Prince of Naples, at his left the minister of war, and behind them the Duke of Genoa and a brilliant staff. The infantry marched by in columns of companies, the artillery in columns of batteries at the trot, and the cavalry in columns of squadrons at the gallop. After the march past the king dismounted, returned to his carriage, and the royal party drove back to the palace by the principal streets, amidst the applause of the populace. The streets were gay with flags, banners, rugs, and carpets, for the Italians have a fashion of hanging these from balconies for decorative purposes.

Humbert seems to me to be received in Naples rather more cordially than in Rome. It is said the Neapolitan populace still remember with gratitude his fearlessness, his generosity, and his devotion in the cholera epidemic some years ago. Then he gave the mayor last week one hundred thousand lire for the poor of Naples.

A couple of days after the parade the official festivities closed with a naval review. Probably there is no harbor better fitted for such a pageant than Naples, unless it be that of San Francisco. Every one is familiar with the conformation of the Bay of Naples. The town itself is on a range of high hills sloping steeply to the sea. Running from Posilipo to the ancient fortress called the Castel del Ovo is the Riviera di Chiaia, a horse-shoe sweep, with the fine Caracciolo embankment along the bay-shore. The bay was the stage, the Riviera the orchestra, the hills the gallery. It made a perfect amphitheatre. The populace in the gallery could see as well as the patricians in the orchestra. Before this enormous audience there defiled under slow steam the fleet, commanded by Thomas, Duke of Genoa. The king and queen went aboard of the man-of-war *Lepanto*. The royal standard fluttered up the halliards. When the signal flew, the great vessels of war slowly defiled before the flag-ship in columns. The first was composed of the ships *Calatafini Urania*, *Caprera*, and *Goito*. In the second were the *Re Umberto*, *Sardegna*, and *Scilia*. In the third column, the *Lauria*, *Morosini*, *Doria*, *Dandolo*, and *Volta*. Then came a flotilla of eighteen torpedo boats. When the royal standard flew from the *Lepanto* a salute of twenty-one guns was fired by every ship in the squadron, and while these guns were thundering in the Bay of Naples, Vesuvius's guns were thundering eighteen miles away.

Many tourists visit Naples. Many have seen Vesuvius. But few have seen the volcano active. And even though an eruption be a minor one it is a revelation of the mighty forces laboring in the bowels of the earth. The ancients believed that these convulsions were the throes of giants imprisoned under the volcanoes. Is it not Enceladus who groans and struggles under *Ætna*? So, if we have not heard the rival giant of Vesuvius roaring in the full tide of his wrath, we have, at least, heard his mutterings from under the mountain.

NAPLES, May 14, 1900.

JEROME A. HART.

The Anglo-Saxon likes to say that his is the dominant race; but we must confess, that, however much the Anglo-Saxon blood can dominate elsewhere, it is swept aside by a stronger current in South Africa. This is the declaration of a speaker before the American Social Science Association in Washington last month, who went on to say: "If I ask you to name me one English Afrikaner—against that one there will probably rise to your minds the names of ten Afrikaner Boers. Where are the English Afrikaner heroes? Yet a Cronje, a Kruger, a Joubert, a Botha, a Retif, a Hofmeyer, a De Villiers, a Wessels, may be met at any step in South African history. We were told, not long ago, that the English residents outnumbered the Dutch by a considerable majority; yet we all know now that South Africa is Dutch and not English; and those who have lived there (as I have) know well how slight and commonplace the English colonist seems beside his Boer neighbor. Even English boys who have been there half a dozen years become practically Dutch—speaking the Dutch language and thinking Dutch thoughts. The French element was amalgamated in one generation and obliterated in another; and the same fate befalls every race allying itself with that forceful, vital current which flows in the veins of the colonial Boer."

Notwithstanding the difficulties and dangers attending a trip of from twelve to fourteen hundred miles over snow and ice in the most inclement season of the year, no less than seven hundred people left Dawson for Nome between December 4, 1899, and March 1, 1900.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, poet, philanthropist, and philosopher, celebrated her eighty-first birthday in Boston on May 27th.

For the first time in the history of the Republican party two women will be entitled to seats in the national convention. They are Mrs. W. H. Jones, of Salt Lake City, and Mrs. J. B. West, of Lewiston, Idaho, who have been elected as alternates-at-large.

Prince Rupert, the heir to the throne of Bavaria, dislikes very much the attentions of the White Rose League of England, which, because it recognizes the claims of the Stuarts to the British throne, persists, much to his disgust, in styling him "the rightful Prince of Wales."

Julian Ralph, the war-correspondent, has returned to London from South Africa, where he was invalidated by reason of injuries received during an engagement. It is said that he will probably lose one of his legs. Since the war began twenty-one correspondents have been killed or died of disease.

Princess Victoria of Wales, the youngest daughter of the Prince of Wales, is a skillful and artistic bookbinder. At a bookbinder's exhibition recently held in London one of the prizes was awarded to a Miss Matthews, who, it turned out afterward, was none other than the granddaughter of the queen.

General Maximo Gomez, the Cuban leader, has returned from San Domingo to Cuba. He was enthusiastically received at Santiago by the political leaders of the black party, whose newspapers declare that his return "means the failure of the conspiracy of the Americans, Spaniards, and English to annex Cuba."

The homestead settlers of Oklahoma Territory, after enthusiastically celebrating in all the counties of the Territory the passage by the House and Senate and signing by the President of the free-homes bill, are now organizing in each county to make contributions to present Delegate Dennis F. Flynn with a "free home."

When Gambetta died the French Government desired that his body should be placed in the Pantheon. Gambetta's father, however, objected, and so the interment took place at Nice. After the death of Gambetta *père*, his sister agreed to the transfer of the remains to the Pantheon. The exhumation of the body and its removal to Paris will take place next January.

The lecture platform in this country will be well supplied next season. Among others to be heard here are M. Labori, the famous French lawyer who so ably defended Dreyfus; Winston Spencer Churchill, the son of Lady Randolph Churchill, who has recently distinguished himself in the South African war; and Julian Ralph and Poulteney Bigelow, who will lecture on the African war.

The first of twenty-eight suits brought by the Hogan colored minstrel troupe in Honolulu against the Canadian-Australian Steamship Company for refusing them passage on the steamship *Victoria* because of their color, has been decided in favor of Ernest Hogan, author of "All Coons Look Alike to Me." He secured damages of \$2,250. The steamship company has appealed the case. The other twenty-seven suits will be pressed.

A member of Parliament tells a touching story of the queen and Lady Roberts. When Lady Roberts was at Windsor a few weeks ago, the queen handed her a small parcel, saying: "Here is something that I have tied up with my own hands, and that I beg you not to open until you get home." On her return home Lady Roberts found that the parcel contained the Victoria Cross won by her dead son by his gallantry at the first battle of Colenso.

Another explanation of the recent adventure of the Comtesse de Martel, who claimed she was kidnapped by Dreyfus sympathizers, has been obtained by the *Indépendance Belge*. The real motive of "Gyp's" seizure was to inflict summary punishment on the authoress for libeling the wife of a well-known author in one of her recent novels. "Gyp" was conveyed to a friend's *château* outside Paris. Here she was confronted by three men, including the injured husband, and on her refusal to recant, a flagellation was administered in due form, and the culprit then set free.

Register James R. Howe, of Brooklyn, has planned a mammoth excursion on steamers and barges up Long Island Sound for every man and woman in the public service in Greater New York. The estimated cost of the entertainment ranges all the way from five thousand to ten thousand dollars. This is one of the methods devised by Mr. Howe to relieve himself of the big surplus revenue of the office, the collection of which he regards as a fraud on the tax-payers. He strongly advocated the passage of the bill which was defeated at Albany last winter, making his and the other county offices salaried.

William Waldorf Astor, Jr., has attained his majority, and in honor of the event his father has sent a check for fifty thousand dollars to the Maidenhead Cottage Hospital district. Mr. Astor's Cliveden estate is located in the Maidenhead district, and the donation has made the former American popular among the people. It is said that young Astor desires to wed the Lady Isabel Innes-Ker, who is a sister of the young Duke of Roxburgh, an officer in the Household Cavalry. Mr. Astor has been as devoted to the lady as he could be and not neglect his studies at Eton, and it is told in all seriousness that he is trying to persuade all of his relatives that his one great ambition is to wed the Lady Isabel, who is a very charming person. The elder Astor, it is added, is not at all averse to his son making a match with the representative of such a high and noble family.



## AT THE MOUND OF DANDELIONS.

One Who Sought and Found.

The lights were just being lit in the village of North San Juan as the stage rumbled up Main Street, and, after throwing off the mail and express at the corner store, the driver, with a grand flourish of the reins, pulled up at the Metropolitan Hotel.

A lady alighted, and, quickly discerning the "Ladies' Entrance," passed into the room which served both as public parlor and landlady's sitting-room. Mrs. Johnson, the landlady, received the passenger cordially, passed remarks upon the heat of the day, the dusty road, and the tiresome trip, and, taking her guest's hand-bag, requested that she follow her and she would show her to her room. Mrs. Johnson having said that supper would be served as soon as she was ready, the lady turned the key in the door and sank into a rocking-chair.

Beyond the initials "B. L. T.," which were embroidered on the linen bag, there was nothing to remark about the guest, save an indefinable something which told one that she did not belong to the class of people who "might be almost anybody," and that she was evidently much worn by something more than the day's journey.

After eating a light supper, and telling Mrs. Johnson that she might write for her "Mrs. Thaxter, Philadelphia," on the register, she retired to her room.

Sunday morning dawned clear and beautiful. No noise of early milk-wagons, no rumbling of cars, no clanging of ferry bells, no shrieking of excursion whistles, no hurly-scurry of myriads of feet over a city pavement, but a calm, sweet peace, a holy benediction in the air, which made one think that in this elevated spot, so many feet above the sea, so many steps nearer heaven, angels hovered closer to the human heart, and that the low wind among the pines was but the sweeping of their wings.

As Mrs. Thaxter stepped through the French window of her chamber and caught a breath of the pure mountain air, the care-worn expression left her face, and in its place there seemed to shine

"A new-born hope that casts a roseate glow  
O'er Life's gray sky."

As she stood there, apparently viewing the surrounding scenery, but in reality watching the narrow street and intently scanning the faces of the few people who passed the hotel, a church bell broke the stillness, and as if accepting its invitation, she entered her room and soon appeared in the parlor. Mrs. Johnson having directed her to the Methodist church, which was the only denomination represented in the town, she arrived at the door just as the last bell ceased tolling. She took a seat in the last pew, and quickly glancing around the small congregation, with a sigh as if being disappointed at finding no acquaintance, she turned her attention to the service. The opening hymn and prayer having been finished, the minister, a man a little past middle life, arose and said:

"Dear brethren and friends, you will find my text in the seventh verse of the seventh chapter of the gospel according to St. Matthew, 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'"

"Every one of us," said the preacher, "is in this world seeking for something; some for pleasure, some for fame, some for riches, and I trust that all of us are seeking for a home beyond. But, brethren, are we seeking as much as we ought? Do we go into the alleys and by-ways, searching for lost souls? Do we ask for grace daily, yea, hourly, to lead us onward and upward? Do we knock long and loud at the door of Mercy, pleading for pardon? Do we not often sit with folded hands, gazing at the far-off stars, wondering whether heaven lies near them or a great way beyond, when in our very life-path stands a door, which would open at our faintest knock, revealing to us the radiant glory which streams from a self-sacrificing action worthily performed, a good deed nobly done? Heaven lies nearer, friends, than we dream, and though our work seems poorly done, and we sit and grieve over the tangled skein, or wet with hot, bitter tears our handful of withered leaves, if we will but listen, we shall hear His still, small voice whispering 'at even-time it shall be light.' And you who weep for friends departed, and Rachel-like will not be comforted, but stand, as it were, at Death's door, pleading to be allowed to follow those gone before, some day, some dear, glad day, you will close your eyes amid these earthly sorrows, and open them in Paradise; joy will come with the morning,

"And with the morn, those angel faces smile,  
Which we have loved long since and lost awhile."

As the preacher uttered these last words, Mrs. Thaxter howled in prayer, and as she raised her head, feeling the air of the room to be oppressive, and fearing that she might give vent to the anguish which had already filled her eyes to overflowing, she quickly left the church.

As she reached the sidewalk, she happened to look across the ravine through which ran the main street of the town, and her eyes fell on the sacred plot where those that are away rest in "low, green tents, whose curtains never outward swing." Immediately she felt a chilling sensation, and for a moment her heart seemed frozen with fear, as the words "seek and ye shall find" rang through her brain. It was as if God's finger had pointed to that solemn spot while the hell, not far above her head, had spoken the words with its iron tongue.

With her eyes still riveted on the cemetery, raised for an instant to meet the faces of passers-by, she reached her room at the hotel. With a moan of mingled hope and despair she fell on her knees at the bed-side and poured out a tearful petition, praying that asking, she might receive; seeking, she might find; knocking, it might be opened unto her.

It was late in the afternoon when she reached the graveyard gate. With trembling hand she pressed the latch, and passed slowly up the path over which the huds, full-blown

blooms, and withered leaves of life are borne throughout the changing year, no matter what the month may be, June or December. As she made her way among the graves, an angel must have held her hand, she seemed so calm and composed; perhaps His voice had said unto the waves of her troubled spirit, "Peace, be still!"

As she turned into a side-path at the further end of the grave-yard, a mound of dandelions met her eye. On approaching it, she noticed that, although it was shaped like a grave, neither head nor foot-board was visible. With an exclamation of joy at finding in this strange land a flower so dear to other scenes, she knelt to kiss the golden blossoms, when she was startled by a footstep. Springing to her feet, she was not more surprised than was the unintentional intruder, who stood there with an old watering-pot in his hand—only the grave between them.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said the man, who appeared to be about forty years of age, and was dressed in canvas overalls and a red flannel shirt, "but, ynu see, I allus come up here every Sunday to water them flowers. I wouldn't disturb you for the world; it makes me feel kind o' good to see a lady a-bendin' over his grave, for we was the best o' friends, Dick and me."

"What was his other name?" gasped Mrs. Thaxter, as she quickly passed around the grave and clutched the man's sleeve.

"Well, there you've got me! It's goin' on 'leven years since he kicked the hucket, and whether it was Jackson or Jamison I can't say. He never went by any other name down in the diggin's, 'cept 'Dick,' but one day when I axed him what was his other name, he tole me one of them two, but I dasn't swear which."

"Did he have no relatives out here?" asked Mrs. Thaxter, as she calmly resumed her former position at the grave.

"Out here? Well, I reckon not! Them things is mighty scarce 'round these diggin's! But most likely back in the States, somewhere, somebody may be 'spectin' him home any day, but you see he stands a mighty poor show of ever gettin' there! Seein' that you be a stranger, ma'am, from the States, p'raps?"—Mrs. Thaxter bowed an assent—"I don't mind tellin' you the story 'bout Dick, 'cause mebbe you might run across somebody as knowed him, and then you could tell 'em he was past goin' home, tho' p'raps you wouldn't care to tell 'em just how he come to miss it!"

"Ooe touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and here a simple mound of dandelions drew two stranger hearts together. They both sat down on the warm, dry grass. Not far above their heads, in a weeping willow, a bird twittered a twilight song, and far away in the west the angels were unlocking the sunset gates and preparing to nail the stars to the evening sky.

"You see, ma'am, I was his pard. We was the best o' friends, and down there in the Manzanita Mine we bunked in the same cabin. Dick was awful high-tempered, but he had one fault worse than that—he liked the black bottle too well; and tho' he never loafed 'round the saloons—he was too high-toned for that—he used to get on sprees unbeknownst to me, and then, them times he'd be off to some other town where he weren't known for days at a time, and I didn't have no idee where he was. Well, one night, arter he'd been off for a whole week, I happened to drop into Pat O'Brien's, when I seed a gang o' men, all strangers to me; but as soon as I put my eyes on 'em I knowed there was somethin' dooe or a-goin' to be done. Jist as I passed along by the door, one of the fellers says to one of the other fellers, in a whisp'r'n' tone, says he:

"Wonder if he's got any relations 'round here?"

"Well, let 'em go and tie him loose," says the second feller, "I reckon he won't skip very far from the hridge!"

"Did they put the knife in his hand?" says the first one.

"You het they did!" says the other, "and Pete King's blood hardly dry on it!"

"I'm jolly glad Murphy proposed a-bangin' him near to home," says a third man, in a muffled kind o' voice, "it'll be a warnin' to this part o' the country!"

"I seed in a minute somebody had been lynched, either down to Frenchman's Crossin', or down to the hridge past the Chinese grave-yard, though I don't think they intended anybody in San Juan should know it till they got out o' town. Jist as I slipped out the door, the leader, he says to the crowd: 'We'll have another drink, boys, up to Jim Carroll's.'"

"Knowin', as I did, Jim Carroll was a whisky-slinger up to Camptonville, I says to myself, 'there's where they're from!'"

"Jedgin' from their talk he belonged 'round here, I jumped on my horse and flew down the road like lightning." Do you know, I was afeared it was Dick! When I got to the Chinese grave-yard I tried to laugh at myself fur hein' such a fool to go way down there, hut somethin' or other drew me along, when jist as I made a turn in the road, the moonlight showed me a man a-danglin' by a rope from the hridge! Arter you've seen as many men a-bangin' from trees as I've seen, ma'am, you won't think it so strange I ran right down to the hridge—the horse wouldn't go near it—and looked over into that man's eyes—Dick's eyes!"

"You didn't leave him hangin' there?" asked Mrs. Thaxter, with a look of horror in her face.

"By golly, no! I jist hauled him up, knife and all, and, givin' the bloody thing a sling into the gulch, I took him in my arms and made a short cut for the cabin. I had to go up the road a little way afore I could strike the trail, and all the time I was afeared I would meet them men comin' back down the road. If they'd a-seed me, they'd a-taken a shot at me, sure, and one dead man to a cabin was enough, I thought. Thar was no denyin' the fact he'd passed in his checks—and if he hadn't been pretty small and considerable under weight I don't think I could have got him home that night. I called Joe Daniels out o' hed 'bout 'leven o'clock, and knowin' I could depend on him I tole him everything. We went right to work, made a box, and by four o'clock in the morning Dick was asleep here instead of down in nur cabin. Poor Jne! He went up the flume eight or nine years ago, and jist why I should have

lived to tell Dick's story to a stranger seems mighty queer. You know, he was kind o' womanly 'bout some things, 'specially flowers, so I got a lot o' dandelions together—they was the easiest to get, 'cause I know places in the hills chock full of 'em—and I planted 'em here; and every Sunday I allus cme up here to see how they look and give 'em a little tendin' to; in the summer-time I allus bring 'em water. Somehow or other, I feel like I was a-doin' somethin' religious-like, and perhaps Dick's a-watchin' me up thar, and I want my ole pard to see I hain't forgot him."

"Did he leave no personal property?" asked Mrs. Thaxter, as she unconsciously plucked one of the yellow blossoms.

"Nothin' but a little old trunk, with hardly anythin' in it—nothin' of any value. I didn't want to keep it down in the cabin, not knowin' how things might go with me, so I took it up to the hotel, and tole Johnson I guessed Dick had gone off fur good, and I'd be so much obleeged if he'd let it stay up in the attic, and if anybody ever axed after Dick, to let 'em look at the trunk if they wanted to."

As the miner turned to lift the watering-pot, Mrs. Thaxter thanked him for his story, and bidding him a hasty good-night, flew, rather than walked, down the path which led to the gate. The moon was just rising above a gray peak, and the night winds had begun to whisper around the graves. Excited at the story, and with the return of the preacher's words, which rang through her brain again and again, she reached the hotel in agony of mind and body. The lights were lit when she entered the parlor, and Mrs. Johnson was seated at the centre-table reading an illustrated weekly.

Hardly stopping to take breath, Mrs. Thaxter asked: "Have you an old trunk in the attic which was left here some years ago by a miner?"

"Why, yea, I believe that there is one up there," said the landlady, "though I hardly ever have occasion to go there—did you wish to look at it?"

"Yes, I think that I might recognize the owner, but I hope that I am not troubling you."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Johnson, and taking a candle, she went up the stairs, followed by her guest, who stopped to take breath many times during the short ascent.

The trunk was found to be unlocked, but beyond a couple of suits of underwear and some woolen socks there was nothing found of any importance, till suddenly Mrs. Johnson brought up from one of the corners a small Bible and an old-fashioned daguerreotype. Handing them to the trembling woman at her side, the Bible fell to the floor, and as Mrs. Thaxter made a desperate effort to unclasp the case the picture followed it. Mrs. Johnson picked them up, and handed them, both open, to the almost fainting woman. On the fly-leaf she read, "Dick, from Mother," but ere she had looked at the picture, her trembling hands had sprung the clasp, as if Fate's voice had cried, "Look not!"

"Would you care if I took the picture down-stairs to a better light?" she gasped, as she clutched it with her clammy hands.

"Certainly not," said the landlady, and they both descended to the second floor.

"Maria!" called the landlord, as the stage from Nevada City drew up at the hotel, and excusing herself, Mrs. Johnson hurried down to the "parlor."

Several ladies having arrived, and desiring accommodations for the night, Mrs. Johnson hustled husily back and forth through the halls, arranging extra rooms, and superintending the late supper.

It wanted but a few minutes of midnight when the landlord and his wife retired, and all was still, save the rustling of the whispering pines.

The next morning the birds sang early in the cypress and willow-trees which shaded the cemetery, and far up the cool, emerald ravines the wild-dove notes were echoed from hill to hill.

The village school-house lay just under the hrow of the slope where the white head-stones gleamed, and the half-past-eight bell had ceased ringing, when a group of children came up a path which led to a "cut-off" across the grave-yard. The last, tiny tot, with slate and red luncheon pail, had crawled through the rail fence when a young girl, who was in advance of the others, uttered a cry of horror, and ran back toward the group, who seeing her pale face and excited gestures, pressed forward and found an aged woman, dead upon a grave, a picture clasped to her breast, her white face upturned among the dandelions.

She had asked and received; she had sought and found; she had knocked, and the angels had let her in.

There is now, in the attic of the Metropolitan Hotel at North San Juan an embroidered linen bag lying on the old trunk. It contains nothng by which the owner might be identified, save a duplicate of the daguerreotype which was clasped so closely by the thin hands of the dead stranger.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1900. CLARENCE URMY.

Prudent people leave their watches behind them when visiting the Paris Exposition. This precaution should not be set to the account of thieves, but to the electric motors. For the supply of light and power to the exhibition, groups of steam engines of twenty thousand horse-power set in motion huge dynamos, which create around themselves a wide "field of magnetism." Every particle of steel reached by these "fields" is converted into a magnet. The violent derangement set up in every watch carried into this region, by reason of the steel in its works, might have its amusing side were it not for the heavy watchmaker's bill involved for repairs.

The increase in bicycle manufactures for the current year will be about ten per cent. over last year. There are some fifty manufacturers in the United States, and the total output for 1899 could hardly have been less than 1,000,000 wheels, making the total number in the country about 6,000,000.

St. Patrick was voted into the calendar of saints in the English prayer-book, recently, by the Convocation of York.



## WOMEN IN THE TRANSVAAL WAR.

Surgeon Treves's Denunciation of the Rush of the English Smart Set to Cape Town—How the Boer Women Till the Farms while the Men Fight.

When Surgeon Treves bluntly declared at a recent dinner, given in his honor by the Reform Club of London, that "so far as the sick are concerned there are two plagues in South Africa—the plague of flies and the plague of women," he little realized what an extraordinary outburst of resentment his remarks would cause in England. Indignant women wrote to the papers and reminded the world of Florence Nightingale and the noble work done by the women nurses all over the world, as well as in South Africa. Against these women Mr. Treves, of course, had nothing to say; for them he had nothing but praise. In a scathing reply to the attacks made on his speech, he says:

"Cape Town was, at the time of which I spoke, packed with women idlers, the majority of them 'society' or 'smart' people, who, yearning for new excitements, had come out to South Africa to make a holiday. I say, and I say it very earnestly, that the condition of affairs, as brought about by the presence of these ladies, was an absolute disgrace to our country. The hotels of Cape Town (I will say nothing of Durban) were crammed with these people in the enjoyment of what to them was a picnic on a large scale. The Mount Nelson Hotel was packed with them, and if a sick or wounded officer came down from the front in search of accommodation, he had not the slightest chance of getting into a decent hotel. These ladies had the faintest pretext for being in South Africa beyond their own desire to make the campaign a means of obtaining new pleasures and excitements."

That, however, was not the worst side of their presence:

"When dinner-parties and other junketing grew wearisome, they would make up parties to visit the hospitals. 'What shall we do to-day?' 'Oh, let's go and see the wounded,' would be the preparation to an invasion of the base hospitals and an incalculable amount of interference with the work of the medical staff. Officers in charge of wounded would, in the course of their duties, be interrupted by ladies bearing permits signed by personages whose request the officers dared not or did not care to refuse. You know, perhaps, what influence means in the matter of promotion, and so the women would be taken round the wards and the wounded shown to the utter disorganization of discipline and duty. There were cases in which the wounded men, aroused half a dozen times in succession by these meddlesome intruders, turned from them at last saying: 'Good heavens, shall I ever get any peace?' In another instance, a certain medical officer complained that it was already late in the day, and he had not seen one of his patients professionally owing to the horde of busy-body women who had made his hospital the show-place for the day. 'These are the women to whom Sir Alfred Milner referred, and of whom I have spoken as a plague—women who are making the scene of war and suffering a place in which to satisfy morbid curiosity and find new enjoyments. For the woman who is giving everything in the cause of tenderness and compassion I have a profound admiration; for the other sort I have only disgust.'

But Surgeon Treves has been very generally supported by the English press, who applaud him for his courage. Here are some extracts from a letter written by a *bona-fide* army nurse at the front, which réchô his charges:

"The 'lady amateur' crops up everywhere when military excitement is going on. Lord Kitchener himself took most stringent measures to keep her out of the Sudan, but she has succeeded beyond all precedent in this South African campaign. The 'society ladies' who shipped as nurses—many of them thus escaped paying their own passages—all wear silk gowns and the flimsiest caps and aprons, and look like the 'nurses' of fancy fairs. If amateurs came as 'additional' nurses, they could play around the war office authorities only a certain number of nurses in hospitals and on transports. When society women, with no technical training, take these posts they fill posts which ought to be filled by certificated nurses. Real nurses, as a consequence, are too few in number and terribly overworked by doing their own and the amateurs' duties."

No end of trouble has been caused by these masquerade nurses to doctors, nurses, and poor, sick, wounded Tommies:

"They get in everybody's way and have no intention of working. Their idea is to take posts of authority and 'boss' the trained nurses, who have borne the heat and burden of many years in hospital. We don't grudge them going round the wards in fancy dress, distributing flowers, and petting Tommy Atkins. They can do this picturesquely enough. But interference with the nursing of the sick soldier is too serious a matter. Many of these amateurs were actually sent to the front. 'Somebody' in authority had the courage to send several of them back to the head-quarters responsible for their appointment. Social influence has no right to count when it comes to war nursing. It would astonish English people did they know how many of these 'nurses,' without one day's hospital training in their lives, are trying their pretence bands on Tommy sick. And if ever patients called for good nursing it is these poor fellows from the front—with terribly shattered wounds, enteric, and dysentery. Meanwhile hundreds of South African highly trained nurses are out of employment owing to the war. Nurses from Kimberley and Johannesburg and Cape Town sit with idle bands, many almost destitute, while the amateur nurses take salaried positions. Some of them give their services; others have government posts and receive government pay. Very often they spend it in cologne and cushions for the patients; but that does not make it easier for the trained certificated colonial nurse, who has 'got no work to do.' There are many ways in which the leisured society woman may help the sick soldier, but the sooner she realizes that her province does not lie in the wards of a military hospital the better."

Contrast this picture of the elaborately dressed English women masquerading in summer toilets and arranging picnics about Cape Town with another drawn by Douglas Story, in which he shows us the splendid manner in which the Boer women have toiled for their cause. Here is his description of a Pretoria market:

"Two long rows of wagons stood axle-deep in the mud, with their curtains rolled up and their interiors showing. In each was a Boer woman, sometimes a couple, and always a youngster or two. But there was no man, and people refrained from reference to the absentees. Gowned in black, with her fallow, wrinkled face set far back in her black kappie, the Boer woman sits on a bundle of clothing in the hinder part of the wagon eyeing the crowd. Before her on a wisp of straw are the eggs, pumpkins, or potatoes she has brought to market. But there were other keen-eyed women on the market square that morning—women who stood guard over heaped wagons of forage and heavy loads of potatoes in bags. Their immediate object was business, and I stood curiously by while the auctioneer disposed of their bringings. Anxiety sat on every line of these women's rugged faces. They scanned the crowd and re-arranged the potatoes in the mouth of the bags until the auctioneer's quick hammer had cleared the lot. Then they clambered silently into the wagon again and resumed their interrupted toilet. Crowded market square or solitary veldt brought no blush to their cheek, and they braided their hair in the full presence of the townspeople without a sign of embarrassment. Blushes are the luxuries of the rich, and the grace of the effete dwellers in towns. The veldt woman has no use for such fopperies, and despises them."

Meanwhile the potatoes and mealies were passing under

the hammer, and Mr. Story noted the prices they fetched in war times:

"I and other ignorant persons had predicted a failure in the food supply consequent upon the absence of the men upon commando. We had reckoned without the Boer vrouw and a remarkably rainy season. Prices are lower to-day than I have ever known them in the Transvaal. When Jameson crossed the border, four years ago, forage was \$2.50 per hundred bundles; to-day it is \$6.25 per hundred bundles. Potatoes have fallen from \$11.25 to \$3.75 the bag. To its own astonishment the Transvaal has emerged from the battle smoke an agricultural country. In war time, in the face of a possible siege, prices in Pretoria are less than one-half of those current in Bulawayo. Forage is \$18.75 in Bulawayo, but only \$6.25 in Pretoria; Boer meal is sold at \$13.75 in Bulawayo, but fetches only \$6.25 in Pretoria. I saw bags of potatoes change hands to-day at \$3.75 the bag, when the price in Bulawayo is \$4.50. Whatever else may fail them, the food supply is assured."

The extraordinarily favorable season which has marked this year of war has seemed to the Boer women a direct evidence of the hand of God:

"They remember that the year of the raid was the blackest in the country's history, with its miserable tale of drought, rinderpest, and locusts; and they joyously proclaim the difference from this year of plenty. In every phase of this struggle one must recognize the religious fervor of the people, and, without a full understanding of it, no one can realize the forces at work within the republic. The Transvaalers believe themselves engaged in a holy war, and the fact is one which the statesmen who arrange the final settlement may not neglect. Every night the people meet in the big church on the Kerk Square, a vast congregation of women and children, with such of the men as can be present there. Wounded burghers from the front and those on furlough sprinkle the audience. They attend the service as they would a war-council, and esteem their predikant as they would a well-tried general. The war seems to have burned out in great part the influences of the gold rush, and the people are become simple as in their pastoral days."

Meantime there is neither death nor desolation in the silent dorps and farm-houses:

"Boer women are carrying on the work of their sons and husbands, directing the Kaffir labor, and themselves driving to market as goodly loads as ever were seen there in peace times. But it is quietly done. There are vacant chairs and dusty, unattended velschoen to still the heedless laugh and to set the sad-eyed vrouw bustling about unnecessary duties when the children grow noisy or the Hottentot kitchen help shouts across the yard. They are not beautiful, these Boer women, nor promising candidates for romantic treatment, but I have seen enough to know their practical value in the land. On them falls the slow sorrow of the times. The politics of the war were in other hands, but the prosecution of it rests in great part with the women. Had they not taken the direction of the farms into their own hands famine would now be staring the country in the face instead of well-filled granaries and forage sheds. While the ladies of England have been employed devising comforts for the troops the Boer women have busied themselves with getting in the mealies and digging up the potato crops. The same woman's life as under the daintiest vestment from Worth. This is a war of the Cromwellian period. The men at the front may be degenerated Calvinists, may have all the vices of the century-end; but the women are simple in the faith, and their faith kept the men in their trenches at Colenso and at Spion Kop. When the history of this war is written, the influence of the Boer women will demand a very special place. They have been single-hearted in their determination to maintain the independence, and have not flattered in giving their dearest to its defense. I saw one woman turn dry-eyed from the train at Pretoria, with the hoarse whisper: 'He is the fourth son I have lost for Land en Volk since Elandslaagte. God preserve the republic!'"

"With such," concludes Mr. Story, "lie the prosecution of the war and the difficulty of settlement. Paul Krüger has not only the back-country Boers to wrestle with; he has the women in and around Pretoria, who dog his steps and exhort him to remember the sacred cause the people have sworn to defend. Their influence ennobles patriotism, but it makes policy vastly more difficult."

## TEMPERAMENTS.

Jacob Boehme, Sage and Mystic, wert thou right or wert thou wrong, In believing and upholding that all human souls belong To some elemental structure, be they weak or be they strong?

That each separate spirit made is of one element, and shows By its power or by its weakness, its unrest or its repose, Whether earth, air, fire, or water is the Source from which it flows.

'Tis a difficult conclusion; but, as in the jewel's blue, Red and rose and green and amber flash and leap and sparkle through, Through your speculative fancy seems to scintillate the true.

For the variance of the creature whom we call our fellow-man, Framed alike in needs and passions, on the self-same human plan, Grows more wide, more past believing, as we study it and scan.

Ah, the temperaments, the fateful, how they front us and surprise, Looking with bewildering distance out of wistful, alien eyes, Never drawing any nearer, either to hate or sympathize.

Eager, dominant, all unresting are the spirits born of Fire, Burning with a fitful fever, ever reaching high and higher, Shriveling weaker wills before them in the heat of their desire.

Cool, elusive, fluctuating, hard to fix and strangely fair, Are the difficult, grievous, grieving souls which born of Water are, Ours to love, not ours to-morrow; never ours to bold and wear.

Ursinly love and passion battle 'gainst their unresisting chill, Like the oar-stroke in the water which the drops make baste to fill, The impression melts and wavers, the cool surface fronts us still.

But the souls of Air! ah, sweetest, rarest of the human kind, They the poets are, the singers, making music for the mind, Lifting up the weight of living like a fresh and rushing wind.

And the souls of Earth, dear, steadfast, firm of root and sure of stay, Not disdaining commonplaces; not afraid of every day, Taking from the air and water and the sunshine what they may.

Theirs the dower of happy giving, theirs the heritage of Fate Which, when faith has grown to fullness, and the little is made great, Brings to love its true rewarding, harvested or soon or late.

Jacob Boehme, by-gone, mystic, gifted with a strange insight, As I read your yellowed pages which in former times were white, And review my men and women, half I deem that you were right, —Susan Coolidge in the Independent.

The Russian Government is considering a new mode for leasing oil lands owned by the crown in the district of Baku, in order to reduce the price of coal oil, which within the last few years has been raised exorbitantly. It is proposed that after 1900 the lessees shall pay to the government forty per cent. of the oil produced "in natura," so that the government can become a competitor in the sale of the article. Heretofore, the lessees paid a certain tax in cash.

## DOWNFALL OF A COTTON KING.

Disaster Overtakes the New York Broker Who Revolutionized the Export Trade—Career of Theodore Price—Millions Lost in an Attempt to Control the Market.

Thirteen millions of dollars is almost a record-breaking figure in the list of New York failures, but it is the amount set down to represent the liabilities of Price, McCormick & Co., the brokers who were forced to make an assignment yesterday and close their doors. It was not a Stock Exchange failure, though the firm was largely interested in stocks, but a Cotton Exchange suspension that affected most materially the market of that product of the South and the dealers from Boston to Galveston. It was the result of bold but not well considered operations in cotton extending over several months, and simply adds another instance to the discouraging record of attempts to "corner" a staple that have ended in disaster.

Yet Theodore H. Price, the head of the firm, has been a prominent figure in the cotton market for years, and probably knows more of the trade and its conditions than any other man. His father was a member of the house of Price, Marsh & Co., in its time one of the largest in the city. The young man began his career at an early age, starting in Norfolk, Va., but came back to New York a dozen years ago, and since that time has done more to revolutionize the export trade than any of his associates. He was the first to use a private telegraph wire for his own business, and that feature under his management has been developed to such an extent that to-day the private wires of the firm extend to every important cotton-trading point in the country. He organized the firm of Price, McCormick & Co. five years ago. His partners are W. G. McCormick, Ralph G. M. Stuart-Wortley, and George Crocker. Mr. McCormick is a nephew of Cyrus McCormick, founder of the great Chicago reaper manufacturing concern. Mr. Stuart-Wortley is a son-in-law of Rear-Admiral Schley, and is now in Europe. Mr. Crocker comes from your city and is known to all San Franciscans. He had half a million invested in the house.

The magnitude of the business transacted by Price, McCormick & Co. may be at least partially understood from the fact that at their down-town offices, No. 70 Broadway, they employed one hundred and six book-keepers, clerks, stenographers, and telegraph-operators. Thousands of telegrams were sent out daily, and it has been no unusual thing for the wages of messenger-boys, called to file messages at outside telegraph offices, to amount to seventy-five dollars weekly, at a rate of two cents for each telegram filed. This in addition to the expense of the private wires in the office, which was not less than twelve hundred and fifty dollars a day. Branch offices were established in a score of cities, and the agents of the firm covered every part of the cotton-producing country.

The notice of the suspension of payment was given out soon after noon, and it was a surprise to nearly all members of the Stock Exchange, though rumors that a big house was in trouble had been afloat since Monday. The assignee is W. J. Curtis, of the law firm of Sullivan & Cromwell. William Nelson Cromwell, of this firm, who will have charge of the affairs of the suspended house, has an enviable record in assignment cases. He was the assignee of Howell, Decker & Co., the brokers carried down in the Villard failure ten years ago, and in two months settled up their affairs, paying creditors in full to the amount of twelve millions of dollars, and enabling the firm to resume business. No failure in New York since that time has had so large a list of liabilities until the present disaster occurred.

The cotton market has not been such a bed of quicksands for speculators as the wheat market, yet the trade has seen some great reverses, and the notable ones have crushed operators whose experience and daring put them in the front rank. A little more than ten years ago, Solomon Ranger, a Liverpool broker, attempted to "corner" the product, and lost a fortune in the collapse that marked the ruin of his plans. In New Orleans, five years ago, Peter Labouisse, who had become one of the most prominent members of the cotton exchange, went down in a panic and was swept into obscurity. A year later, John H. Inman, who had been on the right side during Labouisse's effort to hold up prices and profited largely by the fall, started a "corner" on his own account, and failed as so many had done before him. The millions he had amassed during a long and successful career in the trade melted away like death snow, and he was forced to retire, a bankrupt. His death followed speedily.

A single reverse, however, seldom conquers the spirit of one who has known what it is to ride the stormiest waves of success, and there is little doubt that Theodore Price will climb back to his old place in a few years. The assignee intimates that there will be no great loss to creditors, and it is reported that even Mr. Crocker's special investment will not be sacrificed. It is certain that the failure did not make even a ripple in Wall Street, and the disposition of those who hold the embarrassed firm's notes and bonds seems to be that of consideration, with no desire to crowd matters to an extremity.

The day of the disaster was to have seen the head of the firm take a good-bye look at single-blessedness. Mr. Price had invited his bachelor friends to a farewell dinner, set for last evening, but the entertainment was, of course, deferred. His marriage to Miss Harriet Eugenia Dyer was set for Monday of next week, and the probability of its postponement brought many expressions of regret and sympathy from friends of the couple. To-night, however, it is announced that the wedding will be hastened rather than delayed. It will take place to-morrow evening, at the residence of the bride's sister, on East Fifty-Second Street, but will be attended by only a few relatives. The loyalty and faith of his bride make one of the brightest rays of sunshine across Theodore Price's pathway at this time.

NEW YORK, May 26, 1900.

FLANEUR.



## IN THE YANGTZE VALLEY.

Mrs. Bishop's Interesting Volumes on China's Great Waterway—  
The Hangchow Medical Mission Hospital—Chinese Charities—The Opium Poppy and Its Use.

The prominence of China in the present condition of affairs in the East makes especially timely the appearance of Mrs. J. F. Bishop's two large volumes on "The Yangtze Valley and Beyond." This latest work of this indefatigable traveler is full of interesting geographical, commercial, political, and religious information, and a fitting companion to "Unheaten Tracks in Japan," "Korea and her Neighbors," and her other valuable accounts of her journeys in various sections of the globe. In the course of her travels, the author traversed not only the lower Yangtze, but also the middle and upper courses of that great river—the only outlet for the commerce of the richest provinces of China—spending a considerable time in the province of Szechuan, and obtaining an opportunity of learning something at first hand about the Mantze of the Somo territory, and getting a glimpse of the Thihetan borderland.

Mrs. Bishop, for the most part, traveled alone, save for a few natives, and on several occasions nearly lost her life at the hands of violent mobs who had never seen a European. The hardships she endured from the curious crowds she thus describes:

I sat in my chair in the village street the unwilling centre of a large and very dirty crowd, which had leisure to stand around me for an hour, staring, making remarks, laughing at my peculiarities, pressing closer and closer till there was hardly air to breathe, taking out my hair-pins, and passing my gloves round and putting them on their dirty hands, and on two occasions abstracting my spoon and slipping it into their sleeves, being in no way ashamed when they were detected. . . . The crowd which always gathered during my passage down the street rolled in at the doorway, blocking up the yard, shouting, often times hooting, and fighting each other for a look at the foreigner. Fortunately, doors in Chinese inns have strong wooden bolts, and when my baggage and I were once ensconced I was secure from intrusion, unless a few men and boys ran on ahead to take possession of the room before I entered it, or forced themselves in behind Be-dien when he brought in my dinner. If it were merely a boarded walk, a row of patient eyes usually watched me for an hour, and with much gratification, for these rooms are dark with the door shut, and my candle revealed my barbarian proceedings. But worse than this was the slow scraping of holes in the plaster partition, when there was one, between my room and the next, accompanied by the peculiarly irritating sound of whispering, and eventually by the application of a succession of eyes to the hole, more whispering, and some giggling.

Mrs. Bishop's chapter on the Hangchow Medical Mission Hospitals gives us an excellent idea of the risks and difficulties encountered by the mission doctor. Chinese medicines are issued hulkily, a pint or a quart at a time, and patients do not understand our concentrated and powerful doses. Hence dangerous and grotesque mistakes are continually made, such as the following:

PATIENT—Doctor, when I took the medicine you gave me yesterday it made me very sick; it has given me diarrhoea and a severe pain in the stomach; my fingers and toes also feel very numb.

DR. MALCOLM [looking at the bottle]—Why, you have already almost finished the eight days' medicine [arsenic] that I gave you yesterday. The wonder is that you are alive at all.

PATIENT No. 2 [enters]—Where is the old boss of this shop? I want some foreign-devil medicine to cure malaria.

DOCTOR—Allow me to tell you I am not a devil. You had better go home; and when you can come and ask respectfully for medicine, we will give it you.

[PATIENT No. 3 enters, holding out her hand and asking the doctor to find out her disease by "comparing her pulses."]

DOCTOR—Tell me what is the matter with you?

PATIENT—My bones and muscles are sore all over.

DOCTOR—What was the cause of your trouble?

PATIENT—It was brought on by a fit of anger.

DOCTOR—How long have you had it?

PATIENT—From the time the heavens were opened, and the earth was split [i. e., a very long time].

The arms and shoulders of this woman were covered with pieces of green plaster given her by the Chinese doctors. She proposed to throw these away and "to publish the doctor's name abroad" if he cured her. So she received medicine, with very full directions about taking it; these were not enough. She asked a string of questions, such as if she must heat it before taking it, if she must keep the bottle tightly corked, if she must take it along with anything else, and lastly:

PATIENT—Shall I abstain from eating anything?

DOCTOR—No.

PATIENT [greatly disappointed]—What! Shall I not forbid my mouth anything at all?

DOCTOR [looking]—Yes. Do not talk too much; do not revile your neighbors; do not smoke opium; do not scatter lies. The doctor getting worried, reiterates plain directions regarding the medicine, tells her they are very busy, and that she must not ask any more questions, and shows her out.

PATIENT [returning after a few minutes]—Is the medicine to be taken inwardly or rubbed on the outside?

With so much vexatious expenditure of time, it is not always easy for the missionary doctor at Hangchow to preserve the courtesy, gentleness, patience, and forbearance which are among the essentials of success. The many cases of imposition and greed, and the great disappointment regarding interesting cases owing to the gross ignorance of the patients and their friends, also render his work especially trying. For instance:

A man comes in and describes "chills," and a dose of quinine is prepared for him, when he smiles serenely and says, "To tell you the truth, it is not that takes the chills; it is my mother." Another comes in, and describes with great minuteness and self-pity his symptoms, which are those of malarial fever. He will not take a dose of quinine in the dispensary, but wants to take it home, saying he will not "shake" till the next day. He is feigning sickness, in order to get the quinine and sell it. Or an operation for cataract has been performed in one of the hospital wards, and the son of the patient comes to the doctor, begging him to go to his father, who says that his eye pains him so that he can not stand it. The doctor finds that the bandage has been removed, and reproaches the son, who said that some friends came in to see if he could really see after being blind for so many years, and took off the bandage. The patient had rubbed the eye, the wound had burst open and was suppurating, and the man was blind for life.

Some patients come to a hospital out of impudence, some in the hope of getting drugs to sell, others out of curiosity to see how the "foreign devil doctor" works, others to steal the clothes which are lent to in-patients, and others for a lark, pretending to have various diseases, but with these the Chinese assistants occasionally indulge in a lark on their own account, and turn on them a pretty vigorous current from the electric battery.

Suicide is appallingly common in China. In the great cities of Swatow, Mukden, and Hangchow, as a guest at medical mission-houses, Mrs. Bishop came much into contact with its various methods. She says:

In Mukden a frequent mode of taking life, especially among young wives, is biting off the heads of lucifer matches, though the death from phosphorus poisoning is known to be an agonizing one. Swallowing gold leaf or chloride of magnesium, jumping down wells or into rapid rivers, taking lead, cutting the throat, and stabbing the abdomen have been popular modes of self-destruction. But these are rapidly giving place to suicide by opium, owing to the facility with which it can be obtained, the easy death which results from it, and the certainty of its operation in the absence of the foreign doctor, his emetic, and his stomach-pump. Medical mission-hospitals in China save the lives of hundreds of would-be suicides every year.

The causes of suicide are not as with us, profound melancholia, heavy losses, or disappointment in love, but chiefly revenge and the desire to inflict serious injury on another:

Suicide enables a Chinese to take a truly terrible revenge, for he believes that his spirit will malignantly haunt and injure the living; and the desire to save a suicide's life arises in most cases not from humanity, but from the hope of averting such a direful catastrophe. If a master offends a servant or makes him "lose face," or a shop-keeper his assistant or apprentice, the surest revenge is to die on his premises, for it not only involves the power of haunting and of inflicting daily injuries, but renders it necessary that the body should lie where death occurs until an official inquiry is made, which brings into the house the scandal and turmoil of a visit from a mandarin with a body of officials and retainers. It is quite common for a man or woman to walk into the court-yard of a person against whom he or she has a grudge, and take a fatal dose of opium there to insure these desirable results!

Among common incentives to suicide are the following:

The gusts of blind rage to which the Chinese of both sexes are subject, the jealousy of mothers-in-law, quarrels between husband and wife, failure to meet payments at the new year, gambling losses, the desire to annoy a husband, the gambling or extravagant opium-smoking of a husband, imputation of theft, having pawned the clothes of another and being unable to redeem them, being defrauded of money, childlessness, dread of divorce, being sold by a husband, abridgment of liberty, poverty, and the like. Opium, from the painless death it brings, is now resorted to on the most trivial occasions, and has largely increased the number of suicides. Though the reasons which I have given for the self-destruction apply mostly to women, yet where statistics are obtainable men are largely in the majority, and revenge and the desire of inflicting injury are their great motives.

Despite the popular view taken of Chinese character in this country that it is cruel, brutal, heartless, and absolutely selfish and unconcerned about human misery, Mrs. Bishop says that benevolence has been placed first on the Chinese list of the "five constant virtues," but adds that the object generally in view is not the benefit of the person on whom the benevolence terminates, but the extraction from the benefit conferred of a return benefit for the giver:

The Chinese are perhaps the most practical people on earth, and a curious system of moral book-keeping adopted by many shows this feature of the national character in a very curious light. There are books inculcating the price of "virtue," and in these a regular debtor and creditor account is opened, in which an individual charges himself with all his bad acts and credits himself with all his good ones, and the balance between the two exhibits his moral position at any given time.

The problem of "the poor, and how to deal with them," has received, and is receiving, various solutions in China, and probably there is not a city without one or more organizations for the relief of permanent and special needs. Foundlings, orphans, blind persons, the aged, strangers, drowning persons, the destitute, the dead, and various other classes are objects of organized benevolence. The methods are not our methods, but they are none the less praiseworthy.

In concluding her chapter on "Chinese Charities," Mrs. Bishop mentions a few of the methods in which individuals carry out benevolent instincts or seek to "accumulate merit":

A Buddhist on a river bank pays a fisherman for the whole contents of his plunge-net, and returns the silver heap to the water; another buys a number of caged birds, and lets them fly. Some build sheds over roads, and provide them with seats for weary travelers; others make a road over a difficult pass, or build a bridge, or provide a free ferry for the poor and their cattle. A few men club together to provide free soup or tea for travelers, and erect a shed, putting in an old widow to keep the water boiling; or two or three priests, with the avowed object of securing merit, do the same thing at a temple; others provide seats for wayfarers on a steep hill. Some provide lamps glazed with thin layer of oyster shells fitted into a wooden framework, and either hang them from posts or fit them into recesses in pillars to warn travelers by night of dangerous places on the road.

At one place in China, where there was no inn, Mrs. Bishop slept in a room with a coffin which had been unhuried for five years, because the geomancers had not decided on a lucky site or date for the interment, and for the whole time incense had been burned before it morning and evening:

A cheap coffin costs from five to ten dollars, and from that up to two thousand. In order to prevent any disagreeable consequences from interment being delayed for months or years, the coffin-boards are three or four inches thick, the body is covered with quicklime, or is laid on a bed of lime or cotton, and afterward the edges of the lid are closed with cement, and if the body is to remain in a dwelling-house, the whole is made air-tight by being covered with Ning-po varnish. A coffin is sometimes retained in a house by a defaulting tenant, to prevent an ejection for rent, and it is occasionally attached by creditors, in order to compel the relations to raise money to release it. So strong is the feeling in China regarding suitable burial, that a son, if he has no other means, will sell himself into slavery to provide the expenses, and burial clubs and charitable societies for providing the destitute with seemly funerals are numerous.

Mrs. Bishop's chapter on "The Opium Poppy and Its Use" is full of interesting information. Here is her description of a poppy-field in full bloom:

If one could disabuse one's self of the belief that opium is the curse of China, and is likely to sap the persistent vitality of the race, there could have been nothing but unsuited admiration for the wonderful beauty of the crop in blossom, as I saw it in its glory on that sunny April day on the Chengtu Plain, which in some places seemed to have no *raison d'être* but its growth. The season had been without a drawback, and every leaf and flower had attained to its full maturity of loveliness. The blossoms were white—white fringed with rose-pink, white with white fringes, ruby-eyed, garnet, dark-purple, pale-mauve, and rose-pink. Waves of color on slope and plain rolled before the breeze. Houses were almost submerged by the colored billows. Far and near, along roads and streams, round stately temples and prosperous farm-houses, rippled and surged these millions of corollas, in all the glory of their brief and passionate existence—the April pulse of Nature throbbing through them most vigorously—the poppy truly in the ascendant.

The opium poppy is very expensive to grow, as it has to be attended to eight times, and needs heavy manuring:

It is exposed to so many risks before the juice is secured that the growth is much of a speculation, and many Chinese regard it as being as risky as gambling. Besides its cultivation for sale, on a majority of farms it is grown for home use, as tobacco is, for smoking. It is a winter crop, and is succeeded by rice, maize, cotton, beans, etc. Certain crops can be planted between the rows of poppies. Much oil, bearing a high price, is made from the seed. The lower leaves, which are abundant, are used in some quarters to feed pigs, and also as a vegetable. They were served to me as such twice, and tasted like spinach. In some places the heavy stalks are dug into the ground; in others they are used as fuel, and after serving this purpose their ashes provide lye for the indigo dyes. It appears, from much concurrent testimony, that in spite of heavy manuring, the crop exhausts the ground.

The area devoted to the poppy in Sze Chuan is enormous, and, owing to the high price of the drug and its easy transport, its culture is encroaching on the rice and arable lands:

The consequences of its cultivation are serious. It is admitted by the natives of Sze Chuan that one great reason of the deficient food supply which led to the famine and distress in the eastern part of the province in 1897, was the giving of so much ground to the poppy that there was no longer a margin left on which to feed the population in years of a poor harvest. . . . On many of the Sze Chuan roads, opium houses are as common as gin-shops in our London slums. I learned from Chinese sources that in several of the large cities of the province eighty per cent. of the men and forty per cent. of the women are opium smokers; but this must not be understood to mean that they are opium "wrecks," for there is a vast amount of "moderate" opium smoking in China.

Of the harvest of the poppy crop, the writer says:

Women and children are the chief operators. In the morning longitudinal incisions are made in the seed vessel, the juice exudes, and by the evening is hard enough to be scraped into cups, after which it turns black, and after a few days' exposure is ready for packing. Heavy rain or a strong west wind during this process is very injurious. Maize, tobacco, and cotton have been previously planted, and make a good appearance as soon as the poppy stalks have been cleared away.

The Chinese condemn all hut most moderate opium-smoking and gambling as twin vices, and not a voice is raised in defense of either of them, even by the smokers themselves:

The opium habit is regarded as a disease, for the cure of which many smokers voluntarily place themselves in opium refuges at some expense and at a great cost of suffering, and in the market towns, thronged with native traders, there is to be seen on many stalls, among innumerable native drugs and commodities, a package labeled "Remedy for Foreign Smoke"—"foreign smoke" being the usual name for opium in Western China. I was impressed with the existence of a curious sort of conscience, if it can be called such, among the devotees of opium, which leads them to consider themselves as moral criminals. The Chinese generally believe that if a man takes to the opium habit it will be to the impoverishment and ruin of his family, and that it will prevent him from fulfilling one of the first of Confucian obligations, the support of his parents in their old age. The consensus of opinion among smokers and non-smokers, as to the crime of opium-smoking and its woeful results, leads me to believe that it brings about the impoverishment and ruin of families to an enormous extent. Chinese said several times to me that the reason the Japanese beat them was that they were more vigorous men, owing to the exclusion of opium from Japan.

In the early months of the habit there is a wide-spread desire to abandon it:

Opium refuges, in spite of the fair payment which is asked for, are always crowded. The shops and markets abound in native and foreign remedies for "foreign smoke." The native cures all contain opium, chiefly in the form of ashes, and the foreign, which are white, contain morphia. The attempts at self-cure number tens of thousands and are very pitiable, but in many cases it is merely the exchange of the opium habit for the morphia habit, and at this time morphia lozenges are making great headway in China, as an easy and unsuspected means, especially in traveling, of obtaining the sensations which have become essential to existence. The importation of morphia into China is now enormous—135,283 ounces in 1898. It is sold everywhere, and in the great west, as well as near the seaboard, shops are opened which sell a few articles as a blind for the lucrative sale of the much-prized morphia pills and lozenges. Among the native cures which I have heard of, the only one which seems at all efficacious is the so-called "Tea Extract."

*Scutellaria vicioides*. The *Jai H* sect, which makes abstinence from opium one of its tenets, uses this cure invariably, but the ordinary smoker is unwilling to face the severe suffering which it entails.

Rich smokers smoke what is known as "Canton opium," the import from India, which they compare to a coal fire, and the native drug to a wood one:

But the manufacture of the latter is improving rapidly; and as it is increasingly used to mix with the Indian, a generation is growing up in the upper class which knows only the mixed drug, and apparently only the old, rich smokers use pure Indian opium, the consumption of which has fallen off enormously, though in 1898 the value of the Indian import was nearly twenty-two millions of dollars. The mysteries of the preparation and the varieties of the product baffle the non-smoker. Both Chinese and Indian opium are now largely prepared with the ashes of the drug already once smoked, much of it flowing, only imperfectly burned, into the receiver of the pipe. In the strongest prepared opium, four ounces of ashes of the first degree are added to every ten of crude opium. Ashes of the second, and even the third burning are also used. Many of the poorer classes have to content themselves with a smoke of opium ashes only, and the lowest of all users of the drug have to satisfy themselves with eating or drinking the ashes of the third burning.

The most common reasons which the Chinese give for contracting the habit are pain, love of pleasure, sociability, and the want of occupation. Mrs. Bishop says their narrow existence is a great factor:

Outside of commercial pursuits an overpowering shadow of dullness rests on Chinese as upon much of Oriental life. The lack of an enlightened native press, and of anything deserving the name of contemporary literature; the grooviness of thought and action; the trammels of a rigid etiquette; the absence of athletics, and even of ordinary exercise; the paucity of recreations, other than the play and the restaurants, which are oftentimes associated with opium shops and vicious resorts; and the fact that the learned having committed the classics to memory, by which they have rendered themselves eligible for office, have no farther motive for study—all make the blissful dreams and oblivion of the opium pipe greatly to be desired.

The volumes are neatly bound, printed in large, clear type, and, in addition to a list giving the itinerary, an elaborate index and several appendices on the trade of ports in the Yangtze Basin and the principal Chinese exports and imports, they are supplemented with a wealth of well-chosen illustrations, in the most part from photographs taken by Mrs. Bishop herself.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, two volumes, \$6.00.

Oklahoma wants Statehood for the following reasons: The Territory covers 38,715 square miles, and exceeds in total area the States of Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, and Delaware. It has 700 miles of railroad and 450 miles under construction. Last year Oklahoma produced more than 25,000,000 bushels of wheat and more than 150,000 hales of cotton. The corn, oats, and fruit crop, together with the cattle and hogs raised, were of far greater value than the combined wheat and cotton crop. The enrollment of the school children in 1890 was 101,474 in 1,936 school districts, a larger number than has either of fifteen other States in the Union. The schools have most liberal appropriations of land, from which the revenues are now in excess of \$200,000 each year. The Territory maintains a university, two normal schools, and an agricultural college. All have good buildings, and are amply endowed. Free education is provided for every child in the Territory, and the methods of education are most modern.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Novel of Bright Sayings.

There are no dull people in Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's novels. The wealth of wit and satire in "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" and "A Double Thread" proved the cleverness of the author, but it was doubted that her mine was inexhaustible. "The Farringtons," just from the press, displays the same brilliancy, the same play of fancy, the same flow of high spirits in every channel. Even the characters whom one is supposed to consider stupid, utter drolleries and cynicisms that seemingly would cost hours of reflection and care in shaping. But as a story "The Farringtons" is not of high grade.

In a manufacturing village of England's "Black Country" the Farrington family had been masters for generations. Before the opening of the story the owners of the great iron-works were two brothers, and they had planned to keep the interests of the house united by marrying the son of one to the elder daughter of the other. The young man rebelled and ran away to Australia, and in retaliation his father disinherited him and gave his wealth to the woman his son had rejected. In time the two Farrington sisters reign where their father and uncle had heaped up the family wealth, but they brighten their home by adopting a distant cousin, an orphaned girl.

The education and love-affairs of Elizabeth, the adopted kinswoman, furnish the motives for the novel, and they are of mild interest. Sedgell is a Methodist village, and the Farringtons have been the strictest among the strict believers. Elizabeth is gifted with a lively imagination and her first love is a rich young agnostic, who nearly succeeds in unsettling her faith and capturing her fancy. A sermon by the bishop and a memorial window combine to stir the young woman's conscience, and she refuses her infidel lover and accepts the creed of the church instead. Then she goes to London and becomes an artist, and has other proposals, none of which appeal to her with sufficient strength. All this time the nephew of the faithful old manager of the iron works, who has been her playmate in childhood, her friend and counselor, always plagued and reviled, and often in disgrace through her temper, a young man of sterling quality and churchly attributes, has adored her in silence. At last Elizabeth discovers the jewel she has overlooked so long, and the two are brought together. The element of mystery, which Miss Fowler never fails to introduce, attaches to the missing heir of the Farrington wealth, the son of the youth who ran away to Australia. The search for this heir, the anxiety with which his appearance is awaited, and his discovery at last in a position that smooths away all difficulties, is an evident compromise with those who still demand the traditional episodes of early fiction.

Much of praise can be given the book. Its talks are equal to the best of the "Dolly Dialogues." In its theological discussions and views of Methodist character it may be compared with any of the religious novels of the decade without losing value. In fact, it is in these characteristics that its greatest worth lies. Its figures are hardly real, but seem transferred from some other book. And this is actually accomplished in two instances, when names made familiar in her earlier novels are introduced, and the traits of character that marked them there are again described. This artifice connects the three books, and may serve to freshen the memory of some readers, but its purpose is too obvious. Most of the names would easily be forgotten but for the smart sayings which have been credited to them.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## Character Sketches in Waste Places.

Kate Upson Clark possesses the insight which discovers hidden virtues and graces in obscure corners of a workaday world, and the art of the true story-teller to bring them before her hearers without a trace of self-consciousness or affectation. And there are other notable qualities beside simplicity and sincerity in her stories—a human interest that never lapses, a playful humor more often shown in action than in speech, and a tender sentiment that is seldom strained.

"White Butterflies," her latest volume, contains thirteen character sketches, and the first one, which gives its name to the book, is far from being the strongest of them, though the portrait of its heroine is a striking picture. There is no lack of good figures in these stories. "Raldy," the vigorous, uncompromising, yet womanly daughter of the river pilot, who discovers on the day set for her wedding the weakness of the man she is about to marry and turns him away, is one of the best. Pierrette, the French girl, who made her garden a spot of beauty on Sherbury Hill until the tragedy of her young life came, is another who will be remembered. Poor Mercy Wicks, who sacrificed love and life for her little sister; Drexia Driggs, who strove in her Arkansas cabin to "be somebody," and who failed in her efforts with her own children yet won a monument by her unselfish labors; Lyddy Washburn, whose courtship lasted forty years; and Solly Shedd, whose ambition was finally stirred by love, are something more than the creations of an author's fancy. Their im-

pulses and their difficulties are real, their joys and sorrows reach the sympathy of those who come to know them.

Published by J. F. Taylor & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

## The Makers of a City.

"A History of the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles, California," is a volume of general interest, in spite of its title. Charles Dwight Willard is its author, and to his comprehensive view, zealous interest, and literary art is due the fact that the book is attractive in appearance, entertaining in style, and of value beyond its local and personal associations. It is really a view of the growth and development of that wonderful city of Southern California, which has been said to be "the best-advertised of any place on the globe, Chicago alone excepted." The stories of its early days, its "great boom," the reaction, the founding of the business men's association, the encouragement of the citrus industry, the contest for a free harbor, and the beginning and increase of manufacturing industries and the exploitation of the oil fields are told briefly yet clearly. The illustrations—views of buildings and scenery, and scores of portraits—and biographical sketches are strong features of the work.

Mr. Willard is secretary of the organization whose history he has written so well, and speaks with knowledge and authority. His long training as a newspaper man fitted him for the task, and the volume displays in its arrangement and ingenious comparisons the originality that marks all his writings. Published by the Kingsley-Barnes & Neuner Company, Los Angeles.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Elizabeth Robins, the American actress who gained a reputation in England as an interpreter of characters in Ibsen's plays, and whose first novel, "The Open Question," excited considerable comment last year, will publish her second work of fiction in the autumn.

Lobo, Wabb, Blanca, Molly Cottontail, Redruff, Silverspot, and all the other animals of the plain and forest that Ernest Seton-Thompson has known and written about, will shortly appear as stage characters in a play for children.

Maurice Hewlett, whose "Forest Lovers" is now two years old, and who has in the interval produced no sustained romance, is well on his way to complete a new book, of which the title is already announced, "Richard Yea and Nay." This imperious Richard is Richard Cœur de Lion, of whom Scott, to name one only, has made such fine use in romance.

"Bird Studies with a Camera," with introductory chapters on the outfit and methods of the bird photographer, has just been brought out by D. Appleton & Co.

"Her Majesty," by Elizabeth Knight Tompkins, is the latest romantic novel to find its way to the stage.

"Monsieur Beaucaire," Booth Tarkington's new story, will be brought out immediately.

A new critical life of James Martineau will soon be published. In its preparation the author, the Rev. A. W. Jackson, who lives at Concord, Mass., has received some help from the children of Dr. Martineau.

The list of novels forthcoming in the autumn includes Mary E. Wilkins's romance of the seventeenth century, "The Heart's Highway," and Eden Phillpott's book, "Sons of the Morning."

J. Blount-Burton's latest romance, "The Seafarers," is published by D. Appleton & Co.

"The Soul of a Christian," a study in religious experience, by Frank Granger, is a book which will be published immediately by the Macmillan Company.

Professor David Starr Jordan has written an introduction to Eugene McCarthy's new book, "Familiar Fish, and How to Catch Them," which D. Appleton & Co. now have in press.

Ruskin left various incomplete as well as projected writings. It is said that portions of the lives of Reynolds and Turner, which he intended to write, are in such a state that selections at least may be published. But by his will all these matters are left to the discretion of his literary executors. In spite of the great number and bulk of his published books, it is estimated that the works which he contemplated writing, and which he referred to in various places, were almost as numerous. Among them was a "General Description of the Geology and Botany of the Alps," in twenty-four volumes.

## Kipling's "Auld Lang Syne."

One of the social diversions recently organized at Bloemfontein, to offset the military preoccupations of everybody within the limits of the town, was a variety entertainment arranged by the war-correspondents with Lord Roberts. Two of the war-artists, Mr. Melton Prior and Mr. Wool, drew lightning cartoons of conspicuous personages. These were immediately sold at auction. The cartoon of Lord Roberts was bought for a round sum

by Lord Stanley. The cartoon of Krüger brought only half as much. The sum netted for the widows' and orphans' fund amounted to two thousand dollars. The event of the evening was the singing of a new poem written to the air of "Auld Lang Syne" by Mr. Kipling, which ran as follows:

"We welcome to our hearts to-night our kinsmen from afar,  
Brothers in an Empire's fight, and comrades of our war.

For Auld Lang Syne, my lads, and the fights of Auld Lang Syne,  
We drink our cup of fellowship  
To the fights of Auld Lang Syne.

"The shamrock, thistle, leek, and rose, with heath and wattle twine,  
And maple from Canadian snows, for the sake of Auld Lang Syne.

For Auld Lang Syne take hands from London to the line,  
Good luck to those that toiled with us  
Since the days of Auld Lang Syne.

"Again, to all we hold most dear in life we left behind—  
The wives we wooed, the bairns we kissed, and the loves of Auld Lang Syne.

For surely you have your sweethearts, and surely I have mine.  
We toast her name in silence here,  
And the girls of Auld Lang Syne.

"And last to him, the little man who led our fighting line  
From Kabul on to Kandahar in the days of Auld Lang Syne.

For Auld Lang Syne, and 'Bohs,' our chief of Auld Lang Syne,  
We're here to do his work again,  
As we did in Auld Lang Syne."

## Death of Stephen Crane.

Stephen Crane, the author and war correspondent, who has been an invalid for many months, died of consumption on Tuesday, June 5th, at Baden-Weiler, whither he had been taken from his English home in the hope that the change would benefit his health.

For one so young—he was only in his thirtieth year—Mr. Crane had won an enviable reputation as a war-correspondent. He did excellent work in the Greco-Turkish War in 1897, when he represented the *Westminster Gazette* and *New York Journal*, and in the Santiago campaign, where he contracted the fever which is said to have hastened his death.

Strangely enough, "The Red Badge of Courage," which first made a hit in England five years ago, and later brought Mr. Crane fame in his own country on account of its vividness and accuracy, was written before he had ever seen even a sham-battle by his State militia. It is said that the story was the result of a conclusion arrived at by Mr. Crane after reading a battle-story in a certain monthly magazine—that he could write a better one. He selected the Battle of Chancellorsville. From records he learned the topography of the country, the atmosphere of the battle, the position of the troops, and then he wrote his story without mentioning a name, a locality, a troop, and at the same time he presented accurately, picturesquely, vividly, the problem of war resolved to an equation of battle. And for this tale, running as it did into edition after edition, he received in all one hundred and ninety dollars—ninety dollars for the syndicate rights in America, and one hundred dollars for the same rights in England.

Among Mr. Crane's other publications are "Magpie, a Girl of the Streets" (1890); "The Black Riders and other Lines" (1894); "George's Mother" (1896); "The Little Regiment" (1897); "The Open Boat and Other Stories" and "The Eternal Patience" (1898); and "Active Service," "Monster and Other Stories," and "War is Kind" (1899).

The Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady has received several offers for permission to dramatize his novel, "The Grip of Honor," which was recently brought out.

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Down to the present no history of Sanskrit literature as a whole has been written in English. The whole subject is treated in this volume by an acknowledged master of the theme.

## The Seafarers.

A Romance. By J. BLOUNDELLE-BURTON, author of "In the Day of Adversity," "Denounced," etc. No. 285, Appletons' Town and Country Library. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

"A hearty, thoroughly readable tale of the sea, in which shipwreck and sunshine answer to the unsmooth course of love."—*London Academy*.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

**"The Waters of Edera."**

In the beauty of its word-pictures, the tragic strength of its story, the vitality of its figures, the latest story by "Ouida" ranks with the greatest of her works. "The Waters of Edera" is a tale of Italy that finds its motive in the oppression of her people. Its scenes are in a peaceful vale where from time immemorial a river had flowed, furnishing the peasants with their chief sources of maintenance in its canes, its osiers, its sedges, its fishes, and its sand. A hamlet that had once been a fortified town clustered on the rocky hillside, and a church centuries old, once a Latin temple, now damp and decayed, sheltered the shrunken band of worshipers that gathered regularly before its dark altar. Its principal figures are a devoted priest, who had the spirit of a reformer, with no field for its development; an old mother and her son, peasants now, but living in their own house and toiling among their own vines and olive-trees; and a beggar-girl, taken in and given shelter and food by the kind-hearted family. Adone, the peasant boy, had inherited the courage and pride of his ancestors, once supreme in ownership and control of the valley. Nerina, the beggar-girl, whose father had been a poor laborer of Ansaldo in the mountains, was all loyalty and love for those who had befriended her.

The tragedy begins when a scheme for diverting the waters of the river comes to light, and the officers of the government aid the capitalists in securing the ends desired. It means the ruin of the hamlet, starvation or flight for its people, but these results have no influence on those who have the power to rob the poor. The efforts of the priest to divert the threatened calamity, the desperate struggle of the peasant lad who arms and leads a handful of his neighbors against the soldiers of the king, the heroic sacrifice of the beggar-girl, are episodes of thrilling interest, and the hopelessness of the situation stirs the deepest sympathy.

The idealism of the author is apparent on every page, yet the realism and power of her presentation can not be gainsaid. Few could have told this simple story with such art, none has pictured the unavailing contest of poverty with power more effectively. The emotions that it wakes are ennobling.

Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

**A Cosmopolitan Comedy.**

It would not be fair to say that "The Pursuit of Camilla," by Clementina Black, is a comic opera without music or chorus, for that might imply an unfinished or dreary work, and the novel is not dreary or unfinished. It is entertaining from the first page to the last, but its serious entanglements so readily straighten out, one after another, its villains are so easily outwitted, and its gaiety of movement is so well sustained, that it suggests the machinery of the modern musical comedy.

Camilla is a romantic and beautiful heroine, an orphan with a fortune, and filled with reverence for the memory of her father, who was an Italian and a republican before he became a naturalized British subject and chose an English wife. The Italian relatives of Camilla's father induce the young woman to take part in a mysterious but desperate plot against the King of Italy, and lure her away from her English friends. Fortunately, however, she is seen in a little Italian village by a young Polish artist, who has admired her for years and believes he has won her regard, and the meeting throws the conspirators into disorder. Camilla is whisked away and hidden, and the search for her begins. The artist lover is assisted by an English friend, who is favorably impressed by his first glimpse of Camilla, and a rivalry springs up to separate the two men. The fair conspirator is rescued and abducted with astonishing ease and rapidity, but always under mitigating circumstances, and the final escape clears up the several mysteries and removes all taint of illegal plots and plans.

There are several minor characters in this comedy, who relieve the principals when the stage might otherwise be vacant, and their lines are worthy of the space given them. All in all, the book is an agreeable summer companion.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Publishing Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

**Principles and Methods of Taxation.**

The last work upon which the late David Ames Wells was engaged, and which was practically completed when he laid down his pen, is "The Theory and Practice of Taxation," a volume which will rank with his earlier writings on economic subjects, and undoubtedly attract as much attention and as high commendation.

The book contains six hundred and fifty closely printed pages, and even a casual examination shows its admirable arrangement and thoroughness. In the introduction the author has treated of the distribution of wealth, taxation and morality, the benefits of taxation, false ideas of taxes, the expedients adopted by governments, and, in a general way, of democracy and taxation. Recent tax experiences of the federal government are given a chapter, followed by one upon the place of taxation in literature and history. Taxation in the Middle Ages, in Greece and Rome, France, Mexico, Egypt, Brazil, British

India, and Switzerland, is described and parallels and contrasts noted, and the development of systems pointed out. The relation of taxation to the state, the limitation of its instrumentalities, and the sphere peculiar to the United States Government, are made the topics of three important divisions, and these are followed by exhaustive studies of existing methods of taxation, and the discussion of the best methods known.

Foot-notes are frequent throughout the work, embodying the latest statistics and criticisms, and many apposite quotations, and a complete index is a feature of especial value. Even those disposed to reject the conclusions of the author will appreciate the mass of exact information offered, and the method of its arrangement.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

**New Publications.**

The fifth edition of "Hutchings's Guide to Yosemite Valley and the Big Trees" has many new notes and pictures. The half-tone engravings showing the wonders and beauties of the two regions are alone worth more than the cost of the little volume. Published by J. M. Hutchings, San Francisco; price, 50 cents.

Eighteen stories of grotesque humor and fancy, all presented in a reproduction more or less successful of a difficult darkey dialect, make up the volume entitled "The Black Homer of Jintown," by Ed. Mott. Reading is made a labor in this book instead of a pleasure. Published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York; price, \$1.25.

Studies of Carlyle, Ruskin, and Tolstoy make up the volume by May Alden Ward entitled "Prophets of the Nineteenth Century." There is a personal as well as a literary interest in these essays, and they contain a full measure of appreciation. The three portraits are notable. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents.

Two miniature volumes, each containing one of W. D. Howells's dainty little plays, misallied farces, are "Room Forty-Five," and "Bride Roses." There is more humor in the first-named, but the fragrance and sentiment of the other will appeal effectively to most readers. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, 50 cents each.

Charles Ferguson, an Episcopal minister, is the author of "The Religion of Democracy," a volume which is said to be "a manual of devotion." There is evidence of reading, thought, and knowledge in the book, but the work is neither clear nor continually impressive. Published in paper covers by Elder & Shepard, San Francisco; price, 50 cents.

Ray Stannard Baker has grouped many of the most significant facts of the present era in the volume offered under the taking title "Our New Prosperity." What it is, how it came, and the edge of the future, are discussed with knowledge and incisive strength in the book. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

John Kendrick Bangs is amusing when he does not try too hard, and the latest volume bearing his name, "The Booming of Acre Hill, and Other Stories," contains some of his best work. The stories have appeared in various periodicals, but are worthy of presentation in this more permanent form. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

Jerome K. Jerome's latest volume, "Three Men on Wheels," is reminiscent of that earlier story which included a boat and a dog, for the men are the same; but it is not so distinctly humorous, and its descriptions and philosophy are not done with so light a hand. Perhaps if this book had come first it would have seemed more nearly perfect. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

In Appleton's Home Reading Book Series the latest issue is "Stories of the Great Astronomers," by Edward S. Holden, in which the discoveries of Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Galileo, Huyghens, Römer, and later leaders of science are described familiarly, and many of the more important facts of astronomy are made clear to young students. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

The latest issues in Cassell's National Library Series are "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," "Comedy of Errors," "King Richard the Third," "Taming of the Shrew," "All's Well that Ends Well," "Pericles," Southey's "Life of Nelson," Mrs. Inchbald's "Nature and Art," and Roger Ascham's "The Schoolmaster." Published in paper covers by Cassell & Co., New York; price, 20 cents each.

The volume of short stories by Selma Lagerlöf, entitled "Invisible Links," will be welcomed by those who felt the charm and power of the Swedish novelist's earlier works, "The Story of Gösta Berling," and "The Miracles of Antichrist." There are fourteen of the tales, and all are distinctive pieces of work. They are real, yet artistic, with an insight and depth of feeling that is remarkable. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Automobiles are becoming more and more of general interest, and a volume on their construction, operation, and possibilities is timely. "The Elec-

tric Automobile," by C. E. Woods, is such a work, and in letter-press and illustrations it is distinctly notable. The book covers nearly every point of view, even to the organization of automobile clubs, and is not forbiddingly technical in its descriptions. Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

**MAGAZINE VERSE.****To June.**

Month of the perfect love,  
Month of the perfect leaf—  
The mellow-mourning dove  
Thine only note of grief!  
Oh, let me hide within thy shade a sorrow past relief!

Thou, unto whose employ  
All Nature's arts belong—  
Fragrance and warmth and joy:  
Admit me to thy throng.

Thou canst not dull the pang, hut oh! tune every chord to song!  
—Walter Brooke in June Century Magazine.

**My Rose.**

My Rose! My Rose! I love you so;  
With tireless eyes I watched you grow;  
From fields afar your roots were brought;  
Your life was all my own, I thought.

I proudly watched your leaves unfold;  
No King might buy you with his gold;  
So sweet you were, so wondrous fair,  
No Queen should bind you in her hair.

When Northern winds were loud and chill,  
And frosts were whitening vale and hill,  
I said, "Not any blast that blows  
Shall play too roughly with my Rose."

If Suns above you fiercely heat,  
I screened you from their glare and heat,  
And prayed that only gentlest dew  
And softest rains might water you.

On shining slope, in shaded grove,  
Were countless blooms; I saw them not,  
Nor missed I them in any wise,  
Though dead they lay before my eyes.

One day, just when the Sun was low,  
The patient gardener, walking slow,  
Paused by my Rose-tree for a while,  
Then looked at me with curious smile.

I scarcely dared to lift my eyes,  
I knew he was both kind and wise,  
And all too plain my heart could guess  
His gaze had pierced my selfishness.

He spoke no word of praise or blame,  
Just smiled on me and named my name,  
And raised his hand as if to bless,  
Then left me there in loneliness.

Next morn, in distant garden-close,  
Deep-rooted, radiant, grew my Rose.  
I looked at it through palings tall—  
My Rose that missed me not at all!

How fair it was! I grew content,  
So plain the thing the gardener meant;  
In days or centuries yet to be,  
The Rose would be returned to me!

And now I notice, when I pass,  
The golden sheen on grain and grass,  
And kin to me in all their needs  
Are common flowers and way-side weeds.

—Ellen M. H. Gates in June Harper's Magazine.

**The Woodland Spring.**

A tremor of brakes where the partridge glides—  
*Kwit, kwit!* and a whir of wings.

A chipmunk chides at a mink that hides;  
A leaf drops down; and the ground-bird sings.

A soft gleam under the bending ferns,  
By twisted roots where the woodmouse dwells.

A tinkle of music, stealing along  
Through sheen and shadow and veery's song,  
Like the tinkle of altar bells.

And loving hemlocks their wide fronds droop,  
To shield its face from the sun's warm tide;  
While timid wild things, with noiseless feet,  
And fear-wide eyes, through the green moss creep—

They drink, and are satisfied.

O song from the earth's great singing heart!  
O gleam from unfathomed wells of light!  
Content, if only this overflow

To the simple wood-folk, that come and go,  
Can make their dim world bright.

I part the ferns from thy sweet cool face;  
To my bending lips is thy full fresh mead.  
And, deep within me, seems welling up  
Some living water, from life's full cup,  
To share with a world in need.

A quiver of leaves where the partridge glides—  
*Kwit, kwit!* and a whir of wings.

The squirrel chides at the mink that hides;  
The shadows play; and a wood-thrush sings.

—William J. Long in June Scribner's Magazine.

Lovers of sport, travel, and adventure will find a wealth of entertaining articles to their liking in the June number of *Outing*, which, under the able editorship of Caspar Whitney, has developed greatly in point of literary quality, illustrations, and variety of matter. Among the most striking contributions to this month's issue are "The Country Cart of To-Day," by Mr. Whitney; "The Why and Wherefore of Golf Rules," by Charles B. Macdonald; "The Hopi Snake Dance," by George Wharton James; and "Early Road-Driving and Its Patrons," by Nathan A. Cole.

**WOMANLY BEAUTY.****How to Gain It. How to Retain It.**

JOHN V. SHOEMAKER A. M., M. D.,

Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Clinical Medicine and Diseases of the Skin in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia; Physician to the Hospital; Member of the American and British Medical Associations; Fellow of the Medical Society of London, etc.

Is the author of a comprehensive new book entitled:

"HEREDITY, HEALTH, AND PERSONAL BEAUTY."

Here is a partial list of subjects from its Table of Contents:

The General Laws of Health: Physical beauty dependent on their observance—The spendthrift tendency as to health—Imprudence in exercise—City-bred and country-bred—The secret of enjoyable life.

The Source of Beauty in the Fair Sex—Causes chiefly concerned in producing the relative beauty of the fair sex—Men choose the best-favored—Women the sedulous care of enlightened nations—Beauty-producing prevalence of romantic love—The influence of sexual selection.

The Regulative Law of Life and Growth—Evolution—Comparison of theories—History of the discussion.

The Evolution of the American Girl—Dressing for adornment—Dressing of American women—Of foreign women—Modifying fashions to suit forms—Beauty of American women compared with French—Fifty years of fashion—From simplicity to luxury—The Countess of Jersey on improvement in hygienic practices—The female form—Its proportions—Points of elegance—Beauty of the bosom—Warning against quacks—Tight shoes and gloves—Tight-lacing—Blonde and brunette types—The grace of Spanish women—Conditions tending to make American women the handsomest type of the world.

Nature's Evidence of the Law of Life and growth—The relation between species—Effects of sexual selection upon animals—The courting of birds—Rare case of the female courting the male—Nature's relinquishment of unused organs.

Man's Physical Place in Nature—Educated man and the savage—Likeness to the anthropoid apes—Types of brain conformation.

Food for Health and Beauty—Tastes of nations—Acquirement of taste—Plain cooking—English and French cooking—The palate and digestion—Pleasures of the table contributory to health and beauty.

Clothing in its Relation to Health—Protective, healthful, and agreeable aspects of clothing—The uses of linen—Of wool and cotton—Silk underwear—The climate and the almanac.

Ventilation—Cool Air and Pure Air Distinguished—Natural and mechanical ventilation contrasted—How to ventilate for sick and well—Night air—The cellar air—House-tops as resorts.

The Circulation and Digestion—Respiration of the lungs and skin—The higher modes of circulation.

Cosmetic Treatment and Articles—Elegant preparations for the toilet—Recipes for cologne, bandoline, jelly of roses, Japanese potpourri—Recipes for dandruff, hair-dyes, face-powders, hair- tonic, toilet vinegar, and pomades—Five recipes for Florida water—Four for brilliantine.

Medicated Soaps—A List of Twenty-nine varieties—Purposes for which they are used.

Household Remedies—For Baldness—Eruptions—Blackheads—Boils, bunions, and burns—Carbuncles—Chapping—Cracks or fissures of the skin—Dyspepsia—Fever-blisters—Freckles and discolorations of the skin—Moisture of the hands—Hives—Excessive perspiration—Pigmented spots in the skin—Prickly heat—pinply neck and limbs—Canker sores—Sunburn—Toothache—Warts—Hazeline cream—Lanolin cold cream—Mouth washes.

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Sparkling eyes and shapely limbs, gorgeous frocks and pretty faces, tuneful music and elaborate stage setting—all these do not suffice to convert drama into comic opera. The fact is emphasized by the Tivoli's latest production, "The Three Guardsmen." The management has done all in its power—and its resources are manifold—to lighten and brighten Dumas's imaginative tale, yet it can not prevail upon the piece to justify its title as a "romantic comic opera." Romantic it is in all conscience, for Dumas's original story has sufficient romance to supply a dozen dramas. But comic it certainly is not; the situations are far too intense, the action is too serious, the lightness and "go" requisite in opera bouffe are entirely missing; even Ferris Hartman, with leave and license to gag at will, can not convince the audience that the play is humorous. The adapter, G. E. Lask, has taken the inevitable liberties with his original; but we are provided with dramatic situations *ad libitum*, and dashing, skillful swordsmen able to sing as well as they can fence, the audience has no cause for complaint. Max Hirschfeld, grafted on L. Varney, gives us sufficient melody to catch the popular ear, and the opera opens appropriately in the court-yard of the "Jolly Miller," one of those typical French taverns, full of good cheer for man and beast, to be found only on the stage. Here we are introduced to D'Artagnan, the raw youth from Gascony, whose marvelous swordsmanship soon convinces the Three Guardsmen that he would be a desirable recruit. Tom Greene handles the part very delicately, refraining from the exaggerated bluster which a less able interpreter might easily read into the lines. His fine tenor voice was heard to advantage at the very outset, when he scored a genuine success in the pathetic little farewell duet with Constance Bonacieux (Annie Myers). The low-comedy rôle naturally falls to Ferris Hartman. As Planchet, the uncouth country yokel, serving-man to D'Artagnan, he manages, by quips and antics, to raise the only genuine laughter heard during the piece. And Hartman would do still better if he only realized that the mere mispronunciation of words is not necessarily humorous.

The action quickens as soon as D'Artagnan starts on his perilous mission to England to recover the queen's stolen jewels from the Duke of Buckingham. Everybody rushes off in pursuit of everybody else, and we are taken by rapid stages to the cliffs at Calais, where the scene-painter has introduced a really fine seascape, then back again to the Jolly Miller, and thence to the throne-room at the palace, where D'Artagnan triumphantly restores the queen's jewels, and saves her from the disgrace threatened by an imbecile king. The second act, which takes place in the armory at Fontainebleau, helongs almost entirely to Francis Graham, who makes a most impressive showing as Armande de Treville, wife of the idiotic captain of the guard. The peculiarities of this hen-pecked individual stand out in marked contrast to the martial air of his masculine wife, and give Alf C. Wheelan a chance for some excellent comedy work. Constance Bonacieux also appears, looking never so quaint and pretty in her seventeenth-century costume, and the duet between this lady and Miss Graham is one of the musical gems of the piece. The romantic moonlight scene on the cliffs at Calais shows the Tivoli chorus to the best advantage, and their "Nightingale Is Singing" was the finest concerted effort of the opera. The three guardsmen, with D'Artagnan, also have a very effective quartet when they reproach the latter with cowardice, and finally end by taking him to their bosoms and making him the fourth member of their band. Messrs. Fogarty, Schuster, and Boyce, who respectively appear as Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, deserve especial credit for the finished manner in which they support D'Artagnan, not only with their voices, but with their swords.

If pieces such as "A Rag Baby" must exist—and there seems to be a strong popular demand for them—then their only plea for justification rests in the individual merit of the performers. The hoards of the California Theatre have seen much farcical comedy recently, but never anything which so closely approached pure vaudeville as Hoyt's sketch brought up to date. The author describes his work as a "comedy festival," a novel title which may mean anything you like. If it means fun, an unstinted abundance of good wholesome fun, which keeps the audience in fits of laughter all evening, if it means the introduction of any number of clever dances and other specialties, then the title is certainly justified. In the hands of the brilliant cast which Messrs. Dumas and Ryley have got together, the performance

becomes one well worth seeing; in the hands of less able delineators, it would degenerate into sheer vulgarity. The management describes its company as an "all-star" combination, and if we remember that all stars are not of the first magnitude, the description may stand as fairly accurate.

Of plot there is but the merest shred, barely enough to give a semblance of continuity to the piece, and even the rag hahy, which plays the name part, is very little *en evidence*. The idea seems to be that Tony Jay, a rich young man of persuasive manners, is searching for a baby, which, for some unexplained reason, he desires to acquire. The infant falls into the hands of a boarding-school mistress, and we are at once supplied with a bevy of beautiful young girls, who fit gracefully through the piece, lightening and brightening it by their antics. But Tony Jay, being the leading comedian, must needs do something absurd, so to facilitate his search for the baby, he purchases a drug-store.

Here is Sherrie Mathews's opportunity, and he proves himself equal to the task. His comedy work is of the quiet, refined, genuinely humorous order; though he makes ridiculous blunders and cuts all sorts of strange capers, he never exceeds the limit; he is gentlemanly throughout. The drug-store, in which the action takes place, is certainly the most fearful and wonderful institution of the kind ever seen. Its main business seems to be the sale of bad liquor, though now and again a prescription is compounded. As Venus has carefully washed the labels off the bottles and stuck them on again promiscuously, the result may be better imagined than described. The chief glory of the store, however, is Old Sport, the eccentric character engaged as clerk. Clad in all kinds of strange raiment, Harry Bulger ahly seconds his master's efforts to make the store the abode of farce. As everybody in the village haunts the establishment, each performer in turn gets the stage and has a chance to display his or her specialty. Mary Marble, as Venus, a delightful little oddity, flits hither and thither throughout the scene, getting in everybody's way, giving us a song here and a dance there, and altogether proving herself a vivacious and charming *soubrette*. Still, for the benefit of the prudish, it may be as well to point out that Venus is a misnomer. She does not wear the classical garb of the famous beauty, but is very fully attired in quaint, girlish costume. As Charlotte Fay, the helle of the boarding-school, Maude Courtney shows herself a graceful and cultured vocalist, and her pathetic rendering of some old Southern melodies was one of the features of the evening.

One peculiar feature of the piece is the manner in which the players double, and even triple their parts. The practice leads to endless confusion; one is never quite sure who anybody is, and detailed criticism of any player becomes impossible. Thus, Bessie Tannehill, for instance, is by turns Miss Pratt, the boarding-school mistress, and Mrs. Maginnis, a disreputable Italian musician. Phil Ryley, after playing the respectable part of a young father, becomes a tough tramp and a strolling Irish musician. Tony Hart goes through a similar transformation, being also a tramp, a musician, and in addition a pharmacist. In fact, the only two leading characters who are not by turns somebody else are Mathews and Bulger, probably because they hold the stage the greater part of the time, and have no opportunity to make quick changes. The dancing all through is good, but the climax is reached in the pretty ballet, given by eight charming little English girls.

It is possible, sometimes, to have just a little too much of a good thing, and the Orpheum management has been over-generous this week in the matter of vaudeville. With the exception of a juggler or so, the whole programme, from start to finish, is composed of those delightful little comedietas for which this house is justly famed. Of course the presence of Joseph Hart and his company accounts for this overplus of drama, and we can well pardon him because of the artistic treat he furnishes us in his new musical skit, "A Close Call." There is not much scope for originality in these miniature plays; with only two people in the cast everything depends upon the performers. There is always the same witty repartee and nimble dancing, the same rapid change of costume and make-up, the *frou-frou* of silken skirts, and the frank exposure of dainty lingerie. But when these things are strung together by genuine artists, it does not matter if the motif of the play is so slight as to be hardly discernible.

Hart is a past-master in the art of disguise; he assumes three different characters within almost as many minutes. Carrie de Mar seconds him ahly by playing the rôle of her own sister as well as herself, and between them the two keep the audience in a constant state of merriment. Of a similar though even lighter character is Hart's sketch, "An Eventful Day," played by Fleurette and Gardner. Fleurette, by the way, is Carrie de Mar's sister, and the work of the two girls bears a remarkable resemblance, except that Fleurette is, if anything, a trifle more Frenchy—"croquetish," as she would put it—in tone than her sister. Her dancing is, well, "just so," and with Gardner she executes a cancan which would have done credit to Bullier's in its palmy days.

In striking and acceptable contrast to this frothy style we have Lillian Burkhart, who takes her vaudeville much more seriously. This clever little com-

dienne is really the originator of this school of drama. Four years ago, in New York, she made a tremendous hit with the first of these light pieces, and ever since she has appeared in nothing but vaudeville, having played no less than thirteen different sketches. But this time she has made the mistake of writing her own comedy, and the result only shows that an exquisite actress may make hut an indifferent dramatist. Miss Burkhart's style is delicate and refined; intonation and gesture mark her as a genuine exponent of high comedy, hut not even the boundless resources of her art can galvanize "Her Soldier Boy" into life. The idea is to build a structure of pathetic humor around the couch of a wounded soldier, who is suffering more from love-sickness than anything else. Miss Burkhart assumes the rôle of nurse, and treats her enamored patient with a comic tenderness which now and again raises a laugh. But there is no snap or go to the piece.

ROSE-SOLEY.

#### THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Where Science Overdoes It.

Little drops of water

From the faucet clear,

Magnified will drive a

Frightened man to hear!

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

With Variations.

Lives of Clark and Quay remind us

That to lose a job is sad,

And departing leave behind us

Forty others just as had.

Let us then be up and doing

Wearing Daly's pious smile,

Still achieving, still pursuing

Saintly Wanamaker's style.

—Nebraska State Journal.

A Chilly Day for Willie.

Little Willie, from the mirror

Sucked the mercury all off,

Thinking in his childish error

It would cure the whooping cough.

At the funeral Willie's mother

Sadly said to Mrs. Brown:

"'Twas a chilly day for Willie

When the mercury went down."

—Ex.

#### The Lawyer.

Who money gains through others' woes?

Who's paid for telling what he knows?

Who for advice gets *quid pro quo*?

The lawyer.

Who, like G. Washington, can't lie,

But always ready is to try,

If he he paid exceeding high?

The lawyer.

Who goes about with bag of green,

With clients greener still, I ween,

Who groweth fat as they grow lean?

The lawyer.

Whether in silks or rags arrayed,

To all he gladly lends his aid,

And simply asks: "Shall I he paid?"

The lawyer.

Who manufactures all our laws?

Who makes them intricate because

The fee is bigger which he draws?

The lawyer.

At asking questions who is sharp?

Who loves to quibble, catch, and carp?

Whose plea does conscience never warp?

The lawyer.

From labor who will have surcease

When all the world shall he at peace?

Who then mankind no more shall fleece?

The lawyer.—Boston Transcript.

The Czar of Russia proposes to commemorate the completion of the Siberian Railway by erecting at Nicolai, the starting point of the road, a statue of Alexander the Third, under whom the work was begun.

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Your play is accepted by a responsible manager at a theatre of first-class reputation! Nothing can exceed the joy of the occasion (says Clement Scott in an admirable article in the New York Herald to which he contrasts the care taken in first-night performances in America with the general unpreparedness of English productions). You shake hands with yourself and dream of fame and fortune. You may have hugh about stage-doors—most miserable of occupations—you may have frequented actors' dressing-rooms, seen them "make up," and listened night after night to their eternal "shop." You may have bored your friends to distraction with favorite quotations from your sacred manuscript, cursed the clique that kept you out from the paradise of dramatic authorship, declared that the drama was going rapidly to the dogs because you remained among the uneducated, and made your own life and that of others a burden to all concerned with that unrecognized play on your desk or locked up securely like a skeleton in a private cupboard. But all anxiety is over now. Your precious play is accepted, the manager has expressed a favorable opinion of it, the date of the production is foreshadowed, and, joy of joys! the hour of the reading is fixed. Life, you will say, "goes very well then." Don't believe it, my dear young friend. Your new-born agony is about to commence. Dramatic authorship gives you a wholly new experience.

Actors and actresses as a rule are the most genial people and the most delightful companions, but if you want to see them at their very worst, with all their bristles out and their prejudices displayed in the most acute form, commend me to a sight of them on the morning when a new play is read to them. Before the reading begins the actor-manager, particularly if he has a good part in store for him, implores the company to preserve strict secrecy on the subject of the author's plot. If anything leaks out there is an immediate danger of the play being pirated abroad, and if the newspapers get hold of the story all interest will be discounted. The manager might just as well talk to the walls. All are bound to secrecy, and a few days afterward a mysterious paragraph appears, giving the whole show away. In fact, such is the danger of communication between the stage and the active paragraphist that the author is unable to give to each member of the cast a printed copy of his work from which to study, and by which alone he or she can understand the material bearing of the characters, one toward the other, and the *quid pro quo* is nowadays so firmly established between actors, actresses, and journalists that many authors refuse to read their plays at all. The artists have to study from "cues" and to pick up the story by fits and starts at rehearsal. In fact, I have known cases where on the first production those intrusted with leading parts did not know any more of what the play was about than the man in the moon.

As you read and read on, the attention, partially stimulated at the outset, sinks to zero. Each scene can not materially affect everybody. You soon see that nobody takes the faintest interest in what does not concern the individual artist. As the interest wanes, your voice gets fainter and fainter, and becomes monotonous and hollow as a ghost's. Nobody is looking at you or paying the slightest consequence to what you are saying. They are all staring up at the ceiling or out of the window. At last, with the cold beads of perspiration on your brow, you close the book and mop your forehead, with a sickly smile upon your countenance. The first thing the leading lady does is to come up to you, with a forced grin upon her face, and to deposit at your side the typed-out copy of the part you intended for her bound in brown paper. "I don't suppose that you want me to play that creature," she says, with an air of offended dignity; "why, dear Mr. Scott, you must be joking. I have a certain position in this theatre."

And so they all sink away like discontented ghosts, and leave you lone in your misery. You grope your way back through the dark passages into the streets, and try to drown your first care at the club.

The actor-manager system of English militates sadly against proper rehearsal, for the very good reason that the actor-manager, who has the best part, is on the stage attending to his business as an actor, whereas he should be in the stalls commanding the scene and the picture and moving his puppets with authority. The consequence is that rehearsals in these cases out of two are mere waste of time and temper. The first rehearsal is devoted to what is called "company parts," and after that farce has been gone through, which would be unnecessary if a printed book were handed to everybody, there follows a daily scene of discord and confusion. There may be here and there exceptions to this rule, but they are few and far between.

Every one is full of suggestions, and no one seems to arrive at a conclusion. "Don't you think I ought to cross here?" "Don't you think it would be better if I sat or stood there?" "Haven't I been up to this corner too long?" and so on. The poor author is in a whirl; he does not understand what is going on in the least. What with the con-

flicts of opinion, the artful way with which every one concerned works for individual interests, the tricks and dodges to get the centre of the stage, the absence of all authority and system, the wretched playwright begins to despair and be convinced that he has not prepared for himself a bed of roses!

Theo, poor fellow, he has to encounter for the first time the actor or actress who steadily and obstinately refuses to act at rehearsal, oay, who objects to giving the slightest idea of what is to be done with the character at night. Such so-called artists as these gabble through their words, which are never studied until the last minute, and suggest business which no human being can understand. How can scenes be timed, how can the *ensemble* be perfected, how can any human being judge the effect of a play while this "gabbling" system is allowed and study is postponed until the last instant? Such people are not actors or actresses. They are amateurs. They do not understand their business and they have mistaken their vocation. It is not necessary to throw out your whole acting powers at every rehearsal. In fact, it would be injudicious to do so. It would be overtaxing strength and wasting tissue to no purpose.

But it is quite essential and absolutely necessary at the outset to give an idea to all who surround you what you intend to do at night, or your companions may be paralyzed and thrown off their guard. The phrase "Oh! it will be all right at night!" is one of the heresies of the stage. It is usually all wrong at night, and when it is wrong, as it deserves to be, all this carelessness and slipshod method and indifference or conceit are flung at the head of the critic, who sees a "first night" performance, which is nothing more or less than an indifferent dress rehearsal, and is vilified because in the interests of the public who pay their money he tells the truth.

Theo it is that the actor-manager, who is mainly responsible for this slovenly preparation, the actor-manager, who in these modern days is allowed to coerce newspaper proprietors, to write silly letters to the papers, and to vow vengeance generally through his influence with society and back-stairs back-sheesh, waxes wroth with journalists who dare to advocate first-night criticisms. He pipes his managerial eye and says it is so unfair to the poor actor and actress, that they are not ready yet to be criticized, that they have been taken off their guard, that they did not know their parts last night, but that they will know them next week, and that the expectant world is to wait for "next week," if new plays are to be considered new, until Mr. Dash has recovered from the weariness caused by Lady Taradiddle's rout, or Miss Margaret Mincem, who dresses so well and wears such cape jewels, has taken the trouble to commit the author's lines to memory. Half of the failures or moderate successes on the stage are due to these inefficient and ill-organized rehearsals, and the deliberate misdeeds of the artists are fastened on to the shoulders of those who are appointed to judge a finished work, but, as a rule, find it a scamped duth at the best.

I must give the American stage, at least, the credit for this fact, that I have never yet seen an actor or actress take such a liberty with an audience as to be imperfect when the play is actually produced. Nervous they must be—that is human nature—but they are aware of the responsibility of their calling. To English, on the other hand, there are scores of actors and actresses who are habitually imperfect in their words, who not only "stick" themselves, but cause others who are letter-perfect to stick also; who ruin the scenes in which they are engaged and jeopardize the prospects of the wretched author. Such splendid first-night performances, in regard to symmetry, order, smoothness, and system, as those I have seen in America, would be almost impossible on a first night in London to-day. And why? Because in America you never produce a play before it is ready. Unfortunately, we do.

It is perhaps not generally known that in the United States, on the banks of Yogo Creek, Montana, an extensive mine is in operation, producing as fine sapphires and rubies as are found in the world. Sapphires and rubies are both varieties of the mineral corundum. Burma and Siam were formerly the only localities for these gems.

Nineteen years ago Lord Roberts received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for his march from Calcutta to Kandahar. He is the only man living entitled to wear two Victoria Crosses. His own he wears on his left breast, but the cross earned by his son he is not only allowed but commanded to wear on the opposite side.

—REALIZING HOW LARGE A NUMBER OF OUR readers at the present time are interested in and desirous of obtaining the very best of toosorial work, it is a pleasure to write of an establishment that is perfect. The certainty of absolute cleanliness and comfort at the Sanitary Shaving, shampooing, hair-cutting, and bathing Parlors in the California Hotel, Bush Street, near Kearny, since Louis Frick became manager, is worth a more than passing notice. All tools and articles used upon and by customers are thoroughly sterilized daily by the use of a Lilly Patent Formaldehyde Sterilizer, rendering disease by contagion impossible. The perfumes and powders used are the finest that are imported, and a trial will cause you to send your cup and outfit there.

## STAGE GOSSIP.

Kellar, the Magician.

Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott will be seen for the last time at the Columbia Theatre in H. V. Esmond's charming play, "When We Were Twenty-One" this (Saturday) evening, and on Monday evening Kellar, the magician, will begin a two weeks' engagement. Among other ovelties which he will present will be "The Mystery of L'Hassa," in which the laws of gravitation are defied; "Princess Karnac," illustrating the theory of the projection of astral bodies through space; "Reincarnation of the Rose," showing how living human beings may be materialized from the air in full light; "The Gambling Ghost," a sporty spook with a peechant for card playing; and "The Simla Séance," a reproduction of the greatest spirit séance ever held in the world. There will be in all about a dozen illusions, each of which will occupy the entire stage of the theatre. In addition to these a new budget of small magic is promised.

Great interest is being manifested in the Henry Miller season, which is to be inaugurated on June 25th. The opening play is to be Jerome K. Jerome's brilliant comedy success, "Miss Hobbs," in which Annie Russell has been starring in the East this year.

Hoyt's "A Tin Soldier."

If Duane and Ryley's company of clever comedians can maintain in their coming Hoyt revivals the high standard which they have set in "A Rag Baby," their two weeks' engagement at the California Theatre will certainly prove a prosperous one. Next week they are to produce "A Tin Soldier," with Walter Joos as Rats, "a perfect little gentleman"; Harry Bulger as Vilas Canby, a practical plumber; Mr. Matthews as Brooklyn Bridge, a gentleman of high position; and Phil H. Ryley, in the rôle of Colonel I. B. Booser, a hero of Gettysburg, and Wright Handy, Mr. Bridge's carpenter. Mary Marble, Maude Courtois, Bessie Taonehill, Ethel Kirwan, and Addyn Estee will be seen to advantage in the leading female parts. The English dancing-girls will have a new dancing specialty, and Matthews and Bulger, accompanied by a big chorus, will sing their popular song, "You Told Me You Had Mooney in the Bank."

"A Milk White Flag" is to follow.

The Tivoli's Revival of "Madeleine."

Monday evening promises to be a gala one at the Tivoli Opera House, when "Madeleine," or, The Magic Kiss, is to be revived on an elaborate scale, for it will mark the re-appearance of two great favorites, Anna Lichter and Edwin Stevens. Miss Lichter breaks a well-earned holiday to repeat her charming impersonation of Madeleine, whose magic kisses enable a coquette to become a young man again, but after the run of this opera she will not be heard again until the grand-opera season opens in August. Edwin Stevens, who has been a member of Charles Frohman's Empire Stock Company this season, will have the rôle of the Baroo de Grimm, Ferris Hartman will be Gourmet (the baroo's doctor), and Annie Myers, Julie Cotte, Arthur Boyce, Fred Kavanagh, and Harry Cashman and Grace Orr, who make their debut, will complete the cast. In the absence of Director Max Hirschfeld, who takes a short vacation, W. H. Batchellor, the well-known musical conductor, will occupy his chair.

At the Orpheum.

Among the new-comers at the Orpheum next week will be Vao and Nobriga, assisted by Bobby North, who will appear in a little farce, by George Tootie Smith, entitled "My Busy Day," which is said to be exceedingly clever; the Merrills, trick bicyclists; John Camp, known as "the man who over smiles" (this has no connection with the prohibition movement); and Sidney Dean, a character singer of considerable note.

Those retained from this week's bill are Hart and De Mar, who will appear in another new sketch; Lillian Burkhardt, who will present "Fifty Years Ago," a sketch written for her by Hubert Heory Davies; Fleurette and Frank Gardner; Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry; and the Biograph.

Complained is made that Grosveor Square is losing its aristocratic tenants, whose houses are falling one by one into the hands of African and Australian millionaires.

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## VANITY FAIR.

The "grand manner" has gone from the world, and the world seems little put out at its departure (says a writer in the *London Spectator*). Time was when it was a token at once of breeding and education. Scholarship unadorned with it was held up to naked scorn as naked pedantry; manners with no touch of the grand air could not pass muster in polite circles; literature saw in it the sum and substance of its being. It did duty for a whole lexicon of qualities, but its outward aspect was unmistakable, depending upon a very simple theory of society and human life. The history of English society will be a study of the decline and fall of the grand manner. Originally an Elizabethan product, and nobly typified in Sidney and Raleigh, it came to maturity in the seventeenth century. A man like Sir Thomas Urquhart in Scotland, with his craze for distinction and his mania for versatility, is the manner carried to an extreme; and the Suckling and Lovelace school, who were at once cavaliers and poets, and a Lord Herbert of Cheshire, who was philosopher, poet, physicist, soldier, and bravo in one, are shining instances of its best. But the eighteenth century was its heyday. In that modish world of Ranelagh and St. James's, Brooks's and the Cocoa Tree, we have a thousand instances of its perfection. Let it be clearly understood what we mean. It was versatility followed as a fashion and joined with an affectation of ease and indifference, a manner and not necessarily a character. Most great men have been many-sided, but with the gentleman of the grand air it was a social duty, and all traces of the process must be hidden from sight. A whole hierarchy of statesmen—Carteret, Bolingbroke, Charles Townsend—were also wits and scholars. A large school, from Wilkes to Fox, were also rakes. When the city apprentice went down St. James's Street of a morning and saw in the clear sunshine through the open window Fox at cards in his shirt-sleeves, and reflected that this man the afternoon before had made an epoch-making speech in the Commons, and had during the night in all likelihood lost a fortune, he recognized the grand manner, and, we trust, shook his head at its folly. A better instance is Lord Mansfield. One of the greatest of English judges, he was perhaps also, since Bacon, the most accomplished. He was a great lawyer, and, what is rarer, a scholar in law, a man of the widest learning, a wit, a lover of poetry, a man of fashion, and one of the first parliamentary debaters of his day. He was the only man whom Boswell thought worthy of admission into the company of general officers who had seen service, declaring that he was not a "mere" lawyer.

It is the word "mere" in Boswell's remark which is the ground of the whole difference. To Raleigh or Lord Herbert, Wordsworth would have been a "mere" poet, Mr. Spencer a "mere" philosopher, Gibbon, when he declared that he was not a historian but a gentleman, and Disraeli, when, before his great Oxford speech in 'sixty-four, he sauntered into the theatre in a shooting-coat and a wide-awake, each in his own absurd way protested against professional limitations. Nowadays we would have a parson be a parson and a statesman a statesman; when the grand manner flourished, a gentleman was insulted by being labeled with a single name. To be sure, the results were often disastrous, and fools, who might have done decently had their aspirations been small, made bids for greatness and had lamentable falls. But the art never professed to be for the rank and file, but for the master spirits; and much of the criticism proceeded from the incompetents. "It is with genius as with a fine fashion," wrote Pope; "all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it." But whatever the cause be, the grand manner is discredited. Disraeli was almost the last of its disciples, and the abuse of him which was current for so long shows how people had come to regard the affectation. For an affectation it was, though a charming and sometimes a noble one. Versatility can never be abolished, but a pretense of ease and insouciance and a parade of divers accomplishments may easily be discredited. The splendid impassiveness of the great gentleman has succumbed to modern worry and haste, and, for the most part, we frankly confess that dignity is a nuisance and an anachronism. But the other side of the thing—the taste for a liberal culture—shows signs of revival, and we may see a return to the grand manner, brought up to date and purged of its silliness.

Not since the marriage of Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt to the Duke of Marlborough has New York witnessed such an elaborate church wedding as that of Miss Katharine Stauffer Clark to Dr. Lewis Rutherford Morris, a fortnight ago. The large amount of advertising which the wedding received in advance, due largely to Senator Clark's unique political position, his reputed great wealth, the fact that he is building a palatial residence in upper Fifth Avenue, the high standing of the bridegroom as the representative of a distinguished New York family, and the sensational stories published, full of imaginative details of the bride's trousseau, jewels, and other wedding gifts, and of the arrangements for the nuptials, had the effect of arousing public

curiosity in the marriage to such an extent that Fifth Avenue and the adjacent streets near St. Thomas's were thronged with curiosity seekers from an early hour in the afternoon, waiting the arrival of the guests and the bridal party. A squad of police were on hand (says the *New York Times*), and from two o'clock on were busily occupied in keeping the approaches to the awning—which extended over the sidewalk from the street to the doors of the church—clear, and in driving back hordes of importunate women seeking admittance to the church on various pretexts, and the photographers of the yellow journals, who mounted their cameras at every possible point of vantage. The guests, who were admitted by special cards, began to arrive fully an hour before that set for the ceremony, or soon after two o'clock, but even then found many of the best pews occupied by people who had gained admittance on different pretexts. The ushers, who had printed lists of the guests, assigning them to different parts of the church, according to whether they were friends of the bride or bridegroom, found their task in seating these guests a difficult one. A number of the women guests absolutely declined to take the seats assigned them, and at times considerable friction developed between them and the ushers.

"If you have a steam yacht and are contemplating a European tour, now is the time of your trouble," says the *Philadelphia Times*. "It is easy enough for any rich person to own a steam yacht. All one has to do is to fill out checks, but when it comes to making a cruise and filling the cabins, then the real hard work begins. Probably you will exclaim that such a job as getting guests for a yachting trip must, indeed, be easy, for the supply of people must exceed the demand. All of which is true, but not all the truth, which must include the melancholy fact that the people who can go and want to go are not usually the ones you want to have go. Such habitual globe-trotters as the Van Rensselaers, the Drexels, and a few others have, of course, their regular standbys, but these can not always be counted upon. The reason is that our idle class differs radically from the same set in Europe. There the most desirable men are idlers. Here the best men are men of affairs, as a rule. One can fill one's list with boys and bald heads; between these extremes there are few eligible and agreeable men. It is, indeed, easy to make up a pleasant party for a summer run to Bar Harbor or Newport, or, perhaps, a March cruise to New Orleans, but to take in the Orient requires men of leisure, who are scarce. One can not sail around without companions with whom to while away the time. The qualities that compose companionability that will stand wear and tear as difficult to find as hens' teeth. So the job cut out for the yachtsmen who contemplate a protracted winter cruise is by no means an easy one. We have agencies where one can fill any requirements in the way of boats. Why not establish an agency for the supplying of desirable guests for the owners thereof? Far more yachts are given up because of this difficulty than for any other reason. The yachting agencies ought to make it their business to see that company is as readily obtainable as boats and crews. Then would we all buy yachts and do nothing but sail around all the time."

Commenting on the "tipping" habit which is becoming so marked in America, a visiting Englishman remarked the other day: "The extent to which you carry the practice of feeing waiters in restaurants is absurd. Of course there are restaurants and hotels where a man is not forced to stand and deliver; but the general rule holds that if one is not willing to fee servants the service he receives is very unsatisfactory. The same conditions seem to prevail wherever one goes. The barber inquires in an insinuating tone if everything is all right; the boy who brushes your dustless coat with such ludicrous care and insists upon scratching the nap from your hat with his immense whiskbroom, observes every motion of the baud which contains your money with a glance that is unmistakably solicitous; the porter who handles your baggage pauses in the doorway to wipe his brow and remarks that 'it's an uncommon heavy trunk'; even the youthful bell-boy refuses to put down the pitcher of water and return to his bench in the lobby without first making a great ado about raising or lowering the window-shade, and finally asks, in an insinuating tone, 'Ef there ain't nothin' else.' But the waiter—ah, the waiter—be the king of them all. He is, *par excellence*, the leader of New York's band of menial highwaymen. The American waiter actually holds you up. He seems to be possessed of some strange, hypnotic power which makes one feel mean and cheap unless one leaves the customary piece of 'siller' in the little plate upon which the change is returned. Now, that little plate is the most diabolical conspirator in league with the waiter. Have you ever noticed how the change clings to those little plates? The power of adhesion seems to be present with remarkable force, and, unless a man is extremely penurious or possessed of extraordinary will power, in nine cases out of ten he will yield to the combined influence of the waiter and the plate. I have been told that waiters are forced to insist upon tips on account of the poor salaries paid them by their employers; in fact, it has been remarked in my presence that at many of the ultra-fashionable restaurants waiters

actually pay for the privilege of attending certain 'popular' tables. If this be true, then I think the remedy is apparent. A long-suffering public should rise up in its might and form 'The Anti-Tipping Society,' or some kindred organization, which would compel the public host to pay his own salary list."

A description in the *Chicago Times-Herald* of the recent school board election in Lagrange, Ill., is interesting, as throwing some light on the conditions that women are called to face at the polls: "The polls were opened for three hours only—from four to seven o'clock—but the unusual efforts of the women and the vigorous campaign they have conducted for some weeks brought out, even in that short time, nearly two hundred more votes than were cast at the national election of 1896, and far more than have ever been polled at any other election in the district. The Royal Arcanum, Royal League, and other fraternal organizations supported a 'young men's ticket' in opposition to the present board, which has held office for several years. The women, however, matched all their efforts from the beginning of the campaign, and scored a crowning triumph over them when the ballots were counted. Husbands, fathers, and brothers were ordered to leave their Chicago offices in time to get to Lagrange for the voting, and they obeyed to a man. Every train that pulled into the Lagrange depot during the afternoon was met by the anxious women, who took charge of their friends and proudly escorted them to the polls. Their opponents were very good-natured, and once, when a long line had formed before the polling-place, one of the 'bateful opposition' suggested an adjournment to an ice-cream stand. The gallant relatives at once took up the idea, and, though they couldn't supply the ladies with ice cream, went away and bought them boxes of candy by the score."

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, June 6th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

BONDS.	Shares.	@	109 3/4	109 3/4	105 1/2	105 1/2
Contra Water 5%.....	5,000	@	109 3/4	109 3/4		
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	26,000	@	104 1/4-105	104 1/4	105 1/2	
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@	118 1/2	118 1/2		
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	11,000	@	117 1/2	117 1/2		
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@	107 1/2	107 1/2		
Oceanic S. Co. 5%.....	1,000	@	107 1/2	107 1/2		
Oakland Transit 6%.....	3,000	@	118 1/2	119		
Oakland Water 5%.....	4,000	@	105			
S. F. & S. J. Ry. 5%.....	25,000	@	119 1/2	119 1/2		
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%.....	14,000	@	114	114	114 1/2	
S. V. Water 6%.....	7,000	@	115 1/2	115		
S. V. Water 4%.....	5,000	@	103 1/2	103 1/2		
S. V. Water 4% 3d.....	26,000	@	101 1/2-102 1/2	101	101 1/2	
STOCKS.						
Water.	Shares.	@	72 1/2	72 1/2	72 1/2	72 1/2
Contra Costa Water.....	645	@	72 1/2	72 1/2	72 1/2	72 1/2
Spring Valley Water.....	205	@	95 1/2	94 1/2	95	
Gas and Electric.						
Equitable Gaslight.....	35	@	2 1/2	2 1/2	2 1/2	2 1/2
Oakland G. L. & E. H.....	85	@	45 1/4-46	46 1/4		
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	105	@	45 1/2	45 1/2		
Pacific Lighting Co.....	10	@	44		45	
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	245	@	46-46 1/2	46 1/2	47	
Street R. R.						
Market St. R. R.....	190	@	62 1/2-63	62 1/2	63	
Powders.						
Giant Con.....	1,520	@	85 1/2-89 1/2	87 1/2	87 1/2	
Vigorit.....	200	@	3	2 1/2	3	
Sugars.						
Hana P. Co.....	310	@	7 1/2-7 3/4	7 1/2	7 3/4	
Honokaa S. Co.....	375	@	33 1/4-34 1/2		33 1/2	
Kilauea S. Co.....	15	@	20 1/2-20 3/4	20 1/2		
Makaweli S. Co.....	400	@	47 1/2-47 3/4	47 1/2	47 3/4	
Onomea S. Co.....	150	@	28	27 1/2	28 1/2	
Pauahau S. P. Co.....	1,875	@	31 3/4-32 1/2	31 3/4	32	
Miscellaneous.						
Alaska Packers.....	5	@	118 1/2		118 1/2	
Oceanic S. Co.....	55	@	93 1/2	92 1/2	94	

Although a quiet week, there were indications of buying orders coming in, induced by the prevailing low prices; more transactions in gas stocks and evidently an undercurrent setting in. Giant had another of its sea-saws that kept the street guessing. The Eastern scare of our alleged bubonic has evidently put a load on the Canners.

Waters kept steady, and sugars showed no change worth mentioning. Dividends will be paid on the 20th—on Spring Valley Water, 42 cents; California Powder, 51; Central Light and Power Company, 5 cents; and Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company, 25 cents per share.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Once when C. H. Spurgeon fell down a marble staircase at Mentone, he turned a double somersault, in the course of which some money fell from his pocket into his Wellington boots. Having lost a tooth or teeth in his descent, he humorously described the whole transaction as "painless dentistry with money to boot!"

When President Krüger was last in Eglaoed, he received a visit from the Duke of Abercorn, in the course of which his grace informed "Oom Paul" that he himself had been for years a member of the British Lower House, and that his father had been lord-lieutenant of Ireland. The president evidently considered that his guest's present rank was a great rise in life, for he exclaimed, hastily: "Oh, that is nothing; my father was only a shepherd!"

It is said that a certain Colorado millionaire, who is getting up an art gallery, recently went to Whistler's Paris studio and, glancing casually at the masterpieces on the walls, asked with the confidence of one who owns gold mines: "How much for the lot?" "Four millions," said Whistler without a moment's hesitation. "What!" ejaculated the astonished millionaire. "My posthumous prices," replied the painter, as he added, "Good morning."

Sir Robert Fiola, the new English attorney-general, was once engaged on a case for breach of warranty of a horse, the age of the animal being the chief matter in dispute, and had to cross-examine a hostler, a yokel with every appearance of rustic simplicity. "Upon what authority do you swear to the age of the mare?" he asked. "I'm sure of it," was the reply. Half a dozen more questions failed to elicit from the witless any more specific answer. "But how do you know?" thundered Sir Robert at last. "I had it from the mare's own mouth!" replied the hostler.

Strange to say, Senator Bailey, of Texas, who is such a hero with the sentimental women frequenters of the House galleries, is not a favorite with the men visitors. One day last winter his dramatic conclusion to a rather long-winded speech elicited from a gray-haired man in the second row of the members' gallery the ejaculation: "Too bad, too bad!" "What's too bad?" asked his companion. "It's too bad," replied the venerable auditor, "that the Lord Almighty who He made that roaring Texan should have used up so much material in fashioning his thorax that He had nothing left for his brains."

During Hans von Bülow's leadership of the orchestra at Haover, while one of his grand *intermezzi* was being played with great feeling by his musicians, a peculiar noise annoyed the leader for some little time. At first he thought it resembled the flutter of wings, but soon he discovered an elegant lady fanning herself in one of the boxes close by. Bülow kept on with his gestures, fixing his eyes on the offender in a manner which meant reproof. The lady, not heeding this, was suddenly surprised by the leader dropping his stick and turning toward her. "Madam!" he cried, "if you must, please, at least, keep time with your infernal nuisance."

While Lord Kitchener was engaged in suppressing the Prieska rebellion he ordered the destruction of a certain farm-house. Not seeing any signs of his orders being carried out, he rode over with his staff and found an interesting situation. In the doorway of the doomed farm stood a pretty young Dutch girl, her hands clasping the door-posts and her eyes flashing fire from beneath her dainty sun-boonet. The Irish sergeant in charge of the party of destruction was vainly endeavoring to persuade her to let them pass in, but to all his blandishments of "Arrah darlint; wisha now, achushla," etc., the maiden turned a deaf ear, and a deadlock prevailed. Kitchener's sharp "What's this?" put a climax to the scene. The girl evidently guessed that this was the dreaded chief-of-staff, and her lips trembled in spite of herself. Kitchener gazed sourly at her, and turned bravely though tearfully there, and turned to his military secretary. "Put down," he growled, "that the commander's orders with reference to the destruction of Rightman's farm could not be carried out owing to unexpected opposition. Forward, gentlemen."

The Glasgow *Weekly Mail* publishes the following *verbatim* report of the chairman's speech in giving the toast of "The Queen" at a recent agricultural show dinner in Scotland: "Noo, gentlemen, will ye a' fill yer glasses, for I'm about to briog forrit 'The Queen.' Oor queen, gentlemen, is really a wonderfu' woman, if I may say it; she's ane o' the guid auld sort. Nae Whigmaleeries or faldalairs about her, but a dowie daecet lady. She's respectable beyoud a' doot. She has brocht up a grand family o' weel-faured lads and lasses—her auldson being a credit to any mither—and they're a' weel married. Ane daughter is nae less than married to the Duke o' Argyll's son and heir. Gentlemen, ye'll may be no' believe it, but I ance saw the

queeo. I did. It was when I took my auld broon coo to Perth Show. I remember her weel—such color, such hair!" [Interruption, and cries of "Is it the coo or the queen ye're proposing?"] "The queeo, gentlemen. I heg your pardon, but I was talking about the coo. However, as to the queeo, somebody pointed her out to me at Perth Stattoo, and there she was, smart and tidy-like; and says I to myself: 'Gin my auld woman at hame slips awa', ye needna remaia a widower anither hour langer.' Noo, gentlemen, the whusky's guid, the night is laog, the weather is wet, and the roads are saft, and will harm naeboddy that comes to grief. So aff wi' yer drink to the bottom! 'The Queen!'"

## BROWN'S DECEPTION.

## His Indiscreet Solicitude for His Type-Writer.

Brown's type-writer had a cold in her head. Brown, who was so impulsive, generous man, observed her sniffing and asked her what she was doing for the cold.

"Nothin'g," said she.

"I'll call up my family doctor and get him to prescribe for you," said Brown, kindly. "It's no use being uncomfortable longer than necessary."

While he was waiting for Central to give him the doctor's number a startling thought came to him. What if the doctor should mention to Brown's wife that Brown had telephoned him about the type-writer? Brown's wife quite believed that Brown was possessed of charms that attracted all women to him irresistibly, especially type-writers, and she was wildly jealous of the industrious soul to whom Brown was really interesting only on salary day.

"Gad," said Brown, as he thought of the blunder he had so carelessly committed, "that would have raised the deuce."

"Hullo!" came the voice of the doctor.

"Hullo!" replied Brown. "That you, doctor? Say, doctor, I've got a mighty bad cold. Can't you send around something for it?"

"What sort of a cold?" asked the other end.

"It's in my head, I think," ventured Brown.

"You think I don't you know?" came in a tone of some surprise. "What are your symptoms?"

Brown had not thought of that, and he stammered in sudden panic. He was not much used to lying.

"Wait a minute, doctor," he said, and rushed over to his type-writer. "What're your symptoms—quick! I quick!" he whispered.

"Cough," said she, "tickling in my throat, headache, constant thirst, can't breathe through my nose."

Brown rushed back to the phone. "Cough, doctor," he said, "tickling in my throat, constant thirst, headache, can't breathe through my nose."

"That sounds bad," said the doctor after a moment. "I'd better run around to see you. I'll be around in an hour. I can't prescribe for anything as serious as that without seeing you."

"Sorry," gasped Brown, "but I'm just going out of town."

"Not with that cold. I'll be right up. Good-by," said the doctor, ringing off. Brown scarcely had time to get well scared before the doctor hurried in. "You're looking pretty well," were his first words.

"Oh, yes," said Brown, grimly, "I look better than I feel."

The doctor unbuttoned Brown's coat and listened for a rattling in his chest. He tapped him for a soreness, examined his tongue, felt his pulse, and looked grave as Brown had a paroxysm of coughing.

"Brown," said he, "you are a mighty sick man. You ought to be in bed this very minute. This is Saturday. Now you hurry home, and don't you leave your house till Monday; better stay in bed. Take one of these dark tablets every two hours and three quinine pills after each meal. Good-by. Be sure and let me know how you are getting on."

Brown turned the tablets over to his type-writer, and was enjoying his papers on Sunday afternoon when he was horrified to see the doctor at his door.

"I got worried about you," said the doctor, "and thought I'd drive around. Medicines help you any?"

"Oh, wonderfully," said Brown; "I feel like a different man."

"How many tablets have you left?" asked the doctor. "Let me see them, Brown."

"Oh, there's plenty left, plenty left," said Brown, nervously.

"But I want to see them," insisted the doctor.

"Well, you can't see them," blurted out Brown; "the infernal things are at the office."

"Why, Henry," broke in Mrs. Brown, much aggrieved, "why didn't you tell me that you were ill? Such things ought not to be kept from me. Is he very ill, doctor?"

"I want you to get him to bed at once," said the doctor, decisively. "He has got the grip. If he had taken that medicine he might have warded it off, but now it is too late. His hands are cold, his forehead's covered with perspiration, and his circulation is mighty bad."

"I don't want to go to bed," said Brown, with much heat. "I'm better. That tickling in my throat has gone, and I can breathe through my nose now."

"All goes to show that the cold has left your head and has settled in your whole system," said

the doctor. "If you don't go to bed at once, I'll not answer for the consequences."

Brown resisted till the doctor and Mrs. Brown wore him out between them, and he went to bed.

"Get him in a profuse perspiration as soon as possible," ordered the doctor; and Mrs. Brown buried Brown several feet deep under hot blankets.

"Now give him a bowl of hot lemonade and whisky," ordered the doctor.

"I can't go hot lemonade. It makes me sick," said the maddened Brown.

"Never mind," insisted the doctor. "I'll give you something to settle your stomach. We're going to sweat this grip out of you."

As Brown lay there under a half-dozen blankets that afternoon, he glared about him with the perspiration oozing from every pore, and swore to discharge the type-writer on Monday. He cursed his generous impulses and condemned all doctors to a place warm enough to sweat out grip without extra blankets. As Mrs. Brown bustled in that evening with a bowl of weak broth in place of his usual excellent Sunday dinner, she heard Brown mutter:

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave,  
When first we practice to deceive."

She set the tray down hastily, and hurried the maid to the drug-store to telephone the doctor that Brown had grown delirious and he had better come immediately.—*Caroline Lockhart in June Lippincott's Magazine.*

## England's Poet Laureate.

Forward Britain's bard,

List to him breathing hard,

Reel off yard by yard

Backboneless dribble.

Austin, wouldst made a hit?

Bow, like a man, and quit,

Own you've bit off a bit

Too much to nibble.

"Theo when hope dawned at last

And fled the foe aghast

At the relieving blast—"

Wouldn't that jar you?

Alfred, dear fellow, why

Don't you go off and die

Ere angry Britons try

To feather and tar you?

Critics to right of him,

Critics to left of him,

Critics in front of him,

Each with a hammer.

Writing with both his hands,

Striving to meet demands,

Yet undismayed he stands,

Official wodgehammer!

Honor the bluff he made,

Honor the task essayed,

Pray that the rhymes he made

May not outlive him!

And for the ink he slogs

For the sad hearts he wrings

For the hum songs he sings

Heaven forgive him!

—M. B. Kirby in *New York Mail and Express.*

## Electricity in Capsules.

This new compound, which is made from cheap chemicals, is put up in capsule form, and when added to a certain quantity of water will furnish electricity enough to light a house, drive an automobile, or even a railroad train. But this is nothing compared to the strength of power contained in a bottle of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It cures indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, liver and kidney troubles, and fills the system with the vigor of health.

She—"Since my return from the South of France I'm another woman." *Sarcastic friend*—"How delighted your husband must be!"—*Tit-Bits.*

## Moore's Poison Oak Remedy.

Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

A prize pie: "Here's t' yer heath, Sylvester." "Where'd ye git the liquor?" "Squeezed it from this miece-pie a temperance ledy gimme."—*Life.*

## Scotch Whisky for Cecil Rhodes.

Among the whisky shipments from Aberdeen last week was a supply to the Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes, Grotte Schurr, Cape Town, the whisky shipped being Messrs. William Williams & Sons, Limited, V. V. O.—*Aberdeen Evening Express.*

## Paris Exposition

—AND—

## PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU

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has no better aid than

Armour's  
Extract  
of  
Beef

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Grocers and Druggists  
Armour & Company,  
CHICAGO.

## ANNUAL MEETING.

The adjourned annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 28, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the seventh day of August, 1900, at the hour of one o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

E. K. COLE, Asst. Secretary,  
Office—Room 20, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

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STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

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Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,

Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1900.

Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Wednesday, June 6

Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, June 30

Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Thursday, July 26

Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, August 21

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office

No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. H. STUBBS, General Manager.

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calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.

No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1900

Hongkong Maru.....Thursday, June 14

Nippon Maru.....Tuesday, July 10

America Maru.....Friday, August 3

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

421 Market Street, cor. First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## OCEANIC

S. S. Mariposa sails

via Honolulu and

Ankaland for Sydney,

Wednesday, June 13,

at 8 p. m.

S. S. Anstralla, for

Honolulu only, Wed-

nesday, June 27, 2 p. m.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros., Co., Agts., 114 Montgom-

ery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

## Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:

For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., June

5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5, change

to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, 11

A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5,

and every fifth day thereafter.

For Enrica (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M.,

June 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, July 2, and

every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M.,

June 4, 9, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, July 2, and every fourth

day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa

Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11

A. M., June 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, July 4, and every

4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.

For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month.

The company reserves the right to change steamers,

sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

Ticket Office 4 New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel)

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 20 Market St. S. F.

## International Navigation Co.'s Lines

## AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Paris),

from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.

New York.....June 20 | St. Louis.....July 4

St. Paul.....June 27 | New York.....July 11

## RED STAR LINE.

New York and Antwerp. From New York every

Wednesday, 12 noon.

Southwark.....June 20 | Kensington.....July 4

Westernland.....June 27 | Nordland.....July 11

## EMPIRE LINE.

To Alaska and Cold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



## SOCIETY.

## The Harrison-Crocker Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Mary Crocker, the elder daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Crocker, and Mr. Francis Burton Harrison, son of Mr. and Mrs. Burton Harrison, of New York, took place at Tuxedo Park on Thursday, June 7th. The ceremony was performed at St. Mary's Protestant Episcopal Church at twelve-thirty o'clock by the Rev. Dr. W. F. Brand, of Baltimore, the great-uncle of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. George Grenville Merrill, the rector of the church. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her great-uncle, Mr. D. O. Mills. The bridesmaids were Miss Jennie Crocker, the bride's sister, Miss Harriet Alexander, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Miss Jean Reid, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Miss Susan Alexander McCook, niece of Mr. Alexander, and Miss Caroline Taylor and Miss Mary Scott, of this city. Mr. Frank Lyon Polk, of New York, was the best man, and Mr. Archibald C. Harrison, the groom's brother, Mr. Gouverneur Morris, Mr. Albert Fairfax, the groom's two cousins, Mr. Frederick d'Hauteville, Mr. Allan Robbins, Mr. William Sloan, of New York, Mr. Benjamin Cable, of Chicago, and Mr. Arthur Shepley, of St. Louis, acted as ushers.

The church ceremony, which was attended by about two hundred invited guests, many of whom came from New York on a special train, was followed by an elaborate wedding breakfast served by Sherry at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander. Among other Californians present at the wedding were Mr. William Crocker, Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, and Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison leave shortly on an extended European tour.

## The Nichols-Kellogg Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Lois Kellogg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Kellogg, to Mr. Henry Drew Nichols took place at the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Hiram Tubbs, in East Oakland, on Wednesday afternoon, June 6th. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by the Rev. Carson Shaw, of the Church of the Advent. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her father; Miss Alla Henshaw, the bride's cousin, was the bridesmaid, and Mr. Charles Nichols, the groom's brother, was the best man.

An informal reception followed the ceremony, after which an elaborate supper was served. Mr. and Mrs. Nichols left in the evening on their wedding tour. On their return they will reside in East Oakland.

Among the wedding guests were Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Hall, Jr., Mr. Hiram Hall, Miss Susie Hall, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Henshaw, Judge and Mrs. Henshaw, Mr. and Mrs. George Greenwood, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Hall, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Edson Adams, Mr. Wheaton, the Misses Moffitt, Mrs. Lloyd Rawlings, Miss Jane Rawlings, Miss Florence

Hush, Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., Miss Grimwood, Miss Valentine, Miss Farrier, Miss Allie Grimes, the Misses Josephine and Kate Chabot, the Misses Wilcox, Miss Harriet Hall, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Stephenson, Miss Margaret Sinclair, Miss Daggett, Miss Mary Barker, Miss Augusta Kent, and Mrs. Malcolm Graham.

## Saunders-Neugass Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Jeanette Neugass, daughter of the late Judge and Mrs. Neugass, of Arizona, and niece of Mr. William Fulton and Miss Fulton, of this city, to Mr. Edward Vere Saunders, of Philadelphia, took place at the home of the bride's aunt, 1923 Vallejo Street, on Wednesday evening, June 6th. The ceremony was performed at eight-thirty o'clock by the Rev. W. A. M. Breck, of St. Luke's Church. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her uncle; Miss Alice Downing, of Oakland, was maid of honor, and Mr. John Batton Warren, of Chicago, was the best man.

Mr. and Mrs. Saunders will spend their honeymoon in Southern California.

## The Roberts-Trowbridge Engagement.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel Glendenning Trowbridge to Naval Constructor Thomas Gaines Roberts, U. S. N. Miss Trowbridge is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Joseph Mott Trowbridge and a sister of Mrs. Salisbury, wife of Lieutenant George R. Salisbury, U. S. N. Mr. Roberts, who is stationed at Mare Island Navy Yard, is one of the distinguished graduates of Annapolis designated for naval constructors. He was sent abroad by the Navy Department to take a three years' course of special study and observation in the foreign dock-yards. He is a graduate, bachelor of arts, of Oxford (Ala.) College, class of '90; of the Annapolis Naval Academy, class of '94; and of the Paris Ecole du Genie Maritime, class of '97. Mr. Roberts is a member of the Bohemian and University Clubs.

The wedding is to take place on Wednesday, June 20th, at five o'clock, at the residence of the bride's parents, 352 Hancock Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. After August 15th, Mr. Roberts and his bride will be at home at Mare Island.

## The Holbrook Dinner.

Mr. Charles Holbrook recently gave a dinner at his residence, 1901 Van Ness Avenue, in honor of Miss Olive Snider, whose engagement to Mr. John S. Merrill has been announced. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. Snider, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Blodgett, Mr. William Swartley, Mr. Grove T. Ayers, Miss Olive Holbrook, Mr. Harry Holbrook, and Mr. Samuel Knight.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wheeler also recently gave a dinner complimentary to Miss Snider and her fiancé at their residence on Jones Street. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Mrs. Snider, Mr. Ernest S. Simpson, Miss Elsie Marsh, Dr. G. E.

Ebright, Miss Susanne McEwen, and Mr. Abbot A. Hanks.

## San Rafael's Summer Guests.

Already a large number of San Franciscans are taking up their summer residence in San Rafael for the season to escape the heat and dust and hubbub of the city. The latest arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dibblee, who have taken cottages, and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Gerstle and family and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss, who are now occupying their summer homes. Among the guests at the Hotel Rafael, who have taken rooms for the summer, are Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Kip and Miss Kip, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey, Miss Katharine Dillon, and Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Older.

## Notes and Gossip.

Baron von Schröder gave a dinner at the Hotel Rafael on Monday, June 4th, at which he entertained Mr. C. M. Greenway, Mr. Betton, Dr. Howitt, Mr. E. P. Pomeroy, Mr. J. J. Crooks, and Mr. W. M. O'Connor.

Judge and Mrs. Charles Frederick Hart have sent out invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Mabel Kealohilani Hart, to Mr. Charles Allen Elston, on Tuesday, June 12th, at St. Andrew's Cathedral, Honolulu. Mr. Elston is well known here and in Berkeley, where he graduated from the State University in 1897. The young couple will come to San Francisco on their wedding journey. They will reside in Honolulu, where they will occupy their newly erected house.

The wedding of Mrs. Louise Williams, daughter of Mr. E. D. Eldridge, of Stockton, and Mr. Howard Clayton Cruse, of Philadelphia, son of the late Captain Samuel Cruse, U. S. N., took place on Saturday evening, June 2d, at the Plymouth Avenue Congregational Church in Oakland. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Stephen R. Wood, former chaplain of the Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A.

Miss Turnbull gave a delightful dinner-party on Thursday evening last at the residence of her parents, 2106 Van Ness Avenue, to nine of her Cooper Medical College classmates.

The California Commission gave an elaborate banquet in honor of Mr. M. H. de Young at the Hotel Ritz, Paris, on Wednesday, June 6th. Among others present were General Horace Porter, United States ambassador; United States Consul-General Gowdy; Commissioner-General Peck; Mr. Henry Prentice, of the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris; and Mr. George W. Ochs, manager of the Paris edition of the New York Times.

## The Loring Club's Concert.

The Loring Club, under the direction of Mr. David W. Loring, gave the fourth concert of its twenty-third season at Odd Fellows' Hall on Thursday evening, June 7th, assisted by Miss Dorothy Goodsell, soprano, and Miss Ruth W. Loring, pianist. The following programme was presented: "At Sea," Buck; "Wood-Notes" (first time), Abt; soprano solo, (a) "With Newer Strings My Mandolin," Gounod, (b) "The Lotus Flower," Schumann, (c) "Spring," Henschel; "The Slender Water Lily" (first time), Rubinstein; Bacchus chorus, "Antigone," Mendelssohn; double choir, quartet, Mr. J. F. Veaco, Mr. Ed. C. Boysen, Mr. H. E. Medley, Mr. Wm. Neilson; "Hunting Song" (first time), Abt; "Romanza," from "La Gioconda," Ponchielli, tenor solo, Mr. J. F. Veaco; "I Love But Thee" (first time), Storch; "Evening Song," Dregert, soprano solo and chorus, Miss Dorothy Goodsell; "The Love-Struck Herring" (first time), Schaffer; and "Heinz Von Stein," Thayer.

## Golf at San Rafael Links.

The semi-final rounds in the golf tournament for the Council's Cup at the San Rafael Club links were played on Saturday, June 2d, with the following results: Mr. J. J. Crooks beat Mr. Carter P. Pomeroy 3 up, 2 to play, and Mr. E. J. McCutchen defeated Mr. George Heazelton. The final round between Mr. J. J. Crooks and Mr. E. J. McCutchen takes place at a later date.

In the semi-final round of the Council's Cup for women there were three contestants—Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, Mrs. J. J. Crooks, and Miss Alice Colden Hoffman. The last named drew the bye and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson beat Mrs. J. J. Crooks. In the final round Miss Hoffman beat Mrs. Johnson 9 up, 8 to play, and won the honor of having her name inscribed upon the trophy. Mrs. Frank S. Johnson took second prize and Mrs. J. J. Crooks won the consolation award.

Mrs. Greenleaf, wife of Colonel C. R. Greenleaf, U. S. A., has succeeded in opening an American library in Manila for the use of American soldiers, sailors, and citizens in Manila. There are about four thousand volumes in this library, many of them worn and soiled, but greatly enjoyed by both officers and men. About ten papers are sent regularly from the United States, which are read at the library and then sent to the troops in the field. It is the earnest request of Mrs. Greenleaf that copies of papers from every part of the United States be sent to this library.

## Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

Nervous Prostration and the Liquor, Morphine, and Tobacco Habits Cured at the

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## Baking Powder

### Absolutely Pure

Makes hot breakfast-breads wholesome—no yeast germs, no alum. Makes cake, biscuit and pastry of superior fineness, flavor and delicacy. Makes food that will keep moist and sweet. Is most economical, because it is the purest and greatest in leavening strength. In the easy, expeditious preparation of the finer cakes and pastries, Royal is indispensable.

Care must be taken to avoid baking powders made from alum. Such powders are sold cheap, because they cost but a few cents per pound. Not only will they spoil the cake, but alum is a corrosive acid, which taken in food means injury to health.



## SOCIETY.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs returned to New York last week after speeding the winter in San Francisco. Mrs. Oelrichs was expected to arrive from Europe on Wednesday, June 6th. After a few days in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Oelrichs will go to Newport, where they will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vaoderhill, Jr., who have already taken possession of "Belvoir," their summer home.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels and the Misses Grace and Lillie Spreckels left for the East on Thursday in their private car. Mr. Spreckels will attend the meeting of the Republic National Committee at Philadelphia, and after a short stay in New York will return to this city. Mrs. Spreckels and her daughters will sail from New York on June 14th to visit the Paris Exposition, and for a tour of Europe, which will probably last six months.

Mrs. George Crocker and the Misses Rutherford do not return with Mr. Crocker, who will arrive in New York a few days, but will remain in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks left for the East on Wednesday last to be gone about six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Collis P. Huntington returned to New York on Thursday last week and are occupying their residence at No. 2 East Fifty-Seventh Street. They will open their country home soon at Throg's Neck, Westchester County, for the summer.

Miss Charlotte L. Field is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frederic A. Kimble (née Thomas) at their country home near Hanford.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay, who have been the guests of Mrs. Mackay's parents at Leox for the past fortnight, will sail for England on Wednesday, June 13th.

Miss Bertha Dolbeer will go to Monterey for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid have closed their town house in New York and are at Ophir Farm, near White Plains, for the summer. They will not go abroad this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean and Miss Edith McBean, who are now in New York, will return here about June 20th, when they will go to the Hotel Rafael, where they have taken rooms for the summer.

Mrs. Ernest C. La Montagne, of No. 114 East Thirtieth Street, New York, has been visiting Mrs. W. Hockle-Smith at "Grotto," her country-place, Bryn Mawr, during the Philadelphia Horse Show.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Eells have closed up their town house, and are now at their summer residence in Ross Valley.

Miss Ella Morgan and Mr. Allen St. John Bowie were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chaucer R. Winslow, at their residence in San Rafael, last Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington and the Misses Huntington leave soon to their private car for the East. They will visit several places of resort, and will be absent several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Smith and the Misses Helen and Bertha Smith left last week for San Rafael for the summer season.

Mr. W. F. Herrin, Miss Herrin, Mr. J. C. Stubbs, and Miss Stubbs left on Friday evening of last week for New York, where they will remain for a month.

Lady Wolseley, the wife of Sir Charles M. Wolseley, who arrived in New York from England on the White Star steamer *Majestic* last week, reached this city on Wednesday, and is the guest of her brother, Mr. Daniel T. Murphy.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Deane are at the Hotel Vedome, San José, for a few weeks.

Mr. Lawrence Vao Winkle left June 1st for San Rafael, where he will spend the summer.

Mrs. N. G. Kittle and Miss Kittle, of Ross Valley, were in New York early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Irwin have sailed for Europe, en route to the Paris Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathao Bentz sailed on Wednesday on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Gaelic* for a visit to Chioa and Japan. They will return to their home in Santa Barbara in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tallant left June 1st for Sao Rafael, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Seton-Thompson sailed from New York for Liverpool on the White Star steamer *Germanic* on May 30th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilson left on June 1st for Highland Springs, where Mrs. Wilson and her little son will spend the summer months.

Mrs. R. H. Warfield and Mr. Emerson Warfield left on Wednesday for a two weeks' trip to Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel E. Hayes and the Misses Hayes, who spent the month of May at Palo Alto, leave soon for their summer home in Mill Valley, to remain several months.

Professor R. E. Allardice, head of the department of mathematics in Stanford University, left last Saturday for Scotland, to visit his old home and former associates in the faculty of the University of Edinburgh.

Mrs. Henry R. Mann is visiting in Portland, Or. Mr. and Mrs. Jacob B. Levison have gone to San Rafael for the summer.

Professor T. S. C. Lowe, of Pasadena, was at the California Hotel during the week.

Mrs. Campbell, widow of the late James Campbell, of Honolulu, is at the Occidental Hotel with the Misses Campbell, who have been at school at San Jose. They expect to leave soon for the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Cutter were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Dr. A. M. Gardner, of Napa, registered at the California Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dohrmann sailed for Hoo-

lulu on Wednesday on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Gaelic*. They will return about the middle of July.

Among the week's arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McDough, of Chicago, Miss E. Reimann, of Baltimore, Md., Mrs. J. C. Foy and Miss Alma Foy, of Los Angeles, Cal., Mr. J. A. Knight, of Worcester, Mass., Mrs. H. A. Brown and Mrs. G. A. Dayton, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Haytt, of Orange, N. J., Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Pecker and Mr. C. A. Cooke, of Boston, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. H. Tharp, of Sacramento, Mrs. George W. Grannis, Mrs. William Ehrenphort, Mr. J. A. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Lee, and Mr. D. E. Baker.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. A. Alexander, of New Zealand, Mr. W. Peet, Mr. Hunter Brown, and Mr. E. Reynolds, of Scotland, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kellar, of Guatemala, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Seams, of Sacramento, Mr. A. H. Bell, of Melbourne, Mr. H. A. Cripp, of New York, Mr. H. W. Harris and Mr. H. M. Grant, of Portland, Or., Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Miley, of Winton, Mr. P. N. Keefe and Mr. W. Morehead, of Sonoma, Mr. G. Goodsell and Mr. O. A. Hall, of Sao Jose, and Mr. H. P. Lincoln, of Santa Barbara.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General Elwell S. Otis, U. S. A., after having been detained on the transport *Meade* for five days at Angel Island Quarantine Station, reached this city on Monday. He made but a short stay in this city at the Occidental Hotel, leaving the same evening for Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Saltzman, wife of Lieutenant Charles McK. Saltzman, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., who has been visiting her father, Colonel Richard I. Eskridge, Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., at the Presidio, was called home suddenly by a telegram announcing the serious illness of her husband at Fort Apache, Ariz.

Naval Constructor Richard Pearson Hohnson, U. S. N., has been ordered home from his present duties at the Cavite naval station on sick leave. Naval Constructor Thomas F. Ruhm, who is now on duty at the works of Lewis Nixon, Elizabeth, port, N. J., will relieve him.

Mrs. Baldwin, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel F. D. Baldwin, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., who is now serving in the Philippines, together with her daughter, Mrs. Williams- Foote, wife of Lieutenant Williams-Foote, on duty in Manila, and children, will spend the summer at Fort Schuyler, N. Y., and will remain there indefinitely.

Major Charles T. Boyd, of the Thirty-Seventh Infantry, U. S. V., left last week for the East, on a visit to his mother.

Mrs. Kempff, wife of Rear-Admiral Louis Kempff, U. S. N., has been staying at the Hotel Metropole, Oakland.

Mrs. Herman Hall, wife of Captain Herman Hall, Twenty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., who, with her mother and brother, recently arrived from Manila, is in San Diego.

Captain C. B. Hardie, Eighteenth Infantry, U. S. A., and Captain W. P. Wooten, Engineering Corps, U. S. A., were among the arrivals on the *Meade* on Monday. They registered at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Mathews, wife of Major W. S. H. Mathews, surgeon, U. S. V., who was for a long time in command of the general hospital at the Presidio, and is now stationed at St. Paul, has been seriously ill. She is staying with friends in this city.

## Bunker Hill Celebration.

For more than thirty years the Bunker Hill Association of this city have annually celebrated the anniversary of the memorable Battle of Bunker Hill. Through their efforts, salutes have been fired on that day from our forts and flags generally flung to the breeze. This year three other well-known and patriotic societies unite with them in their special celebration of the day—Sons of the American Revolution, Pacific Coast Association of Native Sons of Vermont, and the Society of California Pioneers—and under the auspices of a joint committee from these four societies the celebration this year bids fair to excel all others. It will take place Saturday, June 16th, at Gleewood, in the Santa Cruz Mountains, and two special excursion trains will cooect with the boats leaving Market Street by the narrow-gauge route at 7:45 and 8:45 on the morning of that day. An excellent programme of literary exercises, games, and races has been arranged, and valuable prizes have been donated by leading merchants.

Labouchère, editor of *Truth*, thinks it is quite possible that the United States will one day appoint a woman ambassador to a foreign court. A writer in the *Washington Post* points out that such an appointment would not be unprecedented, recalling that "the wife of Marshal Guehrriot was accredited as a minister plenipotentiary of France at the court of Ladislas the Fourth, King of Poland, in 1646, while the noted Chevalier d'Eon, well known to be a woman in spite of her masculine garb, was for several years full-fledged ambassador of France in London."

—THE "REBEL," A NEW ROMANTIC TALE BY Marriott Watson, can be had at Cooper's, 746 Market Street.

—DO NOT GO TO THE COUNTRY WITHOUT A jar of California Strawberry Cream for the skin. Made from the fruit juice, at Greenbaum's, 200 Post.

—After 24 years under Palace Hotel, Marsh's Japanese Fine Art Store has moved to 214 Post St.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

## A Miner's Inch of Water.

SHOW LOW, ARIZ., June 2d, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: As an old subscriber, I take the liberty to ask you to inform me what constitutes a "miner's inch" of water, and the method of measuring it according to the laws of California.

Thanking you in advance for the favor, I am, Yours very truly, H. HUNING.

[A "miner's inch" of water, legal measure, of the State of California, is that quantity of water which will flow through an opening of one square inch in the bottom or side of a vessel, under a pressure of four inches above the opening. Fifty of the above "miner's inches" are equivalent to the discharge of one cubic foot of water per second. To measure, divide the number of gallons discharged or flowing per minute by 8.9766, and the result will be the number of "miner's inches."—EDS.]

## "THE COMMONWEALTH."

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., May 18, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have been a reader of the *Argonaut* for years, and I bear willing testimony to the pleasure derived from its weekly perusal.

An inquiry came to me a few days ago which I must refer to the *Argonaut*. Who is the author of a little poem named "Finis"? It begins:

"'Tis on a ruined palace in Cashmere—  
'Tis the end is nothing and the end is near."

Could you print the poem if you know where to find it, and give me the name of the author?

Very courteously yours, H. O. HOFFMAN.

[The poem asked for does not appear in any of the standard collections of verse. Perhaps some reader of the *Argonaut* can furnish the desired information.—EDS.]

The New Tavern of Tamalpais was opened for the reception of guests on Wednesday of this week. With the added accommodations, handsome new furniture, and modern sanitary arrangement, this "Tavern above the clouds" takes its rank among the few first-class country hotels on the coast. A trip over the Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railway, a view of the sunset, a night at the Tavern, half a mile above the noise of San Francisco, is an experience never to be forgotten.

Greece and Spain intend to establish national theatres. King George has promised to provide the money for the Greek theatre at Athens, and is drawing up the regulations for it. The Spanish minister of fine arts proposes to encourage a national theatre at Madrid, by having the state offer forty thousand dollars a year in prizes for plays, operas, and zarzuelas.

Half of the twenty-two dukes who sit in the British House of Lords have no sons to succeed them. The dukes who are without heirs-apparent are the present Duke of Argyll, and the Dukes of Beaufort, Hamilton, Devonshire, Leeds, Manchester, Newcastle, St. Albans, Somerset, Wellingborough, and Westminster.

## A Thoroughly Reliable Establishment

To buy precious stones, pearls, fine jewelry, and silverware. A. Hirschman, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

## Change in Partnership.

We announce the partnership of Foote & Winterburn as successors to the business of H. H. Scott & Co., coal dealers, Mr. Scott having engaged in real estate.

Mr. Foote, the son of Judge H. S. Foote, and nephew of Paris Commissioner Foote, has been a member of the old firm for six years.

Mr. Winterburn, the son of Jos. Winterburn, pioneer publisher and capitalist, takes Mr. Scott's interest.

The business will be continued as heretofore at 304 Montgomery Street. Telephone Main 5703.

## Moët &amp; Chandon

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White Seal (Grande Cuvée), of exceptional bouquet and dryness.—*Court Journal*.

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Ladies' Fine Russet Oxfords, LXV, heels, Piccadilly toes, hand-turned soles. Regular price, \$5.00. Special Sale Price, \$3.15.  
Ladies' Chocolate Tan Oxfords, latest lasts, new toes, hand-turned soles. Regular price, \$3.00. Special Sale Price, \$1.95.  
Ladies' Black Kid Oxfords, new toes, latest lasts, hand-turned soles. Regular price, \$3.00. Special Sale Price, \$1.95.



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LEAVE	From May 13, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Runney, and Sacramento.	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Sbasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	*6.15 P
*8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.	*7.45 P
*8.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.	*11.45 A
*8.30 A	San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Los Angeles, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese (for Yosemite), Sonoma, Carthers.	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.	*12.45 A
*9.00 A	Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.	*6.45 P
*9.30 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.	*6.45 P
*10.00 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.	*5.15 P
*11.00 A	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.	*4.15 P
*12.00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.	*2.45 P
*12.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.	*15.00 A
*3.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.	*5.45 P
*4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	*9.15 A
*4.00 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.	*10.45 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San Jose, and Stockton.	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited. Tracy, Fresno, Ekersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	*9.45 A
*5.00 P	Fresno Passenger—Martinez, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Berenda (Raymond for Yosemite), Fresno.	*12.15 P
*5.30 P	New Orleans Express—Ekersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	*8.45 A
*5.30 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	*6.45 P
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.	*7.45 A
*6.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.	*12.15 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.	*11.45 A
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.	*4.15 P
*7.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.	*19.55 P
*8.05 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	*8.15 A

**COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).**

(Foot of Market Street.)

17.45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.	18.05 P
*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Palmdale, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.	*6.20 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, and Way Stations.	*8.50 A
*4.15 P	Glenwood, Felton, Santa Cruz.	*8.50 A

**CREAK ROUTE FERRY.**From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—  
\*7.15 9.00 11.00 A. M., 12.00 2.00 3.00  
\*4.00 5.00 6.00 P. M.From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—  
\*6.00 8.00 10.00 A. M., 12.00 2.00 4.00 6.00 8.00 10.00 P. M.**COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge).**

(Third and Townsend Streets.)

16.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.	16.30 P
17.00 A	San Jose and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).	*1.30 P
17.30 A	Sunday Excursion for San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.	18.35 P
*9.00 A	San Jose, Los Gatos, and Way Stations, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San Jose and Way Stations.	*6.35 A
*12.30 A	San Jose, Los Gatos, and Way Stations, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.	*8.30 A
13.30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.	*7.30 P
14.15 P	San Jose and Way Stations.	*9.45 A
15.00 P	San Jose and Way Stations.	*19.00 A
*5.30 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.	*18.35 A
*6.30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.	*18.00 A
*6.15 P	San Jose and Way Stations.	*7.30 P

\* Daily. † Sunday excepted. ‡ Saturday only. § Sunday only.  
a Saturday and Sunday. c Sunday and Monday.

THE PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquiries of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Qualified: "So Dewey is a Democrat." "Of course. It takes a hero to be a Democrat nowadays."—*Bazar*."I see that Aguinaldo is dead again." "That shows how a habit can get fixed on a fellow."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*."Jack lost his head, but Miss Lovie showed great presence of mind." "What did she do?" "Put hers on his shoulder."—*Town Topics*.Quashing an alibi: *Defense advocate*—"Sir, the officer charged with being intoxicated while on duty is above the breath of suspicion." *Police commissioner*—"Sir, your statement is ill-timed; the accused is even at this moment munching cloves."—*Judge*.Worth considering: *Saleslady*—"This glass dipper is so strong you can drive nails with it." *Purchase agent*—"But why should I want to drive nails with a dipper?" *Saleslady*—"Mebbe you wouldn't, but I expect your wife might."—*Indianapolis Press*.A poser: *Parson*—"Dear me, Jim; this is terrible! You're drunk again!" *Jim*—"When did you reverence see me shober last?" *Parson*—"M—well! I really don't remember." *Jim* (exuberantly)—"Then 'ow d'yer know I'm drunk again?"—*Sketch*.*Lieutenant* (to his servant)—"John, I understand you are making love to my colonel's cook?" *Servant*—"Yes, lieutenant." *Lieutenant*—"I am invited to dinner there, and I want you to see to it that I get something decent to eat; do you understand?"—*Fliegende Blätter*.Indisputable: *Miss Summit*—"What a lot of old china Miss Spindle has! And she says it was handed down in her family." *Miss Palisade*—"Then it is just as I expected." *Miss Summit*—"What is?" *Miss Palisade*—"That her ancestors never kept servants."—*Bazar*."What is your greatest household expense?" asked the first deaf-and-dumb man. "Matches," wiggled the fingers of the second. "Matches?" came the surprised inquiry from the astonished hand of the first man. "Yes, I talk in my sleep, and my wife always lights a match to see what I am saying."—*Baltimore American*.The marks of honor: The major had rolled up his sleeves to bowl. "Major," inquired one of the players, how did you get all those little scars on your arms?" "Duels," responded the major—"duels I fought in France." "And I suppose that large scar was acquired in some particularly fierce combat?" "No, sir; that is where I was vaccinated when a boy."—*Chicago News*.As a man entered a picture-gallery the attendant tapped him on the shoulder, and, pointing to a small cur that followed him, said: "Dogs are not admitted." "That's not my dog," replied the visitor. "But he follows you." "So do you!" replied the old gentleman, sharply. The attendant growled, and removed the dog with entirely unnecessary violence."—*Tit-Bits*."Now, boys," said the teacher to the juvenile class in history, "who can tell me what General Washington said to his lieutenant while crossing the Delaware amid the floating ice?" "I can," replied a youngster at the foot of the class. "Well, Tommy, what did he say?" queried the teacher. "He said 'How'd you like to be the ice-man?'" replied the incorrigible Tommy.—*Trained Motherhood*.Hardly repentant: *Farmer Hayrake*—"Gosh! Here's a letter from that green-goods fellow what sent me home with a satchel full uv sawdust." *Mrs. Hayrake*—"Dear me! Does he repent?" *Farmer Hayrake*—"Wa-al, he says here that he thinks one o' his diamond studs dropped outer his shirt and inter the sawdust while packing, but if I'll return it ter wunst be won't prosecute and no questions will be asked."—*Judge*.An attractive imitation: *He*—"A funny thing happened up at the Blimburs' the other night. May Blimber, you know, is quite a whistler, and she walked up to the piano, and sat down, and was just going to whistle her best piece." *She*—"Yes, go on." *He*—"Charlie Linseed was there, and he didn't know about her whistling talent. And so when she looked up at him with her mouth all puckered he thought it was an invitation and kissed her." *She*—"Did he? Was—was it puckered like this?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

After teething is finished, Steedman's Soothing Powders will be found useful to correct the minor disorders of children, up to ten years.

The only conclusion: "Mrs. Jagway says her husband has stopped drinking." "Is that so? When is the funeral?"—*Town Topics*.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, REMOVED to Spring Valley Building. Office hours, 9 to 5.

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The first session of the Fifty-Sixth Congress, which has extended over a period of six months, was brought to a close last week. During the session a multitude of bills and resolutions, numbering about seventeen thousand, have been introduced and considered, among which have been several notable measures, making the session one of great general interest, although lacking in the dramatic character which characterized the preceding Congress, occupied with the incidents of the Spanish war and its immediate results.

Several of the important bills have become laws, and of the remainder some have failed and some are in position to be taken up promptly at the next session in December. Of the successful bills worthy of notice the most important are the financial bill, which has definitely established the single gold standard as the basis of our national money; the

Puerto Rican hills levying a duty of fifteen per cent. of the Dingley rates on the island goods entering the United States and appropriating for the benefit of Puerto Rico over two millions of dollars collected on the importations from the island since its acquisition; the bill providing a Territorial government for Hawaii, giving the islands a governor, two legislative houses, and a delegate to the House of Representatives with a right of debate but without a vote; and the naval bill which adds two battle-ships, three armored cruisers, three protected cruisers, and five submarine boats to our rapidly growing naval strength.

In the matter of the Nicaragua Canal, the House passed the Hepburn bill by an overwhelming majority. This bill is the one which provided for the immediate construction of the waterway by the United States Government in accordance with what seems to be the prevailing demand of the American public. It would probably have been passed by the Senate also, but for the entanglements of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, which was interjected into that body, raising troublesome international questions. As it stands, the Hepburn bill has been made a special order in the Senate for December 10th next, and will, in consequence, have early attention in the coming session.

A bill providing for a cable to Hawaii and the Philippines, to be constructed and operated by the government, was passed in the Senate, for which the House prepared a substitute on the basis of private ownership. The subject goes over without the House having passed any measure, and with few indications upon which the final settlement of the question can be predicated. It will doubtless become one of the important measures when Congress meets again.

Anti-trust legislation was an important feature of the debates, but resulted in no positive achievements. The House passed a bill by an almost unanimous vote, which served mainly to indicate the desire of each political party to use the question for its own purpose in the Presidential campaign, but beyond that nothing was done, as the Senate failed to act upon the measure.

The Spooner bill, empowering the President to conduct the civil government of the Philippines until further legislation shall be provided by Congress, being the victim of partisan rancor failed of enactment. In the meantime the only authority will remain for the immediate future as in the past in the hands of the executive, for want of congressional action.

Other measures which failed to pass, or which passed one House and are still pending in the other, include a bill authorizing the direct election of United States Senators by the people; a bill empowering the President to send a commission to China and Japan to investigate commercial conditions; a bill extending the eight-hour law; a bill increasing the annual allowance to the militia of the States; the army reorganization bill.

A remarkable portion of the closing day was the final hour and its incidents, which, despite the vehement and almost riotous bitterness with which the actual business was concluded, gave evidence of the increasing tendency of Congress to drop all partisan rancor and part in a burst of almost hilarious good fellowship. This tendency is most strongly marked in the House of Representatives. The dignified Senate closed with the usual compliments to the presiding officer and his brief acknowledgments, followed by an hour's social session devoted to respectful partings and mutual felicitations. The fun began in the House during the interval of waiting for the President to affix his signature to bills. A group of members gathered and sang one patriotic song after another, all of which were joined in by the whole House, with the participation of the galleries. Although the singing of "Dixie" fired the Southern blood and applause broke in thunderous waves from the whole chamber, the enthusiasm broke all bounds at the singing of the stirring lines of the "Star-Spangled Banner." After thirty minutes of this patriotic re-dedication to the country, the Speaker delivered his valedictory and was greeted by the singing of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." The reporters' gallery added to the enjoyment and expressed their sense of relief from a

long and arduous session by intoning the "Doxology," and thus the Fifty-Sixth Congress closed its first session amid a hurst of music and patriotic good feeling.

The Eastern visitor in San Francisco turns naturally toward Chinatown. He has heard of its picturesque coloring, and is not disappointed. An inspection, made casually, is like a glimpse at the Orient, the quaintness of costume, speech, and habit unchanged. The visitor does not have to live near Chinatown, to pass it on his way to work, does not have to be conscious that morally and physically it is a plague-spot, and concerning these things the thoughtful San Franciscan could give him considerable information. Dr. Shady, of New York, says that compared with New York's Chinatown, the local one is as darkness to light, or heathendom to civilization.

Chinatown, as it is, should be abolished. With all its filth and squalor, its underground dens, its crowding together of the scum of a nation not notable for cleanliness, it would time and time again have given rise to some epidemic sweeping the city save for benign conditions of location and atmosphere. It is so situated that even defective sewers can not estop its drainage, and across it blow daily winds from the ocean carrying away its poisons. The weather is never hot here, and thus the process of animal decay is slow, and odors that elsewhere a horriol sun would force from the reeking gutters and the markets are not to be detected. Passing through Chinatown without prying into alleys and basements, one may almost avoid distressing odors, save that of fish and an airy flavor of opium.

There is not another municipality in the United States sustaining or permitting so dirty a terminal district as Chinatown. Probably there is no other city in which such a spot could have been fostered without terribly fatal results. A question arises as to whether San Francisco should longer permit the risk. In New York old tenement-houses are being torn down and replaced by large, well-ventilated, and sunny structures, and yet the ones razed never harbored a tinge of the noisome impurity that fosters in the basements and secret tunnels of Chinatown. The change in New York is being made on sanitary grounds, and such grounds exist here for a complete and sudden renovation, only that the demand is more emphatic. Chinatown is a community and a law unto itself. It has been allowed to howl to the mandate of the highbinder and ignore American statutes. It gambles and murders with a freedom almost startling, and interference has been ineffective. But when Chinatown declines to keep wholesome, and the hane of its putridity crosses the dividing line, the city has the right and duty of self-protection. There appears no method less radical than making an end to Chinatown. Let its populace be cleared out, its rotting rookeries disinfected, its cellars filled, its pavements relaid, its sewers perfected, and then a new class of tenants be given possession.

The Chinese have taken to their own use a portion of the city that in their absence would be most desirable. To oust them might be regarded as a hardship, but the familiar rule of the greatest good to the greatest number would warrant it amply. The purpose would be not to deprive them of any right, but to preserve the rights of the people at large. There is no tenet of common sense, nor charity, nor religion which demands the ignoring or the toleration of such a dangerous nuisance as Chinatown. As to providing new quarters, there may be a problem, because of the claim advanced that to drive the Chinese to a particular quarter would be unconstitutional. This issue may be evaded by an arousal of sentiment. If suitable quarters be provided elsewhere, and the present quarters closed to Chinese tenants, this phase of the matter will arrange itself.

The condition of Chinatown is a reproach to property-owners. They are to blame more than the residents. They are the ones who permit the underground stories, the overcrowding, and the unsanitary, unchanging—save for the worse—state of visible degradation. A reform is imperative, even if it involve the honing of the city. A spot in



the direction of South San Francisco could be secured, tenements with no cellars under them reared, complete sewerage be provided, and the Chinese encouraged to congregate there. This could be done through refusal to let them remain where they are, or elsewhere, except in the location chosen. Then the redeeming of Chinatown would be possible, the streets could be widened, rookeries destroyed, parks instituted, and a fair portion of San Francisco, now worse than waste, given a chance to fulfill its legitimate destiny. Too long has San Francisco protected a blot and nurtured a peril.

For a month or more there has been in progress in St. Louis a strike so violent in method and so unreasoning in direction as to have destroyed any sympathy that may have existed for the strikers in the beginning. From an orderly organization, making reasonable demands for adjustment of relations, they have degenerated into a lawless and despicable mob. They have employed murder as a weapon; as an argument, destroyed property; as an emphasis to their demands have assailed women guilty of no offense, beaten, cursed, and almost denuded them. Such has been the indignation excited, that in the public mind there exists neither knowledge nor concern as to the original plaint. The only feeling is that the strikers have forfeited all claim to respect, that in failure to suppress them the municipality has covered itself with disgrace, and that to the cause of labor there has been wrought a deep and lasting wrong. Now citizens have turned the tables, and, acting as officers, are killing the strikers.

This strike was a foolish one, entered upon without thought, and carried along by unguided passion. Street-railway employees are strictly within the classification of unskilled workmen. Only a short apprenticeship, a few hours, or, at most, days of practice under competent instruction, and a green man can perform every duty required. This fact should have made clear in advance the futility of a strike unless the non-union element could be controlled, and experience has taught that efforts at such control lead to disaster and to failure. The battle of toil is not to be won by a bludgeon, nor the way to the wage-earners' prosperity lighted by an incendiary torch. Day after day at St. Louis strikers either have caused the cars to cease running or made perilous the act of riding upon them. The available police force was insufficient for the emergency, and hundreds of citizens have been sworn in as officers. There are frequent exchanges of shots, and in many instances there have been fatalities. The brutal instincts of riot have been shown more in the cowardly and indecent assaults upon innocent individuals than in the actual killings that have occurred. Females have participated in these outrages, screaming defiance at representatives of the law, and indulging in bestial exhibitions of the same spirit that lent an added horror to the days of the Commune.

All of this could have been avoided through consultation and arbitration. There is every likelihood that a corporation would rather grant a reasonable demand properly made than see its revenues cut off, its property ruined, and the remaining faithful employees subjected to the risk of insult, if not of death. When conditions become unbearable there is generally a peaceable method either of bettering them or of seeking new conditions. An income secured under difficulties and discomforts may be better than no income. The employee participating in such a strike as has been raging at St. Louis, merely stops his income, and places obstacles in the way of its renewal. From a personal standpoint he is short-sighted, hurting himself. In a broader way, he hurts the community, and no community is so isolated that its injuries are not felt all along the lines of trade and communication. This country has never had a time marked by better wages or more constant employment than the last two years. When any portion of the industrial army revolts, there is a loss which falls most heavily upon the malcontents. They no longer produce, but they must continue to consume. Their wages stop, but the landlord and the butcher make demands.

If workmen were to figure out the cost of strikes they would be less apt to precipitate them. Supposing that one in twenty-six wage-earners throughout the land were to strike. The loss in wages would be two millions of dollars daily, to say nothing of others who would be forced into idleness. Thus a general strike, continuing, would be more expensive than the pension-list and war. It would soon offset all foreign exports. Work creates the wealth of the country, and there can not, without hardship and disturbance, be any pause in the creative process. The penalty falls in great measure upon women and children. It is not good, either, that women should suffer, or be turned by their wrongs into such creatures as fight and loot in the midst of the St. Louis rabble. It is well for the workman to inquire, before consenting to lay down his tools, whether he is justified, or if he is not putting himself and his cause into the power of a "leader" who, at the propitious time, will sell out. In cases

without number the "triumph of principle" is forgotten when the leader has been offered his price.

A civilization dating farther back in history than any other existing, that has given to the world some of its philosophy and a measure of its inventions, seems now, as an entity, about to pass away. And strangely enough, the mind of the nations, contemplating a spectacle so momentous as the tottering of a dynasty, is impelled to think that perhaps the impending fate is deserved, and that by it the best interests of humanity will be subserved. China has not kept pace with material advancement. It impedes the progress of the peoples of the earth. It is an annoyance and a threat.

Review of the situation in China is difficult, because the conditions constantly change, but every aspect presented is portentous. Would not dismemberment and effacement be better? Is it right that the powers should permit the continuance of a government under the mad and malign rule of an empress who despises reform, and whose hatred of foreigners finds expression in acts of the utmost cruelty? It is true that no nation intervening will be credited with lofty purpose; true that there is a contest as to which shall have the greater share of the wreckage; but a break-up appears to be inevitable, and might as well be viewed in its effect.

To a certain extent the "Boxers," of whom so much is heard of late, are a mystery. Their name, Yee Ho Chuan, signifies "dignity, harmony, and fists," and it is most inappropriate, for they lack dignity, spurn every semblance of harmony, and instead of fists rely upon swords, which they wield with notable effect. Either they have awed the corrupt government of China, or China is slyly sustaining them. Troops have been sent against them only when the demands of other powers amounted to an order, and then have often been defeated. In other instances the soldiers have fought half-heartedly and seized the first opportunity of deserting to the Boxers. Thus China is between two fires, on the one hand the native element, and on the other the aggregated "foreign devils," backed by many ships, and while subject to jealousies among themselves, firm in the desire to see China partitioned.

China is peculiar in many ways, but in none more markedly than that turmoil and actual war may be in one portion and the inhabitants of other parts, innocent of all knowledge of it, go peacefully about their regular callings. The present outbreak, however, is wide-spread. It embraces the north-western portion of the province of Shantung, but has already extended to the provinces of Hupe and Chili. These are densely peopled and rich in deposits of coal and iron, but for three years there have been such poor crops that want has fostered a spirit of discontent easily urged into hostility. The weakness of China is made worse by the bad faith of officials. The treaty with France and England, signed at Tien-tsin in 1858, was at once broken by the party of the first part, and an English fleet which thereupon attempted to enter the Peiho River was stoutly opposed by the same Taku forts that now menace the proposed invasion by the Russians.

The ill-will manifested towards all foreigners has spent itself with most violence upon missionaries, particularly those of the Roman Catholic Church, although no sect has escaped. There have been numerous murders, some of them unspeakably atrocious, as when the English preacher, Brooke, was not only butchered, but his body disemboweled and decapitated. So grave have become the conditions that foreigners have fled to Peking for protection, and yet in sight of that capital Boxers are said to be drilling. All consulates are guarded by marines from ships of the various countries, and larger forces are felt to be necessary. Russia, England, Germany, France, Japan, and the United States have all taken this decisive step. Yet all do not work in unison. Japan has long felt that Russia intended to pursue an aggressive policy, and the island kingdom fears that the present opportunity will be seized. A clash between Russia and Japan may be expected, and will afford the anomalous display of two nations contending for that which does not belong to either of them. Russia's intent has long been plain enough. The industrial grip she has been securing on Manchuria was from deep design, and to loose it is beyond the policy of virile and awakened Japan.

England, also, has for years maintained a commercial foothold that, within limits, amounts practically to possession. How much she desires to add, and how much she will be permitted to add, are matters yet to be determined. Germany and France share the same excuse that their subjects have been persecuted, but hating each other with a never-waning intensity their alignment on partition will not be fraternal. Each power concerned will get all it can. In the scramble for spoil the initial motive will not be remembered, and what was inaugurated as discipline will close as a raid. Nevertheless, not much sympathy will be felt for China. If her destruction awaits, she it was who in-

vited it. The world is too small now for any hermit nations, and, as said in the beginning, humanity will gain by the crash. Modern civilization can not be stayed because the whistle of its locomotive disturbs ancestral spirits, or the sound of its blast in a mine breaks the repose of the Wind-Water dragon.

The latest candidate for the Republican nomination for the Pacific Coast Vice-Presidency is Irving M. Scott, the MAN FOR THE president of the Union Iron Works. The VICE-PRESIDENCY. candidacy is announced by George Knight, of this city, and Representative R. J. Waters, of Los Angeles, who are attending to Mr. Scott's interests in the East. They pressed his claims before President McKinley, Chairman Hanna, and Secretary Dick recently, and those party magnates expressed their approval of the choice. There is no reason why Mr. Scott should not be the running mate of President McKinley in the coming campaign—there is every reason why he should be. Personally he combines all the qualifications for a successful candidate. He is a man of affairs, with long business training; he has been in close touch with public affairs for a number of years; he is a man of unusual energy and integrity, and he has been and is a staunch supporter of the principles of the Republican party. In fact, he is one of the original Republicans, having been one of the handful of patriots who braved the venom of the old partisans half a century ago, and laid the foundations of the party that has directed the destinies of the republic for nearly all of that time, and brought it to its present commanding position among the nations of the earth. His achievements in the building of battle-ships have made his name familiar throughout the land, and the famous voyage of the *Oregon* around Cape Horn to join issue with Cervera's fleet would furnish a rallying cry that would arouse unbounded enthusiasm.

Apart from personal considerations it is but right that the nomination should go to the Pacific Coast. Heretofore California has been overlooked in the distribution of the higher offices. Four years ago this State gave loyal support to President McKinley; it has sustained him by returning to Congress two Republican senators and six Republican representatives. Heretofore the claims of this State have been neglected because of petty spites and jealousies. No sooner has a candidate been suggested than the friends of rival candidates began to bespatter him with mud, until the appointing or nominating authorities turned away in disgust. With Mr. Scott there is not likely to be any such exhibition. He, of all others, deserves the gratitude and support of the people of the entire State. He has built up a great ship-building industry, overcoming obstacles that would have daunted a less resolute man; he has ever been a public-spirited citizen of California, and Californians will delight to honor him.

In recent issues of one of the leading magazines, George F. Parker publishes two articles presenting AN EXPERT ON THE CONSULAR SERVICE. his views on how the consular service of this country could be improved. That there is room for improvement, as well as necessity for it, nobody at all familiar with the service can doubt. Mr. Parker was formerly consul at Birmingham, England, where he made a record for ability and industry, and is therefore well qualified to speak of the subject from the practical side. His characterization of the service is certainly severe. The system, he says, is "created and maintained in general for furnishing the largest possible number of places with the least regard to practical results." While this is severe condemnation, there is no denial of the fact that it is the natural outcome of a system that regards consular positions merely as so much capital for the payment of political debts.

Mr. Parker declares that we send more than one hundred consular representatives to the United Kingdom, and of these more than one-half are useless. Of twenty-five consuls in England, Ireland, and Scotland, all but seven could be dispensed with, and the number of consular and commercial agencies might be greatly reduced. So it is in the other countries; positions have been multiplied for the sake of the patronage they offer. According to his estimate the entire consular corps could be cut down to one hundred and fifty officials of different ranks, of whom fifteen would be consuls-general, forty-five consuls, and the remainder vice-consuls. In addition to these, from three hundred to three hundred and fifty clerks and assistants and forty to fifty student interpreters for the near and the far East would be required. Moreover, he would have all the officials citizens of this country, since Americans can be far more useful than foreigners in these positions. The advantage of this reduction in the force lies in the fact that, without increasing present appropriations, adequate salaries could be paid, and the most competent officials could be secured. The consul-general of the first class in a large European capital, according to Mr. Parker's scale of compensation, would receive ten thousand dollars, while the



minor vice-consuls would be paid three thousand dollars, and assistants and clerks smaller amounts. It is notorious that consular officials are now inadequately paid, whether in salaries or in fees.

Another reform proposed by Mr. Parker is to create a central authority at Washington under whom the entire consular service could be organized, and to whom every officer in the service would be responsible for the proper performance of his duties. The reports from consuls which now deluge the State Department he would have reformed. Reports are now printed in considerable numbers daily, and, while some are extremely useful, the majority have no value whatever. Mr. Parker, however, is somewhat extreme in saying that he would cut off nineteen-twentieths of them. With competent editorial supervision considerable expense could be saved.

How are these reforms to be carried out? Action must come through Congress, and pressure must be exerted upon Congress by public opinion. As Mr. Parker asserts, "it is safe to assume that no effective reform will be adopted by Congress until public sentiment shall have prepared the way." There is probably sufficient public sentiment in favor of these reforms at present, but it can not be rendered effective without organization.

On Friday evening of last week a meeting was held by the Sempervirens Club, an organization whose purpose is to protect the redwood forests of this State from utter annihilation. The principal object of the club's activity at present is the Big Basin reserve in Santa Cruz and San Mateo Counties. The Big Basin proper is confined to Santa Cruz County, and contains about fourteen hundred acres. This in itself would form a desirable national or State park, for here is the virgin forest of the *sequoia sempervirens*, or evergreen redwood. On all sides the lumbermen have been attacking it, laying low the trees that have commercial value, parching the ground into eternal barrenness by burning away the undergrowth in order that it may not impede him in his work. Here, in the Big Basin, is the last stronghold of the forest, and upon it the lumberman is already advancing. The *sempervirens* is not of the same variety as the *gigantea*, though here, in the Big Basin, it has attained unusual size; it lacks some of the grandeur of the world-famed "big trees," but it exceeds them in beauty, and is on exhibition throughout the year.

Nor is the redwood the only attraction of the Big Basin. In this immense bowl, surrounded by high hills save where the Waddell has cut a channel through the western lime cliffs to the ocean, are specimens of nearly every variety of tree found in California. Along the trout streams are the white trunks of the alders, in the valleys are the oaks (white, black, live, or chestnut), on the hill-sides are the pines, and among them all the majestic redwood. Game abounds, and among the lime cliffs to the west are waterfalls that lend a picturesque interest to the locality.

Such is the Big Basin proper, a natural park easily accessible from San Francisco or any of the surrounding cities. But already the lumberman is casting longing eyes upon it. He has denuded the surrounding lands, he would now attack this remnant of California's redwood forests. Next year, if nothing is done to prevent it, a lumber mill will be erected in the heart of the Big Basin and will begin the work of demolition. This pioneer of destruction will be followed by others, and within five years the Big Basin will be a barren plain, valueless for man or beast. It is primarily to prevent this vandalism that the Sempervirens Club has been organized, and it calls upon all who are interested in the preservation of the natural beauties of the State to assist it.

But while this is the central purpose of the club, it has another and even wider purpose. To preserve is well, to restore is even better. In San Mateo County are the watersheds of the Pescadero and Pilarcitos Creeks, upon which San Francisco must in the future depend largely for its water supply. The timber upon these water-sheds has been almost entirely cut away, and the water supply has already been visibly affected. It will be affected more seriously in the near future if nothing is done to arrest the invasion of the woodman. There is an economic as well as an æsthetic interest in this phase of the question. It is a part of the plan of the Sempervirens Club to include this area in the reserve, thereby practically doubling the acreage of the park. By this means the remaining redwoods would be preserved, but the purpose is to supplement the work of preservation by an attempt to reclothe the hill-sides with redwoods that will in time take the places of those that have been sacrificed to commercial gain. It has been established that the redwood can be successfully transplanted, and, under favorable conditions and with scientific treatment, will thrive. The conditions on these watersheds are favorable, for here the tree originally flourished.

Such are the purposes of the club—purposes that should appeal strongly to every citizen of the State, since it will be of benefit to the entire State. The question of method remains to be solved. Shall the land be purchased by national appropriation, by State appropriation, or by personal subscriptions? The club has as yet discussed this question only informally, but it would seem that, under the circumstances, the wisest plan would be to adopt all three. Neither Congress nor the legislature will be in session until winter, and action must be taken at once. If a reasonable amount is raised by popular subscription, both Congress and the legislature would undoubtedly appropriate the remainder in equal parts.

## NEW THINGS IN OLD ROME.

An Automobile Parade in Villa Borghese—Four-in-Hands and Hurdle Races—The Roman Aldermen as S. P. Q. R.—Funeral of a Noted Editor.

The Roman world is a busy world. In pleasure-loving Rome one festival follows fast upon another. The Easter season has been crowded with "social events," and while the indoor feasts are reserved for the inner circle the outdoor festivals are open to the Roman populace and the stranger within the Roman gates. Most of them are for charity, and to kermess and garden-party, fair and festival, flower show and tilting tournament, alike repair Romans and "forestieri"—their gentle term for the strangers from over seas and beyond Alps. The event of this week was a festival of outdoor sports at the Villa Borghese.

What more charming setting for an outdoor festival than this old garden! One may not write about it, for it has been written about by every writer who ever visited Rome—from the frivolous Alfred de Musset to the learned historian Niebuhr; from the witty Frenchwoman, Mme. de Staël, to the dreamy American, Nathaniel Hawthorne. One may not describe the villa, then, in 1900, but one may describe an end-of-the-century show within the villa's walls.

Four-in-hands, automobiles, bicycles—these startle one within the precincts of the venerable villa, for as you look around you everything is old. Aged ilex-trees nod to whispering pines and solemn cypresses. Through their vistas one sees crumbling arches, bits of broken columns, ruined temple porticoes—artificial ruins these, put there three centuries ago by Cardinal Scipio Borghese because his villa looked new. Now it is old enough, in sooth, and these Renaissance ruins have grown hoary like their predecessors, the real ruins of ancient Rome. Around you are marble vases, black with years; marble statues, stained with time and often broken-nosed; marble sarcophagi, gray with the flight of years; moss-covered marble dolphins, out of whose gaping mouths the murmuring waters spout into marble fountain-basins overgrown with algae. Through these dim ruins the driveways wind under the ilex-trees, over rolling hills, grass-grown, and at this season covered with wild flowers—violets, daisies, buttercups, and poppies—not golden like our California Eschscholtzia, but vivid, flaming, blood-colored.

Except for the little garden by the lake, these are the only flowers you see in Villa Borghese. There are no flower-beds there. It is not an attempt to put nature in a strait-jacket, but only to restrain her exuberance. This you often see in European parks and gardens. There is in Munich a beautiful park called—why, I know not—the "Englischer Garten." It too has an air of nature's wildness which is most refreshing to the eye. You can leave the streets of the busy city and in five minutes fancy yourself in a woodland far from the madding crowd. In our country we are too prone in our parks to "fix things." The average American park is laid out in prim little flower-heds and walks like the front-yard of a Brompton villa, or a retired Paris grocer's *villégiature* at Asnières. Our park gardeners trim nature's wandering locks and comb her hair until she looks like a soaped and plastered urchin made ready for Sunday-school.

I have no doubt that if some Chicago millionaire were to buy Villa Borghese—which heaven forbid—he would weed out all the wild flowers, trim all the grass-grown hills, put plaster-of-paris noses on the mutilated statues, scrape the dingy moss off of the fountain spouts, and take the slimy weeds out of the fountain basins. There is no doubt that from the Chicago standpoint the villa is very much out of repair.

But even if not up to date, the Villa Borghese is very charming. There is something soothing and restful to us hurried moderns driving over its pseudo-sylvan roads and wandering over its mock-woodland ways; an air of quiet melancholy hoods over its temple ruins and its gray statues, which is an admirable corrective to the uneasy spirit of the city dweller of to-day.

There is no new thing in Villa Borghese. Even the signs are old. Old sign-boards point to the palace, wherein are

stored such gems of art—to the beautiful Borghese Casino, itself a jewel-box, fitting receptacle for such gems. Old and time-stained boards point to the dairy, to the lake-garden, to the amphitheatre. And there are weather-stained sign-boards which bear the unique legend: "It is forbidden to throw dogs into the basins of the fountains." Why, I wonder? Is dog-ducking a Roman custom? The only new signs in the villa are those restricting certain paths "Suoi al Pedone." This thoughtfulness for pedestrians is evidently due to the encroachment of the bicycle, for the carriage-ways and bridle-paths are indicated by ancient sign-boards. The bicycle is new—hence the new sign in the old villa.

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But the old villa saw many new things in this day of sports. Even the name was new, for the official programme bore the title "gymkhana," which word the Romans have borrowed from the English and the English from the Anglo-Indians. And the old villa saw all sorts of modern contrivances in the way of motor-bicycles, gasoline-tricycles, and automobiles generally. These new-fangled vehicles, gayly flower-bedecked, swept around the amphitheatre called the "Piazza di Siena"—for there is an amphitheatre within the villa's walls. Around it rises terrace after terrace, with tiers of marble benches. On one side of the amphitheatre was a special inclosure wherein were gathered Rome's gay world—the Roman aristocracy, the diplomatic corps, the foreign colony, and such transient visitors as chose to pay a good round sum for admission. Within the inclosure, overlooking the race-track, was a gayly decorated tribune, from which "queens of love and beauty" conferred prizes upon fortunate knights. This reserved inclosure was filled with a brilliant throng—ladies in their Easter bonnets and spring frocks, officers in their gorgeous uniforms, and gentlemen riders in brilliant silk and satin jockey-caps and shirts. Around the rest of the amphitheatre the populace was gathered, and the price of admission to them was ten cents. Perhaps it was a survival of the old Roman spirit of "Panem et circenses."

The automobile parade was followed by a series of fantastic races. For these there were a large number of entries of gentlemen-riders. In the first the entire field—some ten horsemen—left the post at the word, circled the track, taking several high hurdles, passed under the wire, dismounted, unsaddled, placed under the saddle a handkerchief borrowed from some lady, resaddled, remounted, and again circled the track, taking its hurdles in the other direction. This was naturally a severe test of all-round horsemanship. Baron Monpurgo won the first prize and Prince Rospigliosi the second. There were several of these races, and in all of them the gentlemen-jockeys rode with great dash, taking their hurdles with boldness and skill. I saw but one "come a cropper," and he mounted again like a flash.

The most interesting part of the programme was the four-in-hand competition in obstruction driving. There were ten entries, and among the vehicles were coaches, drags, breaks, gentlemen's driving phaetons, and a *char-à-banc*. All seemed to be in admirable form. The horses were exquisitely groomed, and most of them well-trained. The coaches were perfectly appointed; the grooms were all in trim liveries, and immaculate buckskins and boots; the gentlemen-drivers were all of them good whips, and handled the ribbons with much skill. Both prizes in this contest, for appointments and driving, were won by Baron Monpurgo, who had already won prizes at a driving contest in England. This was followed by a similar competition for grooms. The driving was good, but they did not drive so well as their masters. I noticed with some curiosity that the Roman populace applauded the masters more than they did the grooms.

Another point which struck me was that the most successful in obstruction driving did not adhere strictly to "driving in form." By "form driving" I mean the antithesis of the open, free-handed handling of the reins with which we Californians are so familiar among our mountain stage-drivers. I have always believed it to be the kind of driving a man would naturally fall into in a bad place, but as I know nothing about driving four, I may be wrong.

I was reminded of a talk I once had in Paris with "Willie" Tiffany, admittedly one of the best whips of America or Europe. I had sat on a coach-box from Paris to Maison-Lafitte beside an amateur whip, and was discussing his tooling with Tiffany. I modestly advanced these views of mine—heterodox views in Europe. Tiffany listened to me kindly. I said that when it came to going over a mountain road in California behind six half-broken mustangs I greatly preferred the free, two-handed, loose-hitched team-driving of the California stage-driver. I also asked Tiffany whether he thought that the short, close-huddled, low-handed "form driving" would do on our wild roads over steep mountain grades. Tiffany replied that both kinds of driving were good in their respective ways.



"But," said I, "have you ever driven over our California stage-roads?"

"Driven over them!" replied Tiffany, "I should say I had. I drove stage in California from Independence to Bodie for six months, and used to throw Uncle Sam's mail-bags out of the boot at every station."

"What did you do it for?" I asked in some wonder. "For fun?"

"No," replied Tiffany, briefly, "I did it for a living. I was broke."

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When I first visited Rome, some years ago, I was struck by its air of modernness. I suppose I ought to say its "note of modernity," which is much more elegant. But there are two very elegant modern words which I have never been able to use naturally. Most people use them unnaturally. One is "aloofness" and the other "modernity." I hope to be able in time to use these Dellacruscan phrases so that they shall come trippingly on the tongue.

Again I am struck by the modernness of Rome, but first impressions are always the most sharply defined. Now I am not surprised at the excellence of its street pavements, the order of its streets by day, and the brilliant lighting of its streets by night. But the electric tramways—new since my last visit—come upon one with a slight shock of surprise. Fancy going clear across Rome by a "trolley-car" from the Quirinal Hill and over the Forum to the Vatican!

By the way, let no hasty person accuse me of anglomania for using the word "tram." It is an old word in both America and England, and was used in mines before there were any street-cars. Furthermore, the word is so short and expressive that it has made its way into other languages. Instead of *strada ferrata* the Italians say *tranvia* or *tram*. Instead of *camino de hierro*, the Spaniards say *tranvia* or *tran*. Why, then, should practical Americans cling to such clumsy neologisms as "street-railway line," "street-car line," "cable-car line," "cable street-car line," and "electric street-car line"? They are meaningless, as well as clumsy, for the lines frequently run out of towns and into suburbs, ceasing to be "street" lines. A feeble attempt is being made to change the name of the electric tram to "trolley," but this will speedily be meaningless, also, as the overhead trolley is doomed to disappear. In most European cities it is not allowed within municipal limits, but only in the suburbs—which is right. When the great American people recover their reason, they will tear down the trolley posts from their city streets, they will stop so freely giving away their country highways to "trolley companies," and they will begin calling these things "trams."

Of the many modern things in Rome one is the tram question and another is the board of supervisors. They call it the "communal council" here, and the mayor is styled the "syndic." At present the Roman supervisors and the Roman people are "all torn up" over street-car franchises and making new city squares. San Francisco supervisors were struggling over a "St. Mary's Park" problem some months ago, and I suppose are quarreling with the Market Street Railway Company. As to the latter I am not certain, but assume it, as they generally are. The municipal resemblance between this most ancient and this most modern city must strike the most casual observer.

Rome's question is complex. Briefly, the Piazza Colonna is in the heart of the city. It is small. From it runs the Via del Tritone, which is narrow. Through this street there pours the population of Rome at least once in twenty-four hours. It is the only highway in the valley between the Pincian and Quirinal Hills. Nearly all Rome must pass through it daily, and you see there the equipages of princes, the carriages of cardinals, and the brilliant liveries of the queen's coachmen, cheek by jowl with donkeys, hand-barrows, and wine-carts from the Campagna. The Street of the Triton is the outlet from the Piazza Colonna to the new quarter and the railway stations.

The Piazza Colonna has once before been enlarged by purchasing and tearing down a palace on its eastern side, thus practically extending it across the Corso to the Church of Santa Maria in Via. The little piazza, with the beautiful column of Marcus Aurelius in its centre, is thus extended to quite a respectable size. But a number of the Roman supervisors are in favor of erecting a public building upon the piazza, utilizing this land, and thereby making the piazza even smaller than it was before. Others are opposed to this and in favor of still further enlarging it. Acrimonious discussions are going on in the board of supervisors and in the press. It is called "the question of the little or big piazza." The mayor or syndic, Prince Colonna, is apparently in favor of the *Piazza Grande*; a majority of the supervisors seem to be in favor of the *Piazza Piccola*. They call the scheme by the euphuism "the systemization of the Piazza Colonna." Some of the Roman newspapers say there is a "job" in it. Very likely there is. The *Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican organ, utters fierce howls daily, declaring that the beautiful Rome of the Popes is being defiled by vandal hands unfit to control it.

The tramway scheme is to run a line along the narrow and crowded Via Tritone. How they ever could run one there I do not see. It is now barely possible for two carriages to pass, and the sidewalk is about two feet wide. The Società Roma—which controls the tramways here and is the Market Street system of Rome—is coming in for a great deal of abuse. Very likely it may be deserved. I observe by the reports that the Società Roma carried about two and a half million more passengers in 1900 than in '99.

Modern Rome is now extending her electric tramways and her electric-lighting system; she is about to pierce the Quirinal hill with a tunnel to facilitate traffic; she is erecting a new palace of justice; she is completing new quays and beginning new bridges over the Tiber; she is about to erect a new monument to Victor Emanuel on the capitol; and she is discussing the enlargement of both the Piazza Colonna and the Piazza Venezia.

Concerning this latter, it is interesting to note how the

public controls private property in Italy. The Palazzo Torlonia is on the Piazza Venezia. Princess Anna Maria Torlonia is the owner. Last week, after much negotiation between her and the city, it was agreed: 1. That the Torlonia Palace should be torn down. 2. That the Torlonia family should erect a new and smaller one. 3. That the space thus gained should form part beneforth of the Piazza Venezia. 4. That the new palace should cost not less than so many millions. 5. That its plans must be approved by the government before work begins. 6. That the palace must be completed at such a date. 7. That the government would indemnify the Torlonia family for the land in installments running over a long term of years.

These are the questions which are agitating modern Rome, and they will serve to show how extremely modern the city is.

The Roman supervisors or board of aldermen head all their official notices with the legend "S. P. Q. R." These letters were once carried on the eagles of the Roman legions from what is now London to what is now Constantinople, from the Pillars of Hercules to the Baltic Sea. These letters still confront one on the gigantic ruins which the ancient Romans left to modern Rome. The "Senate and People of Rome" builded for all time.

But there is a certain lack of humor in the modern Italian mind. To use these imposing letters nowadays for lesser things seems slightly ludicrous. Yet you continually see them so used by the Roman aldermen:

"S. P. Q. R.—Notice of a street assessment on the Corso."

"S. P. Q. R.—New sidewalk to be laid on the Appian Way."

"S. P. Q. R.—Bicycles not allowed after midday on the Pincian Hill."

"S. P. Q. R.—Lowering the grade of Bonella Street beside the Roman Forum."

"S. P. Q. R.—Specifications for constructing a new sewer from the Fountain of Trevi."

For many years it has been believed that the most sudden fall from the sublime to the ridiculous is the cry of the Oriental hawker: "In the name of the Prophet—FIGS!" But it has been surpassed. The Roman aldermen have posted up this notice in the Senate House on the Capitoline Hill:

S. P. Q. R.  
NON SPUTATE SUL PAVIMENTO!

It seems scarcely credible, but it is true. In Rome in 1900, this notice stares at you from historic walls:

IN THE NAME OF THE SENATE AND PEOPLE OF ROME:  
DON'T SPIT ON THE FLOOR!

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More than ever am I struck by the climate of sunny Italy. After a raw and bitter winter there has been apparently no spring. Summer followed quickly on the heels of winter. The snow which lingered on the mountains melted. The raw north winds ceased. For a day or two fitful eddying breezes blew. Then the wind was "up and down the mast," as sailors say. A sudden rise in temperature followed. And then came a sirocco.

This hot and evil wind comes straight from the desert of the great Sahara. By its long flight across the Mediterranean to France it is made slightly humid, so that when it reaches the French Riviera it is robbed of some of its terrors. Even then it is not loved. Along the French Riviera, by the way, the dwellers are between two winds, the bitter blasts that blow down from the icy Alps and the hot winds from the African desert. They are like those who dwell between the devil and the deep, deep sea.

In southern Italy the African sirocco comes upon the inhabitants like blasts from a furnace. During the past few days it has been blowing. In Sicily, of course, it is at its worst. From there a Palermo dispatch comes telling us that the heat is awful and the wind unendurable; that infants are dying from its evil breath; that the late-budding fruit-trees, the flowers, and the fields are being burned and scorched as if by fire. Even here, some hundreds of miles further north, the sirocco has been severe. It has swept tourists from south to north as if before a broom. For two or three days it blew, and then the temperature suddenly fell. Torrential rain-storms descended upon Italy. The Florentine papers humorously remarked that their streets had become Venetian for the nonce and cabs would give way to gondolas. The rivers rose rapidly and much damage was done by floods along the Arno and the Po. Violent hail-storms swept over Lombardy and Tuscany, destroying growing crops. In Piedmont and upper Italy there were snow-storms and the thermometer fell to zero.

On May 19th the Italian papers reported the finding of the dead body of one Luigi Bernardi, in Bolzano, on Lake Maggiore, frozen to death. It is true, he had lain down to sleep on the ground the night before, while intoxicated. But think of a man being frozen to death toward the end of May!

Yet this is the climate of the Italian peninsula—climatically the most favored spot in all Europe. Compare it with that of our own fortunate State. More and more it becomes apparent to me that the climate of California spoils one for any other in the world.

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The Roman newspapers are numerous. There are eighteen daily journals of various shades of politics. Among them are Liberal Republican, Republican, Socialistic, Military, and Conservative or Royalist organs. There are also religious dailies as well as distinctively Papal journals. Of these last the *Osservatore Romano* and the *Voce della Verità* are organs of the Vatican. Both are edited by commissions of priests.

There are one hundred and eighty-five weekly, semi-weekly, and monthly publications. This large number is explained by the existence of many official bulletins issued weekly by the government bureaus which are styled newspapers. Among these, for example, is the *Corriere del Lotto*, which is the organ of the bureau devoted to the government lotteries. There are also many military journals, daily as well

as weekly, easily accounted for when one remembers that there are a quarter of a million men here under arms.

The papers are not of a high grade. They are poorly printed on flimsy paper and are feeble imitations of the Paris papers, which themselves are not worth imitating. About the best of them is *La Tribuna*, which claims a daily circulation of two hundred and twenty thousand. It has an illustrated Sunday edition, but not at all resembling our Sunday papers. It is modeled on the Sunday edition of the Paris *Petit Journal*, which is a kind of illustrated Sunday magazine. Next week's Sunday *Tribuna* is announced to contain the final number of a new "grande romanzo di Miss M. E. Braddon," entitled "Aurora Floyd," as also a "drammatico racconto di Edgardo Poe," entitled "The Pit and the Pendulum." These titles seem faintly familiar.

Apropos of Miss Braddon, another of her novels, "Lady Audley's Secret," is running serially in the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan. "Behind Closed Doors," by Anna Katharine Green, is running in the *Corriere Italiano* of Florence, and "A Strange Marriage," by H. Flemming, is running serially in the *Fieramosca* of Florence.

The daily papers here all sell for five centimes—a cent apiece—with the exception of *L'Italia*, which is printed in French and sells for two cents. Poor as the Italian papers are in Rome, this French daily is poorer still. They contain nearly nothing and it contains less. I can not imagine why any one should buy it, yet it bears at the head of its columns the legend, "forty-first year." The Roman papers are principally made up of long, signed articles on political topics, two or three columns of telegrams from all over Italy, consisting of accidents, fires, murders, robberies, etc., and about a column of foreign dispatches, at present hinging principally upon the Paris Exposition, the Boer war, and the triple alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy. In a period of several weeks they have had but two dispatches from the United States, which I give herewith:

L'AMERICA E GLI INGLESI.

WASHINGTON, 1 Maggio.—La mozione di simpatia verso i boeri, respinta dal Senato, ebbe 20 voti favorevoli e 29 contrari.

PRESIDENZA DEGLI STATI UNITI.

WASHINGTON, 9 Maggio.—Il Ammiraglio Dewey a ritirata la sua candidatura alla Presidenza degli Stati Uniti.

There is a decidedly provincial tone about the Roman dailies, as is shown by the following paragraph from *Il Messaggero*:

A MERCHANT WHO DOES HIMSELF HONOR.

"The Signor Santo Gamborotta, proprietor of the elegant establishment in the Street Nazionale, corner of the Street Quirinale, has put on sale the most pretty souvenir (*il più bel ricordo*) of the Year Holy. This consists in an elegant box in aluminum containing exquisite chocolate. It is made in the form of a large medal bearing on one side the bust of His Holiness Leo XIII., and on the other the basilica of St. Peter's. His Holiness has much appreciated this souvenir. It is with great satisfaction we learn that by a brevet dated April 20th His Holiness has nominated the signore as furnisher of candies to the Court Pontifical. We extend our sincere congratulations to Signore Gamborotta."

Fancy a London daily editorially puffing a gum-drop founder and congratulating him on being named confectioner to the Court of St. James.

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Elsewhere I have spoken of the *Tribuna* as being the leading newspaper in Italy. This week its editor-in-chief, Attilio Luzzatto, suddenly died. The general and unaffected grief which his death caused in Rome so impressed me that I made some little study of his career. To my shame be it spoken, I never had heard his name until he died. And yet he was the brains of the most influential journal in all Italy—a country of some thirty millions of people. How narrow is newspaper fame!

Briefly then, Attilio Luzzatto was born in 1850 in Udine, a town in the province of Venezia near the Austro-Hungarian frontier. He studied law in Milan, but journalism irresistibly attracted him. He left the law and attached himself to a radical democratic journal, the *Ragione*. His vigorous writing soon attracted attention and he was urged to come to Rome. Here he became chief editorial writer of *La Stampa*, another radical democratic organ. Luzzatto waged a vigorous war for liberty of speech, liberty of public meetings, liberty of the press, and extension of the electoral franchise. This endeared him to the masses. About 1883 a group of liberal democratic leaders decided to found an organ in Rome, which they called *La Tribuna*. They made Luzzatto its editor-in-chief, and at that post he has ever since remained until his recent death.

Luzzatto's contemporaries say that he was the first editor in Italy to use the telegraph freely. Before his time the Italian journals contained almost no telegraphic news. The *Tribuna* of this morning points proudly to the "hundreds of telegrams in its columns" as evidence of Luzzatto's work. The boast made me curious to count them, which I did. There were seven dispatches from Paris making a column and a half; four foreign telegrams from London, Vienna, Budapest, Barcelona, Madrid, Constantinople, and New York, making another column and a half. The New York dispatch said that "Middle of the Froad (*sic*) Populists would oppose Signore O'Brien for president, and had nominated Signore Taghr." The rest of the telegraphic matter consisted of about a column of dispatches from Italian cities and towns.

One of the curious facts developed by Luzzatto's death was that Prince Sciarra is a large owner in *La Tribuna*. I knew that the Roman princes did not hesitate to become silent partners in business ventures at which their ancestors would have sneered. Many of them "went broke" in the bursting of Rome's real-estate boom some years ago. But for a prince, the head of an ancient noble family, to be part proprietor of a newspaper devoted to spreading the principles of radical democracy, strikes me as distinctly amusing.

I have spoken of the wide-spread grief caused by the death of Luzzatto. His death was unexpected. Last winter he had a severe attack of the "grippe." There was a dangerous epidemic of influenza this year in Italy. He partially recovered, but against the advice of his physicians resumed his work. In addition to his editorial labors he was a mem-



her of the Chamber of Deputies. He was appointed commissioner to the Paris Exposition and returned from there a few days ago in a state of partial collapse, as a result of his arduous labors at the opening. His physicians were alarmed at his condition and attempted to cope with it, but unsuccessfully. The day after his arrival from Paris he died of heart paralysis. His sudden death, while apparently in the full tide of his labors, startled the community.

From all over Italy there came telegrams of sympathy—from cabinet ministers, senators, deputies, mayors of cities, journalists, and public men generally. His own paper published all these messages. The funeral was a large and imposing one. Still all these evidences of grief did not strike me as being other than the evidence of an ephemeral feeling. The Italian has a dramatic-sympathetic nature and is easily moved. Death startles him. A sudden death shocks him. He is not unwilling that the world should see that he is moved, startled, and shocked.

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But on the day of the funeral we had occasion to travel northward for a brief trip out of Rome. When we reached the station, we found in the train an imposing funeral car. It contained the remains of Luzzatto. They were to be carried northward for burial in his birthplace, Udine. We made some remark about the love of funeral pomp characteristic of the Latin mind, and dismissed the subject.

But it was soon brought to our attention. The train rolled for miles over the lonely Roman Campagna—a vast rolling plain, where there are no towns or villages, and only an occasional fever-haunted farm-house, tenanted by gaunt peasants yellow with malaria. When we had left this zone of desolation the train began stopping at stations. Wherever we made a halt the sight was remarkable. The people for many miles around had collected to do honor to the dead journalist. Artisans' guilds, working-men's leagues, wine-growers' associations, social and political clubs were there hearing banners draped with crape. Bands of music were in waiting, playing solemn dirges. In the villages there were great crowds of peasants and in the towns dense masses of workmen. In places like Monte Varchi and Arezzo there were crowds of several thousand people. The station inclosures were packed with humanity. At towns like Laterina and San Giovanni Valdarno the crowds were extraordinary, considering the size of these places. Even at the smaller stations, where the train did not stop, hundreds of peasants were drawn up at the station-harriers gazing eagerly at the passing of Luzzatto. At San Giovanni Valdarno there must have been from four to five thousand people waiting at the station. I could not imagine where they all came from in a place of that size, and cross-questioned the guard. He replied that the hangers they here showed that they came from different communes. These included San Giovanni, Terranuova, Castel Franco, Piandisco, Caviglia, Loro, Perignano, Monastero, Castel Nuovo, Montegonsi, and Campogialli. On referring to the railway map I found that these villages were scattered over a territory miles in extent.

As the day declined and darkness came on, the scene grew picturesque. First the white, green, and red signal-lights of the outlying station limits would flash by. Ahead of us in the darkness would be visible a great flare. As the train drew up to the platform we would see that the light proceeded from hundreds of torches held aloft by men in the processions of clubs and guilds. The yellow glare of the torches dimly outlined the tall hangers with their long streamers of crape. Out of the darkness would come the sound of a dirge with muffled drums and muted horns. For a minute or two the train would pause while the waiting people placed mourning wreaths in the funeral car, and again it would dash on into the darkness. For a hundred and fifty miles through the most populous portion of central Italy this curious scene was repeated.

Such a genuine outburst of popular mourning made me think that Luzzatto had a deeper hold upon the public heart than I had supposed. It was not a purely local lamentation, confined to the city of Rome where he had labored so long. The feeling was apparently shared by the Italians at large. It made me wonder whether the death of any journalist in the United States could cause such genuine grief. What editor have we for whose funeral train the people would wait for hours in darkness and in rain?—for the heavens wept ceaselessly as the funeral train rolled on. Would the American people so stand in darkness and in rain to do honor to the *manes* of Whitelaw Reid? Of Henry Watterson? Of Joseph Pulitzer? Of W. R. Hearst?

Another thought came into my mind—that wide as was Luzzatto's fame in his own land, it was apparently limited to that land. I saw but two foreign dispatches concerning his death, one from Vienna, the other from Berlin. Probably the Triple Alliance makes German and Austrian editors familiar with Italian publicists. But I do not believe Luzzatto is known in other lands. Probably I speak within bounds when I say that—excluding Italians—few well-informed men in the United States have ever heard of him. There walked in his funeral procession two other Italian writers, Gabriele d'Annunzio and Edmondo de Amicis. Both are younger men than Luzzatto, who was just fifty. Yet the world knows them as writers, while Luzzatto is unknown. Why? They wrote in hooks. He wrote in newspapers. He will be forgotten within a year.

A few days ago we visited the Protestant Cemetery in Rome, and there saw the tomb of Keats, the young English poet who is said to have died of a broken heart. Upon the nameless head-stone are chiseled the well-known words which the dying poet begged should be placed upon his tomb:

"HERE LIES ONE  
WHOSE NAME  
WAS WRIT IN WATER."

I could not help but think that after his brief and hasty life Attilio Luzzatto's name was writ in water, too.

ROME, May 22, 1900.

JEROME A. HART.

## A MOHAMMEDAN VENDETTA.

How a Moorish Lochinvar Won the Daughter of Abd-el-Djehar.

A short time after the war between France and Morocco, the ruler of the latter country, the Sultan Abd-el-Rhaman, sent an army to punish the inhabitants of the Rif, who had burned a French vessel. Among the various sheiks who were ordered to denounce the culprits was one named Sid-Mohammed Abd-el-Djehar, already advanced in years, who, being jealous of a certain Arusi, a bold and handsome youth, placed him, though innocent, in the hands of the general, who sent him to be incarcerated at Fez. But he only remained about a year in prison. After his release he went to Tangiers, remained there some time, and then suddenly disappeared, and for a while no one knew what had become of him. But shortly after his disappearance there were rumors all over the province of Garh of a band of robbers and assassins which infested the country between Rahat and Larace. Caravans were attacked, merchants robbed, caids maltreated, the sultan's soldiers poniarded; no one dared any more to cross that part of the country, and the few who had escaped alive from the hands of the bandit came back to the town stupefied with terror.

Things remained in this state for some time, and no one had been able to discover who was the chief of the band, when a merchant from the Rif, attacked one night by moonlight, recognized among the robbers the young Arusi, and brought the news to Tangiers, whence it spread all over the province. Arusi was the chief. Many others recognized him. He appeared in the *duars* and villages, by day as well as by night, dressed as a soldier, as a caid, as a Jew, as a Christian, as a woman, as a *ulema*, killing, robbing, vanishing, pursued from every quarter but never taken, always under a new disguise, capricious, fierce, and indefatigable; and he never went very far from the neighborhood of the citadel of El Mamora, a fact which no one could understand. The reason was this: the caid of the citadel El Mamora was no other than the old sheik, Sid-Mohammed Abd-el-Djehar, who had placed Arusi in the hands of the sultan's general.

At that very time Sid-Mohammed had just given his daughter in marriage, a girl of marvelous beauty, named Rahmana, to the son of the Pasha of Sale, who was called Sid-Ali. The nuptial feasts were celebrated with great pomp in the presence of all the rich young men of the province, who came on horseback, armed, and dressed in their best, to the citadel of El Mamora; and Sid-Ali was to conduct his bride to Sale, to his father's house. They had to pass through a narrow defile formed by two chains of wooded hills and downs. First went an escort of thirty horsemen; behind these, Rahmana on a mule, between her husband and her brother; behind her, her father, the caid, and a crowd of relations and friends.

They entered the defile. The night was serene, the bridegroom held Rahmana by the hand, the old caid smoothed his beard; all were cheerful and unsuspecting.

Suddenly there burst upon the stillness of the night a formidable voice, which cried:

"Arusi salutes thee, O Sheik Sid-Mohammed Abd-el-Djehar!"

At the same moment from the top of the hill thirty muskets flashed and thirty shots rang out. Horses, soldiers, friends, and relations fell dead, or took to flight; and before the caid and Sid-Ali, who were untouched, could recover from their bewilderment, a man, a fury, a demon, Arusi himself, had seized Rahmana, placed her before him on his horse, and fled with the speed of the wind toward the forests of Mamora.

The caid and Sid-Ali, both resolute men, instead of giving way to a vain despair, took a solemn oath never to rest until they had been fearfully avenged. They demanded and obtained soldiers from the sultan, and began to give chase to Arusi, who had taken refuge with his hand in the great forest of Mamora. It was a most fatiguing warfare, carried on by *coups de main*, ambuscades, nocturnal assaults, feints, and ferocious combats, and lasted for more than a year, driving little by little the band of marauders into the centre of the forest. The circle grew closer and closer. Many of Arusi's men were already dead with hunger, many had fled, and many had been killed in fighting.

The caid and Sid-Ali, as their vengeance seemed to draw near, became more ferocious in its pursuit; they rested neither night nor day; they breathed only for revenge. But of Arusi and Rahmana they could learn nothing. Some said they were dead, some that they had fled, some that the bandit had first killed the woman and then himself. The caid and Sid-Ali began to despair; because the further they advanced into the forest, the thicker the trees, higher and more intricate became the bushes, the vines, the brambles, and the junipers, so that the horses and dogs could no longer force a passage through them. At last one day, when the two were almost discouraged, an Arah came and said he had seen Arusi hidden in the reeds on the river-bank at the extremity of the woods. The caid hastily called his men together, and dividing them into two companies, sent one to the right and the other to the left toward the river.

After some time the caid was the first to see, rising from the midst of the reeds, a phantom, a man of tall stature and terrible aspect—Arusi. Everybody rushed toward that point. They searched and searched in vain; Arusi was not there. "He has crossed the river!" shouted the caid. They threw themselves into the stream, and gained the opposite bank. There they found some footprints, and followed them, but after a little they failed. Suddenly the horsemen broke into a gallop along the river-bank. At the same moment the attention of the caid was drawn to three of his dogs, which had stopped, searching near a clump of reeds. Sid-Ali was the first to run to the spot, and he found near the weeds a large ditch, at the bottom of which were some holes. Jumping into the ditch he introduced his musket into one of the holes, felt it pushed back, and fired;

then calling the caid and the soldiers they searched here and there, and found a large round aperture in the steep bank just above the water. Arusi must have entered by that opening. "Dig!" shouted the caid. The soldiers ran for picks and shovels to a neighboring village, and digging, presently came upon a sort of arch in the earth, and under it a cave.

At the bottom of the cave was Arusi, erect, motionless, pale as death. They seized him; he made no resistance. They dragged him out; the musket-hall had deprived him of his left eye. He was hound, carried to a tent, laid on the ground, and as a first taste of vengeance Sid-Ali cut off all his toes, and threw them in his face. This done, six soldiers were set to guard him, and Sid-Ali and the caid withdrew to another tent, there to arrange what torture they should inflict before cutting off his head. The discussion was prolonged, for each one tried to propose some more painful torture, and nothing seemed horrible enough. The evening came, and nothing was decided. The decision was put off until the next morning, and they separated.

An hour afterward the caid and Ali were asleep, each in his tent. The night was very dark; there was not a breath of wind, not a leaf moving; nothing was heard but the murmur of the river and the hreathing of the sleeping men. Suddenly a formidable voice broke the silence of the night: "Arusi salutes thee, O Sheik Sid-Mohammed Abd-el-Djehar!"

The old caid sprang to his feet, and heard the rapid heat of a horse's feet departing. He called his soldiers, who came in haste, and shouted, "My horse! my horse!" They sought his horse, the most superb animal in the whole of Garh; it was gone. They ran to the tent of Sid-Ali. He was stretched on the ground, dead, with a poniard stuck in his left eye. The caid hurst into tears; the soldiers went off on the track of the fugitive. They saw him for an instant like a shadow, then lost him; saw him again; but he sped like the lightning, and vanished, not to be seen again. Nevertheless, they continued to follow all night, until they reached a thick wood, where they halted to await the dawn. When daylight appeared they saw afar off the caid's horse approaching, tired out and all bloody, filling the air with lamentable neighings. Thinking that Arusi must be in the woods, they loosed the dogs, and advanced sword in hand. In a few minutes they discovered a dilapidated house half-hidden among the trees. The dogs stopped there. The soldiers came to the door, and leveling their muskets, let them fall with a cry of amazement. Within the four ruined walls lay the corpse of Arusi, and beside it a lovely woman, splendidly dressed, with her hair loose on her shoulders, was hiding up his bleeding feet, sobbing, laughing, and murmuring words of despair and love.

It was Rahmana.

They took her to her father's house, where she remained three days without speaking a word, and then disappeared. They searched for her during several days, but in vain. Finally she was discovered in the ruined hut which was the scene of her lover's death. With an old spade in her hands she was endeavoring to remove the sod from his grave. With incessant grief she kept uttering the name of the dead chief, "Arusi! Arusi!" The men did not disturb her, but allowed her to stay. "Allah," they said, "has called her reason back to Himself, and she is a saint!"—Edmondo de Amicis's "Morocco."

The statue of General Grant, presented by the Grand Army of the Republic to the nation, was unveiled in the great rotunda of the Capitol, at Washington, May 19th, and elaborate ceremonies commemorative of the event were held in the Hall of Representatives in the presence of a vast concourse of people, who included the widow, daughter, and descendants of the hero of Appomattox. The statue represents the contributions of thousands of his comrades of the G. A. R., none of whom were allowed to subscribe more than fifteen cents, and is the result of a movement started shortly after General Grant's death at Mt. McGregor in July, 1885. It is the work of Franklin Simmons, an American sculptor. Of marble of heroic size, it stands on a granite pedestal, emblazoned with a bronze seal of the G. A. R., and represents the hero in the full uniform of a general equipped for the field, with top-boots and gauntlets, his cloak over his left arm, his right hand resting on the hilt of his sword. The statue stands near the western entrance, flanked on either side by the famous paintings of the "Surrender of Cornwallis" and the "Surrender of Burgoyne."

The eclipse of the sun May 28th, as observed along the path of totality in the Southern States, does not appear to have made apparent any radically new facts, but it seems certain that some more or less important corrections will be made in the relative distances of the sun, moon, and earth, owing to the greater accuracy of the instruments now in use, and owing to the unusual number of astronomers at work on the problem. Much is also to be expected from the elaborate series of photographs taken by the government observers and by the astronomers from all the leading universities. The beautiful but mysterious corona, which has long been one of the chief objects of interest about an eclipse, was seen this time under extremely favorable circumstances. It will require some time, however, before the astronomers can develop their plates, make their calculations, and compare their data. Not until 1948 will the people of the United States have another chance to see a total eclipse.

The current value of Stradivarius violins in London is said to range from £80 to £800. In Stradivarius's own time one Cervetto, of London, received a consignment of the master's instruments which he was commissioned to sell for £4 apiece. But he was obliged to send them back, as no Englishman, at that time, would buy them at any such figure. Stradivarius himself is said to have asked a price of four louis d'or for each of his violins.



## RELIEF OF MAFEKING AND LONDON.

A Night of Rejoicing in the English Capital—The Ladysmith Celebration Outdone—How the News Was Received in the West End.

"For this relief, much thanks." If Shakespeare could have seen into the future when he penned that line, he must have had his mind's eye glued upon the South African veldt on the spot where now stands the world-famous town of Mafeking—of which, by the by, the accepted pronunciation is Maffa-king. For not only does the line express the heartfelt gratitude of the starving inhabitants of that seven months' beleaguered city, but it tersely describes the attitude of the English nation—the British Empire, in fact—upon its receipt of the news that the siege had been raised and the town entered by the relieving forces of Lord Roberts's grand army. And surely never were thanks given with such fervid vehemence, never did they take such fantastic, such grotesque forms and fashions. London simply went mad. I thought that the popular behavior on hearing of the setting free of Ladysmith topped the extreme heights of national temporary insanity, but Ladysmith was not a patch on Mafeking.

The British metropolis on Friday night last can be fairly described as Bedlam let loose. Indeed, when I call to mind some of the scenes I witnessed on that occasion, the description seems weak and incomplete. Words fail me! Swinburne, in one of his peculiarly characteristic and denunciatory sonnets, might do it justice. I was dining at a big dinner-party at a house in one of the streets that run out of Piccadilly, and the men were still over the "wine and walnuts," the hour having but lately gone half-past nine, when there was a resounding bang and crash that shook the house to its foundations. One of the men at the table, a chap just invalided home from the front, exclaimed: "A lyddite shell, hy Jove!"

Every one jumped to his feet; some ran to the front door; others upstairs, from where (as usual) came screams and shrieks of distress from the ladies; while others again sprang to the windows, unharmed the shutters, and threw up the sashes. Already the street was in commotion, men were running and shouting, and two or three hansoms dashed past toward Piccadilly. The windows and doors of every house in sight opposite were open and filled with heads and anxious faces, plainly seen in the flood of light which now bathed the usually dismal thoroughfare, and on all sides, both out-of-doors and in, one heard such varied exclamations and cries as: "Dynamite!" "Buckingham Palace!" "French attack!" "The Boers!" "Earthquake!" "Nihilist outrage!" "The darling queen!" "Marlborough House!" mingled with the stifled cries and sobs of women. Suddenly, in the midst of the hubbub, the distant shouting of one man's voice could be heard at the end of the street coming nearer and nearer along Piccadilly. All sorts of guesses were made at what he was saying—of course, none of them right; as, for instance, "Away! To bed!" "To arms! To arms!" which one man swore he could distinctly make out. "Save yourselves!" But the suspense was of short duration. The man had now reached the end of the street, and, turning his head as he dashed on, shouted:

"Mafeking relieved! Mafeking relieved!"

At the moment the swelling roar of cheering voices came wafted up with the shout; and then from every throat in the room, upstairs in the drawing-room, all over the house in fact, and all over everybody's house in the neighborhood, from windows and doorways, from the pavements, and from hansoms and four-wheelers as they darted by, there burst forth one combined yell of pent-up gladness that fairly struck one dazed. Table cloths were dragged off tables, despite the destruction of china and glass and the injury to old family silver, and waved from the windows; coats were pulled off and shaken in the air, handkerchiefs by the hundred made white dots everywhere, men threw lighted candles into the street, others tore up newspapers and even books to light and throw blazing through the air to the pavement below. Every conceivable form of downright madness, idiocy, that could suggest itself in the frenzy of the moment was instantly adopted and forthwith carried out. A blazing paraffine lamp—a standard, for a fact—was hurled by one lunatic from the drawing-room of a house opposite and fell with a crash in the middle of the street, followed by a couple of handsome chairs. Luckily no one was injured, and the burning oil was quickly stamped out by policemen whose presence stopped any repetition of such folly. But pistol and shotgun shots from the different windows soon followed, the bullets and shot going where they listed, into space thus far, for no one seemed to be hit. Still yelling like mad, the dining-room division, waving table-napkins, proceeded upstairs, where the din had grown deafening. On the landing I was collared by a well-known dean, who shouted frantically, "Damn it, man! why don't you yell?"

Such uncivil language did not surprise me as I twisted myself from his clutch, for on looking back I saw him kissing a pretty little housemaid, who chanced to come within his reach on the stairs as he went down. His example was evidently thought a good one, for the poor girl as she broke away fell into the hands of the front-door gang in the hall. As I entered the drawing-room, the lady of the house (a woman of title, no less) was shaking her hutler by both hands, while, within, an impromptu Sir Roger de Coverley had degenerated into as distracting a cancan as ever was seen at the Jardin Mahille or the Moulin Rouge. One young married lady, who thus became known as the possessor of a red silk petticoat, was quickly "commandeered" for it to wave from the window as a flag, her husband wildly assisting the ladies in the process of divestment. Another lady furnished a blue garment of the same character, and a third a white, and so from the three front windows the national colors were displayed.

Myself and a friend presently jumped into a passing

empty hansom to try and keep a hall engagement. But bless you, you could not get a hundred yards in an hour. Yelling and shouting throngs blocked the streets. The hobbies could do nothing. Hats were being smashed right and left, men were embracing each other in dozens, hugles were being blown, drag-horns blasted, tea-trays heaten, hand-hells rung, crackers and bombs fired, and every mortal thing done that could make a noise, the more discordant and agonizing the better. Close up to the railings of the Green Park we had to sit in that hansom, wedged in by the pandemonium around us for four hours on end, unable to move one way or the other, and paying cab-hire all the time. But it was a lucky shelter, as we afterward found on meeting some of the other guests of the dinner-party who had ventured after us afoot. They were hatless, their evening clothes in tatters, forethought having prompted them to stow their watches away inside their jerseys. It is to be hoped that Pretoria will not be taken just yet awhile—not until London gets over Mafeking and can invent some more outlandish ways still of keeping that day's jollification, and going it one better.

LONDON, May 25, 1900.

COCKAIGNE.

## THE SIRENS.

From no grim ancient headland, blossom-crowned,  
Seen ever through a fleeting foamy veil,  
No lineless sand that girds the bay around  
Where the wind's threats and clamors pause and fail,  
But from the green trough of the surges, sound  
The Sirens' voices in a landward hail,  
Far out where wind and wave play lustily,  
And draw the hearts of landsmen to the sea.

Of old the Sirens promised peace and rest  
To men with many a weary league forlorn,  
And cot and vineyard on the land's kind breast  
For heaving deck and sail storm-lashed and torn,  
For the black barren crag where sea-winds nest  
Fair slopes of joyous grass and fields of corn,  
Earth's brides and roses in a sheltered vale  
For the cold weed and sea-nymphs lank and pale.

But we whom careless fate in life has set  
Like ships becalmed beneath a windless sky,  
Who, wrapped in irksome ease, still chafe and fret  
While void of noble deeds the days go by,  
Who hate the listless hours and claim the debt  
Life owes to Youth while yet his blood is high—  
What promise wedded to what melodies  
Hear we to draw our hearts across the seas?

Songs that the shock of meeting waves repeat,  
Splash of the spray, hiss of the plunging prow,  
Roar of the trade winds going with steady feet,  
Glamour of tropic coasts and fields of snow,  
And of the line where sky and water meet  
Past which lies all the world to see and know—  
Through these with smile austere looks Danger's face  
Charming our hearts to draw to her embrace.

Lured by the chant, the ancient sailor found  
Death waiting on the green melodious shore,  
The sweet song swelled to triumph as he drowned,  
And the tides roll his bones for evermore.  
He knew not; but we know the voices' sound  
That sing to us, beside Death's very door.  
Yet while our blood is young, come Death or no,  
The Sirens call and call—and we must go.

—Walter Hogg in the Cornhill Magazine.

New England's southern tier of States has lately been visited by the more or less frightful nocturnal apparition of a locomotive with two great glaring eyes rushing along at the head of one of the great express trains between New York and Boston. It is enough to terrify timid maids and set the children crying. The engine has two head-lights set side by side about a yard apart in the usual position just before the smoke-stack, but the effect is as though the modern steel Polyphemus had grown another optic. The blazing eyes are turned slightly toward each other, and certainly to a person of normal imagination a cross-eyed locomotive could only seem to be the product of a fevered dream. It is, however, simply a Yankee device to increase the engine driver's lateral range of vision. The two head-lights focus on the rails a hundred yards or so ahead of the engine at the point where the greatest illumination is desirable, and diverge beyond over the surrounding fields and farm-houses. The idea is to enable the engine men to see for a little distance along the many curves. With the new twin lanterns one arm or the other of the light reaches along the branching tracks, keeping pace with the engine as it swerves.

Secretary Root, in a communication to the House committee having the bill for the abolishment of the army canteen before it, declared that its enactment "would be injurious to the temperance, morals, and discipline of the enlisted men of the army." Adjutant-General Corbin asserts:

"The prohibition of the sale of beer in the post exchange means an increase of whisky-drinking and drunkenness, and the consequent necessity for medical treatment; an increase of the horrors of delirium tremens and insanity; an increased number of courts-martial and punishment and of desertions, to the scandal of the service, no less than a decrease of discipline, health, and morals, and the consequent diminution of contentment, self-esteem, and self-reliance on the part of the enlisted men, to say nothing of its effects upon surrounding communities."

The Pingree Gardens of Chicago were opened on May 16th to the five hundred families selected by the bureau of associated charities from the long list of applicants for permission to "plant a piece of ground." The bureau has secured enough ground in the three natural divisions of the city, rent free, to give each family a quarter-acre for a truck patch. The bureau plows the land and otherwise puts it in shape for planting, and the county furnishes the necessary seeds free. A superintendent has been put in charge of each field, with police authority to keep peace among the planters.

Season tickets to the Paris Exhibition must bear the photograph of the persons to whom they are issued. The Algerian, Tunisian, and other Mohammedan exhibitors, however, refuse to have their pictures taken, as it is contrary to the Koran.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The young King of Spain will make his first official trip abroad this month, when he will visit Paris as the guest of the French Government.

For his heroic defense of Mafeking, Baden-Powell has been promoted over the heads of two hundred officers to the rank of major-general. He is only forty-three years of age, and now enjoys the distinction of being the youngest major-general in the British army.

Another Austrian archduchess has broken down the barriers of court etiquette, and is about to contract a morganatic marriage. The widow of Emperor Francis Joseph's brother, Archduke Karl Ludwig, the Archduchess Maria Theresa, who is a Princess of Braganza and Infanta of Portugal, is going to marry her major-domo, the Count of Cavriani.

Florence Nightingale has just celebrated her eightieth birthday. Although an invalid and entirely confined to her room, she has taken a lively interest in all the efforts throughout the country to provide sufficient hospital accommodations and comforts for the troops in the Transvaal, and quite recently she sent \$500, with a sympathetic letter, to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, on behalf of the maintenance of the South African Hospital.

A few years ago the town of Schlestadt made a present of the Hohkönigsburg to the German emperor. It is one of the finest ruins in Alsace, and has always been a favorite spot for visitors. The Kaiser has now determined to restore the castle, and the architect Ehardt has received orders to work out the necessary plans. The first installment toward the expenses, amounting to \$25,000, has been granted; while the whole amount necessary for the restoration of the burg will amount to some \$350,000. When completed, the castle will serve as an historical museum for the scientific research of the German Middle Ages.

Maitre Lahori, who is coming to this country next year to lecture on the Dreyfus case, will have the advantage of being able to address his audiences in a language they understand, as he speaks English fluently, and spent some time, while a student of law, in London. His wife is an English woman, and was married to the pianist Vladimir de Pachmann, but got a divorce and married the French lawyer. This fact was recalled last winter when the Polish pianist declared on all possible occasions that he had undertaken his latest tour here in order to earn enough money to give to M. Lahori for the education of his two children, who live with their mother.

According to the dispatches, Emma Calvé has definitely decided to abandon opera for the drama. This startling announcement by one of the world's greatest opera singers was made to a *Pall Mall Gazette* interviewer. "Yes," she said, "I have decided to leave the stage—that is, the operatic stage. I will remain this year in Europe and create Bruneau's 'L'Ouragan' at the Opéra Comique in Paris during the autumn. Then I shall appear probably in 'Armida,' by Gluck. Thereafter I will devote myself to the drama. I was never meant for a singer. I lack the cardinal requisite of the singer's art—the sentiment of rhythm. I am absolutely rebellious against it. For years now the feeling has been growing on me that the very mode of expression in operatic art is false and the whole of it unreal and untrue. Besides, when I sing I don't live. I must have plenty of movement and exercise, but I have to do without them to be in good voice. I lead a life of constant sacrifices, and am tired of it."

Dr. Crevally, of Sydney, New South Wales, has had an experience with anti-alcoholic serum that throws doubt on the efficacy of the serum discovered by the Paris doctors, Sapellier, Théault, and Broca. Dr. Crevally began his experiments over two years ago at the Sydney Institute of Bacteriology. He subjected a calf to a long term of enforced drunkenness, obtained a serum from it, and injected it into several confirmed drunkards. After two or three injections they gave up drinking, and the doctor thought that his discovery was established. He found, however, that after a week his subjects took to drink as hard as ever, and came to the conclusion that their temporary cure was due to the imagination. His opinion was confirmed when they returned to him and after he had injected clear water into them instead of the intoxicated-calf serum they declared their repugnance for alcohol and kept sober for a few days. He concluded, therefore, that his serum, which was made in much the same way as the Paris serum, was of no use, and that the effect produced was due to auto-suggestion. Nothing has been heard from the Paris discovery since it was announced.

Andrew D. White, the United States minister to Germany, has proved himself a valiant defender of all American interests in the Teutonic empire. Just now he is distinguishing himself by his courageous battle for the American meat industry, threatened with hostile legislation. Minister White is known as an "educator, historian, and diplomat." His diplomatic career commenced at St. Petersburg, where he was an *attaché* of the American legation. He aided in the founding of Cornell University, and was its president for twenty years. During this time President Grant made him a commissioner to investigate the proposed annexation of San Domingo. He favored annexation. President Hayes, in 1879, appointed Mr. White minister to Germany, and he remained at Berlin two years. After this, giving himself entirely to literary work and travel, Mr. White found, in 1896, that the government again desired his services. President Cleveland appointed him as one of the commissioners to investigate the Venezuelan boundary dispute. President McKinley further honored him by making him ambassador to Germany. His services to this government at Berlin during the Spanish-American War were of incalculable value. He speaks German and French as readily as he does English.



## ANECDOTES OF THE KENDALS.

Their Romantic Wedding Day—Stories of Samuel Phelps, "Dundreary" Sothern, Henry Compton, John Hare.

Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton has followed his memoirs of Sothern and Robertson and his account of John Hare with a volume entitled "The Kendals," a rather one-sided hiphography of these popular English players. In the preface he says that Mrs. Kendal said to him: "Write my husband's life, if you desire, and only mention me as you would any other actress he has played with. His career should be written, and he does not mind; I only ignore me as much as you possibly can. I prefer it." Very wisely Mr. Pemberton has ignored this request, for Mrs. Kendal has undoubtedly been the most prominent of the two, partly through her husband's willingness to produce plays in which she was the central figure, and partly because she comes from a theatrical family which has made a lasting name for itself in the annals of English theatrical history. Mr. Pemberton's volume is more an appreciation than a criticism, and is too liberally sprinkled with superlatives to be of real value. Nevertheless it contains a number of amusing anecdotes, the best of which we shall quote.

Mr. Kendal was born William Hunter Grimston, and started in life with the intention of becoming an artist of the brush; but caught by the fascination of the stage, he set himself to grind in a provincial stock company. Mr. Pemberton thus explains how he came to adopt the stage name of Kendal:

On Saturday, April 6, 1861, we find a hitherto unknown "Mr. Kendal" (the name was spelt with two *s*'s then) figuring in the hills as Louis the Fourteenth in a play called "A Life's Revenge," in Mr. Mowbray's company, which included such coming celebrities as Ellen Terry, David James, Charles Wyndham, and H. J. Montagu. In those days the stage was not recognized (as it happily is at the end of our century) as one of the artistic professions, and with the young men of birth and breeding who resolved to try a throw with fortune upon it, it was the custom to assume a name. Two reasons have been assigned for young Grimston's choice of "Kendal," or "Kendall." Mr. Mowbray was consulted, and that ingenious gentleman thought in the first place that "Kendal" was happily like the famous theatrical name of Kemble; and in the second, that as Garrick and Grimston both began with a *G*, and as the great David made his first appearance behind the Ipswich footlights under the nom de guerre of "Lyddol," that of "Kendall" might be of happy omen.

The wedding day of Madge Robertson and Mr. Kendal was truly romantic:

At that time the famous Haymarket comedians were fulfilling an engagement at Manchester. Their repertoire was a large one, and it was arranged that the happy young couple should be married on a day when they would not be required to act. As early as nine o'clock on the morning of August 7, 1869, the ceremony took place at St. Saviour's Church, Manchester, and they were on the point of starting for a brief honeymoon when the unwelcome news reached them that Mr. Compton, who was immensely popular in Manchester, and was to be the star of the evening, was suddenly called away to the death-bed of a relative, that "As You Like It" had been announced, and that bride and bridegroom must appear as Rosalind and Orlando. This, in duty bound, and fondly hoping that the news of their marriage had not been made public, they did; but when it came to the lines, "Will you, Orlando, have in wife this Rosalind?" and Orlando answered, "I will," a mighty uproar of applause and cheering told them that their secret was out, and they had the hearty good wishes of their loyal Manchester friends.

Mrs. Kendal made her first appearance on the stage at the age of five, on February 20, 1834, when she appeared as the child Marie in "The Orphan of the Frozen Sea." A few years later she appeared in "The Stranger." The writer says:

Little Madge, very proud of her new costume, was sent on in the stage in softness the heart of Kintze's sorely depressed him, and when she caught sight of her nurse in the pit, forgetful of the footlight barrier that divided them, she gleefully called out: "Oh, nurse, look at my new shoes!" Being taken to the theatre to see a play in which the plot hinged upon a theft of silver, and hearing her sister (who was acting) unjustly accused, she indignantly called out from the boxes: "My sister did not steal the spoons!"

In proof of the loyalty of her Yorkshire admirers, Mrs. Kendal is fond of telling the following little story:

She was at the height of her popularity when the great Samuel Phelps came to Hull to fulfill a starring engagement. She played the youthful Julie in his *Richelieu*, and all went very well indeed, but when, owing to some little hitch in the company, she was at a few hours' notice called upon to play Lady Macbeth, the famous actor objected. "She was far too young for the part," he said, and in all truth she looked it. However, indignant though he was, there was no help for it, and, dressed by her mother for the exacting character, the poor frightened girl went on to play it. She need not have been afraid; she acted remarkably well, and her faithful friends in the pit and gallery applauded her to the echo. Possibly this somewhat nettled Phelps; at all events, when the calls at the ends of the acts came, he, as the "star" of the evening, exercised his prerogative, and, putting tact on one side, went on without her. This so angered the admirers of the popular Lady Macbeth that they absolutely hissed

the great London actor. As the evening wore on the ill-feeling increased, until an incensed deputation waited upon William Robertson, who, in order to encourage his daughter in her ordeal, was in the theatre, declaring that by not bringing her on with him Phelps had insulted "our Madge," and assuring him if he would only say the word they would "dook um in t' Hoomber." Robertson of course did his utmost to pacify his child's impulsive following, but though the Humber project was abandoned the amazed Phelps had some difficulty in safely leaving the theatre. Mrs. Kendal always gracefully winds up her anecdote by telling how Phelps, so far from bearing malice never an affair that must have at the time been very mortifying to him, asked her, when she came back to London, to play Lady Teazle to his Sir Peter for his benefit at the Standard Theatre.

Here are two drill stories of the season she acted with the elder Sothern:

In "A Wild Goose," Sothern who has been not inaptly described as "a bundle of nerves," had in the last act to shoot some one, and (carrying out the tradition of stage fire-arms) his pistol one night failed to "go off." Half-mad with dismay and mortification, Sothern rushed at the lady who was to be his victim and slaughtered her with a penknife!

When "A Wife Well Won" was being acted, Sothern, who at that time was almost painfully thin, lent, out of sheer good-nature, a costly, heavily padded silk coat, which he wore in the piece, to another actor—Mr. Sefton—to play a certain scene in. Mr. Sefton, unfortunately, failed to return it at the right moment, and when his turn came poor Sothern had to go on without any coat at all, and display his personally depleted slenderness in a laughing house.

After the death of Henry Compton, Mrs. Kendal jotted down some recollections of him, at the request of his sons. She says:

"Among the many hardships endured by provincial actors of forty years ago was the oft-repeated order to 'march' some thirty miles or so, for the purpose of appearing at night in some adjacent town. On one of these occasions my father, Mr. Chippendale, and my father were companions; but one of the three, either from an accident or a low state of the funds, was only able to face the journey with one shoe. Under these circumstances, and knowing that the journey must be made, there was only one thing to be done, and, to the credit of the profession be it said, they did it. They stuck by each other—as they always do, as they always have done, and, I hope, always will do—and took it in turns to walk with a single shoe, until their destination was reached!"

Many and strange are the tales of stage waits, but surely the one Mrs. Kendal tells of Compton is worthy of a place among the most peculiar:

"I refer to that occasion when your father, Mr. Buckstone, and my husband were dining out at Manchester. The piece that evening being 'The Hypocrite,' and your father's presence being unnecessary until the third act, he walked calmly in his moccasins, so that he might enjoy his quiet cup of coffee as usual before proceeding to business. In the meantime the comedy mentioned sped merrily along, and the announcement in the third act, 'Mr. Mawworm is below!' found the audience in the very best of humors, as they waited in eager expectation for the appearance of their favorite. The cue, however, was not taken up, and, after the usual hurrying of footsteps and whispering of voices, the mortifying news that 'Mr. Compton was not in the theatre' was made apparent to those assembled by the ringing down of the curtain. A messenger was at once dispatched to the absentee's apartments, where he was found, having finished his coffee, comfortably taking the regulation 'forty winks' in his slippers! The first person he encountered on his arrival at the theatre was my husband, to whom he remarked in his quaint, dry manner, 'Well, young Kendal, you've done a nice thing!' He then hurried on his costume, and the curtain being taken up again, he was greeted on his appearance with a reception that can only be described as tremendous."

Mrs. Kendal tells another amusing story of what happened during one evening in Dublin, when "Pygmalion and Galatea" was the bill:

"An old Irish lady, evidently deeply sympathizing with the somewhat ill-treated Galatea, and with an eye of suspicion on Pygmalion and his jealous wife, Cynisca, at the moment when the animated statue was about to throw herself into the sculptor's arms, shouted, from her 'coign of vantage' in the gallery: 'Don't, darling! His wife has just gone out!' Everybody, including Mrs. Kendal, burst into laughter, and the scene was irretrievably wrecked."

During a performance of "Still Waters Run Deep" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, in the early 'eighties, when John Hare and the Kendals were members of the St. James Company, Mrs. Kendal proved herself a heroine through her great presence of mind:

To suggest a bright fire in the grate in the first act, a lighted lamp was used, and through the thin silk handkerchief Mr. Hare, who was seated on the stage with his back to the audience, in his intense hurry saw that the too highly turned-up flame had ignited that part of the flimsy scene painted to represent the mantel-piece, and that slowly but surely the smoldering was increasing. By good fortune he had once been a member of the stock company at this theatre, and so knew his bearings well. But, alas! he also knew that in case of a fire breaking out on a crowded night it would prove a veritable death-trap. He realized, too, that if the audience saw the steadily growing flames a panic with its awful results would ensue. Happily some moments had to elapse before he would be expected to respond to his cue, and slowly rising, and in the slipshod, senile manner he assumed in portraying this character, he shuffled off the stage. His comic exit caused roars

of laughter, but it was not accomplished before, in some subtle way, he had contrived to convey to Mrs. Kendal its cause. Then she calmly took her stand before the fire-place, and with her skirts hid the burning scenery from the audience. Behind the scenes, and not without danger and difficulty, Mr. Hare, assisted by a carpenter and wet blankets (and with Mrs. Kendal continuing her part and resolutely shielding their operations), contrived to extinguish the conflagration, and then, shambling on to the stage again, was greeted by the nobly self-possessed Mrs. Kendal with, "Well, Brother Potter, and where have you been?" They laughed, and so did the audience, little knowing that through the courage and presence of mind of their entertainers they had mercifully escaped a terrible catastrophe.

An anecdote apropos of the first production of Harry Dam's drama, "Prince Karatoff," at Birmingham on December 2, 1892, runs as follows:

There was a scene in which Mrs. Kendal was compelled to bid a long farewell to her child. On her knees, she clasped him to her breast, while the attendants, who had orders to take the boy away, impatiently waited at the back. The last, tender, lingering embrace was given in the presence of a hushed house, and the child was almost forcibly led from its agonized mother's arms. In order not to see this sad exit Mrs. Kendal had, apparently, closed her eyes, but she opened them when a most unexpected titter ran through the audience. I, who knew her so well, realized what the nervous look on her face meant. Had the situation and her handling of it failed? Then, in an instant, she grasped the cause of the unseemly giggles. In going out the child's cap had most awkwardly fallen off its head and remained upon the stage. Mrs. Kendal knew exactly what to do. With a loving cry she seized the cap, covered it with kisses, and pressed it to her heart. She at once killed the irreverent laughter, and the applause that followed was not unmingled with tears. Every one thought that the effect, instead of being sheer accident, had been most carefully arranged, and I even heard the author complimented on having invented a very original piece of stage business!

The sequel of the story is funny. A long, long time was supposed to elapse before Mrs. Kendal, in her character of Katharine Vail, was destined to see her child again; but, when at last it was restored to her, it was wearing the same cap! Happily the audience did not notice the blunder, but I could see the little look of dismay on Mrs. Kendal's face. When, after the piece was over, I went around to offer her my congratulations, she was good-humoredly upbraiding the "dresser" who had made the mistake. "How could you! how could you!" she cried. "Don't you know that for months and months of trial and torment that cap has been worn upon my heart, and yet you send the boy home in it!"

An episode in one of their American tours, which we do not remember to have seen exploited by their press agents, is thus related:

They were playing in Philadelphia; the house was crowded; she was ready dressed for her part, and the curtain was about to go up, when she asked her maid to give her a glass of a tonic she was taking. Hastily she put it to her lips, and then, in her horror, realized that the wrong phial had been used, and that she had swallowed poison! Quickly, and with characteristic presence of mind, she took the remedies that occurred to her, sent for a doctor, and in the hope that she had not taken enough to prove fatal, determined to go on with her part. And so, in intense agony, and with a mouth that seemed full of flame, she went on the stage. At every available interval the physician did his best to avert mischief and alleviate her suffering, but no one in that cheering and delighted audience knew what the poor, brave creature who was amusing them was undergoing. For three weeks Mrs. Kendal spent her days in bed and her evenings on the stage, and her doctors declared that if she had swallowed a few more drops of the liquid her life would not have been worth an hour's purchase.

A whole chapter is devoted to the interesting paper on the drama, read by Mrs. Kendal before the Social Science Congress in 1884, which provoked such wide-spread criticism. The author says, indignantly:

And what did they find in carp at, these searchers for poison in Mrs. Kendal's innocuous address? Searchers as keen as the anti-vaccinators who not only look for, but absolutely hail virus on the physician's lancet? . . . Of these harmlessly expressed and broad opinions a set of curiously irritable people made brick walls against which to knock their supposed to be sore and certainly thick heads. They managed to get a hearing, and their plaintive, unnecessary, and at last exasperating yelpings went up as do the howls of a dog in a shining and beneficent moon.

A notable feature of the volume is the photographic illustrations of the Kendals in "William and Susan," "Much Ado About Nothing," "A Scrap of Paper," "The Iron Master," "Antoinette Rigaud," "Lady Clancarty," and "Diplomacy."

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$3.00.

It is not often that a woman is able to array herself in any fabric which three hundred years ago was the property of a queen of England. The Countess of Pembroke had, however, this proud privilege at a recent drawing-room, when her magnificent white and silver gown and light peach-velvet train were trimmed with old point De Flandre which had once belonged to and had been worn by Queen Elizabeth. It was in admirable preservation, and consisted of deep founces, partly of floral design, and also displaying a terrace walk, with birds on pedestals—quaint and curious.

## Le Gallienne's "Travels in England."

In his latest volume, "Travels in England," Richard Le Gallienne is at his best. It is simply the record of a three weeks' bicycle trip through various parts of rural England last summer, including many places whose very names, because of their connection with literature, or art, or history, "bring a perfume in the memory," but its simplicity, its pure, fresh atmosphere, its spirit of good-fellowship, make it a charming volume. Le Gallienne made the trip principally "to be out in green places and moving through summer-scented air," and chose a bicycle because he could travel leisurely, stopping here and there as his fancy dictated, for, he says, "Nature will not confide her secrets to the man in a hurry":

"Man was born a pedestrian, and it is only at a walking pace, an easy, loitering pace, too, with many pondering halts, that Nature can really be got to talk. She flies before the scorching cycle like a frightened bird—though, if you are content with an easy, rippling speed, you may often, thanks to your pneumatic tires, steal upon her unawares. Yet it is only when you hide your cycle among the bracken, and unconcernedly pretend you are a pedestrian, to whom time and space are no objects, that you can really know even a few acres of this England which every one pretends he knows, as every one pretends he knows Shakespeare. Then, as one by one her silences steal back from their hiding-places, and hop, and peck, and sigh, and whisper, and gloom, and sparkle about you, you begin to realize how vast a single square mile can be, when it is covered with trees and underbrush, what vast rivers of sunshine it drinks in, for what depths and secretaries of shade it finds room; and particularly you will be surprised to realize how profound and primeval is the solitude in a single square mile. Then perhaps you arrive at some such definition of speed as this: Speed is a method by which we miss as much as possible between our starting-point and our destination."

Le Gallienne is a true lover of nature, a keen observer, and an artist in landscape word-painting. Here is a poetic bit which is worth quoting:

"Summer in a pine country is little more than a slight change of mourning. Like an inconsolable widow, it will only consent to mark the season by such austere renewal of costume as may pass all but unnoticed. And yet, for all its gloom, a pine wood is nothing like so sad as the green and flowery summer at its greenest and floweriest height. Who has not known that poignant summer-sadness, which comes with the thickening of the grass and the rich crowding of the leaves, with the sound of steam-scythes and the scent of the wild rose? With the opening of the wild rose summer is made perfect. Then is the one brief moment of crowned completeness—and the moment is mysteriously sad, as all moments of supreme attainment are. Perhaps some of the sadness lies in the assured look they wear of enduring thus in their abundance and bloom forever. Yet to how few suns may a wild rose open and shut its eager flower-face, before its petals are making sweet the dust, its beauty already hardening to an autumn berry! The pathos of the wild rose, and the solemnity of summer foliage."

The usual Le Gallienne mannerisms are not wanting, but somehow they seem to fit in nicely in a volume of this kind, where the writer's personal experiences, emotions, and opinions add to the interest of the narrative. In fact, there is not one dull page from the time we leave Hindhead for Selborne until we find ourselves pedaling through the Shropshire meadows and suddenly at the end of our journey. The descriptions of rural English scenes are especially characteristic of the writer's quaint charm and delicacy, and full of unexpected springs of humor and pathos, while the "pilgrimage destinations" which he visited—especially Stratford-on-Avon, Lechlade, where Shelley spent a brief period of his happiness, and Kilmiscott, where William Morris lived and died—are brought vividly before the reader in an entirely new light.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Pursuit of Juno.

Readers of "The Last Lady of Mulberry," by Henry Wilton Thomas, are taken into a quarter of New York city which is unfamiliar if not unknown to many of them, and the few who know of it, who may have seen its dingy shops, its picturesque foreign population, have never realized that it is rich in sentiment, passion, and romance. Reporters for the press have made good stories of happenings there, but their pencils have caught only the outside show; the deeper currents of human interest eddy and flow beyond and below their hurried view. There are threads of interest there that reach across the ocean and wind about homes and memories in sunny Italy, and often those threads are strangely crossed and tangled, drawing enemies together and friends apart. There are dreamers there, as well as workers, and all have their sorrows and their joys above the sordid transactions of public concern. The novelist has studied this field to good purpose, yet with all his understanding of the people he could not have made his novel so delightful without the broad sympathy, the genial humor, the unerring perception of artistic values, and the graceful directness that mark his work.

The ambition of a young sculptor in the little village of Cardanali in the hills above Genoa is one of the moving elements of the story. After his youth is spent in carving diminutive figures of saints, he suddenly awakes to higher aspirations, and out of a marble block creates a Juno which seems perfect in his eyes, but which does not appeal to his patron. Bertino, the sculptor's boyish friend, believes in the value of the statue, and, when he is suddenly bidden to join his uncle in America, sees a glorious opportunity approaching. He asks Armando to wait for a letter from him, in which he will send a photograph of some great American, and then the sculptor can make a bust which will bring fame and fortune to both in the New World. The youth crosses the sea and takes a place in his uncle's provision store in Mulberry, the Italian quarter of New York. Soon he learns of the beautiful lady of the White House, and, securing a photograph of the "Presidentessa," writes a letter describing her position, and the value a likeness in marble would have, and prepares to send it to his sculptor friend waiting on the mountain-side above Genoa. In the meantime the impressionable young immigrant has become the admirer of a Neapolitan siren who appears on the stage of the little Italian theatre, and to her he imparts the momentous secret of the bust which Armando is to carve. The beauty of the theatre sees the possibility of securing a copy of her own charms in marble, by stratagem substitutes her picture for that of the First Lady in the Land, and the letter starts on its long journey.

Bertino has a stormy experience with the fair Juno, and nearly loses her. His uncle has also come under the influence of the charmer, and pursues her with the ardor of his race. But the nephew succeeds by subtle methods in carrying off his prize, marrying her in secret, and biding her from the older admirer. Then his real troubles begin. The bust arrives, but the duty is more than a hundred dollars, and he can not raise a tithe of the amount. His uncle finds Juno and takes her to a restaurant for dinner, where Bertino sees them, and in jealous rage rushes in and attempts to thrust a knife into his rival. He believes he is successful, and makes his way out of the city to escape the police. Juno waits till a letter from Bertino assures her that he is safely out of the way and afraid to return, then she accepts the merchant, who is ignorant of her marriage. A grand wedding is prepared, and as the bumpy pair ride in their carriage to the church, followed by the cheers of their admiring countrymen, the poor young sculptor, who has followed his precious statue to America, sees them go by, recognizes the lady as the Presidentessa, and joins the throng at the ceremony. There is an exciting scene here, through the sculptor's interference, and the wedding comes to a sudden end, but the complications are still far from being straightened out. The bust is taken from the custom-house by a speculator, and after many vicissitudes is borne at the head of a procession as the queen of a spring-tide feast. It is rescued from these surroundings and carried away to be a gift at the second wedding of Juno, and meets a tragic fate at the hands of that lady when a third disappointment greets her.

The final solution of this play of cross-purposes, the many minor interests and incidents of the romance, the life and charm of its varying scenes and contrasting characters can be only suggested. The story will hold and entertain all who begin the first chapter, and disappoint none.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## A Sacrifice of Honor and Ambition.

The gifted and successful young politician who ruins his career by a passion for another man's wife is not an unknown figure in history, and the bus-band who meekly renounces his claims, realizing his inability to hold the affection of the woman he has won, while more rarely met with is not an imaginary feature. Such men and such a situation are described in Benjamin Swift's story, "Dartnell: A

Bizarre Incident," and in spite of occasional touches of romanticism the scenes are vividly presented.

Sir Charles Dartnell is a bloodless recluse, with a fancy for dimly lighted rooms and quiet colors, and a horror of noise, even music being painful to his morbidly sensitive nature. He has married a young, beautiful, and society-loving woman and admires her, but has no intention of sacrificing any of his whims to make her happy. As is to be expected, the young wife soon turns from him to find more congenial companionship, and Lord Odney, whose brilliant success in politics has made him the object of much attention, is soon the object of her admiration. The young statesman is attracted by Lady Dartnell's beauty and evident appreciation, and speedily becomes devoted to her. Sir Charles takes no part in society, but he discovers after a little time that there is something more than friendship between his wife and Lord Odney, and in spite of his cold, impassive nature, his jealousy is aroused. The means which he adopts to urge matters on their course—first with the idea of testing his wife's fidelity, and then, when convinced that he has lost her, with the hope of surprising the lovers in a dramatic situation—are related in detail, and the ending, though not unexpected, is impressively told.

The story is a strange mixture of crudities and cleverness. Its figures are well drawn, especially those of the minor personages, though the difficulty of realizing such a character as the loveless Dartnell is made apparent. The scenes follow each other in logical sequence, and though the course seems plain there are some surprises. There is no little philosophy and wit in the lines given the chief characters, and the views of society, political, and journalistic life are true in color. Yet, after all, it is not a worthy effort. Its atmosphere is unwholesome, its impressiveness never inspiring. Its author is capable of more attractive, more enduring work.

Published by the Herbert S. Stone Company, Chicago; price, \$1.25.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"London to Ladysmith via Pretoria," Lieutenant Winston Spencer Churchill's latest volume, which is to be reviewed at length in our next issue, is published by Longmans, Green & Co.

Gertrude Hall is to make her first appearance as a novelist next fall in a book called "April Sowing." Miss Hall is now known chiefly as a contributor of short stories and verse to the magazines and as a writer of an English version of "Cyrano de Bergerac." Her novel deals with American and European life.

Marie Corelli declares that she does not consider "The Master Christian," her new novel, "a masterpiece," and thinks that "any author who presumes to imagine he or she can write a 'masterpiece' at all is a very unfortunate person." "The Master Christian" will be preceded by a short novel which Miss Corelli contracted for some time ago.

It now turns out that "Hilda Wade" is not the only posthumous novel by the late Grant Allen. While at work upon "Hilda Wade" his pen was also busy with another novel entitled "The Linnet," which, unlike the former, has never been published, even partially, in serial form. It will soon be brought out in England and the United States.

Lord Frederic Hamilton, editor of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, has resigned.

During the winter Winston Churchill has been at work in his home at Windsor, N. H., on his new novel of the Civil War. It is not likely to be run between covers before next autumn at the earliest. It has been decided by Daniel Frohman that the dramatic version of "Richard Carvel" shall be brought out during the coming season with James K. Hackett and Bertha Galland in the two leading roles.

Anthony Hope's novel, "Quisante," will not appear serially, as the author prefers this course in the case of his new novel, which will display his versatility and strength in a decidedly new light.

A correspondent of the *Academy* suggests a new classification of memoirs, made necessary by the growing tendency to blab and betray, to pad and inflate: Biographies, Autobiographies, and Ought-not-to-beographies.

Ronald MacDonald, a son of George MacDonald, is following in his father's footsteps, and will soon publish a novel, entitled "The Sword of the King."

"Sophia," Stanley Weyman's new romance of the time of George the Second, which is published by Longmans, Green & Co., promises to be the most popular story which this successful writer has yet produced.

Charles G. D. Roberts is at work on a new novel of adventure dealing with Canadian life. His "Sister to Evangeline" is now receiving a good deal of praise from the English critics.

Shortly after his arrival in England, Professor Charles Eliot Norton will begin the work of editing the literary material left by Ruskin. This does not mean, as has been hinted, that Professor Norton will at the same time prepare to write a life of Ruskin. Material for this work will be given to other hands, with the approval of Professor Norton,

who does not wish to undertake it. Ruskin's choice of editor was the result of a friendship extending over nearly a life-time. It is not many years ago, by the way, that Ruskin, who had a horror of this country, expressed surprise that so cultivated a man as Professor Norton should be able to endure living here.

Charles Neufeld, the one-time prisoner of the late Khalifa, is writing a story of adventure for boys, with the scene laid in Egypt during the rebellion of Arabi, and afterward in the Sudan.

According to Aylmer Maude, in the *New Century Review*, Count Tolstoy considers that Mrs. Humphry Ward stands highest among contemporary novelists, and that Matthew Arnold ranks as a religious teacher and not as a poet. Count Tolstoy is going to write a book on philosophy "that shall be quite plan to any intelligent calmman."

In the June issue of *Bird-Lore*, published by the Macmillan Company, Governor Roosevelt and Bishop Whipple write letters on the importance of bird protection, while Ernest Seton-Thompson contributes illustrated verse.

Charles Whibley, the author of "A Book of Soundrels," is bringing out a volume entitled "The Pageantry of Life." This is a series of studies of the celebrated wits and dandies from the time of Henry the Eighth down to Disraeli the Younger. Included are essays on Pepps, St. Simon, the Prince de Ligne, Beckford, and Barhey d'Aureville.

## Zangwill's First Book.

Israel Zangwill is one of the group of authors who have been induced to tell "How We Wrote Our First Books" in the June *Success*. Mr. Zangwill's first book was written at the age of seventeen, while he was a student at London University:

"A fellow-student suggested that I should write a Jewish story, the proceeds from the sale of which would finance a proposed comic paper. I was quite willing. If he had suggested an epic, I should have written it. So I wrote the story in four evenings (I always write in spurts), and within ten days from the inception of the idea, the booklet was on sale in coverless pamphlet-form. The printing cost ten pounds. I paid five, and the friend who had suggested the book paid five, and we divided the profits. My first book (price one penny, net) went well. It was loudly denounced by those it described, and widely bought by them. It was hawked about the streets. One little shop in Whitechapel sold four hundred copies. It was even on Smith's book-stalls. There was curiosity among Jews to know the name of the writer. Owing to my anonymity, I was enabled to see those enjoying its perusal who were afterward to explain to me their horror and disgust at its illiteracy and vulgarity."

Oddly enough, Mr. Zangwill does not now possess a single copy of his first effort, but while writing "Children of the Ghetto" he discovered the manuscript, and the description of market day in Jewry was bodily transferred from it to his later story.

## JUST READY

MR. CHURCHILL'S BOOK ON THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR

# LONDON TO LADYSMITH VIA PRETORIA

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Romance of Royal Diplomacy.

Certainly not many of the young American army officers who go abroad as military *attachés* to our embassies have such thrilling adventures as befell the hero of "The Conspirators," but this may be explained by the fact that few of them are so well qualified with the high spirits and resourceful wit required to carry such experiences to a happy conclusion. Robert W. Chambers has written the story of Lieutenant Gilbert Hardy's mission to the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg with convincing art, even if it is told in the young officer's own words, and strange and exciting as are most of the happenings recorded in the book, their actuality will not be questioned while the spell of the author holds the reader.

First on the list of surprising events is the taking of the young diplomat's passport at the muzzle of a revolver by a fellow-traveler on the Brussels-Antwerp train. This mysterious but evidently aristocratic robber turns out to be a German prince, who for the moment is forced to conceal his identity and elude the officers of his imperial master. The prince escapes and the American is taken to prison in his place as soon as the express comes to a stop in Luxembourg. Of course the young officer soon releases himself, but before that end is attained he is visited in his cell by two German spies, and a veiled lady who acts an emotional part for his benefit. Next day at the court of the grand duke he meets his mysterious feminine visitor, and from that time the romantic element of the story quickens. The prince re-appears, and soon comes to rely on his American acquaintance for aid. A reasonable plot ripening in the army of the grand duke gives the diplomats no end of trouble, and the final outburst of revolution is most dramatic or, at least, operatic, as it is speedily overcome and peace restored. The American officer wins a countess, and his success comes just in time, as his return home is ordered. The prince, who has been in search of a lost love, refusing to obey the command of his sovereign and accept a more exalted alliance, is also about to be happy as the curtain falls.

The novel has all the charm of Mr. Chambers' earlier books, and, if not as strong as "Lorraine" or "The King in Yellow," its brightness, dash, and assurance are irresistible.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

## The Great Iron Chancellor.

The concluding paragraph of Frank Preston Stearns' "Life of Prince Otto von Bismarck" sums up his views of the great statesman, and furnishes the key to his work. He says: "The notion that Bismarck was a sort of political Mephistopheles, which originated long since with a sensational writer for the *Edinburgh Review*, becomes dissipated in the light of historical investigation, like mist before the sun. His worst enemies have never been able to prove a single discreditable act against him in his public or his private life. He was sometimes violent and domineering, but never for personal ends." Still, it may be said that the author's evident partisanship has not spoiled his book. The work is history as well as biography, as it could not trace the career of an empire-builder without noting the results of his work, but the personal tone predominates and the soldiers and diplomats who surround the central figure appear as real men, not as mere names.

The first chapter of the biography tells of the family of Bismarck, of his youth, his education, and his first discipline in the carrying on of his wasted estates, and the second chapter begins with that great political convulsion, the revolution of 1848, which brought forward the stern and able defender of the king, and started him on his eminent career. The biographer decides that Bismarck was mainly in the wrong in those stormy days in the Diet, but insists that his position had a sound legal basis.

The volume is rich in anecdote and personal allusion, and possesses the very desirable quality of being readable. If a point for criticism must be sought, it may perhaps be found in the somewhat disturbing plan of breaking the progress of the record with unnecessary headlines and shifting the point of view. Considered as a whole, however, the work should achieve a popular success. Few men have won such distinction as Bismarck earned, and few have had careers of greater interest.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$3.50.

## From Whithy Harbor to Sheffield.

A thoroughly delightful volume of leisurely travel through Sherwood Forest, country lanes, village streets, over ancient bridges, and by castles, priories, and fountains, gathering up legends, reminiscences, and quaint sayings along the way, is "Highways and Byways in Yorkshire," by Arthur H. Norway, with illustrations by Joseph Pennell and Hugh Thomson. To many, Yorkshire is only a name, and yet it is a squire "which from the first twilight of our stormy history has caught all men's imagination by the strength and vigor of its life, a stage on which the grandest dramas have been played out with pomp and tragedy, a soil which has been drenched through and through by the

very noblest blood in England, a sturdy bulwark thrust well-nigh across the whole width of the country in the track of Scotch invasion, a land of tradition, of romance, and one withal of beauty so great and varied, so rare a medley of exquisite river valleys falling out of wild moorland hills, of high grassy dales along the wind-swept mountains, and of stern sea-coast as can be matched only in one other shire."

The attractions of the book can not be even catalogued in the space of a brief review. It can be said only that its four hundred pages are filled with descriptions and stories worthy of their subject. The author's style is suited to his task, and his appreciative lingering by the way is never tiresome. There are over a hundred illustrations, most of them drawings of artistic excellence, and each one illuminates some noted place or incident. The index is complete, and nothing has been left undone that could aid in making the volume a cherished and familiar companion.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

## Paris of the Past and Present.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton has made something more than a book of timely interest in his "Paris in Old and Present Times." Not only in the facts that suggest themselves through the author's familiarity with the city for thirty years, but also in the literary quality of his work, is the volume notable. He has sketched many of the great changes that have come to the capital city of France, given particular attention to its reconstruction, and pointed out the landmarks that tell of important events in its history. The palace of the mediæval kings that has almost entirely disappeared from the island in the Seine, the old Castle of the Louvre now represented by an outline in white stone traced in the pavement of a quadrangle, and the more modern palace of the Tuileries that has not escaped a similar annihilation, have appealed to him and their grandeur has not been forgotten. Throughout his work he has made constant reference to what has been, including with it a clear description of what is.

Visitors to Paris will find the volume of especial interest, as it gives many accounts and details not to be found elsewhere in our language. Its illustrations are from drawings, many of them by well-known artists, and each has a character of its own.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$3.00.

## New Publications.

"Living by the Spirit," an essay by Horatio W. Dresser, is concerned with "the problem of self-mastery and the attainment of health and spirituality." by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 75 cents.

A. W. Marchmont's latest story, "The Greatest Gift," has less of romance than his earlier books, but it is filled with incident and has a sustained interest, its heroine coming through sorrow to happiness in the end. Published by F. M. Buckles & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A leisurely written novel of Madrid society by Luis Coloma, entitled "Currita, Countess of Albornoz," has been translated from the Spanish by Estelle Huyck Attwell. The story is not a great example of modern fiction, but it is not uninteresting, and some of its satire and humor is pointed. Published by Little, Brown & Co.; price, \$1.50.

"The First Book of Home Geography, and the Earth as a Whole," by Ralph S. Tarr and Frank M. McMurtry, is notable for its method as well as for its matter; its simplicity, conciseness, and thoroughness are to be commended. The pictures and maps are numerous and attractive. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 60 cents.

"Robert's Primer of Parliamentary Law," by Joseph Thomas Robert, contains twenty-four easy, progressive lessons illustrating parliamentary law and practice. The work is intended for schools, colleges, clubs, and fraternities, but is so instructive and clear that individual students can easily master its contents. Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

This is the comprehensive title of one of the most complete and explicit presentations of the great question that have appeared: "The Story of the Boers, Narrated by Their Own Leaders, Prepared under the Authority of the South African Republics," by C. W. Van der Hoogt, preceded by the Policy of Mediation, by Montagu White." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00.

"The Amateur's Practical Garden Book," by C. E. Hunn and L. H. Bailey, contains the simplest directions for the growing of the commonest things about the house and garden, and its two hundred and fifty pages are closely packed with illustrated descriptions of flowers and plants, methods, implements, and horticultural pests. It is full, clear, and stimulating. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

In Appleton's Town and Country Library one of the late issues is a lively story entitled "The Lunatic at Large," by J. Storer Clouston. It relates the difficulties connected with a physician's peculiar charge, and takes the reader into many pleasant places in Europe, ending with the marriage of all

the sane people and the apotheosis of the lunatic, and is distinctly amusing. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

The fourth number of the Riverside Art Series is entitled "Jean François Millet," and contains a collection of fifteen pictures and a portrait of the painter, with introduction and interpretation by Estella M. Hull. The photographic reproductions of the artist's work are well printed, and the critic's work is thoroughly appreciative. Among the pictures noticed is that of the much-discussed "Man with the Hoe." Published in paper covers by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, 30 cents.

"Nature's Calendar," by Ernest Ingersoll, is "a guide and record for outdoor observations in natural history." It is made up of critical and suggestive essays on animals, birds, insects, and fishes, their haunts and habits, and is arranged chronologically and printed on dated pages with wide margins for notes. The calendar for each month contains hints and expectations for observers. The twelve engravings that embellish the book are particularly attractive. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

"The True Citizen: How to Become One," is not a political essay but a volume of school readings, selected and arranged with especial purpose. There are thirty-nine chapters, one for each week in the school year, and each chapter is headed with five luminous sentences from great writers appropriate to the text. Education of the natural faculties, the important traits of character, and the ethics of public and private life are treated with a wealth of definition and suggestion. The work will interest pupils, and its value can not be questioned. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 60 cents.

## LATE VERSE.

## Ships of War.

Ye Ships of War that ride the waves  
And strike with spurs of steel,  
Your couriers quiver 'neath the curb,  
But heed the iron heel;  
You bear our hearts and hopes abroad,  
Across a shoreless sea,  
While, storm-defying, on your prows  
Stands thund'ring Victory!  
What though the eastern sky be black  
With death for those that rove,  
Though darkness of the damned engulfs  
Palm and palmetto grove,  
Your fires flash along the shore,  
Your search-lights flood the bay,  
And Liberty can enter where  
Your great guns blaze the way.  
When your trackless paths prove lonely,  
And friends are far and few,  
Or in all the waste of waters  
None but the Lord and you,  
To Him who shields and saves us all  
Prayers rise from maid and man,  
For you bear the nation's banner;  
You are the nation's van.

Advance, ye steel-clad Ships of War,  
Dispelling doubts and fears!  
Your bosoms hold a precious freight,  
The fates of future years.  
High o'er your conquering conning-towers  
The pennants fly unfurled;  
The Stars and Stripes above you are  
The best hope of the world.

—James Eugene Farmer in the *June Bookman*.

## Marathon.

And this is Marathon—this sweep of plain  
Austere and treeless! yet 'tis glorious ground,  
Albeit naught save one unfear'd mound  
Stands monument to the undaunted slain;  
But at the sight the old heroic strain  
Moves in the breast as at some martial sound:  
Again the victor Greeks are glory-crowned,  
The Persian hordes back driven to the main!  
E'en gnawing Time, with his insatiate greed,  
Wears not the splendor of some names away.  
But, star-like, they endure, undimmed and fair:  
'Tis so with Marathon, though the spot to-day  
Is but a wilderness of grass and reed  
Lying at peace beneath the Attic air.

—Clinton Scollard in the *Century Magazine*.

Mr. Pinero, in the course of his merry speech before the Society of Authors, the other evening, referred to the confusion in the public mind produced by the aliases of popular authors. "Only the other day," he said, "while on a visit to a provincial town, I found myself sitting beside a young lady who takes an eager, if somewhat uninformed interest in current literature. 'I wish you would explain to me,' she said, 'why many of our famous novelists appear to be so anxious to conceal their identity.' I hazarded the conjecture that it is, in some instances perhaps, a precautionary measure on the part of those who may desire in later years the opportunity of living down their successes. 'Tell me,' my companion went on, evidently far from satisfied, 'tell me, have you ever met Mrs. Craigie?' I said I had had that privilege. 'And what is your opinion of her as an author?' was the next question. I had no hesitation in replying, 'Assuredly one of the most brilliant women writers any country has produced.' 'I agree with you,' said my fair friend; 'I have read every word she has written. But why—why does she persist in calling herself Anthony Hope?'"

## WOMANLY BEAUTY.

## How to Gain It. How to Retain It.

JOHN V. SHOEMAKER A. M., M. D.,

Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Clinical Medicine and Diseases of the Skin in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia; Physician to the Hospital; Member of the American and British Medical Associations; Fellow of the Medical Society of London, etc.

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There is a slight pause at present in the rapid succession of brilliant dramatic events at the Columbia, which Kellar, the conjurer, is filling with an interesting exhibition of stage sorcery. In spite of the fact that magicians form an appreciable proportion of the vaudeville performers that visit the Orpheum periodically, Kellar had a very good opening night and a deeply interested audience.

The old fellow deals cavalierly in his speech with the passing years, and delves deep into the past in his allusions; he reproduces, or rather duplicates, wonders that set the marvel-loving world agog a quarter of a century ago. He revives the dead and gone images of the Davenport brothers, famous for their feats of instantaneously slipping free from the tightest bonds, when locked up in dark cabinets, and of Katie King, the pretty, materializing medium who, about the same time, so bewitched and befogged the wits of that good old scholar and pedagogue of Boston, who had the weight and credit gained by being a friend of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and whose conversion to spiritualism was a scandal and a sorrow to his conservative New England circle.

It is interesting to observe how these exploits of necromancy retain their power to absorb and excite a theatrical audience. The fact is that the mechanics of the majority of these tricks are so absolutely unknown to the general public that the marvel remains ever fresh and bewildering. Kellar also has extraordinary skill and the quick, unerring precision in all the movements of his body that make it such a pleasure to watch experienced masters in magic. He has the gait of a youth of twenty, and even at times, in the pauses of the performance, gayly threw in a casual *pas seul* or so in time to the music. Like most of his conjuring colleagues, he assumes an air of engaging frankness, and volunteers to explain the intricacies of several familiar old puzzles, but he remains either artfully or jocularly vague, and the body of his audience come away no wiser than they went. It is quite a triumph for the brethren in sorcery to have for so long a time preserved the many secrets of legerdemain and stage magic, when one considers how thoroughly newspaper and magazine-writers are engaged in exploiting every field of human interest. Even Kellar himself at one time committed the error of betraying some of the lesser secrets of his craft. He probably realized his mistake, however, in thus weakening a wizard's power to startle and amaze.

The prettiest and at the same time the most spectacularly marvelous effect on the evening's programme was the trick designated "the levitation of Princess Karnac"; the young lady, who was introduced as a person of royal Egyptian blood, wore the costume of a Turkish *odalisque*, and bore features of the purest American type. The fair princess, who is a young creature of fifteen or sixteen, and very light in weight, reclines upon a couch; the hypnotist (for Kellar, with his frankest air, describes the effect gained as the result of hypnotic suggestion) throws a scarlet-embroidered robe over the little, girlish figure (and incidentally lends a curtain for concealing bars and wires), makes various hypnotic passes with his hands, and gazes intently into the eyes of his young subject. She seems to slumber; then his passes become more rapid, and the figure, still maintaining its reclining position on a wooden slab, ascends slowly several feet above the couch. There it becomes stationary, and the princess, with every appearance of comfort, and remaining perfectly motionless, serenely continues her aerial nap, while Kellar passes a large wooden hoop along in such a manner as to encircle the suspended sleeper and show that there is no connection between her and the ceiling, background, or floor.

The trick in its effect is somewhat similar to the one that Hermann introduced here a number of years ago, with the difference that his subject stood erect on a platform, which was removed after a pretence of hypnotic passes similar to those already described was gone through with, leaving the lady apparently standing on air. The magician then proceeded to place his fair subject in various picturesque poses, until finally the platform was replaced and he feigned to arouse her from her hypnotic trance. The trick was repeated here later by some more obscure magician, but not so skillfully but that an observer could note that the subject, while the attention of the audience was absorbed by legerdemain, put her arms behind her, trusting that the large hanging sleeves would make their absence unnoticeable, and busied herself for a space long enough to attach a projecting bar to her girdle, and thus retain an unseen hold on *terra firma*.

Kellar is justly noted for his success in repeating an excellent, the tricks of spiritualistic mediums.

His famous "Cassadoga Propaganda" and other reproductions of spiritualistic manifestations in the scene that he calls "the Simla Séance," are done with such skill and perfection, and with so many exciting accompaniments of unexplained noises, hand-flutterings, bell-rings, and sudden openings of cabinet doors, that the spectator becomes unconsciously excited, and realizes how thoroughly the shrewd spiritualistic impostors calculate on agitating and exciting the minds of credulous witnesses, and laying them open to a conviction of supernatural agency.

Another interesting feature of the performance is the mind-reading trick, or exposition of thought transference. Kellar places his little female assistant in a chair, blindfolds her, and, with her back toward him, she reads rapidly and unerringly number after number from the figures quickly chalked up on a blackboard, either by the magician himself or by some volunteer from the audience; then the assistant gives the cubes of the numbers and adds the figures vertically and horizontally. Kellar, like Robert Heller, has evidently worked out a complete and elaborate system of mental signals; added to this, he is a skillful inventor of mechanical appliances to assist him in his work, and still better—in fact, always best of all for this craft—he is a born magician, quick of mind, of eye, of hand, of everything needful for the perfect presentation of his work, except of tongue. His utterance is slightly thick and, in consequence, his remarks are not always easy to understand. He is a merciful man to those who volunteer to assist him, and does not maliciously expose the awkwardness, self-consciousness, and maladroitness of his volunteer assistants, showing none of the selfish celerity which so many professional conjurers display in seizing upon this ready medium as a foil to their own perfect mental balance and easy, skillful precision of movement.

Kellar is probably the last of a famous band. From Cagliostro, the brilliant charlatan of the eighteenth century, down to Houdin and Heller, and including Hermann and Kellar of our time, these devotees of prestidigitation and necromancy have been emphatically men of mind, students of the occult and of stage engineering, gainers of much gold, and winners of the favor of men in high places. They have in their time traveled through many lands, filled columns of print, attracted wide attention from lovers of amusement, and drawn multitudes to see them, and played a big rôle in the world. Now their day is probably over. The solution of mysteries to whose effective stage presentation they have devoted months and sometimes years of thought and preparation, and whose secrets have been jealously guarded by the magical fraternity, can be found between the covers of books. This is the day of doubt and dissection, and easy believers of marvels are not so common. From present indications the future field for the prestidigitator and worker of stage miracles will be on the vaudeville stage, and monarchs will no longer reward with jeweled orders the traveling magician who drives away *ennui* from the court by the presentation of wonderful and unexplainable feats in jugglery.

JOSEFITA.

San José, the capital of Costa Rica, has a theatre said to be the most beautiful in the world. The government paid one million five hundred thousand dollars for its construction. From without it is a gem of Roman architecture, and the interior is a series of costly paintings, rare wood carving, and marvelous statues. On either side of the entrance a number of doors open into spacious reception-rooms, smoking, and refreshment-rooms. In all, the painted panels are marvels of Italian art. Most of them were done by Pablo Serro. The president's box, immediately opposite the stage, is draped in royal blue and gold, the ceiling of which is adorned with a splendid painting representing peace and justice. Twice a year the government insures a season of French or Italian opera, and these occasions are the great social events of San José. During the month of December every one of means comes to San José, where opera, balls, bull-fights, and parties go to make up a season of surpassing gayety.

A strange negro appeared before the congregation of a church near Tyler, Tex., on Sunday before the recent eclipse, and announced that he had been told in a dream that early the next morning a small black spot would appear on the sun, which would grow larger and larger until finally the sun would become almost obscure. This, he explained, would be a sign of God's displeasure at their sinful ways and of their miserly gifts to the church and the poor, and that in case liberal donations were not made to appease God's wrath awful things would happen. He warned them in case the spot appeared to lose no time in getting to church and to come prepared to make liberal gifts and to pray. The game, it is said, worked like a charm. Shortly after the eclipse the negro left on his errand to distribute to the needy the money he had received, and has not been seen since in that neighborhood.

Washington boasts of golf links which are often graced by the presence of three Cabinet members, and which constitute otherwise one of the most fashionable grounds in the country.

#### THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

##### The Gulf Between Them.

He held the maiden's little hand,  
But ne'er spoke a word of love;  
The counter was between them, and—  
He was sitting on her glove.

—Chicago News.

##### Mah 'Cindy.

'Cindy she's an awful flirt,  
'Cindy, sweeties 'Cindy,  
Treats mah haht like common dirt,  
'Cindy, oh, mah 'Cindy I  
Sets heh feet down on a word of lohd,  
Nebheh in de least regahd  
Ef hit's whul er ef hit's scah'd,

'Cindy, lubly 'Cindy I  
Watch heh flirt with all de boys,  
'Cindy, sweeties 'Cindy I  
Plays with hahts like dey was toys,  
'Cindy, oh mah 'Cindy!  
Yett when all de day is froo,  
Kiss heh lips like honey-dew,  
Den she say, she lub me true—  
'Cindy, deares 'Cindy I

—Detroit Free Press.

##### Bryan's Soliloquy.

To be, or not to be  
For Towne  
That is the question.  
If I should squint,  
Or nod,  
Or give consent by word or sign,  
Or turn one bimetallic smile  
Upon these Pops,  
Or wink approvingly,  
Or say a word, or write a line  
To this man they have named,  
Or stoop to recognize  
The prostrate form of Populism  
That lays its life down at my feet,  
The Bourbon hate that hates a Pop  
As hell hates holy water  
Would turn upon me  
With a blasting curse.  
Or if I scorn these "poor relations,"  
These whiskered pandors of the West,  
They'll knif me at the polls,  
And so I must be motionless,  
And speechless (Oh, ye Gods!),  
And sit like a painted dummy,  
A decoy,  
Floating upon the waves,  
As if in life, yet motionless,  
To draw this Populism  
Fluttering to its death.  
I owe these Western farmers much.  
They stood about me like a wall  
In 'ninety-six.  
They stretched their larynxes  
And cheered and sweat,  
While Tammany stood aloof and held its nose,  
And looked at me with cold contempt.  
But,  
No matter.  
Politics is a game.  
The farm farmer is the fool  
That must be fooled this year.  
He sits, good honest soul  
Within his quiet home  
And dreams of some sweet time  
When a dollar can be made  
From fifty cents,  
A time which this deluded chump  
Will never see.  
And so, I sit, these several weeks,  
In silence;  
(O Lord! What a task!)  
While every whiskered Pop  
Upon the wind-swept plains  
Of bleeding Kansas,  
Holds his ear down to the ground  
And listens for the friendly word  
That never will be spoken.

—J. W. Johnson in Nebraska State Journal.

##### Just at Dawn.

Sixteen tomacs mixed in a fray  
Out on the fence at the break of day;  
Just as the lamps and stars went out  
And only the form of a cop was about—  
Just at dawn!

Sixteen sashes on each dwelling side  
Fly on their pulleys away up and wide,  
Fly with the din of a mountain-road train,  
With clatter of woodwork and rattle of pane—  
Just at dawn!

Sixteen heads of disheveled hair,  
Flung to the breeze of the new crispy air;  
Three of the sixteen, caught by the neck,  
Hurl out words like skippers on deck—  
Just at dawn!

Sixteen missiles—vases and books,  
Umbrellas, mats, and brass curtain-hooks;  
Sixteen lives extinguished with pain,  
But one hundred and thirty-five still remain—  
Just after dawn?

—Chicago News.

A season of great prosperity is prophesied for Newport, R. I. The renting of cottages and places in the town and suburbs have been more than ordinarily large, and it is the prevailing notion that the owners of the big establishments will entertain on an extended scale.

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## NEW YORK'S YIDDISH THEATRES.

## The Audiences and Actors.

In the three Yiddish theatres on the Bowery is expressed the world of the Ghetto—that New York City of Russian Jews, large, complex, with a full life and civilization (writes Hutchins Hapgood in the June *Bookman*). In the midst of the frivolous Bowery, devoted to tinsel variety shows, "dive" music-halls, fake museums, trivial amusement hoots of all sorts, cheap lodging-houses, ten-cent shops, and Irish-American tough saloons, the theatres of the chosen people alone present the serious as well as the trivial interests of an entire community. Into these three buildings crowd the Jews of all the Ghetto classes—the sweat-shop woman with her baby, the day-laborer, the small Hester Street shop-keeper, the Russian Jewish anarchist and socialist, the Ghetto rabbi and scholar, the poet, the journalist. The poor and ignorant are in the great majority, but the learned, the intellectual, and the progressive are also represented, and here as elsewhere exert a more than numerically proportionate influence on the character of the theatrical productions, which, nevertheless, remain essentially popular. The socialists and the *literati* create the demand that forces into the mass of vaudeville, light opera, historical and melodramatic plays, a more serious art element, a simple transcript from life or the theatrical presentation of a Ghetto problem. But this more serious element is so saturated with the simple manners, humor, and pathos of the life of the poor Jew, that it is seldom above the heartfelt understanding of the crowd.

The audiences vary in character from night to night rather more than in an uptown theatre. On the evenings of the first four week-days the theatre is let to a guild or club, many hundred of which exist among the working people of the East Side. . . . On Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights the theatre is not let, for these are the Jewish holidays, and the house is always completely sold out, although prices range from twenty-five cents to a dollar. Friday night is, properly speaking, the gala occasion of the week. That is the legitimate Jewish holiday, the night before the Sabbath. Orthodox Jews, as well as others, may then amuse themselves. Saturday, although the day of worship, is also of holiday character in the Ghetto. This is due to the Christian influences, to which the Jews are more and more sensitive. Through economic necessity Jewish workmen are compelled to work on Friday, and, like other workmen, look upon Saturday night as a holiday, in spite of the frown of the orthodox. Into Sunday, too, they extend their freedom, and so in the Ghetto there are now three popularly recognized nights on which to go with all the world to the theatre.

On these nights the theatre presents a peculiarly picturesque sight. Poor workmen and women with their babies of all ages fill the theatre. Great enthusiasm is manifested, sincere laughter and tears accompanying the sincere acting on the stage. Peddlers of soda-water, candy, of fantastic gewgaws of many kinds mix freely with the audience between the acts. Conversation during the play is received with strenuous hisses, but the falling of the curtain is the signal for groups of friends to get together and gossip about the play or the affairs of the week. Introductions are not necessary, and the Yiddish community can then be seen and approached with great freedom. On the stage curtain are advertisements of the wares of Hester Street or portraits of the "star" actors.

The Yiddish actors take themselves with peculiar seriousness, justified by the enthusiasm, almost worship, with which they are regarded by the people. Many a poor Jew, man or girl, who makes no more than ten dollars a week in the sweat-shop, will spend five dollars of it on the theatre, which is practically the only amusement of the Ghetto Jew. He has not the loafing and sporting instincts of the poor Christian, and spends his money for the theatre rather than for drink. It is not only to see the play that the poor Jew goes to the theatre. It is to see his friends and the actors. With these latter he, and more frequently she, try in every way to make acquaintance, but commonly are compelled to adore at a distance. They love the songs that are heard on the stage, and for these the demand is so great that a certain hook-shop on the East Side makes a specialty of publishing them.

The actor responds to this popular enthusiasm with sovereign contempt. He struts about in the *cafés* on Canal and Grand Streets, conscious of his greatness. He refers to the crowd as "Moses" with superior condescension or humorous vituperation. Like thieves, the actors have a jargon of their own, which is esoteric and jealously guarded. Their pride has recently given rise to an amusing strike at the People's Theatre. The actors of the three Yiddish companies in New York are normally paid on the share rather than the salary system. In the case of the company now at the People's Theatre, this system has proved very profitable for the past two years. The star actors, Jacob Adler and Boris Thomashevsky, and their wives, who are actresses—Mrs. Adler being the heavy realistic tragedienne and Mrs. Thomashevsky the star *soubrette*—have probably received on an average during that time as much as \$125 a week for each couple. But they, with Mr. Edelstein, the business man, are lessees of the

theatre, run the risk and pay the expenses, which are not small. The rent of the theatre is \$20,000 a year, and the weekly expenses, besides, amount to about \$1,100. The subordinate actors, who risk nothing, since they do not share the expenses, have made amounts during this favorable period ranging from \$14 a week on the average for the poorest actors to \$75 for those just beneath the "stars."

But, in spite of what is exceedingly good pay in the Bowery, the actors of this theatre recently formed a union, and struck for wages instead of shares. This, however, was only an incidental feature. The real cause was that the management of the theatre, with the energetic Thomashevsky at the head, insisted that the actors should be prompt at rehearsals, and if they were not, indulged in unseemly epithets. The actors' pride was aroused, and the union was formed to insure their ease and dignity and to protect them from harsh words, particularly from those of Mr. Thomashevsky. The management imported actors from Chicago. Several of the actors here stood by them, notably Miss Weinblatt, a popular young *ingenue*, and Miss Gudinski, an actress of commanding presence. Miss Weinblatt forced her father, once an actor, now a farmer, into the service of the management. But the actors easily triumphed. Misses Gudinski and Weinblatt were forced to join the union, Mr. Weinblatt returned to his farm, the "scabs" were packed off to Philadelphia, and the wages system introduced. A delegation was sent to Philadelphia to throw cahuges at the new actors, who appeared in the Yiddish performances in that city. The triumphant actors now receive on the average probably \$10 to \$15 a week less than under the old system. Mr. Conrad, who began the disaffection, receives a salary of \$29 a week, fully \$10 less than he received for months before the strike. But the dignity of the Yiddish actor is now placed beyond assault. As one of them recently said: "We shall no longer bespat upon nor called 'dog.'"

The three theatres—the People's, the Windsor, and the Thalia—are in a general way very similar in the character of plays produced, in the standard of acting, and in the character of the audience. There are, however, some minor differences. The People's is the "swellest" and probably the least characteristic of the three. It panders to the "uptown" element of the Ghetto, to the down-town tradesman, who is beginning to climb a little. The haleful influence in art of the *nouveaux riches* has at this house its Ghetto expression. There is a tendency there to imitate the showy qualities of Bowery theatres—melodrama, farce, scenery, etc. No habies are allowed, and the house is exceedingly clean in comparison with the theatres farther down the Bowery.

The managers and actors of the three theatres criticise one another indeed with charming directness, and they all have their followers in the Ghetto and their special *cafés* on Grand or Canal Streets, where their particular prejudices are sympathetically expressed. The actors and lessees of the People's are proud of their fine theatre, proud that no habies go there. There is a great dispute between the supporters of this theatre and those of the Thalia as to which is the stronger company and which produces the most realistic plays. The manager of the Thalia maintains that the People's is sensational, and that his theatre alone represents true realism; while the supporter of the People's points scornfully to the large number of operas produced at the Thalia. They both unite in condemning the Windsor, Professor Horowitz's theatre, as producing no new plays and as hopelessly behind the times, "full of historical plunder." An episode in "The Rapkicker of Paris," played last year at the Windsor when the present People's company were there, amusingly illustrates the jealousy which exists between the companies. An old beggar is picking over a heap of moth-eaten, coverless hooks, some of which he keeps and some rejects. He comes across two versions of a play, "The Two Vagrants," one of which was used at the Thalia and the other at the Windsor. The version used at the Windsor receives the beggar's commendation, and the other is thrown in a contemptuous manner into a dust-heap.

The *Sphere* publishes the following list of journalists who have suffered in the Boer war: Mr. G. W. Stevens, *Daily Mail*, died at Ladysmith of fever; Mr. Mitchell, *Standard*, died at Ladysmith of fever; Mr. E. G. Parslow, *Daily Chronicle*, murdered at Mafeking; Mr. Alfred Ferrand, *Morning Post*, killed at Ladysmith; Mr. E. Finley Knight, *Morning Post*, wounded at Belmont, right arm amputated; Mr. Winston Churchill, *Morning Post*, captured and escaped; Mr. Lambie, Australian correspondent, killed at Rensberg; Mr. Hellawell, *Daily Mail*, captured; Mr. George Lynch, *Morning Herald*, captured; and Mr. Hales, Australian, captured. The *Academy* swells the list by adding the names of Mr. John Stuart, of the *Morning Post*, who was captured, and Mr. Charles Hands, of the *Daily Mail*, who was severely wounded in the advance on Mafeking.

An old Bible was recently bought for a trifle at a London book-stall. The purchaser, an elderly lady, found pasted between the leaves four five-pound notes, with a written statement to the effect that the testator had no heirs, and "left the twenty pounds to the person who found them in the Bible."

## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Second Week of Kellar.

Magician Kellar enters on the second week of his engagement at the Columbia Theatre on Monday evening, and promises to present a number of striking new features in his programme. He will exploit some of the really serious phases of Hindoo occultism, such, for example, as causing his own body to disintegrate and vanish like a cloud of mist while he is talking to his audience, and he will show how easy it is to reincarnate spirits, evolve pretty girls from wreaths of incense, and send human beings so rapidly through space that none can see them go. Kellar will also introduce some new experiments in pure sleight-of-hand in the first part of his programme.

On Monday, June 25th, the Henry Miller company will begin a ten weeks' engagement at the Columbia Theatre, opening in Jerome K. Jerome's brilliant comedy success, "Miss Hobbs," with Margaret Anglin in the title *rôle*. In addition to a number of the actors who came here with Mr. Miller last season, San Francisco will have an opportunity to welcome back Frank Worthing, who did so much to establish the Frawley Company as favorites. The sale of seats begins on Thursday morning.

## Hoyt's "A Milk White Flag."

"A Milk White Flag" and its "battle-scarred followers on the field of Mars and in the court of Venus," as Hoyt puts it, will be the next production at the California Theatre. This clever satire has been seen here many times before, but the east that Dunne and Ryley offer for this revival has never been excelled. John W. Dunne will make his first appearance during the present engagement as the colonel who looks like Napoleon; Bulger will be Lieutenant Phil Graves; Matthews will impersonate Pigott Luce, who is forced to play the part of the corpse; and Walter Jones will be the private, Willing Singer. Mary Marble will be seen in her original *rôle*, Pony Luce, known as the daughter of the regiment; Bessie Tannehill will be the widow; and Maude Courtney will have the *rôle* of Lize Dugro. The eight English Mascots will appear as *vivandières* and messengers and drummer-boys, and a number of new specialties will be introduced.

## Success of "Madeleine."

Such has been the success of the revival of "Madeleine, or the Magic Kiss," at the Tivoli Opera House, that the management have wisely decided to continue it another week. Edwin Stevens, who plays the Baron de Grimm, the centenarian who has his youth restored by the magic kiss, and Anna Lichter in the title *rôle*, were enthusiastically received after their long absence. Ferris Hartman is very droll as the hungry Dr. Gourmet, and his two topical songs are encored nightly. Annie Myers repeated her hit as Matrimonial Mary, Harry Cushman made a successful *début* as the scribe, and William Schuster is well cast as the artist. The performance as a whole is excellent, and the music, which is decidedly tuneful and catchy, is admirably sung.

"The Geisha," the dainty Japanese comic opera which has been revived on several occasions, is to be the next production.

## The Orpheum's New Specialties.

The most notable new-comers at the Orpheum next week will be Charles E. Grapewin and Anna Chance in a rollicking farce comedy entitled "Above the Limit." Mr. Grapewin wrote it in collaboration with Ezra Kendall, the droll monologist, and is said to have an excellent opportunity to appear to advantage in the *rôle* of a New York Bowery boy. "Musical" Dale, who plays well on many different instruments, will also be an interesting addition to the bill. Not a little of his popularity rests on his wonderful manipulation of all sorts of bells—hand, sleigh, and a large set which are rung by small cords. Joseph Hart and Carrie de Mar will present Mr. Hart's "The Quiet Mr. Gay," and Van and Nohriga will repeat the skit, "My Busy Day," in which they have made a decided hit.

The others retained from this week's bill are the Three Marvelous Merrills, Sydney Dean the character singer, and the biograph.

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## VANITY FAIR.

In an entertaining article in the *Outlook*, William Gillette gives an account of his first house-boat party, which throws some light upon the problem of why the house-boat is not so popular in this country as it is in England. "There," he says, "the house-boat is an institution. It is particularly adaptable to the conservative, slow-moving, English character. In America we are possessed of the illusion that we must take our pleasures with the same violence that characterizes our competitive system. We want no rest-cure in ours. If cure we must have, it shall be a travel cure, a hunting, coaching, cycling, golfing, or other cure, which shall maintain the same restless spirit of motion. We are inclined to follow fashionable British precedent in many of our sports, as in our graver conventions; but the house-boat is just one peg beyond our reach. It does not suit our ideas of competitive amusement. It is a good test of an American's loyalty to invite him to be your guest for a day or two aboard your house-boat. I have tried it scores of times, and found many surprises. The first house-boat party was a great disillusion, but it taught me a valuable lesson. It was some years ago, when I was out many months in the sport. I had fitted up a commodious affair after the English pattern, and really thought I had something worthy of the Thames, if not, indeed, of the Hudson. The latter was well stocked, and above and below decks everything was comfortable to a clubman's idea of comfort. There were about a dozen in the party all told, and we started up from the Battery with great *clat*. I think we were about an hour and a half making Harlem River, and in that time I had lost about half my complement of guests. It was a great disappointment; but these fellows simply could not hear to see all sorts of river craft flitting by us. The fact that almost any tug could have made rings around us all the way up the course seemed a sort of reflection on their progressiveness. They were polite and congratulatory, but visibly bored. One by one the truants slipped a bank-note into the pilot's hands, and, with the boat swinging skillfully up near this dock and that, the reoegades hopped ashore, tipping their hats with somewhat the same apology, 'Awfully sorry, old chap, but that's too confounded slow for me!' and started for Long Branch, Newport, Saratoga, or the Adirondacks, where they could take their recreations as violently as suited their spirit of touch-and-go."

Yet Mr. Gillette thinks there is hope for the slow-moving craft in this country, for the natural beauties of our waterways will sooner or later lure to the house-boat those who can not have yachts to skim them wherever and whenever they wish to go. Comparing England and America from a house-boater's point of view, he says: "True, the sluggish, winding Thames, with its historic piles lifting through copes of heech and oak; its towers so ghostly in the moonlight; its cathedral spires and the clustering hamlets about, lends a certain charm to a house-boat cruise from the great metropolis of England. But from the standpoint of natural advantages, it is nothing to be compared with the Hudson, the Sound, the Connecticut River, or our own Bay. For scenic variety there is nothing in the world comparable to the diversity of interest found in our landscape and sea views, picturesque riverways and mountains reached by the house-boat with only a few hours' travel. I have become more or less familiar with these routes, and their charm is never-ending. The Hudson may be traversed to its full length, and the northern canal is available should one wish to house-boat it through to Champlain, and even Montreal and the Thousand Islands. The Connecticut River is navigable for a considerable distance through some of the most picturesque portions of New England."

The English house-boats that plod up and down the placid Thames are simpler in construction than those needed to contend with the tides and currents of the Hudson and the Sound, but as far as "commodious apartments and fittings for the complete comfort of the individual, they may be taken as patterns for the ideal." And here is the kernel of the question: "What makes the sport so very jolly in England is the fact that there are so many people who are taking their leisure so truly leisurely, and who have house-boats on which entertainments are given for the delight of other house-boaters, as well as the occasional guest from the city. There is social delight as well as safety in numbers, and the feeling that you are not absolutely a pioneer in a pleasant vice is satisfying at times, to say the least. If, when one moved on leisurely up the Hudson, at many points along the route scores of house-boats, some with intimate friends aboard, would greet you, and exchange an hour's hospitality, even the slight lonesomeness of house-boating would be eliminated. Evening hops on deck, smokers' parties, musicales, and chafing-dish regalements are more than delightful under these *al-fresco* conditions."

Nobody is ever surprised to hear that an actress who has died rich, in the opinion of her colleagues, in reality leaves behind her little or nothing. Such cases are too frequent. One more has come to light. Hortense Rhea, the French actress, who spent

a score of years in this country, died last summer in Paris. It was commonly supposed that she must have put by a comfortable fortune, of no great size, of course, but sufficient for her needs. It now appears that she died in utter poverty and that her home at Montmorency, which was always supposed to be her own, was mortgaged for almost its entire value. Mme. Rhea was for some years a very successful star, in the towns outside New York, although she never gained a following in New York. She was an industrious woman, always played long seasons and never hesitated at the greatest inconveniences of travel, and was so frugal that her managers sometimes remonstrated with her in regard to her carelessness in dress. Yet after a long career, spent to the last in harness, Mme. Rhea died without a cent. This was another name added to that list which includes already so many improvident actors, singers, and musicians. It was only a few years ago that Fanny Davenport, commonly thought to be one of the richest women on the American stage, died and left so little that she can fairly be said to have died poor. Another actress (points out the *New York Sun*), no longer before the public and once thought to be the richest woman on the American stage, has recently begun to sell much real estate, and persons are really wondering if her earnings during the years of her long career have dwindled away like so many other theatrical fortunes. Sarah Bernhardt is notoriously improvident, and Sir Henry Irving had little or no private fortune until he came to this country this winter. But his money was lost in unfortunate productions. It did not melt away, like the earnings of so many actors. His ill-luck continued long enough to exhaust a larger fortune.

The routine of our American season in society can not be gauged by another. Few social customs have become solidified into precedents, and persons often find that they are in error in basing future plans on present conditions in society (comments the *New York Commercial-Advertiser*). A certain person leased a cottage at a fashionable resort three years ago, and opened the cottage during the latter part of May. For more than a month he was one of the very few cottage residents. After an absence of three years the same person determined to spend the summer of 1900 at the same resort, but, basing his opinions on his former experiences, he rented a cottage from the first of July. Now he is sorry he did not take the place from the middle of May, as the summer population of the resort is already large. The summer routee at that particular watering-place had changed in three years. The fashionable body is moved by its whims, and this year the whim is for early openings at the summer colonies. A very few years ago Newport's driveways were comparatively deserted during the month of June, but this year the Newport season will be "on" in a few weeks. The country clubs and the villages of cottages that have sprung up about them are feeling the benefit of the whim for an early desertion of the city. The governors of the clubs are all telling of the booms now on at their respective clubs, and the real-estate speculators, who have not failed to see the pecuniary side of the broadening country-club habit, report a rush in suburban business. The city apparently has few attractions for the class of persons who are not victims of their business obligations. The absence of familiar faces of persons of that class from fashionable haunts in the city makes this evident. Paris has attracted nearly five hundred persons whose names appear in the *Social Register*. Most of the country homes in the Westbury, Morristown, Madison, Westchester, Tuxedo, and Cedarhurst colonies have been opened. New York society is essentially a commuting body.

The birds have flown from the hanging gardens of woman's headgear for 1900. The closed season for stuffed songsters as an embellishment for millinery bills has set in and promises to be indefinite in its duration. Green grapes, hollyhocks, and poppies will take the place of the sad-eyed jay and the saucy woodpecker. All this has been brought about by the energetic and aggressive work of the Audubon societies of the country (says the *Chicago Times-Herald*). When the bird-saving campaign was inaugurated by the Audubon societies in the various States, the feather and bird-dealers who supply the milliners laughed at them. They were disposed to regard the movement as a sentimental spasm brought on by faddists which would soon subside. But the active leaders in the campaign were earnest students and lovers of bird-life. They realized that the country would soon be divested of all its song-birds if their ruthless slaughter was not checked. The milliners were not entirely to blame for their destruction. It was found in New York that many song-birds were killed by Italians for food, their destruction being a favorite Sunday pastime of that nationality. Following the enactment of laws for the protection of song-birds in New York and other States, the milliners began to sue for peace. They at first promised that no American song or insectivorous bird would be bought or used by the trade if the Audubon societies would desist from further attempts to secure State legislation. The Audubonites replied that other American birds besides these singers needed protection, notably the gulls, terns, owls, and some other species. Finding that the societies would yield to no conditions that imperiled any American birds, the asso-

ciation controlling nearly the entire millinery supply output in this country ran up the white flag and capitulated. It pledges each one of its members to abstain forever from buying, selling, shooting, or capturing any wild North American bird of any kind whatsoever, provided the Audubon societies will agree not to secure legislation which shall prevent the milliners from using the feathers of domestic fowl, the feathers of game birds killed in season, and the feathers of foreign birds. If this condition is acceded to by the societies the only bill that will decorate woman's head-gear will be the bill that sends terror to the hapless husband, father, or whoever has to pay it.

In an old book there is an account of a woman who has invented a mask of goldbeater's skin, which transforms her from a most unpleasant-looking person to a radiantly lovely beauty. What a fortune might be won if this effort of imagination could be made a fact! The curious thing is, however, that the use of it by an Englishwoman for the purpose of "enticing any of his (or her) majesty's subjects into marriage" would come under the operation of a forgotten British statute of 1770, and entitle the wearer to be "prosecuted for sorcery." What a rush there would be for seats in court!

**The Teething Period**  
Is the trying time in baby's life. Proper feeding then is most essential. To secure uniformity of diet use Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Book "Babies" free. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, June 13th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

BONDS.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
U. S. Coup. 3%.....	400	@ 108 1/2	109	109 1/2
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	8,000	@ 105	104 1/2	105
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	19,000	@ 118 1/2	118 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	6,000	@ 117 1/2-117 3/4	118	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	6,000	@ 108 1/2	109	
Oakland Transit 6%.....	8,000	@ 118 1/2-119	118 1/2	
S. V. Water 6%.....	2,000	@ 115 1/2	115	115 1/2
S. V. Water 4%.....	1,000	@ 103 1/2	103	103 1/2
S. V. Water 4% 3d.....	1,000	@ 101 1/2	101 1/2	101 1/2
STOCKS.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water.....	775	@ 72-72 1/2	71 1/2	
Spring Valley Water.....	84	@ 94 1/2-95 1/2	95	95 1/2
Gas and Electric.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Equitable Gaslight.....	70	@ 2 1/2-2 3/4	2 1/2	
Oakland G. L. & H.....	215	@ 47-47 1/2	46 1/2	47 1/2
Pacific Gas Imp. Co.....	140	@ 45 1/2-46 1/2	46	
S. F. Gas & Electric.....	430	@ 46 1/2-47 1/2		
Banks.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Bank of Cal.....	40	@ 411		
Street R. R.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Market St. R.....	140	@ 63	62 1/2	63 1/2
Powders.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Giant Con.....	445	@ 87 1/2-88 1/2	87	88
Sugars.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Hana P. Co.....	240	@ 7 1/2-7 3/4	8	8 1/2
Honokaa S. Co.....	795	@ 33 1/2-33 3/4	33 1/2	33 3/4
Hutchinson.....	215	@ 25 1/2-25 3/4	25 1/2	26
Kilauea S. Co.....	60	@ 20 1/2	20	21
Makaweli S. Co.....	105	@ 47 1/2-47 3/4	47 1/2	47 3/4
Onomae S. Co.....	50	@ 28	27 1/2	28
Panahau S. P. Co.....	305	@ 31 1/2-31 3/4	31 1/2	
Miscellaneous.	Shares.	Closed.	Bid.	Asked.
Cal. Fruit C. Assn.....	10	@ 99	97 1/2	99 1/2
Oceanic S. Co.....	25	@ 93-93 1/2	92 1/2	94
Pac. C. Borax.....	90	@ 146-147 1/2	145 1/2	146 1/2

No business last week to amount to anything; no fluctuations worth mentioning, only signs of life visible in the market. With the large amount that has been paid in dividends on sugars, and their promising prospects, it is strange that greater activity is not shown in them. At the present prices gas and water are paying good interest, and yet but few transactions. Giant is in a comatose condition and bonds are not in demand. Money is plentiful and should be seeking investment for income returns. Times of dullness are known to every calling, and every market has its period of stagnation, and this dearth of business will undoubtedly before long be followed by activity and better prices.

On the 20th, dividends will be paid on Spring Valley Water, 42 cents; California Powder, \$1; Central Light and Power Company, 5 cents; and Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company, 25 cents per share.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refer by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

GEORGE R. SANDERSON, A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Busb 24. 238 Montgomery Street, S. F.

ARTHUR W. MOORE,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange. Stock and Bond Broker.

412 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Hawaiian Trust & Investment Co., Ltd

Stocks and Bonds—We buy and sell strictly on commission all first-class Hawaiian Stocks and Bonds. Members of Honolulu Stock Exchange.

In General—We are prepared to look after property both real and personal, collect and remit incomes, and execute any business commission for persons residing abroad.

References—Messrs. Welch & Co., 220 California Street, San Francisco, Cal. Bank of Hawaii, Limited, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

GEORGE R. CARTER, Treasurer, 408 Fort Street, Honolulu, H. I.

## Depressed?

TRY VIN TRY  
MARIANI

(MARIANI WINE)

WORLD FAMOUS TONIC.

Mariani Wine is a tonic prepared upon truly scientific principles. It is safe and beneficial as well as agreeable. Mariani Wine has more than 8,000 written endorsements from leading physicians in all parts of the world.

Mariani Wine gives power to the brain, strength and elasticity to the muscles, and richness to the blood. It is a promoter of good health and longevity. Makes the old young; keeps the young strong.

Mariani Wine is especially recommended for General Debility, Overwork, Weakness from whatever causes, Profound Depression and Exhaustion, Throat and Lung Diseases, Consumption, and Malaria. It is a diffusible tonic for the entire system.

Mariani Wine is invaluable for overworked men, delicate women, and sickly children. It stimulates, strengthens, and sustains the system, and braces body and brain. It combats Malaria and La Grippe. May be used with iced water or in soda water.

Sold by all druggists.

Beware of imitations.

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ORDINARY MENDING, etc., free of charge. Work called for and delivered free of charge.

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PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF

ARTIFICIAL STONE Schillinger's Patent.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Side Walk and Garden Walk a Specialty.

Office, 307 Montgomery St., Nevada Block, S. F.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,213,146.59

Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00

Deposits December 30, 1899.....28,663,655.41

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNAY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.

Board of Directors—Ign. Steinhart, Emil Robte, D. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1900.....\$26,110,681

Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000

Reserve Fund.....210,067

Contingent Fund.....407,381

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres. LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier. Directors—George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, Geo. Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000

SURPLUS.....1,000,000

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.....2,321,212

January 1, 1900.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier  
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New York.....Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.  
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Chicago.....Union National Bank  
Philadelphia.....The Philadelphia National Bank  
St. Louis.....Boatmen's Bank  
Virginia City, Nev.....Agency of the Bank of California  
London.....Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons  
Paris.....Messrs. de Rothschild Freres  
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Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; CO., BANK

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$8,250,000

Jno. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager;

H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst-Cashier;

H. L. MILLER, Second Asst-Cashier.

Directors—John J. Valentine, Andrew Christeson, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Berningham, Dudley Evans.

Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869-

451.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. BOYD, Agent for San Francisco, 411 California Street.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, was recently asked what he had been reading of late, he replied: "For serious work, 'David Harum'; for light reading and amusement, I've been going through Gibbon again."

During the jubilation over the relief of Mafeking (says the *Londoner*), a humorous policeman was asked in the thick of the crowd by a harassed pedestrian to tell him the nearest way to Charing-Cross Hospital. "Call for 'three cheers for Krüger,'" responded the genial guardian of the peace, "and you'll be there in no time."

Charles Haddon Spurgeon, the non-conformist preacher, was a great punster. One day, while an invalid at Mentone, he was walking by the seashore at a time when the Mediterranean was raging furiously. Suddenly he interrupted the conversation and asked: "What are the wild waves saying?" and then he gave his own witty answer to the question: "Let us (s)pray!"

A guide, who was showing a party through the Senate corridors of the national capital a few days ago, halted them before the statue of John Hancock, and, after they had admired it and its unique inscription, led them away with this final bit of information: "Hancock was a great man; you know, he wrote the Declaration of Independence!" And not one of the party raised his voice in protest.

It is said by those who know Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the South African magnate, that he has, in common with Lord Kitchener, a strong aversion to the opposite sex. While on a visit to London before the commencement of the war he dined at the house of a very wealthy lady of title, and later, when he was discussing the affair with his secretary, the latter asked: "And whom did you take to dinner?" "Oh, I don't know. Some Lady Somebody," was the reply. "But what did you call her?" "Didn't call her anything—never spoke to her."

Not long ago the New York State newspaper men gave a banquet at Stanwix Hall in Albany, and among the guests of honor were ex-Governor David B. Hill and Governor Theodore Roosevelt. The latter entered the hall first, wearing an evening-suit and his famous brown *sombrero*, made famous by the Rough Riders. It was a combination costume at once original and picturesque. Among the last of the guests to arrive was Mr. Hill, who was conventionally attired, even to his silk hat. "Ah!" exclaimed Colonel Roosevelt, in his peculiar *staccato* manner, as he grasped Mr. Hill's hand, "now we have with us a real Albany swell. Governor Hill is the only man here to-night with a silk hat." "I've got a slouch hat myself," returned Mr. Hill, softly, "but I left it at home. I've given up wearing it since I went out of the advertising business."

John Allen, whose career in Congress has made the little town of Tupelo famous, tells an amusing story of a negro epicure who caught a fine large 'possum. He skinned, dressed, and hung it before a blazing fire under a spreading tree, and while it was baking to a delectable brown lay down on the ground and went to sleep beside it. About the time the 'possum was done, a slick little darkey happening that way stole the 'possum and ate it up. Then he took the bones and laid them down in front of his sleeping brother, greased his lips with 'possum grease, and smeared 'possum grease over his fingers. When the owner of the 'possum awoke he looked about dazed and surprised to find his *pièce de résistance* gone, but the bones lay in front of him, he saw the grease upon his fingers, and tasted it upon his lips. "Is it pos'sible," he said, "I dun eat dat 'possum when I sleep? I smell 'possum, I tas' 'possum, an' dar is de bones. It sartainly do look lik' I mus' hab eat him, but 'fo' God dat dar 'possum dun hab 'flect on my consti'ti'dan enny ole 'possum I ever did eat befo'."

In Lady Holland's memoirs there is a capital story of a practical joke perpetrated at the expense of a raw Scotch ensign. One evening Sir James Mackintosh came to supper at the home of the Rev. Sydney Smith, the great wit and reformer, bringing with him a Scotch cousin, an ensign in a Highland regiment. On hearing the name of his host, he turned round, and, nudging Sir James, whispered: "Is that the great Sir Sydney?" "Yes, yes," said Sir James, much amused, and giving Sydney Smith the hint, he instantly assumed the military character, performed the part of the hero of Acre to perfection, fought all his battles over again, and showed how he had charged the Turks, to the infinite delight of the young Scotchman, who was quite enchanted with the kindness and condescension of "the great Sir Sydney," as he called him, and to the absolute torture of the other guests, who were bursting with suppressed laughter at the scene before them. Nothing would serve the young Highlander but setting off at twelve o'clock at night, to fetch the piper of his regiment to pipe to "the great Sir Sydney,"

who said he had never heard the bagpipes. Upon this, the party broke up, and dispersed instantly, for Sir James said his Scotch cousin would infallibly cut his throat if he discovered his mistake. A few days afterward, when Sir James Mackintosh and his Scotch cousin were walking in the streets, they met the Rev. Sydney Smith and his wife. He introduced her, upon which the Scotch cousin said in a low voice to Sir James, and looking at Mrs. Smith, "I didna ken the great Sir Sydney was married." "Why, no," said Sir James, a little embarrassed, "not ex-actly—married—only an Egyptian slave he brought over with him; Fatima—you know—you understand."

## THE WIDOW PETTINGILL.

## How She Triumphed over Squire Bedell.

HERE LIES HANNAH PETTINGILL,  
RELICT OF  
DEACON RICHARD PETTINGILL.

She survived her lamented husband thirty years, during which time her Downings and Uppings were subject to no law but that of her own sweet will.

The above inscription, with dates of birth and death attached, caught my attention as I was walking through the grave-yard belonging to the old Congregational church in the town of Nabor, Conn. Although less than half a century old, the stone was covered with lichen growth, and the words were scarcely legible. The stones in the neighborhood were standing tipped at all angles, as if in a midnight carousal they had imbibed too freely. It was a shady, neglected corner, overhung by chestnuts and oaks. I was a small child when the Widow Pettingill died, and the inscription on the tombstone brought vividly to my mind a grim and ancient lady, with straight black hair, sharp nose crowned with spectacles, a tightly shut mouth guarded by thin lips, dress of stiff, rustling black silk, mantilla with deep fringe, large bonnet and veil; a dame who stepped quickly and firmly, whose coming checked the mirth of children, although she meant to be kind, and who more than once inserted from her lace-mitted fingers a peppermint or sprig of dill into my hands.

This is the story related of the Widow Pettingill by many of the villagers to-day, and its truth in all particulars is vouched for. It explains the inscription on the tombstone.

It was the custom of the church authorities in Nabor once in five years to turn every family out of its pew and re-assign the seats in what seems to have been an arbitrary fashion, as a teacher in school appoints desks to her pupils. This was in recognition of the Scripture admonition, "Here we have no abiding city"; also to remind those who were relegated from the front to the rear that "the first shall be last and the last first." It was usually a season of some excitement and even dissatisfaction on the part of the dispossessed front pew-holders, but the authorities were, as a rule, inexorable in carrying out their decisions. At least one good result was obtained. The Sunday after the readjustment of pews saw a full house, every one being anxious to know where he would be seated during the next five years.

On account of his preeminence in age over the other deacons in the church, Deacon Pettingill was left undisturbed at a certain re-distribution of the pews, and was therefore an occupant of No. 3 for nearly ten years. After his death it was decided that the deacon's widow must move back, and another seat near the door was accordingly assigned to her. When the widow heard of it she tightened her lips, straightened her spectacles, and said, in the quietest of tones: "I shall never set in any other pew than what Richard Pettingill has set in, long as I live." And she never did.

Squire Bedell was given pew No. 3, and he announced his intention of occupying it, "and the widow might like it or lump it, just precisely as she pleased."

The first Sunday, as the squire came to church and marched to his new pew, a stiff, unbowing female figure, in black, at the head gave notice that the pew was, so to speak, preempted. That day the squire and the deacon's widow sat together.

The next Sunday, even before the doors were opened, the squire arrived, panting and puffing, at church. In those days the pews had doors which fastened with buttons. The squire got into his pew, closed and buttoned the door, and sat half an hour grimly waiting for the audience to assemble. At length the widow came rustling down the aisle. Before the squire realized her intention, she unbuttoned the door, slid by him, and regained her accustomed seat in the corner.

By this time the congregation had become aware of what was going on, and thereafter came punctually and in goodly numbers to church, to witness the result of the contest. On the third Sunday the squire was again punctual, and on this occasion he held the button which fastened the door tightly in one hand, further debarring access to the pew by raising one foot and firmly planting it on the pew in front of him. The church was well filled when the Widow Pettingill came in. She strode firmly down the aisle, stopped at No. 3, then lightly and even gracefully lifted one foot high, stepped over

the door and the squire's leg, drew the other foot after it, and moved to the farther end of the seat. The congregation could with difficulty he restrained from audible laughter, and the following Lord's day the whole village turned out and were seated in church with extraordinary punctuality. Even the minister was in the pulpit ten minutes earlier than usual.

The squire and his family of four were all in the pew, crowded closely toward the aisle end. They looked very grim, and their knees nearly reached the pew in front, so that nothing short of a broad jump would enable the widow to pass them. Down came the widow, sedate, unconscious, untruffled. She counted heads, and measured the distance. Entering the pew behind, and pressing by several people, she mounted on the cushions, and vaulted lightly into the head seat of No. 3. There were sounds of violent coughing all over the church, and even the minister found it difficult to control his face sufficiently to rise and give out the first hymn. The Widow Pettingill sat through the service with perfect composure, but the faces of the squire and his wife were very red.

It was now understood that on the following Sunday the squire would play his last card. It was war to the knife, and no compromise. By crowding in three strangers with his own family, seven people were seated in a pew that held by rights only six. There was no room for the widow, even should she drop down in a balloon. Long before the hour of service every seat in the church was filled. Every breath was hushed, and every neck craned toward the pew of contention, as the widow moved down the aisle. Without seeming to turn her head, or look at the pew, she walked up to the communion-table, took one of the two chairs that were always stationed there, marched back to No. 3, placed it in the aisle, close to the squire's elbow, and sat through the service, joining, as usual, heartily, and with a preoccupied air in the service. It seemed as if the audience would have hysterics.

After that it was conceded that the banner of victory was perched on the widow's side. No one interfered with her, and she continued to get her chair, place it beside the pew, and sit there. On communion Sundays, when the chair was in use so that she could not have it, if there was no room in the pew itself, she would stand through the entire service, refusing the hospitality of any who offered her a seat. But if six inches of space could be made in the pew, nothing could keep her out.

At the end of five years the squire gladly vacated No. 3, and hid himself in the rear of the church. His nerves had really suffered. The widow was re-instated, and occupied the pew undisturbed for the next twenty-five years, until her death. And to this day pew No. 3 is spoken of as "the widow's pew." It is, however, sold at auction with all the other seats in the church, after the modern way of assignment of church sittings, and the pew doors with the buttons have been removed.—*Caroline A. Cretney, in Harper's Magazine.*

## Revolution in Water Travel.

Experiments have proven that vessels, fitted with propellers which imitate the fish's fin, develop a remarkable propelling power. It will cause a revolution in water travel. Men gradually learn that Nature's ways are best. One cause of the remarkable success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters springs from the fact that it is a harmless natural medicine, made of Nature's most strengthening herbs. It is a sure cure for constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, or weak kidneys.

Feminine strategy: *He*—"You are holding your parasol on the wrong side to protect you from the sun." *She*—"Yes, I know it, but there is that horrid Miss Upperton, and I want her to see my new hat."—*Chicago News.*

## Moore's Polson Oak Remedy.

Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

Passports are not required in Europe. That is to say, a passport is not needed to secure admission to any of the countries except Russia and Turkey.

## Scotch Whisky for Cecil Rhodes.

Among the whisky shipments from Aberdeen last week was a supply to the Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes, Grotte Schurr, Cape Town, the whisky shipped being Messrs. William Williams & Sons, Limited, V. V. O.—*Aberdeen Evening Express.*

## Paris Exposition

—AND—

## PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU

Tours and tickets, hotel accommodations, etc. Superior arrangements for all classes of travel.

## THOS. COOK &amp; SON,

621 Market Street, San Francisco.

**Armour's**  
**Extract**  
**of**  
**Beef**  
**for**  
**Soups, Gravies**  
**and**  
**Beef Tea**  
**Armour & Company**  
**Chicago.**

**ANNUAL MEETING.**  
The adjourned annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 18, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the seventh day of August, 1900, at the hour of one o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.  
E. K. COLE, Asst. Secretary.  
Office—Room 20, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

**OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.**  
**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.**  
NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
**YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,**  
Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1900.  
Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, June 30  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Thursday, July 28  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, August 21  
Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, September 15  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

**Toyo Kisen Kaisha (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)**  
**IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.**  
Steamers will leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1900.  
Nippon Maru.....Tuesday, July 10  
America Maru.....Friday, August 3  
Hongkong Maru.....Wednesday, August 29  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, 421 Market Street, cor. First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

**OCEANIC Steamship Company.**  
S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, June 27, 2 p. m.  
S. S. Moana sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, July 11, at 8 p. m.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 337 Market St., San Francisco.

**Pacific Coast Steamship Co.**  
Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.  
For E. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5, and every fifth day thereafter.  
For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., June 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, July 2, and every fifth day thereafter.  
For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., June 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, July 2, and every fourth day thereafter.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., June 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, July 4, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.  
For Mexican ports, to A. M. Seventh of each month. The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice. Ticket Office at New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel) GODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St. S. F.

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New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.  
St. Paul.....June 27 New York.....July 11  
St. Louis.....July 4 St. Paul.....July 18  
**RED STAR LINE.**  
New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.  
Westernland.....June 27 Noordland.....July 11  
Kensington.....July 4 Friesland.....July 18  
**EMPIRE LINE.**  
To Alaska and Cold Fields.

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## SOCIETY.

## The Scott-Voorhies Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Leila Grantland Voorhies, youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, to Lieutenant Guy T. Scott, son of Senator and Mrs. Nathan B. Scott, of West Virginia, took place at the home of the bride's parents, 2111 California Street, on Tuesday evening, June 12th. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by the Right Rev. William Ford Nichols, D. D. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her father, Dr. A. H. Voorhies, Miss Elizabeth Huntington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington, acted as maid of honor, and Lieutenant Henry C. Merriam, U. S. A., son of Brigadier-General Henry C. Merriam, U. S. A., was the best man. At the conclusion of the ceremony the young couple received the congratulations of the guests, which were limited to relatives and intimate friends, after which an elaborate wedding supper was served.

Lieutenant Scott and his bride left on Wednesday for a short southern trip, and early next week will depart for Fort Monroe, where the battery of the Third Artillery to which he is attached will be stationed.

## The Doubleday-Moffitt Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Alice Moffitt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Moffitt, to Mr. George Doubleday, of New York, took place at the home of the bride's parents, Twenty-Second and Webster Streets, Oakland, on Thursday, June 14th. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. Father Prendergast, of St. Mary's Cathedral of this city. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her father, Mr. James Moffitt; Miss Moffitt, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor and Mr. Charles Foster, of Chicago, acted as best man.

After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served. Those who sat at the bride's table were Miss Lucy Moffitt, Miss Helen Wagner, Miss Cbabot, Miss Kate Chabot, Mrs. Gardiner, Miss Vail, Miss Adelaide Murphy, Mr. Charles Foster, Mr. James K. Moffitt, Mr. Will Horn, Mr. Peter Martin, Mr. Silas Palmer, Mr. W. H. Drown, and Mr. Edward Brayton. Mr. and Mrs. Doubleday left for the East on Friday, and will make New York their future home.

## The Holbrook Theatre-Party.

Mr. Henry M. Holbrook gave a theatre-party on Friday evening, June 8th, in honor of Miss Olive

Snider and Mr. John Sroufe Merrill, who are to be married on June 19th. The guests assembled in the Owl Room of the Bohemian Club, and from there went to the Columbia Theatre, where they enjoyed the performance of "When We Were Twenty-One." After the play, Mr. and Mrs. Nat C. Goodwin joined the party at supper in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club. Toasts were responded to by Mr. Nat C. Goodwin, Mr. William R. Wheeler, Mr. J. F. Merrill, Mr. Sheldon, Mr. Bowie, and Mr. Holbrook. The Orpheum orchestra discoursed music during supper and for the dance which followed later in the ball-room.

Those invited to meet Miss Snider and Mr. Merrill were: Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Nat C. Goodwin, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wheeler, Miss Maenie McNutt, the Misses Grace and Lillie Spreckels, Miss Florence Josselyn, Miss Mabel Craft, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Ella Goodall, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. Allan St. John Bowie, Mr. Harry L. Tevis, Mr. Orrin Peck, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, and Mr. A. B. Costigan.

## The Fourth of July at Burlingame.

The board of directors of the Burlingame Country Club are planning a number of pleasant outdoor pastimes for the Fourth of July, including a golf tournament and a pigeon shoot. The programme, as now outlined, is as follows:

At 10:30 A. M. the ladies' golf tournament for the Poniatowski Cup, at 18 holes—medal play—will commence on the links of the club. This event is open to all ladies, and must be won twice by the same person to become her property. Ladies who intend to compete are requested to send their names to the golf committee at the club, not later than July 1st. This cup was won last year by Mrs. George Doubleday (née Moffitt), who represented the Oakland Golf Club. Miss Alice Colden Hoffman is considered the strongest candidate for the honors this year, as Mrs. Doubleday will probably be an absentee.

The pigeon shoot will commence at 11 A. M. on the grounds of the club for the Carolan Cup, which must be won twice in order to be held. This is a handicap at twenty birds, and is open to members and their guests who have shot on the club grounds this year. Mr. W. H. Howard won the trophy last year.

There will be a concert on the club porch during luncheon, commencing at one o'clock. Members are requested to notify the manager of their inten-

tion to be present, and state the number of their guests for luncheon, so that adequate arrangements may be made.

## Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Olive Irene Snider, daughter of Mrs. Andrew Snider, to Mr. John Sroufe Merrill, son of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill, will take place at high noon at the First Congregational Church on Tuesday, June 19th. Miss Gladys Merrill, sister of the groom, will be the maid of honor, Mr. H. M. Holbrook will be the best man, and Mr. Ralph D. Merrill, the groom's brother, Mr. Frank King, Mr. William Hazelton, Mr. Orlo Eastwood, Mr. Clarence Doane, and Mr. D. Searles will act as ushers. A wedding breakfast will follow the church ceremony at the residence of the groom's parents, 1732 Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Greer Harrison have sent out invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Mary Louise Harrison, to Mr. George Britten Walkington, at Christchurch, Brondesbury, London, on Wednesday afternoon, July 18th, at 2 P. M.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Carlton Swift have sent out invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Mabelle Florence Swift, to Mr. Clarence Moore, on Wednesday, June 20th, at noon, at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Beverly, Mass. A special train will take the invited guests from Boston. Miss Swift is well known in this city, having spent several months here with her cousin, Miss Adelaide Murphy.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, who have taken one of the Barker cottages in Ross Valley for the summer, celebrated their tin wedding on Tuesday, June 12th. Among others present were Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Ella Bender, Mr. Harry N. Holbrook, and Mr. Claude Terry Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow entertained a number of friends at dinner at their San Rafael residence on Tuesday, June 12th. Those at table were the Misses Helen and Bertha Smith, Miss Alice Hoffman, Mr. Harry N. Stetson, Mr. S. Austin Chapin, and Mr. Samuel H. Boardman.

Mr. Claude Terry Hamilton gave an elaborate breakfast at "The Hutch," Sausalito, Sunday, June 10th, in honor of Miss Olive Snider and her fiancé, Mr. John Sroufe Merrill.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey gave a very pleasant party at Mt. Tamalpais on Monday evening last, returning on Tuesday. Their guests were Miss Katharine Dillon, Miss Cosgrave, Miss Bernice Drown, and Mr. Fred A. Greenwood.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Tubbs gave a dinner in the private dining-rooms of the Hotel Rafael on Wednesday, June 13th, at which they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Green, Mr. S. Austin Chapin, and Mrs. Samuel H. Boardman.

Miss Georgie Truman, of Los Angeles, entertained a number of California friends at dinner at the Café Sylvain, Paris, on the twenty-ninth ultimo. Among her guests were Miss Theodosia Martin, of San Francisco, Miss Mary J. Snell, of Oakland, Miss Alice Jones, of Santa Monica, Miss Jette Thorn, Miss Alice Graves, and Miss Lora Hubbell, of Los Angeles. Major and Mrs. Truman gave a dinner at the same place a few evenings afterward, at which they entertained Miss Rose Hooper, of San Francisco, and Dr. Bryant and Dr. Ainsworth, of Los Angeles.

## A Violin Recital.

A large and fashionable audience was present at the violin recital given by the pupils of Mr. Henry Heyman at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall last Saturday afternoon. They were assisted by Mrs. H. G. Crafts, Miss Ada Clement, Miss Estelle Bachman, Miss Eva F. Gaches, Miss Augusta Goodman, and Mr. Emil Cruells, piano accompanists, and Mr. William Wertsch, Jr., violoncellist. The programme presented was as follows:

Quartet, op. 76, No. 4, adagio and allegro con spirito, Haydn, Mr. Benjamin Tuttle, first violin, Mr. Jabish Clement, viola, Mr. Julius Gold, second violin, and Mr. William Wertsch, Jr., cello; Air Varié, op. 89, No. 6, Dancla, Master Hubert E. Law; "Slumber Song," Eulenstein, Miss Dorita Goodman; Polonaise, op. 10, No. 2, Lauterbach, Master Isidor Cohen; Andante et Allegro de Concert, Léonard, Miss Edna H. Schweitzer; fantasie on Bohemian songs, Hans Sitt, Master Emanuel Hromada; Romanze, Svendsen, Miss Madeline Todd; Souvenir de Haydn, Léonard, Miss Ruth C. Salinger; (a) mazurka, (b) tarantella, from op. 26, Hans Sitt, Master James Hamilton Todd, Jr.; Seventh Concerto, andante and first movement, De Beriot, Miss Josephine Parker; concerto in E-minor, op. 10, first movement, Ferd David, Mr. Julius Gold; Mazurka de Concert, Ovide Musin, Miss Ethel Grant; concerto in G-minor, op. 26, allegro moderato and romance, Bruch, Mr. Maurice Rose; concerto in D-minor, op. 22, romance and first movement, Wieniawski, Mr. C. F. Hamlin.

Excursion rates for the Fourth of July are already announced by the Southern Pacific Company. Round-trip tickets will be placed on sale July 1st, good for return to July 5th, at a fare and one-third for stations within 125 miles, at a fare and one-fifth for stations distant 126 to 200 miles, and at one fare for stations between 200 and 300 miles distant.

A floating variety theatre, to be towed from one watering-place to another along the coast, is an English idea for the coming summer season.

## Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

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**ABSOLUTELY PURE**

There are imitation baking powders, sold cheap, by many grocers. They are made from alum, a poisonous drug, which renders the food injurious to health.



## SOCIETY.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels, accompanied by their niece, Miss Annie Bremner, sailed from New York for Europe on Tuesday, June 5th. They expect to be abroad several months, most of which time will be spent in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall and family have gone to San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. George Crocker arrived in New York from Europe on Friday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott and the Misses Parrott sailed from New York for Europe on Thursday, June 7th.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have gone to San Rafael, where they have taken a house for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. Peter D. Martin, and Mr. Walter S. Martin enjoyed a visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCreary (*nee* Clark), of Sacramento, are visiting relatives in this city. Mr. McCreary has gone into business with Mr. W. C. Clark and it is probable that he will make San Francisco his permanent home in the future.

Mr. M. Townsend Huddart has returned from New York after an absence of many months, and is staying at 2022 California Street.

Miss Flora Grace Dean, who has just graduated from Vassar College, will return to San Francisco in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean and Miss Edith McBean arrived from the East on Thursday and are now at the Hotel Rafael, where they have taken rooms for the summer months.

The Misses Alice and Ethel Hager left last week for Monterey, where they will spend the season.

Mr. Harold M. Sewall, formerly United States minister to Hawaii, more recently special agent of this government in the islands, arrived on Tuesday from Honolulu. He is en route to New York and Bath, Me., his former home, on a business trip, and expects to return to Honolulu next month, having decided to make that place his permanent home. Mrs. Sewall is expected from the islands in a few days.

Mrs. H. C. Taft, of Oakland, and Mr. Maxwell Taft, who went to New York some weeks ago to be present at the graduation of Miss Christie Taft from the Scoville School, are visiting relatives in the metropolis.

Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the State University, accompanied by Mrs. Wheeler, left on Wednesday for a month's trip through the East.

Among the San Franciscans who were present at the opening of the United States Building at the Paris Exposition on May 12th were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills and the Misses Ardella and Bessie Mills, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Van Wyck and the Misses Van Wyck, and Mr. Lawrence H. Van Wyck, Mr. and Mrs. August Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels, Mrs. Philip L. Wooster, Mr. and Mrs. Gallois, Mr. and Mrs. J. Edwards, Mrs. Frank Whitney, Miss Grace Whitney, Miss Sperry, Miss Hecht, and Mrs. Horace Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson have leased "Fern Hill," the Dibblee country home in Ross Valley, for the summer.

Miss Caro Crockett and Mrs. J. B. Crockett were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall at San Rafael on Sunday last.

Mrs. Nathan B. Scott, of Washington, D. C., who came here for the Scott-Voorhies wedding, was the guest of her son, Lieutenant Guy T. Scott, at Alcatraz Island early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent have taken a house in San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Landers have gone to San Rafael for the summer. Miss Pearl Landers, who is visiting relatives at Monterey, will join her parents at the Hotel Rafael in about a fortnight.

Mrs. Maude Berr-Fisher, after a visit of some duration to her mother, has departed for the East where she will resume her operative work.

Mrs. Katherine Trevathan is visiting friends in Sacramento, where she will remain a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan have left Paris for an extended stay in London.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dean and Miss Helen Dean leave to-day (Saturday) for San Rafael, where they have taken rooms at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Miss Florence Lundborg, who has spent the winter in Florence, is expected home soon.

Dr. William F. Sharp will leave for Europe next week to attend the Dental Conference at the Paris exposition. He will be absent two or three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot are in Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Davis have taken a cottage in Mill Valley for the summer.

The Misses Lottie and Laura Steffens have returned to their home at Sacramento, after an extended stay in Berlin, where they have been studying.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Hamilton have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Bahecock at their home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Hooker are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kahn have returned from Washington, D. C., and are at the California Hotel.

Mr. John P. Bray, recently appointed United States consul to Australia, arrived here from the East on Sunday last, and was a guest at the Palace Hotel. On Wednesday he sailed for Melbourne on the Oceanic steamer *Mariposa*.

Mr. James A. Robinson is slowly recovering from the severe illness which recalled Mrs. Robinson and their daughter from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden registered at the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Senator George C. Perkins and Miss Pansy

Perkins arrived from Washington, D. C., on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. George Gow left for Glasgow, Scotland, and a European tour on June 10th. They expect to be abroad about six months.

Mr. George Ade, of the *Chicago Record*, and the author of many clever parables mixed in up-to-date slang, who arrived from the Orient on Tuesday, was a guest at the Palace Hotel. Mr. Ade went to the Philippines, by the way of Vancouver, on a pleasure trip last February, and remained in Manila three weeks.

Adjutant-General A. W. Barrett came up from Los Angeles early in the week, and was a guest at the California Hotel.

Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Mandeville, of New Jersey, and their party, including Miss Jennie R. Morgan, Miss Mary M. Morgan, Mr. Charles Morgan, and Miss Glass, are at the Palace Hotel for a short stay.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Hyde, of Palo Alto, Mr. E. S. McMurtrie and Miss Clara McMurtrie, of Huntington, Pa., Mr. H. S. Howard, of Oakland, Mr. George C. Dewey, of Denver, Mr. Samuel Austin Chapin, of New York, Mr. M. M. Dinkel, of Los Angeles, Mr. B. Hecht, Mr. Oscar Suro, Mrs. K. M. Crowell, Rev. W. J. Kip, Jr., Mr. W. S. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. John Landers, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Mulcahy, Mr. Paul C. Janes, and Mr. and Mrs. M. Liehmann.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. J. P. McQuaide, of New York, Mr. M. W. Muller, of Fresno, Mr. and Mrs. A. Alexander, of New Zealand, Mr. W. Peat, of Scotland, Mr. and Mrs. V. S. McClatchy, of Sacramento, Mr. J. D. Wheeler, of Chicago, Mr. J. B. Lecombe, of Los Angeles, Mr. T. F. McGovern, of Sonoma, Mr. J. M. Perry, of Stockton, Mr. F. W. Griffin, of Oroville, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Drade, of St. Paul, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Cuhlerly and Mr. O. L. Elliott, of Stanford, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bourne, Jr., and Miss A. Ryder, of Portland, Or., Mr. J. T. Crawley, of Honolulu, and Dr. D. Smith, of Napa.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Miller, of Oakland, Mr. D. G. Alexander, of Alameda, Mrs. M. S. Abbott, of Andover, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Patterson and Miss Hazel Patterson, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. P. V. Reiter, of New York, Mr. Alfred Emerson, of Ithaca, N. Y., Mr. A. Bulle, of Guaymas, Mex., Miss E. Reimer, of Baltimore, Mr. J. A. Knight, of Worcester, Mr. J. A. Sebastian, of Cincinnati, Mr. C. A. Cooke, of Boston, and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Judah, Mr. Daniel E. Hayes, Miss Stella Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Cutter and Mr. J. W. Twiggs.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General William M. Graham, U. S. A., retired, arrived from Manila on Saturday on the transport *Grant*, accompanied by his son, Lieutenant James Malcolm Graham, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., who was severely injured recently, the floor of his quarters giving way, dropping him to the ground several feet below. The young man's spine was severely injured and it was agreed by his physicians that he required treatment that could not be well given him with the facilities at the disposal of the army medical corps in the Philippines. Lieutenant Graham improved considerably on the voyage home, and it is thought that in a short time he will be ready to duty again.

Captain J. B. Coghlan, U. S. N., owing to serious illness has been temporarily relieved from command of the Puget Sound Naval Station by Captain N. M. Dyer, U. S. N., who has been detached from the Boston Navy Yard.

Lieutenant Commander J. C. Colwell, U. S. N., who has been ordered to temporary duty on the *Pensacola*, will depart for the Asiatic station on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Doric* on June 30th. Lieutenant R. R. Jackson, U. S. N., will also be a passenger.

Colonel Charles A. Woodruff, U. S. A., arrived in this city on Monday en route to the Philippines, where he will join the staff of Brigadier-General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., as Chief Commissary of the Department of the East, relieving Major Edward E. Dravo, U. S. A. General Woodruff will make the trip alone, having left his family in the East. He sails for his new post on the transport *Thomas* to-day (Saturday).

Lieutenant-Commander A. McCrackin, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Independence* as executive officer, to take effect June 30th.

Lieutenant-Commander Marcus B. Buford, U. S. N., registered at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday.

Assistant-Surgeon Jeremiah J. Page, U. S. N., will remain for a time at Santa Monica.

Assistant-Surgeon James H. Payne, Jr., U. S. N., was a guest at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Lieutenant-Commander M. E. Hall, U. S. N., when discharged from treatment at the naval hospital at Mare Island, will be ordered home to await orders.

Lieutenant O. B. Rosenbaum, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., who has been on duty at Fort Wayne, Mich., has been ordered to Vancouver Barracks.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon George A. Lung, U. S. N., of Mare Island, made a visit to San José last week.

Commander John C. Morong, U. S. N., retired, who has been on duty at the navy pay office in this city, is now at 1405 Hyde Street.

Assistant Naval-Constructor L. S. Adams, U. S. N., and Mrs. Adams, have gone to the Hotel Rafael for a season.

Colonel T. McGregor, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., is in town on a month's leave of absence. He renews friendships of long standing here, having been stationed at the Presidio in 1858. Colonel McGregor has been in command of the Department of

Colorado during General Merriam's absence in Washington, and returns to his new station at Fort Grant, Ariz., at the expiration of his leave of absence.

Among the passengers on the transport *Grant*, which arrived in port from Manila on Saturday last, were Major Louis Balch, surgeon, U. S. V., Captain C. R. Tyler, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., Captain W. H. Gillenwater, Fifty-First Infantry, U. S. V., Lieutenant A. C. McMillan, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. V., Lieutenant W. C. Valentine, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., Lieutenant T. H. R. McIntyre, Sixth Artillery, U. S. A., Lieutenant A. F. Cassels, Seventh Artillery, U. S. A., and Lieutenant W. H. Parker, Marine Corps, U. S. N.

In one hundred and fifty years of mining operations Brazil has yielded about one hundred millions of dollars' worth of gems, a total output which is equaled every six or seven years by the product of the Kimberley mines. The African diamonds are commonly admitted to be less beautiful than those from Brazil, but their total sale already exceeds by millions the value of all the gems Brazil has produced, though African diamond-mining has been carried on only about thirty years.

The Mill Valley and Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railway is a triumph in engineering. The air-line distance from Mill Valley, at the base of the mountain, to the summit is only three miles, but as an ascent of 2,500 feet was to be made, the road had to take a tortuous course, and is 8.9 miles in length. The panoramic views of the surrounding country en route to the tavern are incomparable.

Queen Victoria, it is related, adheres to the dinner-table customs of her grandfathers and preserves the rule which originated in the time of George the Second. As each dish is placed upon the table the name of the cook who prepared it is announced.

"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD," AND "RICHARD CARVEL" lead in literary sales this season, but "When Knighthood was in Flower" bids fair to outsell them all eventually. For sale at Cooper's Art Stationery Store, 746 Market Street.

A Thoroughly Reliable Establishment To buy precious stones, pearls, fine jewelry, and silverware. A. Hirschman, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

—DO NOT GO TO THE COUNTRY WITHOUT A jar of California Strawberry Cream for the skin. Made from the fruit juice, at Greenbaum's, 200 Post.

—After 24 years under Palace Hotel, Marsh's Japanese Fine Art Store has moved to 214 Post St.

—THE NAME IS A GUARANTY OF ITS PURITY—Jesse Moore Whisky is always all right.

## SHREVE &amp; COMPANY

Will close their store at 3 P. M. on Saturdays, and other business days at 5 P. M. June 30th to September 1st, inclusive.

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E. P. PINLEY, MANAGER, Tavern of Castle Crag, Shasta Co., Cal.

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## Ladies' Oxfords

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BEGINNING MONDAY, MAY 14.

Ladies' Fine Russet Oxfords, LXV. heels, Piccadilly toes, hand-turned soles. Regular price, \$5.00  
Special Sale Price.....\$2.15  
Ladies' Chocolate Tan Oxfords, latest lasts, new toes, hand-turned soles. Regular price.....\$3.00  
Special Sale Price.....\$1.95  
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It is a striking fact that there is not a reigning sovereign in Europe whose family is of the nation over which he rules. The house of Austria is in reality the house of Lorraine, the Hapsburgs being of Swiss origin. The King of Belgium is a Saxe-Coburg. The King of Denmark is a Holsteiner. The young King of Spain is an Austro-Bourbon. The King of Italy is a Savoyard. The founder of the Bernadotte dynasty in Sweden was a country attorney at Pau less than a century and a quarter ago, and the King of the Hellenes is a Holsteiner. The British royal family are Hanoverian, and the Hohenzollerns were originally Swabians, being therefore partly Bavarians and partly Swiss.



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LEAVE	From May 13, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A.	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Rumsen, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P.
*7.00 A.	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P.
*7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P.
*8.00 A.	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P.
*8.00 A.	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East... ..	*11.45 A.
*8.30 A.	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.25 P.
*8.30 A.	Oakdale, Chinese (for Yosemite), Sonoma, Carleton.....	*4.25 P.
*9.00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*11.45 A.
*9.00 A.	Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*6.45 P.
*9.30 A.	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations.....	*6.45 P.
*10.00 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*5.15 P.
*11.00 A.	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*4.25 P.
*12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*2.45 P.
*1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	*5.00 A.
*3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*5.45 P.
*4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*9.15 A.
*4.00 P.	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*11.45 A.
*4.30 P.	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	*7.15 P.
*5.00 P.	The Owl Limited, Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Sanger, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	*9.45 A.
*5.00 P.	Fresno Passenger—Martinez, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Berenda (Raymond for Yosemite), Fresno... ..	*12.15 P.
*5.30 P.	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	*6.45 P.
*6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*7.45 A.
*6.00 P.	Vallejo.....	*12.15 P.
*6.00 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*11.45 A.
*6.00 P.	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*4.25 P.
*7.00 P.	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	19.55 P.
*8.05 P.	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*8.15 A.

#### COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)

17.45 A.	San Jose Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	18.15 P.
*8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*6.30 P.
*12.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*11.50 A.
*4.15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	*8.30 A.
*4.15 P.	Glenwood, Felton, Santa Cruz.....	*8.30 A.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—

*7.15 A.	9.00 A.	11.00 A. M.	11.00 A. M.	12.00 P. M.
*4.00 P.	15.00 P.	6.00 P. M.		

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—

11.00 A. M.	12.00 P. M.	12.00 P. M.	3.00 P. M.	4.00 P. M.	5.00 P. M.
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#### COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)

16.10 A.	Ocean View, South San Francisco, San Jose, and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P.
17.30 A.	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	18.35 P.
*9.00 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Santa Rosa, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P.
*10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A.
*11.30 A.	San José, Los Gatos and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P.
*12.45 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*11.36 A.
*1.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P.
*12.45 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A.
15.00 P.	San Jose, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....	19.00 A.
*5.30 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	18.35 A.
*6.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	18.00 A.
*11.45 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P.

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#### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Amicus*—"This famine in India is a terrible thing. Everybody is talking about it." *Manager*—"Everybody talking about it? I wonder if we couldn't get Belasco or Stange to dramatize it for us."—*Life*.

*Hostess*—"Run, daughter, and bring in the new kitten. Isn't she a beauty! Her name is 'Janice Meredith.'" *Visitor*—"Oh, that's nothing. We've got two at our house, and they're 'To Have and To Hold.'"—*Ex.*

*Haughty lady* (who has purchased a stamp)—"Must I put it on myself?" *Post-office assistant* (very politely)—"Not necessarily, ma'am; it will probably accomplish more if you put it on the letter."—*Tit-Bits*.

Had been a change: *Kansas man* (visiting in the East)—"We have lots of near neighbors now." *Friend*—"Why, I thought your nearest neighbor was twenty miles away." *Kansas man*—"Yes, but we've had a cyclone since then."—*Harlem Life*.

There was a piece of cold pudding on the lunch-table, and mamma divided it between Willie and Elsie. Willie looked at his pudding—then at his mother's empty plate. "Mamma," he said, earnestly, "I can't enjoy my pudding when you haven't any. Take Elsie's."—*Life*.

Solitary angels: *Mamma*—"It is very naughty to tell lies, Eva. People who do so don't go to heaven." *Eva*—"Did you ever tell a lie, mamma?" *Mamma*—"No, dear, never!" *Eva*—"Won't you be fearful lonely in heaven, mamma, with only George Washington?"—*Collier's Weekly*.

"Lady," said Harvard Hasben, "I'd thank you for a meal of some sort." "Ha!" remarked the bright housekeeper, "you're one of these after-dinner speakers." "Well, lady, I ain't that exactly, or I wouldn't be so hungry. I ain't got so much as a chestnut about me."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"You had better surrender," said the commander of the American forces in the Philippines; "I've got the whole United States army behind me." "Huh! So have I," replied Aguinaldo, and ere the next five minutes had elapsed his pedometer registered another mile.—*Philadelphia Press*.

"Maw, what's de difference between er politician and er statesman?" "Well, boney, a mushroom's good, ain't it?" "Yes, 'um." "And a toadstool is pizen, ain't it?" "Yes, 'um." "And dey bof look alike?" "Yes, 'um." "Des same difference from a statesman to a politician."—*Brooklyn Life*.

"Look here," exclaimed the angry man, as he rushed into the real-estate office; "that lot I bought from you yesterday is thirty feet under water." "Pardon my oversight," apologized the gentlemanly agent; "we give a diving-suit with each lot. I will send yours to you to day."—*Baltimore American*.

*Synnex*—"You profess to be a devoted believer in Christian Science, but I noticed that when you had a tooth extracted the other day you took gas." *Mentor*—"I took the gas, not because there is such a thing as pain, but from fear that I might be led into thinking that there was in the excitement of the moment."—*Boston Transcript*.

A good character: "Can you give me any evidence in regard to the character of the deceased?" said the judge. "Yes, my lord," replied the witness, "he was a man without blame, beloved and respected by all men, pure in all his thoughts, and—" "Where did you learn that?" "I copied it from his tombstone, my lord."—*Harlem Life*.

"Do you mean to tell me that that man-eating lion of yours got loose and wandered out into the streets?" "Yes," answered the proprietor of the show; "and a lot of trouble be made us." "Did you have difficulty in catching him?" "I should say so! It was hours before we could get near enough to lead him back to his cage. You see, some of the bad boys of this town had tied a tin can to his tail."—*Washington Star*.

"No," said the manager of the provincial theatre, "I don't think we can stand another 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' this year." "But this is something new," protested the manager of the company; "we've brought it up to date." "Oh, I guess we've had all the variations of it here," asserted the manager of the theatre. "No, you haven't," persisted the manager of the company; "we do away with the blood-hounds entirely and have Eliza chased with an automobile."—*Chicago Post*.

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"I want you to understand that I don't waste my time talking; I act." "Don't you know that it is always more dangerous to act the fool than to talk like one?"—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

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# The Argonaut.

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SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 25, 1900.

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One of the novelties of politics this season is the spectacle of a prospective candidate of one of the great parties for the Presidency outlining the platform for the campaign a month in advance of the holding of the convention. This is what Mr. Bryan has done in his announcement of the issues of the campaign, which has been made the leading article in the *North American Review* for June. There must be some condition that prompts the writer to such an unusual proceeding, and that condition is not exceedingly difficult to discover. The situation which brings out this anomaly in political action is that there is not this year, as there was not four years ago, any united and orgaoized Democratic party. Mr. Bryan has in his timely article instructed his followers

what the issues of his platform are to be. He made the one upon which the Populists nominated him at Sioux Falls, and Democrats tell us that there is no Democracy in it. He has now promulgated one for Kansas City which will never be recognized by the organization whose name it has borrowed as a continuation of the policies which Democracy had made its own from Jefferson to Cleveland. The key-note of Mr. Bryan's article is "plutocracy." Out of this one idea grows all the three issues he dwells upon, and to it he attributes all the present conditions of the republic, which, according to his way of thinking, are all unmitigated evils, and the dastardly work of Republicans.

First in importance of the living issues Mr. Bryan places the issue of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one. This is natural and necessary, for without it Bryan would not be Bryan at all, and there could not exist that party of Bryanism which is an essential in keeping him steadily before the public in the rôle of a candidate for the Presidency. In connection with this issue, the recent establishment of the gold standard is roundly scored as an evil imposition of the Republicans upon the rights and liberties of the people, in spite of the fact that that legislation was the work of a Congress elected by the people themselves, two years after the campaign of 1896 had passed into history. If the people wanted free-silver legislation, if they believed that the gold standard was in the sole interest of plutocrats, if they had any idea that it was a part of an iniquitous conspiracy to place the dollar above the man, why did they defeat Mr. Bryan four years ago and elect a gold-standard Congress two years afterward? We have been on a gold standard practically, Mr. Bryan admits, for the last thirty years at least, and to-day the people have more work, better pay, more luxuries, more manufactures, and a greater commerce than ever in the history of the republic. The only answer is Mr. Bryan's intimation that the people do not understand the financial question.

Mr. Bryan is shrewd enough to understand that he can never be a successful candidate upon the issue of free silver. He knows that egg is already addled, and so he proceeds to illustrate how that perverse fowl, plutocracy, has laid two other eggs, denominated "trusts" and "imperialism," upon which he pounces for a little fresh political capital. He says the trust issue is easier than the silver issue, and the people will be able to understand it. From anything that Mr. Bryan has ever said or written, it is impossible to believe that he understands them himself or knows of any method of dealing with them that promises to curb their evil influence without destroying the substratum of legitimate business. The article in review adds nothing new to knowledge of the trusts. It simply reiterates Mr. Bryan's pet project of destroying the trust by "shutting the monopoly up in the State of its origin and taking the other forty-four States away from it," by compelling it to take out a federal license in the other States. The puerility of the suggestion is apparent when one considers what would be the condition of business when every organization which Mr. Bryan might be pleased to term a monopoly had been "shut up in the State of its origin."

Having demolished with a breath the bouse of trust cards he had built up, he proceeds to the issue of imperialism, which he says is still easier than the trusts for the people to understand. Imperialism, with its attending evils of monarchy, oligarchy, and plutocracy, foreign as they are to the thought of any American, is a hogey that has been ready to hand of demagogues for a hundred years. Nothing ever came of it, and nothing will come now but talk. The present talk has reference wholly to Republican dealings with the Philippines. Mr. Bryan says that the Filipino must either be a citizen or a subject. Even if this broad statement were true, and it comes with ill grace from a party which is disenfranchising the negro in the South, it does not prove that the Filipino can jump with a single bound from savagery to citizenship, nor does it inculcate the idea that the Filipino in his own land under Republican institutions would be so stripped of participation in his own government that he could be denominated a "subject."

Are the citizens of our Territories the "subjects" of the republic? If they are, the Filipino may be proud to become a subject. Events like the war with Spain, in which Mr. Bryan earned the title of colonel, and the subsequent treaty, the ratification of which Mr. Bryan urged, have thrust upon us a duty which Mr. Bryan says he would shirk. The Republican party is of a different temperament, and Mr. Bryan will discover next fall that the people are the mainspring of that temperament. They will not drop the Philippine problem until they have solved it as wisely as they have dealt with the silver question, and as they will yet deal with the trusts.

The exact cost of any war is something not reducible to figures. Expenditures may be tabulated, but the harm done to industry and commerce, the loss in productiveness, the precise economic value of a life, are beyond intelligent estimate. It may be taken for granted, however, that all wars "come high." For the army in the field, its munitions, and its maintenance constitute a burden which the soldier, albeit with ample trouble of his own, can not share.

Just what has been the cost of the war with Spain and in the Philippines can not be determined by any system of book-keeping, and yet a general idea may be had from scrutiny of the record of treasury warrants. According to Chief MacLennan, of the Warrent Department, there has been withdrawn from the public funds for war purposes since the outbreak of hostilities \$388,000,000. This sum has paid not alone for military operations, sustenance, and transportation and defense, but includes the expense of the Paris treaty, and the \$20,000,000 given Spain for the islands. It is considerable enough to show that war, as an investment, is hardly to be sought, and that when circumstances make it inevitable, the condition is much to be deplored and to be modified with all speed consistent with honor.

In 1896 the expenditures of the War Department were \$50,830,920; 1897, \$48,950,267; 1898, \$91,992,000. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1899, they rose to \$229,841,254. During eleven months of the present fiscal year they have amounted to \$126,422,544. The expenditures can hardly be expected again to subside to the old scale, there being new interests to protect and more men necessary. The relative cost of the navy has been about such as would be expected. In 1896 it was \$27,147,732; 1897, \$34,561,546; 1898, \$58,823,984; 1899, \$63,942,104. For eleven months of the fiscal year about to close it has been \$51,039,528. The navy, also, is being, owing to the possible exigency of war, placed on a new basis of magnitude, which, however gratifying to national pride and in consonance with the popular will, must be reckoned with either as a luxury or an expensive necessity. There is no impulse to decry the larger navy, but the readiness with which the increase is sanctioned is a monetary tribute to war.

Notwithstanding the immense outlay caused by the conflict with Spain, and continued by the menace of further complications, the revenues of the country are so great as to accumulate at the rate of \$5,000,000 per month. This shows that whatever the price of war, the country can, in one sense, afford to indulge in it, for the war taxes have not been onerous, have in ordinary transactions scarcely been noticed, while many of those upon whom their weight was designed to fall have wholly evaded them. Yet there are ways of peace in which capital could more advantageously be invested, and the men who brave death on the firing-line would add more to prosperity if engaged in building up rather than tearing down.

The cost of war, as this country has experienced it, is not to be charged against any man, or set of men. There can only be hope that cessation of battle is near, for there is no visible and adequate recompense. For the millions devoted to the defeat of Spain there is the spectacle of a freer Cuba, exultant in the promise of perfect liberty. For what is being devoted to the Philippines, there is no definite promise, and with the problem there unsettled, arises a new problem in the further Orient. The cost of war has not been deter-



mined, but the destiny of the United States appears to be to ascertain what it may be.

The recent convention of the New York Democrats lacked much of being a joyous occasion. It had to face the problem of indorsing Bryan and not indorsing Bryanism. Croker had instructed unqualifiedly for the representative of the sixteen-to-one theory, but ex-Senator Hill declined to submit, and in preliminary skirmishes raised the cry of "Ice," which Tammany did not care to have repeated in the open. So with ill-grace it submitted to Hill. He was allowed to formulate a platform which had the peculiar quality of not meaning anything. It did not re-affirm the Chicago platform, but agreed to stand by whatever might be adopted at Kansas City. Then Hill was named as a delegate to the national gathering, and instructed to vote for Bryan; so if he gave his enemies a pill, he is fated himself to swallow a bolus later, which must take the keen edge off his sense of triumph.

During proceedings the real enthusiasm was confined to the gallery, whence came cries of "Where is the ice-man?" with advice to put this or that gentleman on ice. Hill's threat to make the trust an issue, and to demonstrate that Tammany had fostered a monstrous monopoly, was effective in subduing delegates. John F. Carroll was there, but "inconspicuous as one of his ten-cent lumps of ice." Mayor Van Wyck was greeted with hisses. There was a gallery clamor in favor of the Chicago doctrine of 1896, but it was overruled. Tammany had been dared to a standstill, and Hill rose again into at least fleeting power. One of the difficult tasks fell to the temporary chairman, who had to make a speech, but was under obligations to avoid every issue. In living up to these obligations, he robbed the address of virility; it consisted of words.

Some enthusiastic Bryan delegates were not satisfied with the mere indorsement of their man, and made ado. To an attempt to silence them one gave response: "We will defy you in the White House, or in the ice house," a retort that the sensitive Tammanyites deemed tinged with acrimony and unbrotherly. To avoid the subject of ice was the one great effort of the convention. Many an ambition was put into cold storage in forwarding this purpose. For once, men much addicted to the habit of noise, sat silent, not ashamed, but afraid. There was some acclaim at the mention of Belmont for a place on the ticket, and some incidental abuse of Roosevelt, who in an official capacity seems likely to do harm to Croker's latest monopoly.

It is important, if amusing, that the Hill platform denounces trusts. Van Wyck, fresh from exposure and grilling on the stand, where he had refused to answer questions, pleading that he might incriminate himself, will be one of the delegates to Kansas City. He received gratuitous advice from among the spectators to leave his trust stock at home, while others remarked audibly on hearing read the denunciations of trusts: "Except ours." Altogether, the affair had a sombre aspect. Even the drop-curtain, in front of which the speakers posed, represented a floating berg, and Tammany sighed to think its monopoly not complete.

Hill's apparent victory was really Bryan's. Tammany had been forced into seeming indifference, and Bryanites did not have their way, but they look with hope to Kansas City. The leading feature of the convention was the mockery of an assault upon trusts by the founders and manipulators of one of the most corrupt of these combinations. It was a pitiful exhibition of weakness. The ice trust has undermined New York's Democracy; in the convention hall it was like the skeleton at the feast. It has put a new weapon into the hands of foes within and without the party. Judged by its convention, the organization has lost at once its self-respect and its power.

That an ice trust had New York in its clutches became known when the price of ice was advanced one hundred per cent. For this action there was no excuse except greed. Investigation brought to light the fact that the trust had deliberately kept down the supply by neglecting to harvest acres of the crop over which it had control; that it had secured such a monopoly of docking privileges as to be able to bar out all competition. This, however, was not the startling part of the revelation, as these methods simply comported with the usual plan. The point that excited surprise and lent emphasis to indignation was that the ice trust was a creation and creature of Tammany; that Croker was chief among its conspirators; that Mayor Van Wyck was a heavy stockholder; his brother, Augustus, another; that in the list were dock commissioners, legislators, and judges. How the various stockholders obtained their shares has not definitely appeared. The Van Wycks were not supposed to have much money, yet the mayor at one time held more than a million dollars' worth of shares. That he procured one large block of them at the same time he vetoed an

ordinance inimical to the trust, may be regarded as a coincidence by those who choose to do so. Some of the guilty, caught with the goods, refuse to explain; others lie, palpably.

The state of affairs made clear by examination of the trust's books is that New York was never more rotten in its government even in the days when Tweed, twiddling his fingers, made the immortal query: "What are you going to do about it?" Tweed's fate will be remembered, and there are fervent hopes that some of the present régime will undergo similar punishment. The objects of those who are pressing the matter are to remove Mayor Van Wyck from office, send some people high in official station to jail, and destroy the ice trust, which is one of the most iniquitous schemes of robbery ever devised. It is fair to say that the agitation was started and has been fanned to fever heat by the newspapers of New York City, they going to great expense in exploiting books, hiring counsel, and making the exposure definite, complete, and crushing.

This brutish trust derived its power from the official status of its members. Croker is in supreme control of municipal affairs. The mayor is his mayor and the dock commissioners belong to him. John F. Carroll, prominent in Tammany circles, is Croker's personal representative and one of the heavy stockholders of the trust. With the mayor, the dock commissioners, the president of the city council, commissioner of public buildings, together with others allied to the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of government banded in a scheme of loot, the people for a time seemed to be helpless. They did not understand that the wrong was being done by men hired to protect the public interests, and when they ascertained the fact, they were, by reason of it, more angry and more determined that justice should be done.

Among New York's municipal officers, Controller Coler stands forth an honest man. He is doing all he can to overthrow the trust, and going slowly, so as to make no mistake. He has already stopped payment on some of its bills, and now seeks to know if the corruptionists can not be removed from positions they have disgraced. There is a clause of the statutes which to the layman would seem to be sufficient. This forbids any municipal officer to be interested in any contract. The only question now is as to whether the holding of stock can be construed as being interested in the interdicted way. Coler will, unless forbidden by law, declare void all contracts with the trust; this would end the trust. There would remain then the formality of declaring places vacant, and sending Croker's puppets to prison.

Governor Roosevelt is convinced that Van Wyck's removal is proper. Should this occur a puzzle might arise as to succession, for Guggenheimer, president of the council and the man who would ordinarily take the place, is also a stockholder in the trust. In fact, so many hands are soiled that the search for clean ones threatens to be futile. No attempt at defense is being made, save the advancing of lame excuses that fail to impress. Not only the press, but the pulpit, organized labor, and every other entity that has a mode of expression is heaping condemnation upon the ice trust. Were not the conspirators dead to shame they would be glad to get from public life and from sight. As it is, they are branded, and in all probability stripes await some of them. Tammany's forces of corruption are mighty, but their potency has a limit.

The department store has been referred to as the trust among retail concerns. It has been adversely criticised because it creates a monopoly and drives out the small dealer.

These charges, in reality, have been based upon popular impression, since heretofore there has been no scientific study of the operation and economic effect of this form of commercial enterprise. The bureau of statistics of labor has now undertaken to remedy this defect, and its first report on the subject has recently been issued. The investigation covered only the city of Boston, but while the conclusions can be considered only local, and perhaps not conclusive as to the chosen locality, they are interesting, not the least point of interest being the fact that they do not harmonize with the popular impressions.

In the report a distinction is drawn between the department store proper and the store with departments—a distinction upon which the latter class of dealers insist strongly, and one for which there seems to be good basis. The department store is one in which a great variety of articles having no natural connection are sold under one general management; in the store with departments, dry goods is usually the basis, and the other departments—such as ready-made garments for women, shoes, millinery, jewelry, and toilet articles—have grown up naturally out of the central business. Under this classification there are ten department stores and nine stores with departments in Boston. Of the former, one has been established for

forty-five years, four more began before 1892, and the remaining five have been in business for periods of seven years or less, two being only two years old. The number of departments ranges from 10 to 70, the average being 28.3. The variety of articles sold is naturally almost unlimited, the more popular being women's clothing, 70 departments; household furnishings, 46; dry goods, 37; and fancy goods, 23. This would indicate that the growth of the department store is in response to woman's proverbial propensity for shopping.

The more interesting part of the report is that which compares the departments of these immense establishments with the number of retailers in the same lines. In number the retailers are naturally in excess, but one is hardly prepared for the disproportion of the figures. In the dry-goods line there are 54 departments, including both department stores and stores with departments, and 225 retailers; in fancy goods, 23 departments, against 94 retailers; in millinery, 11 against 242; and in furniture, 5 against 184. In the line of women's clothing, however, the departments are in excess, the figures being 85 against 23.

The real question, however, is whether the retailers are being driven out of business by their more powerful rivals. On this point most complete figures are given. In the table for dry goods there was a heavy decline in the number of retailers during the ten years ending with 1884. In 1875 the loss was 27; in 1878 it was 15. Then followed a series of fluctuations, the gain in 1898, when the last two department stores were established, being 21. Comparing the figures for 1874 and 1898, we find that the number of retailers in carpets increased from 17 to 31, in dry goods from 196 to 225, in furniture from 178 to 184, in upholstery from 32 to 37, and in women's clothing from 22 to 23. In fancy goods the number declined from 243 to 94. There were larger gains in other branches of trade, but these are the branches in which the competition of the department stores is the most acute. Taking all branches together, the number of population to each store is given for each quinquennial period from 1875 to 1895. In the first year the number of people was 125. From that point the number steadily advanced—or the number of stores declined proportionately—until 1890, when it was 149. In 1895 it had declined again to 142. It would seem therefore that, while the department stores have not decreased the number of retailers, they have already had some harmful effect in certain lines of business.

Reforms that have taken place in university sports in the last few years amount almost to a revolution. The old order has passed away, and in its place there is a system, still, perhaps, lacking in perfection, but working with the utmost smoothness, and promising the best results. So quietly has it won its way that by the casual observer it may have been entirely overlooked.

For years the universities have been deep in sports, but only recently have these received particular attention, having been permitted to run themselves. The necessary money was advanced by subscription, and competing athletes paid their own expenses. Some of the sports were popular, and began to be remunerative, but did not help other branches of sport, making them, indeed, feel by contrast the hopelessness of ever getting upon a paying basis. Football assumed the lead, the participants obtaining notoriety that weaned them from ordinary pursuits, an unhealthy and overwrought atmosphere was created, evils and abuses appeared, until faculties and thoughtful graduates became alarmed and sought to devise a remedy. To see the undergraduate managers of a foot-ball contest leave the box-office carrying thousands of dollars, some of it necessarily to be lost or wasted, became common. It may be said that no money thus procured has ever been stolen, yet, as receipts grew greater and greater, a problem was created. Notwithstanding that a student body is difficult to handle, and faculties far from easy, the graduates came to the rescue, with results more than merely satisfactory.

Acting on a common impulse, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, and Columbia took up the question of organizing departments of athletics. Two sides of this question were at once manifest, one involving the actual sports and the other the finances. Vast property interests had been acquired, including fields, tracks, courts, grand-stands, boats, boat-houses, and gymnasiums. Each branch had its own treasurer, and it was the rule that however great the receipts, they were always equaled by the expenditures. Sports that failed to appeal to the general taste so as to command a large income were conducted at a loss. The first step under the new régime was to constitute a common fund, to look after improvements, taxes, and insurance, to check up disbursements, correct extravagance, and prevent waste.

At Yale, athletics are governed by the student body through elected captains. At Harvard, the chairman of the athletic committee is a member of the faculty, although



both graduates and under-graduates serve under him, the faculty influence predominating. At both Princeton and Columbia there are two committees, one comprised of members of the faculty and the other of graduates and under-graduates. Yale is in advance, Walter Camp being treasurer of the Yale Field Corporation, and thus representative both of the students and the university. This plan has been found excellent, concentrating the management, eliminating friction, and placing sports on the high plane which as features of college life they should occupy. By pooling interests, the popular games assist those that appeal to the student rather than to the spectator, for the contest that draws a crowd helps support the contest to which gate-money is not a possibility.

Track athletics and rowing, according to M. S. Brooks, who may be regarded as an authority, were the subjects most baffling. In both of these specialties the American universities have been wont to develop stars, but in teamwork the exhibitions have been those of novices. This fact was not fully realized until Americans had met Oxford and Cambridge, and found, to their surprise, that the methods by which they had been trained were defective. The smoothness of the English style of training was a lesson, the rules of it most simple. By these rules, professionals were absolutely harried, and the governing code simply handed down year by year. Students in training did not hedge themselves about with secrecy, nor hind themselves to a rigid diet. Within the limits of reason they ate and drank what they pleased. The reason of their success was that they engaged in contests not for the lust of winning, but for love of the sport. No student had to be urged to enter the lists, but all were eager, and after a period of trials those most competent were given the opportunity. In this country, men have to be appealed to to subject themselves to training. When they consent it is only in the hope of victory.

The systematizing of university sports will do much to better them. Players will never again "be imported," an exposure following with its attendant disgrace. Neither will contests be carried on with the idea of gain. Money is essential, but not the first consideration. Sport must be from the love of sport, or else it should be relegated to those who depend upon it for a living.

While it is yet too early to decide upon questions of detail regarding the proposed redwood reserve at the Big Basin in Santa Cruz and San Mateo Counties, there are certain questions that may be profitably discussed at the present time, in order that there may be substantial agreement among the promoters of the project, and also that the public may be informed as to the merits of the question when the time for action shall have arrived. As has been said in these columns, the plan that seems most feasible during the recess of Congress and the legislature is to raise at least a part of the money by popular subscription. This would make it possible to obtain an option on the property, which would prevent its passing into the hands of the lumbermen. When Congress and the legislature convene again, those bodies could be approached to appropriate the remainder of the money necessary, and a campaign of education carried on in the meantime would render the work before the legislators so much easier.

In this connection another question arises, and it almost threatened, at a recent meeting of the advocates of the park, to complicate the fundamental question of ways and means. This is the question of future ownership of the reserve. Shall it be a national park, or a State park? Upon whom shall devolve the duty of maintenance, and the more important duty—since it involves greater danger of failure—of appointing officials and subordinates. There is much to be said on both sides. On the State side is the sentimental consideration that the scenery and trees of the park are peculiarly characteristic of California. Nowhere else in the United States or even in the world can such a location for a public park be found. The people of California have always felt a just pride in the beauties of their State, and they would take more interest in it as a State park than as a national affair, because they would feel that it was nearer to them. The State of New York has recently set apart a reserve among the Adirondacks as a State park, and why should not California do the same?

At the same time, California already has a State park in Yosemite Valley, and the way in which it has been managed is not such as to encourage the friends of public parks to intrust the management of the Big Basin to the State government. There have been too many political considerations and too many purely local interests. One of the features of the Big Basin plan is to reclothe the hill-sides of San Mateo with redwoods. This is a scientific problem, and the federal government has a department of forestry already equipped and ready to cope with the question. The question of appropriations for maintenance and experimental work also would probably be easier with the federal government than with the State government. These are all

phases of the question that should be thoroughly discussed by the advocates of the park. Preconceived ideas should be set aside, and an attempt made to come to an agreement that will advance the best interests of the movement.

The important proceedings of the Republican convention at Philadelphia occurred too late for extended notice in this issue. Suffice it to say at the present time that both the declaration of principles that was adopted and the candidates that were selected should receive and will command the earnest support of every true Republican. The renomination of President McKinley was a foregone conclusion, and is the logical outcome of his administration of the affairs of this country during the last four years. He entered office under peculiarly trying circumstances. The most difficult questions were pressing for immediate solution, and, while he had been in public life for many years, the details of the negotiations were necessarily unfamiliar to him. He was called upon to conduct the first war with a foreign country that this country had been engaged in for nearly a century, for the Mexican conflict can hardly be classed as a war, momentous as it was when measured by its results. The most difficult questions, internal and external, he has handled successfully, and his renomination was not only a just reward for his services, but an act of wisdom that guarantees the American people four years more of prosperity and progress.

The nomination of Roosevelt for the second position on the ticket was the picturesque and striking event of the convention. The nomination of McKinley had been discounted in advance—it was the mandate of the people, and could not be refused. Only momentarily was there a doubt that he would be nominated, and then the only candidate who loomed up as opposed to him was the hero of San Juan, the man who has been selected for his running mate. But for the Vice-Presidency there was a cloud of candidates. Long, Dolliver, Bliss, Fairbanks, Scott, and Woodruff all had their following, and all were in the race. Roosevelt repeatedly declined the nomination, and urged his friends not to bring him forward, as he had strenuously declined to allow his name to be used in opposition to McKinley's nomination. But the tide of popular feeling set too strongly in his favor for him to oppose it. He was distinctly the popular hero of the war among the land forces, as Dewey had been the naval hero. When war was declared, he resigned a position of influence, where he had performed notable services, to go to the front, because he felt that at the front the most important work was to be done. He organized the "Rough Riders," the most picturesque and the most distinctively American feature of the whole war, because he had known these men of the plains intimately in camp and upon the range. Probably no other man of his training and his antecedents could have managed them as he did, for the cowboy resents the restraint that is essential to military discipline, but he knew them, and therein lay a part of the secret of his success. A part only, for his distinguishing characteristic also assisted him. He is distinctly masterful—a man born to rule. This is the prominent side of his character. The other side is equally strong. His work, political and literary, has proved his brain force. More than all this, he is pre-eminently the typical American.

Telegraph Hill may be a stately eminence, made beautiful by winding streets, or it may continue, as now, a prey to the demand for rock, blasted, riven, dangerous, and unsightly. It may even be leveled, although at the present rate of destruction this process would require centuries. It would necessitate the removal of 16,500,000 cubic yards of material, while in forty-eight years only 1,750,000 cubic yards have been removed, notwithstanding an apparent activity in the quarries.

Marsden Manson, commissioner of public works, has been giving the matter some attention. He considers the present system of rectangular streets ill-advised, accompanied, as they must be, by steep, almost impassable grades. Under the present arrangement access is so difficult that the property can not develop to its full value. It has been seriously impaired already by the cutting of certain streets to sixty or eighty feet below official grade and the creation of precipitous cliffs, at the crests of which houses airily perch and threaten to topple. Mr. Manson submits three plans for treatment of the hill. One is to continue the policy of neglect—permit, as in the past, illegal excavating for the confusion of official lines and levels. This course would produce deterioration of values and prevent improvements.

A second plan is to hlast away the entire hill, lowering the top two hundred and sixteen feet to a point eighty-two feet above the city's base. This, as stated above, would be an immense task, and at its completion a now sheltered portion of the water-front would be exposed to severe winds. So vast a public work would involve financial as well as economic problems. The plan will not be favorably re-

ceived. There is no popular clamor for the abolition of Telegraph Hill; people would rather have it as it is, than not have it.

It is the third plan of Mr. Manson that will be accorded general approval. This is for the construction of winding streets, ascending by a grade never more than seven per cent. There are advantageous points for the starting of two such streets, fitted to the topography, and calculated not only to add to the impressiveness of the height, but to its utility. Once these streets have been provided, Telegraph Hill would be as picturesque as Belvedere, and its stately summit, no longer given over to ruined tenements, become a place of homes—for no site could be more comely. Much would be added to the worth of every lot. Of course, this plan also would involve many details and much initial expense, but the result of carrying it out would justify the cost. The eastern face of the hill, blasted already into a sheer declivity, could be sloped, and made not only imposing but pleasing in effect. At the foot of it are lots that could be brought to the level of Sansome Street, gaining as much by the change as the ones high above.

From nowhere else in San Francisco is there a finer view than that afforded from Telegraph Hill. To no other point can the eye turn to find a sight more impressive than its rugged outline against the sky. To neglect it is a pity, and to permit its destruction would be a shame.

To portray in adequate terms the suffering of India under the blight of famine would be impossible. Millions of people are starving there, and over the camps where they have gathered in quest of food there sweeps the plague of cholera. By hundreds and by thousands they are dying, until the unburied bodies of the dead pollute the air and turn to poison the scant flow of the rivers. Some rains have lately fallen, and while there may be in these a promise of plenty, they do not take from the present its overshadowing horror. Sixty millions of natives are crying for food, and one-sixth of this vast number are threatened with death from starvation. Every twenty-four hours thousands, worn to ghastly skeleton forms, lie down to rise no more. The bird of the air falls stricken from the skies. Side by side cattle and wild beasts, their fears forgot, and their enmities, perish under the burning sun. A state of affairs more terrible could not be imagined.

The government of India is carrying on relief work on a scale never before attempted. In the middle of May, 5,795,000 were receiving help, but the hideous conditions grow worse, and unaided the government can not keep pace with the increase of destitution and despair. The mortality rate is greatest in provinces that are not fully under government control and where the British have least influence. Here the sole reliance now is the missionaries—brave men and women—and the funds that may be sent to them. The death rate at Ahmedabad, where there are peculiar advantages in the distribution of supplies, is now sixty-two per thousand each week, against a normal rate of forty per thousand a year. The area affected embraces 450,000 square miles, greater than France and Germany combined, equal to all New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Well might the task of amelioration be regarded as overwhelming, save that the great heart of the world has been touched. Many have felt the impulse to assist, but have not known the method.

Now comes a definite call for help. In New York has been found a relief committee of one hundred men. They desire that the offerings of this country shall amount to a million dollars. In order that such result may be attained they offer to forward all money, to give every facility at their command freely, to employ only the most economical and efficacious way of reaching the victims of the famine. Any request as to the disposition of donations will be carefully heeded. There is need for all this sum, and more. A recent dispatch from Lord Curzon said: "So far as no more funds being needed, every dollar is of service in saving life. . . . All help gratefully received."

It is well to understand what a little money will do. Two to five cents a day will save a life. Two dollars will maintain one individual until next harvest. Five dollars will provide a meal for two hundred and fifty of the hungry. By ten dollars there can be given support to two hundred workers in various industries for a day. The small sum of twenty-five dollars will give an orphan food, clothing, care, teaching in books and craftsmanship for a year. Think of what may be accomplished by contributions of \$100, \$500, or \$1,000; and yet no offering is so small as to be unwelcome.

The firm of Brown Brothers & Co., 58 Wall Street, acts as treasurer for the committee. Any express office in the United States will receive and forward money free of all cost. Distribution is gratuitous, for it is attended to by missionaries already in the field, with salaries provided. No charity more worthy ever appealed to human generosity.



## ON THE TRIGGER'S PULL.

How a Prize Was Won and Lost.

There is always trouble of one sort or another when a woman meddles with those things which do not concern her sex.

Obviously, carbines were none of Miss Mivart's concern. If she felt that she had to play with fire-arms she should have kept to Flobert rifles. Nothing would do, however, but that she must learn to shoot a carbine, and the result was that the whole post rose up and cut Burton, to a man; so that there was no peace for him any longer in that regiment and he had to seek transfer to another. There were other results, also, but they come further on.

Some thought that what Miss Mivart did was done on purpose, and some thought that it was a piece of idiotic silliness. The latter based their argument upon the general frivolousness of her ways, and upon the innocence of her round, blue eyes. The former held to the belief that Miss Mivart was one of those women favorites of Fortune who look greater fools than they are. They said, with a certain show of reason, that Georgia Mivart was a child of the service and not an importation from civil life. She had been born in a garrison and had played with rows of empty, green-rimmed cartridge-shells at an age when most little girls play with paper dolls. She had bummed snatches of the bugle-calls before she could talk, and the person she had admired the most and obeyed the best for the first dozen years of her life had been Kreutzer, Captain Mivart's tow-headed striker. A few years of boarding-school back East could not have obliterated all that.

Besides, the veriest civilian, who has never come nearer to a carbine than to watch a Fourth of July militia parade, might reasonably be expected to know by intuition that in a target-practice competition every trigger has got to pull just so hard, whatever the regulation number or fraction of pounds may be. Otherwise, it is plain that the nearer you come to a fair-trigger the better your aim will be.

However, whether Miss Mivart was fully aware of what she was doing, nobody ever knew, unless perhaps it was Greville—and he, like Zuleika, never told. But Burton had a bad time of it, and all his beautiful score went for worse than nothing at all.

That, though, was the end. And the beginning ought to come first. The beginning was when Miss Mivart undertook to learn to shoot a carbine.

There was a target-practice competition going on at the post; not one which was of any interest to the service, or even to the department at large; just a little local affair, devised to keep up the *esprit de corps* of the troops and to lighten the monotony of life. There were three contests, one for troops and companies, as such; one for individual privates, and one for the officers. This last was to finish off, and then there was to be a big hop.

Every one knew from the first, when Burton and Greville shot with their troops, that the officers' competition would lie between them. This made it interesting in more ways than one, because the rivalry was not confined to the target range, but extended to the winning of Miss Mivart's band and heart, and every one believed that this would settle a matter she did not appear to be able to settle for herself. Not that she was to blame for that. Any one, even a person much more certain of her own mind than Miss Mivart was, would have been put to it to choose.

They were both first-lieutenants, and both cavalymen, and both good to look upon. Burton was fair and Greville was dark, but she had no fixed prejudices regarding that. She had often said so. Also, both were as much in love with her as even she could have wished, and were more than willing that all the world should see it—than which nothing is more pleasant and soothing to a right-minded woman.

The rifle contest lasted ten days, during which time the air hummed with the ping and sing of bullets over on the range, and with the calls of the markers in the rifle-pits. Only scores and records and bets were thought and talked about.

Miss Mivart herself had bet, with all the daring wickedness of a kitten teasing a heetle. She even went so far as to bet on both Burton and Greville at once. The adjutant undertook to explain to her that that was called "hedging," and was not looked upon as altogether sporty. Miss Mivart was hurt. Was it really dishonest, she wanted to know. The adjutant felt that he had been unkind. He hastened to assure her that it was not—not dishonest in the least; only that it took away from the excitement of the thing to a certain extent. Miss Mivart smiled and shook her head. No, she didn't think that it did, because, of course, she knew herself which one she wanted to have win. The adjutant admitted that that might possibly be just as interesting for herself and the fortunate man. And which was he, if he might ask. Miss Mivart shook her head and smiled again. No, she didn't think he might ask. As the man himself didn't know, she could hardly tell any one else just yet, could she? She had her own ideas about fair play.

"I can shoot a carbine, myself," she told the adjutant, with her cleft chin proudly raised; "and my shoulder is all black and blue. Mr. Burton is teaching me."

"Oh!" said the adjutant, "and what does Greville think about that?" The adjutant was married, so he was out of the running.

"Mr. Greville is teaching me, too," said Georgia; "and here he comes for me now."

Burton was safe on the target range, over behind the barracks. Miss Mivart and Greville went in the other direction, by the back of the officers' row, over in the foothills across the creek. Greville nailed the top of a big red pasteboard box to the trunk of a tree, and Miss Mivart hit it or e out of sixteen times—when she was aiming at the head of a prairie dog at least twenty feet away to the right. The other fifteen shots were scattered among the foothills.

Then her shoulder burt her so that she was ready to cry. Greville would have liked to have her cry upon his own shoulder, but, as she didn't, he did some fancy shooting to distract her. He found a mushroom-can, and threw it into the air and filed it full of holes. She had seen Burton do the same thing that morning with a tomato-tin. In fact, from where she sat now, on a lichen-covered rock, she could see the mutilated can glittering in the sun, over beyond the arroyo. So she thirsted for fresher sensations.

"I'll tell you," she said to Greville, as he held up the mushroom-can for her to inspect the eight holes he had made with five shots, "let me toss up your hat, and you make a hole through the trade-mark in the crown."

It was a nice, new straw hat. Greville had sent East for it and it had come by stage the day before. It had cost him, express paid, four dollars and seventy-five cents. This, too, at a time when anything he had left after settling his mess and sutler's and tailor's bills, went into stick-pins and candy and books and music and riding-whips for Miss Mivart. But he took off the hat and gave it to her without even a lingering glance at that high-priced trade-mark within. And he felt that it was worth four times four dollars and seventy-five cents when she picked up the tattered remains, at last, and asked if she might have them to hang in her room.

Then she looked down at her grimy hand and considered the first finger, crooking it open and shut. "I think it's going to swell," she pouted. "That is a perfectly awful trigger to pull."

Greville did what any man might have been expected to do. He caught the hand and kissed it. Miss Mivart looked absolutely unconscious of it. She might have been ten miles away herself. Greville, therefore, thought that she was angry, and his heart was filled with contrition. Yet he was old and wise enough to be a first-lieutenant. He walked beside her back to the post in a state of humble dejection she could not understand.

The next morning it was Burton's turn. Greville was over on the range now, vainly trying to bring his record up to where Burton's was. This time Miss Mivart fired at a white pasteboard-box cover, and hit it three times out of twenty. She was jubilant, and so was Burton, because she was making such progress under his tuition.

"That's an easy carbine to shoot, isn't it?" she asked as they wandered home; "it isn't at all hard to pull the trigger." Burton glanced at her, and she met his eyes innocently. "It's just like any other trigger," he told her.

"Yes, of course. And is that the very same carbine you use in the competition—the one you shot with yesterday, and will use this afternoon when you finish up?"

He told her that it was. "Well," she said, complacently, "I think I'm doing very nicely, don't you. I hit the target three times, and my first finger doesn't hurt a bit—this morning."

That afternoon the competition came to an end, with Burton a good many points ahead of Greville. And that night there was the big hop. It had been understood from the first that the man who won was to take Miss Mivart to the hop. So she went over with Burton, and gave him one-third of her dances. Greville had another third, and the rest were open to the post at large.

Greville did not look happy at all. It was not the target record he minded. He never thought about that. It was having to go down the board-walk to the hop-room behind Burton, and to watch Miss Mivart leaning on his arm and looking up into his face from under the white mists of her lace hood. He was not consoled at all when she looked up into his own face even more sweetly at the beginning of the second dance, and whispered that she was "so sorry."

Now as the second dance had been Greville's, the third was Burton's. That was the way it had been arranged. As the band began the waltz, Miss Mivart stood beside Greville in the centre of quite a group. The commanding officer was in the group, so was Burton's captain, and so was the adjutant. There were some others as well, and also some women. Miss Mivart may have chosen that position, or it may simply have happened so.

Any way, just as the waltz started, Burton, light-hearted and light-footed, came slipping and sliding over the candle-waxed floor, and pushed his way into the midst. "Ours," he said, triumphantly.

But Miss Mivart did not heed him at once. She was telling them all how she had learned to shoot a carbine as well as any one, and they, the men, at any rate, were hanging on her words.

"Mr. Greville taught me," she said, "and so did Mr. Burton." (This was the first either had known of the other's part in it, and they exchanged a look.) "They taught me with their own carbines, too. The very same ones they used themselves in the competition. But I shot best with Mr. Burton's carbine. He must have fixed his trigger to pull more easily; it was almost like, what do you call it, a hair-trigger?"

She looked about for an answer, and saw on their faces a stare of stony horror and surprise. They had moved a little away from Burton, and the commanding officer's steely eyes were on his face. The face had turned white, even with the sunburn, and Burton's voice was just a trifle unsteady as he spoke.

"This is our dance, I think, Miss Mivart," he said.

The innocent, round, blue orbs looked just a little coldly into his. "No," she told him, "I think you are mistaken. It is Mr. Greville's dance." And she turned and laid her hand on Greville's arm.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1900.

Spain is trying to make up for her present disasters by looking back to her past glories. The bodies of four distinguished Spaniards who died in exile were recently brought back to Madrid from France, where they were buried and after a State funeral were laid away in the San Isidro Cemetery. They were Goya, the painter; Moratin, the dramatist; and the poets Melendez Valdez and Donoso Cortes.

## OLD FAVORITES.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 9, 1900.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I remember reading in the *Argonaut* a few years ago a very dramatic piece of blank verse by some French author, describing, I think, an immolation of priests within a chapel in a monastery. The poem itself is particularly vivid and thrilling in its delineation of the death-dealing work of the soldiers and the heroic bearing of a priest at the altar who was repeatedly shot before he sank down at his post of duty. It is probably a column in length, and while I know the author's name well, I can not for the moment recall it nor the title of the poem. Can you help me in my search?

Yours truly,

JOHN J. VALENTINE.

## The Benediction.

It was in eighteen hundred—yes—and nine,  
That we took Saragossa. What a day  
Of untold horrors! I was sergeant then.  
The city carried, we laid siege to houses,  
All shut up close, and with a treacherous look,  
Raining down shots upon us from the windows.  
"Tis the priest's doing!" was the word passed round;  
So that, although since daybreak under arms—  
Our eyes with powder smearing, and our mouths  
Bitter with kissing cartridge-ends—piff! paff!  
Rattled the musketry with ready aim,  
If shovel hat and long black coat were seen  
Flying in the distance. Up a narrow street  
My company worked on. I kept an eye  
On every house-top, right and left, and saw  
From many a roof flames suddenly burst forth,  
Coloring the sky, as from the chimney-tops  
Among the forges. Low our fellows stooped,  
Entering the low-pitched dens. When they came out,  
With bayonets dripping red, their bloody fingers  
Signed crosses on the wall; for we were bound,  
In such a dangerous defile, not to leave  
Foes lurking in our rear. There was no drum-beat,  
No ordered march. Our officers looked grave;  
The rank and file uneasy, joggling elbows  
As do recruits when finching.

All at once,  
Rounding a corner, we are hailed in French  
With cries for help. At double-quick we join  
Our hard-pressed comrades. They were grenadiers,  
A gallant company, but beaten back  
Inglorious from the raised and flag-paved square,  
Fronting a convent. Twenty stalwart monks  
Defended it, black demons with shaved crowns,  
The cross in white embroidered on their frocks,  
Barfcoat, their sleeves tucked up, their only weapons  
Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished  
Our men went down before them. By platoons  
Firing we swept the place; in fact, we slaughtered  
This terrible group of heroes, no more soul  
Being in us than in executioners.  
The foul deed done—deliberately done—  
And the thick smoke rolling away, we noted  
Under the huddled masses of the dead,  
Rivulets of blood run trickling down the steps;  
While in the background solemnly the church  
Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went in.  
It was a desert. Lighted tapers starred  
The inner gloom with points of gold. The incense  
Gave out its perfume. At the upper end,  
Turned to the altar, as though unconcerned  
In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest,  
White-haired and tall of stature, to a close  
Was bringing tranquilly the mass. So stamped  
Upon my memory is that thrilling scene.  
That, as I speak, it comes before me now—  
The convent built in old time by the Moors;  
The huge brown corpses of the monks; the sun  
Making the red blood on the pavement steam;  
And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest;  
And there the altar brilliant as a shrine;  
And here ourselves, all halting, besitating,  
Almost afraid.

I, certes, in those days  
Was a confirmed blasphemer. 'Tis on record  
That once, by way of sacrilegious joke,  
A chapel being sacked, I lit my pipe  
At a wax-candle burning on the altar.  
This time, however, I was awed—so blanched  
Was that old man!

"Shoot him!" our captain cried.  
Not a soul huddled. The priest beyond all doubt  
Heard; but, as though he heard not, turning round,  
He faced us with the elevated Host,  
Having that period of the service reached  
When on the faithful benediction falls.  
His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings;  
And as he raised the pyx, and in the air  
With it described the cross, each man of us  
Fell back, aware the priest no more was trembling  
Than if before him the devout were ranged.  
But when, intoned with clear and mellow voice,  
The words came to us—

Vos benedict

Dés Omnipotens!

The captain's order  
Rang out again and sharply, "Shoot him down,  
Or I shall swear!" Then one of ours, a dastard,  
Leveled his gun and fired. Unstopping still,  
The priest changed color, though with steadfast look  
Set upwards, and indomitably stern.

Pater et Filius!

Came the words. What frenzy,  
What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our ranks  
Another shot, I know not; but 'twas done.  
The monk, with one hand on the altar's ledge,  
Held himself up; and strenuous to complete  
His benediction, in the other raised  
The consecrated Host. For the third time  
Tracing in air the symbol of forgiveness,  
With eyes closed, and in tones exceeding low,  
But in the general hush distinctly heard,  
Et Sanctus Spiritus!

He said; and ending  
His service, fell down dead.

The golden pyx  
Rolled bounding on the floor. Then, as we stood,  
Even the old troopers, with our muskets grounded,  
And choking horror in our hearts, at sight  
Of such a shameless murder and at sight  
Of such a martyr—with a chuckling laugh,  
Amen!

Drawled out a drummer-boy.

—From the French of François Coppée.

Nine out of ten travelers would tell inquirers that the roughest piece of water is that cruel stretch in the English Channel, and nine out of ten travelers would say what was not true. As a matter of fact (says the *Shipping World*), "the wickedest bit of sea" is not in the Dover Straits; or in yachting, for example, from St. Jean de Luiz up to Pauillac; or across the Mediterranean "race" from Cadiz to Tangiers. Nor is it in rounding Cape Horn, where there is what sailors call a "true" sea. The "wickedest sea" is encountered in rounding the Cape of Good Hope for the eastern ports of Cape Colony.



## NEW YORK'S SUMMER SIESTA.

Geraldine Bonner Writes of Hot Weather and Empty Houses—  
Automobiles and Carriages on the Avenue—Charming  
Costumes on the Drive and in the Park.

New York is already sunk in its summer drowse. There are people about and there are houses open, but they are not the people, or the houses. The people have been in the country for a month or two, and the houses have all got their wooden doors up and their blue blinds down. Care-takers have things their own way on the basement floor—and you have to give them twenty-five dollars a month and coal for the privilege—and cats prowl unmolested on the back fence.

In short, it is summer. The heat of it robs the unfortunate Californian visitor of life and enterprise and energy as the steam-room of a Turkish bath has never done. I thought human endurance had reached its limit on the Nebraska prairies when the thermometer stood at nearly one hundred in the car, and even the porter was fain to admit that "it was warm." But New York, hasking in a haze of breathlessness, with the fine green foliage uncurling in the heavy, moist air, and the creeper-covered fronts of houses showing not one vibrating leaf, was a good step in advance as a trial of patience.

I spent several days recuperating in a large, empty house, full of nothing but obsequious servants. Neat maids in black, with shoulder-strapped aprons and immaculate collars, kept approaching me in a gingerly way, and asking in the hushed tones of well-trained respect what I wanted to eat, and I would murmur, faintly, "Iced coffee," and relapse into a comfortable collapse. In between the collapses I walked about the high-ceilinged, dim, cool rooms, full of the huddled outlines of furniture, and bunched forms of shrouded chandeliers. There was no sound but the tapping of my own heels on the bare and shining floors, and no light but the chastened daylight that squeezed in below lowered blinds. I was in New York once again, and far away, like the echo in a dream, came the muffled roar of the avenue.

Then there came a day of revivifying coolness. I summoned a hansom, and went forth with an air of languid wealth to buy a shirt-waist for ninety-eight cents. The avenue did not look deserted, for trade has crowded out the aristocracy up as far as the cathedral, and trade never puts up wooden doors or pulls down blue blinds. There were ravishing confections in the windows, and thrilling places where antique furniture, and old jewelry, and modern paintings, and hot-house plants are always on view and for sale. There was also a steady stream of vehicles—mostly carriages and hansoms—tooling up and down, and filled with fresh-faced women in light, summery clothes. New York was evidently still New York.

Now and then an automobile came nosing its way through the press with a blundering air. Just as it appeared to have fully made up its mind to run down all that stood in its path, it turned with amazing precision, and darted in and out through breaks in the crowd, neatly grazing wheels with less nimble vehicles. The freight of an automobile appears to be invariable—a man and a girl in sailor-hat and shirt-waist. They seem to go with the machine as part of its mechanism. And as all the men are smooth-shaven, and all the girls slim and freshly tinted, they suggest the idea that they have been made in pairs by the gross in the same factory whence the autos are turned out.

There is a lumbersome elegance about the private automobiles that makes them as marked as their owners. One of these, pausing for a temporary block, afforded me a more than momentary view of its inmate. She was a very pretty lady, with the figure of a little girl, a face made up of delightful curves, a saucily tip-tilted nose, and a pair of velvety brown eyes. She had the air of being a mischievous eighteen, but was in reality some ten years older. For I happened to have seen her before, and recognized her as the young wife of one of the best known of New York millionaires.

Continuing on my way, I could see the long slope of the avenue downward past the Astoria-Waldorf, the flaunting edges of awnings, and the shifting of the hohhing tops of parasols, with the white gleam of the Dewey arch in the distance. There were a good many foot-passengers, pounding along in the heat, women in shirt-waists with their hats either over their noses, or flat on the backs of their heads, balanced on a sternly erect pompadour. Nobody looked pretty, for everybody was overheated, and the morning was hot and the avenue long.

What struck me most about these pedestrians was the size of their feet. The days when the New York woman had a matchless foot to put upon the necks of men and nations is over. If she put her foot on the neck of a man now, it—the neck—would be crushed to a jelly. She has a large, massive foot, and puts it in a large, massive shoe, and, so clad, walks with it in a large, massive way. I think it is really the shoes they wear. For I have heard, ever since my arrival, that girls huy hoys' shoes by preference, as they make their feet look larger. So the whirligig of time brings in its revenges!

Another dream that has been shattered is that New York women wear short skirts in the street in the morning. Let no woman who is coming here comfortably short in the petticoats lay that flattering unction to her soul. I have not seen one short skirt in the streets, either morning or afternoon. The long vista of Fifth Avenue is set thick with exhausted women, holding up their dragging dresses as they wend a perspiring way to their homes and hearths. That was how I came to see the feet so plainly. The dress is held high above the contaminating touch of the pavement, and their little feet, like mice, creep in and out from underneath their petticoats. Only the mice must have been grown in California, where, as we all know, the fauna and flora reach a size unknown in less favored localities.

There is not much to do in this first hot weather except

to go to the shops and spend all your money, or go to Maillard's and eat chocolate-ice cream and *petit fours*. The roof-gardens are not on for the season, and the theatres are all off. All the winter successes are either on the road or over till the autumn, except "Sherlock Holmes," and I have not had enough energy to go there yet. Meanwhile I come in for the tag-ends of the season's gossip and hear how Morgan is growing to rant dreadfully, and Mrs. Fiske is getting fat, how Blanche Bates is one of the best female villains on the stage, and Olga Nethersole blackens her eyes as far down as her cheek bones. And I can not see any of them! Such is the warp and woof of human life.

But there are golden afternoons, especially late toward sunset, when one can drive through the park and out on the riverside and realize what a big place New York is after all. Though the town is empty, the park teems with people. Not one of its leafy alleys looks deserted, and as for the driveway, the carriages are as thick there as on Fifth Avenue. And if it is late in the season, where do all these people come from? Carriage after carriage, glistening in the bravery of varnish and nickel plate, two men on the box, and two broad-barreled horses at the pole, goes rolling by. The gleaming procession is fitly backgrounded by the even, emerald expanses of the park lawns and the thick, tender, green foliage of the park elms.

It is a great panorama of the wealth of a great city. For every person in these carriages is sumptuously dressed, luxuriously housed beyond a doubt, and overfed beyond a question. The older people show this, and always go slowly in open victorias and landaus, with their pampered old feet on cushions and a dog or two sitting gasping on their laps. The fat old women are very gorgeous as to dress and have wrinkleless, well-doctored faces that deceive no one as to the number of years that have rolled by since they were fresh, kissable young faces. The old men seem to have forgotten those days, and look very bored and stupid.

The younger women patronize every sort of vehicle. Two in a victoria; one alone, very proud and splendid, in a gorgeous landau; one with a man in a light road-wagon, with a horse that flits by in the faintest swirl of dust and whirl of yellow wheels. There are a few dog-carts—but very few—some T-carts, and here and there a basket-phaeton full of children. But for the most part the vehicles are of the low-running, heavy, open sort, which show off the whole costume and make a parasol necessary.

The costumes were almost invariably worth showing. Much of the beauty of this afternoon drive, when the sun is low and the air full of golden dust, is due to the light and brilliant dressing of the women. Against the yellow haze of the west, and the green stretches of turf, and huddled masses of thickly leaved foliage, these reclining figures shone with the daring vividness of pieces of enameling. Sometimes the whole costume was light in color, as it was with a fair-haired woman I saw getting into a victoria at the door of one of the huge Riverside mansions. She was all in pale-blue and white, and, as she dropped back upon the cushions, unfurled a hunchy white parasol that spread quantities of transparent edging to the breeze.

Many of them wore light waists and hats, but of the palest hues. Others again were in spick-and-span striped or dotted muslin dresses, with a good deal of lace fluttering about. Sitting in the light-running road-wagons were figures in rigorously plain gingham, but always of some gracious summer tint—pink, blue, lilac. And the hats were invariably gay and flaunting with flowers. Such flower-garden hats I have never seen. Some of them were huge, flat affairs, like trays, that seemed to have been pressed down by the weight of the blossoms wreathed about them. Others projected over the eyes, like the red-tiled roof of an old adobe, and trails of flowers hung on to the edge and scrambled over the crown. Most of them had a somewhat rakish appearance, as though the wearer had put them on in a tearing hurry without consultation of a mirror. But just at present this is the correct expression for an up-to-date, self-respecting hat, and must be cultivated.

But the most charming things I have so far seen in New York are the children. While the women look—in dress at least—much the same as they do in the West, the children are got up in an entirely different manner. I have seen no Californian child dressed as these little New Yorkers are. They one and all wear a short, scanty frock, like a Russian blouse, with a low, standing collar and a loose leather belt, either white or black, hanging well down on the hips. The dress has no trimming save a little braid or embroidery where it fastens on one side of the blouse front. With this go short socks of the same color, and patent-leather low shoes. Their hair hangs in an even row of curls, tied back round the head with a ribbon. The hat is like an old-fashioned leghorn—low, and with a flapping brim—and is either wreathed with flowers or has a flat ribbon how to match the dress.

The simplicity of this costume and its absolute adaptability to the freedom of movement necessary to a child, makes it exceedingly striking and successful. There is no overloading with embroidery or lace, no clumsy frills or unnecessary ribbons. It is by all odds the prettiest, the quaintest, and the most sensible child-dress that has been adopted for many years. And, oh, how beautifully brought up these little New York children are! I could write a separate letter on two I saw the other afternoon, charming to look at, gentle, intelligent, speaking the prettiest English and the purest French, and withal huddling over with a child's animal spirits and delicious gayety. After a half-hour in their society I was quite ready to agree with Stevenson that a lovely child is really too good to be true.

NEW YORK, June 15, 1900. GERALDINE BONNER.

The most emphatic denial to Mr. Hooley's alleged control of the concession is given by the London *Daily Express*, which was the first to announce the Siberian goldfields concession from the Czar of Russia to a British syndicate. Mr. Hooley is utterly repudiated at the Russian embassy and unknown at St. Petersburg.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sir John Tenniel, who is affectionately known among his associates as the "Grand Old Man of *Punch*," has been on the staff of that paper for fifty years. Over two thousand cartoons have come from his pencil, and an exhibition of the original drawings is now being held in London.

A strange coincidence last week was the conferring by Cambridge University of the degree of LL. D. on Joseph H. Choate, our ambassador to the court of St. James, and the conferring of the same degree by Columbia University on Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador at Washington, D. C.

William J. Bryan is not the only Democrat who finds public speaking profitable. Ex-Governor "Boh" Taylor has closed a long lecture tour of the West, and is reported to have made clear, over and above expenses, the sum of thirty thousand dollars. The salary of the governor of Tennessee is four thousand dollars. "Boh" Taylor drew it for four years, from 1887 to 1891.

Mrs. Potter Palmer has accepted an invitation to visit the Queen of Belgium before her return to America. Mrs. Palmer's *salon* in Paris is rapidly becoming famous, and her rooms are filled with the leading political and social celebrities on each receiving day. Mr. Palmer, who is the most modest of men, has recently been in poor health, and begins to show inevitable signs of old age.

Princess Mathilde Bonaparte has been receiving congratulations in her Paris residence from her numerous friends on the occasion of her eighty-first birthday. On the evening of her birthday her *salons* were filled with ambassadors, academicians, writers, artists, military men, and the representatives of Paris society, who had gathered to offer their best wishes to the popular daughter of Jerome Bonaparte.

Pierre Lorillard's house-boat *Caiman*, which was burned in Florida waters a fortnight ago, was the most elaborate boat of the sort in this country, and the loss is estimated at nearly one hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Lorillard's boat was equipped with its own motive power, and so arranged that it could tow a floating stable and carriage-house, thereby permitting the owner to use his own horses when he wished to land.

The Princess Aribert of Anhalt, who is traveling *incognito* through this country and Canada as the Countess of Munsterberg, is the granddaughter of Queen Victoria. She has the highest rank of any guest visiting the British embassy at Washington since the Prince of Wales was in the country. Princess Aribert is the daughter of Princess Christian, and is twenty-eight years of age. She lived at Windsor until her marriage to Prince Anhalt, and then made her home in Germany. She is accompanied only by her lady-in-waiting, Fräulein von Chappins.

William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., has set the authorities of Newport at ease as to the rate of speed of his automobile. He ascertained from the chief of police that the automobile came under the same regulations as other vehicles, and was, therefore, restricted to a maximum speed limit of twelve miles an hour. Stories have been current of wild flights of speed made by his vehicle. These he denied, saying that he had never exceeded ten miles an hour, and therefore never transgressed the law, for which he has the greatest respect. Mr. Vanderbilt has a French license as *chaffeur*, acquired after taking a six-weeks' course of lessons in France. This is sufficient testimony to his qualifications for handling an automobile.

English newspapers are discussing what Lord Roberts's reward will be when he finishes his work in South Africa and comes home. One opinion is that he is much too poor to be a duke, and that Parliament will not venture to vote him money enough to support the dignity of that rank, but that he will be made an earl and given a hundred thousand pounds and the blue ribbon of the Garter. No British general since Wellington has been made a Knight of the Garter. That honor constitutes a degree of greatness too sublime, ordinarily, to be achieved except by supreme discrimination in being horn. About twenty first-chop British peers and five members of the royal family are Knights of the Garter, all the other members being kings.

General Pio del Pilar, who has been captured by the Filipino police near San Pedro Macati, has been one of the worst trouble-makers among the Filipino leaders. He has been regarded as second only to Aguinaldo in his ability as a fighter and in his hatred of America. Despite these facts, Pio del Pilar has more than once let his personal hatred of Aguinaldo and his love of gain lead him to make traitorous proposals to the American generals. Last October it was reported that he had offered to surrender his army after a sham battle for \$250,000, and to secure the overthrow of the rebellion and the capture of Aguinaldo for \$500,000. Of late he has been conducting guerrilla warfare in the vicinity of Laguna de Bay and along the Pasig in the direction of Manila.

It has leaked out that ex-President Benjamin Harrison has become enamored of the game of golf. At the links in the vicinity of Indianapolis he is a familiar figure. A recent visitor to this resort expressed great surprise at beholding scampering and cantering over the field after the evasive white ball the pudgy but still dignified form of the former President of the United States. It is related that General Harrison wears a suit on the links that is the envy of every beholder. A jaunty cap, knee breeches, gorgeously colored stockings—in brief, the complete paraphernalia of the golf player. He "puts" and "drives" and does all of the other things of the game with the enthusiasm and vigor of a youth, though the visitor who saw him at the sport declares that in his golf togs he looks like a Brownie.



## AMERICAN CHEERS IN PARIS.

Inauguration of the United States Building at the Exposition—  
Official Bunting—National Airs by Sousa's Band  
—The Crowd and the Police.

The United States was in one sense in at the death. The commissioner-general of the exposition, getting tired of all the abuse lavished upon him on account of the unreadiness of things, had issued a solemn ukase, futilely fixing the twelfth of May as the date by which everything must be in place and all work suspended. And on the twelfth of May the United States officials flung open their great doors and bade all citizens enter, to see what had been brewing all these days of our expectation.

America in Paris accepted the invitation, and arrived many hundred strong to do honor to the flag. It was a superb spring day, sunny and warm. Everybody was cheerful to the overflow point, everybody bent on impressing the foreigners at the exposition by a demonstration of numbers and patriotism that should not be readily forgotten. The children came copiously be-sashed with the stars and stripes, men wore United States buttons on their coats, women waved little band-flags. It was a joyous gathering, and it gave the neighborhood of the United States building the appearance of a bit of America on a gala day.

Sousa's band was installed on the piazza between our building and the Austrian. And Sousa had no reason to complain of his reception. As he mounted his stand with his musicians around him, the crowd waved its flags and held up its children to see him, and pointed innumerable kodaks at him, and gave him a wild American cheer that startled the French police out of their wits for a moment. Sousa's dark, heavy face lighted up with a beaming smile through the formidable blackness of his beard. And if, as a rule, his contortions are remarkable as he conducts, this time he seemed like some demon escaped from the pit. In the enthusiasm of his gratification he lashed his musicians into fervor with the wildest and most terrifying gestures of baton and body, and the national airs rose with a majesty and a moving appeal which reacted on the crowd and drove it into a passion of patriotic excitement. It was good to be there just then in the midst of that little bit of America, compressed tight and fast, in the spring sun on the Rue des Nations of the great exposition.

But if the crowd was happy and excited at first, it began after a little while to get vaguely disquieted, then discontented, then almost openly angry. In the open space we were kept in check by a long and strong cordon of police—all of us, specially invited guests, press-men, the indiscriminate, honorable mob—all except some two hundred people who had had the good sense to arrive on the scene an hour or so before the appointed time. These last lined the quay, facing us who had had the folly to trust to our invitations for our entry. Seated on chairs looking over the river, or strolling up and down smoking and talking at their ease on the right side of the police lines, they began to grate on our nerves. We were packed very tight, we were getting very hot, we could not turn round to talk; there was not arm-room to light a cigar, or air-room to warrant one in smoking it. And there was no escape, no hope whatever of pushing a way through the crowd backward or forward. People began to ask wrathfully who were the favored folk on the right side of the police, walking in the shadow of Mr. French's mighty Washington.

At first the police were sympathetic, paternal, rather as who should say, "Little children, keep your hair on. Patience only a few minutes, and you shall all pass in." At first we believed and were good. Then Sousa, a black river of perspiration, lifted his indefatigable arms and brought them down with a crash to set the "Marseillaise" agoing. A shiver of rage and despair went through our serried ranks. It was evidently the president of the republic arriving; at the very least it was M. Picard; it was the ceremony, and we were out of it. Curses, not loud but deep, began to rise, and soon hung in heavy clouds over our heads. But soon it was perceived that the early birds on the easy side of the line budged not, neither did they cheer. Evidently the attended worm had not come within their view. We groaned a little, and relapsed for another half-hour into a state of discontented somnolence, slowly losing our tempers and getting nasty to each other in all sorts of local accents and idioms. The agents began to get uncivil. I saw one woman in tears after a brief parley with a man in blue. I daresay, though, that her break-down was caused not so much by any direct insolence on his side as by her rage at being unable to express in intelligible French her opinion of him and his country and the Paris Exposition. A long interval.

Then a second time the crash of the first bar of the "Marseillaise." This time the *elite* on the quay started up and began a pell-mell scramble toward the national building. Our crowd got excited; there was a desperate shove from the centre, and we of the front line were hurled clean through the police cordon, scattering the policemen right and left. They closed in very promptly, and by the time we who had been propelled through had picked up our bats and dusted ourselves tranquilly on the forbidden quay, they had re-established their line and were holding the enemy stoutly in check again.

Once through the police-lines there was, of course, no trouble—for those, at any rate, who had cards. The trouble was that if it had not been for that vast upheaval setting up a vigorous centrifugal movement, not one of those who had arrived an hour before the ceremony would have seen it. And as it was, the enormous majority, with cards or without them, saw only the crowd, the Sousa band, and the police cordon for their pains. It was a case of gross mismanagement on the part of the United States staff—no other word covers the case.

The ceremony itself was spoiled as the result. These inaugurations are always rather dispiriting functions, formal and unindividual. But generally there is at least a full and

enthusiastic gathering inside the buildings to make a cheerful stir of life and a cheerful noise, and to bail the commissioner's platitudes with some genuine national enthusiasm. Alas, Mr. Peck's platitudes, at our opening, fell flatly on a thin crowd—about three deep, buttered round the double row of guards of honor gathered under the big dome. Above, the first gallery made a good showing of people, the second was sparsely occupied, in the third one saw a nigger and a photograph man.

It would have been eminently possible to pack the building from roof-tree downward and to cover every square inch of the ground space. There were enough people only too anxious to be squashed to death, if necessary, for the greater glory of the United States National Pavilion. And considering that the whole ceremony occupied just about five minutes—two speeches, Mr. Peck's in English, by the way, and the formal presentation of a gold key of the building—people might just as well have been allowed to pour in at their will. But official bungling annulled American enthusiasm; it was left to spend itself in squabbling with the police outside instead of in lifting an heroic cheer up to the dome when Peck cried "Vive la France" and Picard "Vive les Etats Unis."

As for the national building itself, you have probably heard about all that there is to say. It is a good, comfortable club-house—the only one in all the exposition, with the solitary exception of the press pavilion—and if its desks and tables are not mainly occupied by non-Americans, why, then, Americans will have to thank Mr. Peck and his staff for a very good thing. They will be able to read the American papers, receive their letters at the United States branch post-office installed there, write at solid, American writing-desks, spit into a good, American cuspidor. Down below, an American coffee-room and bar, well installed, home-like. In all a very good idea, which yet does not somehow inspire to enthusiasm. STEPHEN MACKENNA.

PARIS, May 18, 1900.

## A SONG OF THE WHITE MAN.

(This poem by Rudyard Kipling was first published in the Bloemfontein *The Friend of April*—after Lord Roberts occupied the Orange Free State capital—while a committee of the war-correspondents was editing that journal, and while for nearly a fortnight Kipling was giving them distinguished and enthusiastic assistance.—Eos.)

Now, this is the Cup that the White Men drink  
When they get to right a wrong,  
And that is the cup of the Old World's hate—  
Cruel and strained and strong.  
We have drunk that cup—and a bitter, bitter cup—  
And tossed the dregs away;  
But well for the world when the White Men drink  
To the dawn of the White Man's day.

Now, this is the Road that the White Men tread  
When they go to clean a land—  
Iron underfoot and levin overhead  
And the deep on either hand.  
We have trod that road—and a wet and windy road—  
Our chosen star for guide.  
Oh! well for the world when the White Men tread  
Their highway side by side.

Now, this is the Faith that the White Men hold  
When they build them homes afar—  
"Freedom for ourselves and freedom for our sons  
And, failing Freedom, War."  
We have proved our Faith—bear witness to our Faith,  
Dear souls of Freemen slain;  
Oh! well for the world when the White Men join  
To prove their Faith again.—Rudyard Kipling.

The scarcity and high price of coal in Europe is causing a great deal of attention to be given to the use of petroleum as fuel. Richard Guenther, consul-general of the United States at Frankfurt, Germany, sends to Washington a very interesting report on this subject. After stating the advantages in the use of petroleum over coal as fuel, Mr. Guenther says it is claimed that petroleum and its manufactures will soon supersede to a great extent the use of coal for manufacturing purposes, and therefore the supply of the oil becomes of much importance. The United States and Russia produce between them 120,000,000 barrels a year, and other contributions swell the total annual output to about 150,000,000 barrels. The production of Russia is much less now than it might be, owing to lack of enterprise on the part of the people, and inadequate transportation facilities. These cause the price of its oil to be higher in Germany, which adjoins Russia, than that of the American product, which has to travel thousands of miles. Mr. Guenther declares that the increased demand will stimulate the exploitation of the oil-fields in the different lands. Railway companies are trying oil-fired locomotives, and one steamship line uses oil to fire the boilers of its vessels. "Nothing," he says, "seems to stand in the way of a more extensive use of oil for fuel except price."

Common shells, the kind which tear through earth and woodwork, cost the United States Government eighty-five dollars each, while armor-piercers, guaranteed to penetrate the mail of war-vessels, are worth one hundred and forty-five dollars. These figures, remarks the *Chicago Record*, make it immediately obvious that the real value of an expert gunner is not his patriotism, not the number of enemies he may kill, but the financial saving he can make by shooting straight and wasting none of his projectiles.

A new use for the phonograph has been found in New South Wales, where a candidate who found it impossible to visit all parts of the sparsely settled region he wished to represent in the legislature, dictated his speech into an instrument and sent a number of copies about for his constituents to bear, a large picture of himself helping the voters to know whom they were voting for.

Gladstone's statue is to be set up at Athens in the gardens of the Zappeion, in recognition of his services to Greek independence.

## CONDITIONS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

An Interview with Major-General Otis.

"The present situation in the Philippine Islands, everything considered, is eminently satisfactory," said Major-General Elwell S. Otis in a recent interview in the *Independent*. "The insurrection is a thing of the past, the rebel army has been completely shattered, its leaders killed or captured, and all danger of another rebellion has ceased to exist. Various parts of the islands are still infested by armed bands of thieves; but that these outlaws are not actuated by any spirit of loyalty to the Filipino cause is shown by the fact that the natives themselves, in many instances, have implored our protection from their plundering raids. Our soldiers are hot on their trail, however, and the annihilation of these robber bands will soon have been accomplished.

"The insurrection in the group has been over for some months, and so far as organized resistance is concerned, none may be expected while the government retains a firm hold on the new territory. To be sure there are still in existence a large number of robber bands, which harass the natives as well as the American settlers. These bands are composed of bandits pure and simple; and the proof of this is the attacks they make on their own people, whom they pilfer with little regard to right. They do not stop at murder, and in some sections the *ladrones* are more dreaded than was the Spanish soldier of old, who is said to have been an adept at crime in many individual instances. This, of course, is merely the natives' side of the story.

"Not a sign, not a shadow of the so-called Filipino government remains. Peace has been practically restored, and the Filipinos, as a general thing, have returned to their trades and vocations, thoroughly content to submit to the authority of the United States. Trade conditions in our Eastern possessions are most encouraging. Confidence is returning and business is reviving, and a decidedly better feeling is evident on every hand. Much remains to be done before we can afford to rest upon our oars; but there is every indication that a new era is dawning for the people of those distant islands. That the natives will heartily welcome the change is made evident by the manner in which they cooperate with us in the effort to better their condition.

"One of the most hopeful and gratifying signs is that the natives themselves are supplying us with information for the purpose of breaking up the bands of *ladrones* and robbers. We were formerly handicapped by our inability to obtain any information whatever from a native. Recently the Filipinos have begun to realize that it is to their interest to assist us in putting an end to the lawlessness. Within the past three months, owing to this reason, we have captured more arms than it was our fortune to secure before during the whole campaign.

"The northern provinces have been almost entirely cleared of the Tagalos, and the natives have bailed the coming of the Americans with joy. The establishment of military governments will in the near future be followed by provincial civil governments. Reconstruction has already begun in some provinces, and will shortly be inaugurated in others. Outside of the island of Luzon the tendency for the better is more marked, and everybody is anxiously awaiting the time when American methods will operate without fear of interruption. One of the most successful experiments yet tried is the establishment of courts of equity, based upon the American system. The Filipinos recognize this to be the most liberal reform yet accorded them, and are quick to take advantage of it. Let it be demonstrated to them that we are to be trusted and that our promises are not made to be broken, and there will be no further trouble.

"The report of the death of Aguinaldo may or may not be true, but it is a matter of indifference, so far as the ultimate result is concerned. He has been politically dead ever since the backbone of the rebellion was broken. In my opinion, he never amounted to anything, and merely served as a figurehead for such men as Mabini and Buencamino, who were the real brains of the insurrection.

"Shall we hold the Philippine Islands? Why, of course. We must. We could not let go of them now if we would. They are worth all and more than we have expended on them. The Philippines are immensely rich, and, from a strictly commercial standpoint, are bound to be a paying investment. Just as soon as capital becomes interested, there will be an immense amount of trade with the islands; but this trade may be of slow development, for the reason that capitalists are naturally reluctant to invest in practically unknown territory.

"The natives have tired of the raids of the robbers, and have in many instances given up information concerning the marauders. This I consider a good sign. Much of the information concerning the camps of these so-called insurrectionists came from natives who are friendly to the Americans, and who are hoping for the speedy establishment of permanent peace on the islands. It took nearly two years to educate the natives in the belief that the people of the United States meant well toward them, and would attempt to assist them in forming a civil government; but when once it became apparent that the insurgent leaders were falsifying, the natives commenced to show a disposition to assist the authorities in bringing miscreants to justice."

In the city of Sydney, Australia, the citizens have made a great cricket-ground that is lighted by some three thousand acetylene lights, each of which is nearly as bright as an electric illuminator of the same size. These lights are placed under shades distributed around the grounds outside of the field and sixteen feet apart. It is said that the field is as light as day from one end to the other, and that even the colors worn by the various contestants show in their natural hues.



## A DASH FOR FREEDOM.

Winston Spencer Churchill's Thrilling Account of His Capture by the Boers—Fate of the Escorted Armored Train—His Escape from Pretoria.

"London to Ladysmith via Pretoria" is the title of Winston Spencer Churchill's volume on his impressions and adventures during the first five months of the African war. In the main the book is a reproduction of Mr. Churchill's widely quoted letters to the London *Morning Post*, and while the stir and tumult of a camp do not favor calm or sustained thought, his correspondence possesses the merit of being unaffected, clear, straightforward, and coherent. We make no attempt to follow the operations conducted by Sir Redvers Buller for the relief of Ladysmith, but confine our extracts to Mr. Churchill's personal adventures, with which most of our readers will doubtless be most interested.

Mr. Churchill left England in the *Dunottar Castle* with General Buller, and proceeded from Cape Town to East London by the last train that got through De Aar to Stormberg, which was being evacuated as he reached it. He arrived at Estcourt in time to witness from afar the Prince of Wales's Birthday attack on Ladysmith, and, after one safe trip to Colenso and back in an armored train, he was, as all the world knows, a central figure in the derailment of that train a few days later. His vivid account of the disaster is the most striking chapter in the book, and we quote from it at length. The train consisted of five cars, one small gun, and one hundred and twenty men commanded by Captain Haldane, D. S. O. He had proceeded cautiously on his return from Chiveley, and was about a mile and three-quarters from Frere, when suddenly the British soldiers found themselves at the mercy of the Boers, who occupied a hill which commanded the line at a distance of six hundred yards. Mr. Churchill says:

The Boers held their fire until the train reached that part of the track nearest to their position. Then they opened fire on us with two large field-guns, a Maxim firing small shells in a stream, and from riflesmen lying on the ridge. I got down from my box of observation into the cover of the armed sides of the car without forming any clear thought. Equally involuntarily, it seems, the driver put on full steam, as the enemy had intended. The train leaped forward, ran the gamut of guns, which now filled the air with explosions, swung round the curve of the hill, ran down a steep gradient, and dashed into a huge mine which awaited it on the line at a convenient spot. To those who were in the rear truck, there was only a tremendous shock, a tremendous crash, and a sudden full stop. What happened in the trucks in front of the engine is most interesting. The first, which contained the materials and tools of the break-down gang and the guard who was watching the line, was flung into the air and fell bottom upward on the embankment. (I do not know what befell the guard, but it seems probable that he was killed.) The next, an armored car crowded with the Durban Light Infantry, was carried on twenty yards and thrown over on its side, scattering its occupants in a shower on the ground. The third wedged itself across the track, half on and half off the rails. The rest of the train kept in the metals.

But they were not left long in the comparative peace and safety of a railway accident:

The Boer guns, swiftly changing their position, re-opened from a distance of thirteen hundred yards before any one had got out of the stage of exclamations. The tapping rifle-fire spread along the hillside, until it encircled the wreckage on three sides, and a third field-gun came into action from some high ground on the opposite side of the line. To all of this our own poor little gun endeavored to reply, and the sailors, though exposed in an open truck, succeeded in letting off three rounds before the barrel was struck by a shell, and the trunnions, being smashed, fell altogether on the carriage. The armored truck gave some protection from the bullets, but since any direct shell might pierce it like paper and kill every one, it seemed almost safer not to side, and, wishing to see the extent and nature of the damage, I clambered over the iron shield, and, dropping to the ground, ran along the line in the front of the train. As I passed the engine, another shrapnel shell burst immediately, as it seemed, overhead, hurling its contents with a rasping rush through the air. The driver at once sprang out of the cab and ran to the shelter of the overturned trucks. His face was cut open by a splinter, and he complained in bitter futile indignation. He was a civilian. What did they think he was paid for? To be killed by bombshells? Not he. He would not stay another minute. It looked as if his excitement and misery—he was dazed by the blow on his head—would prevent him from working the engine further, and as only he understood the machinery, all chances of escape seemed to be cut off. Yet when I told this man that if he continued to stay at his post he would be mentioned for distinguished gallantry in action, he pulled himself together, wiped the blood off his face, climbed back into the cab of his engine, and thereafter during the one-sided combat did his duty bravely and faithfully—so strong is the desire for honor and repute in the human breast.

Mr. Churchill reached the overturned portion of the train uninjured, and found the volunteers, mostly unburt, lying down under such cover as the damaged cars and the gutters of the railway line afforded:

It was a very grievous sight to see these citizen soldiers, most of whom were the fathers of families, in such a perilous position. They bore themselves well, though greatly troubled, and their major, whose name I have not learned, directed their fire on the enemy; but since these, lying behind the crests of the surrounding hills, were almost invisible, I did not expect that it would be very effective. Having seen this much, I ran along the train of the rear armored truck and told Captain Haldane that in my opinion the line might be cleared. We then agreed that he with musketry should keep the enemy's artillery from destroying us, and that I should try to throw the wreckage off the line, so that the engine and the two cars which still remained on the rails might escape. I am convinced that this arrangement gave us the best possible chance of safety, though at the time it was made the position appeared quite hopeless. Accordingly I went to the engine, and the volunteers began to fire through their rifles at the Boer artillery, and, as the enemy afterward admitted, actually disturbed their aim considerably. During the time that these men were firing from the truck, four shells passed through the armor, but luckily not one exploded until it had passed out on the further side. Many shells also struck and burst on the outside of their shields, and these knocked all the soldiers on their backs with the concussion. Nevertheless a well-directed fire was maintained without cessation.

The task of clearing the line would not perhaps, in ordinary circumstances, have been a very difficult one, says Mr. Churchill, but the break-down gang and their tools were scattered to the winds, and several had fled along the track or across the fields. Moreover, the enemy's artillery fire was pitiless, continuous, and distracting:

The affair had, however, to be carried through. The first thing to be done was to detach the truck half off the rails from the line completely so. To do this the engine had to be moved to slacken the strain on the twisted couplings. When these had been released, the next step was to drag the partly derailed truck backward along the line until it was clear of the other wreckage, and then to throw it bodily off the rails. This may seem very simple, but the dead weight of the iron truck half on the sleepers was enormous, and the engine wheels

skidded vainly several times before any hauling power was obtained. At last the truck was drawn sufficiently far back, and I called for volunteers to overturn it from the side while the engine pushed it from the end. It was evident that these men would be exposed to considerable danger. Twenty were called for, and there was an immediate response. But only nine, including the major of volunteers and four or five of the Dublin Fusiliers, actually stepped out into the open. The attempt was, nevertheless, successful. The truck heeled further over under their pushing, and, the engine giving a shove at the right moment, it fell off the line and the track was clear.

Safety and success appeared in sight together, but disappointment overtook them:

The engine was about six inches wider than the tender, and the corner of its foot-plate would not pass the corner of the newly overturned truck. It did not seem safe to push very hard, lest the engine should itself be derailed. So time after time the engine moved back a yard or two and shoved forward at the obstruction, and each time moved it a little. But soon it was evident that complications had set in. The newly derailed truck became jammed with that originally off the line, and the more the engine pushed the greater became the block. Volunteers were again called on to assist, but though seven men, two of whom, I think, were wounded, did their best, the attempt was a failure. Perseverance, however, is a virtue. If the trucks only jammed the tighter for the forward pushing, they might be loosened by pulling backward. Now, however, a new difficulty arose. The coupling chains of the engine would not reach by five or six inches those of the overturned truck. Search was made for a spare link. By a solitary gleam of good luck one was found. The engine hauled at the wreckage, and before the chains parted pulled it about a yard backward. Now, certainly, the line was clear at last. But again the corner of the foot-plate jammed with the corner of the truck, and again we came to a jarring halt.

In the last four years Mr. Churchill has had the advantage, if it be an advantage, of many strange and varied experiences, from which students of realities might draw profit and instruction, but nothing, he says, was so thrilling as this:

To wait and struggle among these clanging, rending iron boxes, with the repeated explosions of the shells and the artillery, the noise of the projectiles striking the cars, the hiss as they passed in the air, the grunting and puffing of the engine—poor, tortured thing, hammered by at least a dozen shells, any of which, by penetrating the boiler, might have made an end of all—the expectation of destruction as a matter of course, the realization of powerlessness, and the alternations of hope and despair—all this for seventy minutes by the clock with only four inches of twisted iron-work to make the difference between danger, captivity, and shame on the one hand—safety, freedom, and triumph on the other. Nothing remained but to continue pounding at the obstructing corner in the hopes that the iron-work would gradually be twisted and torn and thus give free passage. As we pounded so did the enemy. I adjured the driver to be patient and to push gently, for it did not seem right to imperil the slender chance of escape by running the risk of throwing the engine off the line. But after a dozen pushes had been given with apparently little result a shell struck the front of the engine, setting fire to the wood-work, and he thereupon turned on more steam, and with considerable momentum we struck the obstacle once more. There was a grinding crash; the engine staggered, checked, shone forward again, until with a clanging, tearing sound it broke past the point of interception, and nothing but the smooth line lay between us and home.

Brilliant success and an honorable escape now seemed won, but the longer for cup was dashed aside:

Looking backward, I saw that the couplings had parted or had been severed by a shell, and that the rear and gun trucks still lay on the wrong side of the obstruction, separated by it from the engine. No one dared risk imprisoning the engine again by making it go back for the trucks, so an attempt was made to drag the trucks up to the engine. Owing chiefly to the fire of the enemy this failed completely, and Captain Haldane determined to be content with saving the locomotive. He accordingly permitted the driver to retire along the line, slowly, so that the infantry might get as much shelter from the iron-work of the engine as possible, and the further idea was to get into some houses near the station, about eight hundred yards away, and there hold out while the engine went for assistance. As many wounded as possible were piled on the engine, standing in the cab, lying on the tender, or clinging to the cow-catcher. And all this time the shells fell into the wet earth, throwing up white clouds, burst with terrifying detonations overhead, and finally struck the engine and the iron wreckage. Besides the three field-guns, which proved to be fifteen-pounders, the shell-firing Maxim continued its work, and its little shells, discharged with an ugly thud, thud, thud, exploded with startling bangs on all sides. One, I remember, struck the foot-plate of the engine scarcely a yard from my face, lit up into a bright yellow flash, and left me wondering why I was still alive. Another hit the coals in the tender, hurling a black shower into the air. A third—this also I saw—struck the arm of a private in the Dublin Fusiliers. The whole arm was smashed to a horrid pulp—bones, muscle, blood, and uniform all mixed together. At the bottom hung the hand, unburt, but swelled instantly to three times its ordinary size. The engine was soon crowded, and began to steam homewards—a mournful, sorely battered locomotive—with the woodwork of the fire-box in flames, and the water spouting from its pierced tanks. The infantrymen struggled along beside it at the double.

Seeing the engine escaping, the Boers increased their fire, and the troops, hitherto somewhat protected by the iron trucks, began to suffer:

The major of volunteers fell, shot through the thigh. Here and there men dropped on the ground, several screamed—this is very rare in war—and cried for help. About a quarter of the force was very soon killed or wounded. The shells which pursued the retreating soldiers scattered them all along the track. Order and control vanished. The engine, increasing its pace, drew out from the thin crowd of fugitives and was soon in safety. The infantry continued to run down the line in the direction of the houses, and, in spite of their disorder, I honestly consider that they were capable of making a further resistance when some shelter should be reached.

But at this moment a miserable incident occurred:

A private soldier who was wounded, in the direct disobedience of the positive orders that no surrender was to be made, took it on himself to wave a pocket-handkerchief. The Boers immediately ceased firing, and with equal daring and humanity a dozen horsemen galloped from the hills into the scattered fugitives, scarcely any of whom had seen the white flag, and several of whom were still firing, and called loudly on them to surrender. Most of the soldiers, uncertain what to do, then halted, gave up their arms, and became prisoners of war. These further away from the horsemen continued to run and were shot or hunted down in twos and threes, and some made good their escape.

As for Mr. Churchill, he found himself on the engine when the obstruction was at last passed, and remained there jammed in the cab next to the man with the shattered arm:

In this way I traveled some five hundred yards, and passed through the fugitives. When I approached the houses where we had resolved to make a stand, I jumped on to the line, in order to collect the men as they arrived, and hence the address from which this letter is written (Pretoria), for scarcely had the locomotive left me than I found myself alone in a shallow cutting and none of our soldiers, who had all surrendered on the way, to be seen. Suddenly there appeared on the line at the end of the cutting two men not in uniform. "Plate-layers," I said to myself, and then, with a surge of realization, "Boers." Two bullets passed, both within a foot, one on either side. I flung myself against the banks of the cutting. But they gave no cover. Another glance at the figures; one was now kneeling to aim. Again I darted forward. Movement seemed the only chance. Again two soft blows sucked in the air, but nothing struck me. This could not endure. I must get out of the cutting—that damnable corridor. I scrambled up the bank. The earth sprang up beside me, and some-

thing touched my hand, but outside the cutting was a tiny depression. I crouched in this, struggling to get my wind. On the other side of the railway a horseman galloped up, shouting to me, and waved his hand. He was scarcely forty yards off. With a rifle I could have killed him easily. I knew nothing of white flags, and the bullets had made me savage. I reached down for my Mauser pistol. This time, at least, I said, and indeed it was a certainty; but alas! I had left the weapon in the cab of the engine in order to be free to work at the wreckage. Where then? There was a wire fence between me and the horseman. Should I continue to fly? The idea of another shot, at such a short range decided me. Death stood before me—grim, sullen death, without his light-hearted companion, chance. So I held up my hand, and, like Mr. Jimmicks's foxes, cried "Capivay." Then I was herded with the other prisoners in a miserable group, and about the same time I noticed that my hand was bleeding, and it began to pour with rain.

After a long, weary tramp through the Boer camps, the prisoners reached Colenso, where they took train for Pretoria. Then came the dreary days of captivity in the States Model Schools, used as a prison, and the varying conduct of the captors, from the courteous friendliness of Grohelaar to the low insolence of Mr. Krüger's relation, Malan, whose head we are told "is going to be deservedly punched by a certain subaltern." Mr. Churchill says:

When I was a prisoner at Pretoria, the Boers showed me a large green pamphlet Mr. Reitz had written. It was intended to be an account of the Dutch grounds of quarrel with the English, and was called "A Century of Wrong." Much was distortion and exaggeration, but a considerable part dealt with acknowledged facts. Wrong in plenty there has been on both sides, but latterly more on theirs than on ours; and the result is war—bitter, bloody war, tearing the land in twain; dividing brother from brother, friend from friend, and opening a terrible chasm between the two white races who must live side by side as long as South Africa stands above the ocean, and by whose friendly cooperation alone it can enjoy the fullest measure of prosperity. "A century of wrong!" British ignorance of South Africa, Boer ignorance of civilization, British interference, Boer independence, clash, clash, clash all along the line! and then fanatical, truth-scoring missionaries, experimental philanthropists, high-handed jingo administrators, colonial ministers, who disliked all colonies on the glorious principles of theoretic liberalism, had generals thinking of their own reputations, not of their country's success, and a series of miserable events recalled sufficiently well by their names—Slagter's Nek, Kimberley, Moshesh, Mafuba, Jameson—all these arousing first resentment, then loathing, and, finally, a great desire, crystallizing into a great conspiracy for United Dutch South Africa, free from the flag that has elsewhere been regarded as the flag of freedom. And so inevitably to war—war with peculiar sadness and horror, in which the line of cleavage springs between all sorts of well-meaning people that used to know one another in friendship; but war, which, whatever its fortunes, certainly sweeps the past into obscurity. We have done with "a century of wrong." God sends us now "a century of right."

We should like to quote extracts from Mr. Churchill's absorbing narrative of his escape from the prison on the night of December 12th, but space forbids. He managed to get out of Pretoria unobserved, and then lay in hiding by day, and hoarded the Delagoa Bay Railway train at night, and rode until dawn. At one time during the perilous journey to Lourenço Marques, when he was hungry, dispirited, and feeble, he almost gave up hope of evading his pursuers. In his hiding place he prayed long and earnestly for help. He says:

My prayer was swiftly and wonderfully answered. I can not now relate the strange circumstances which followed, and which changed my nearly hopeless position into one of superior advantage. The fact that a man's life depends upon my discretion compels me to omit an essential part of the story of my escape from the Boers; but if the book and its author survive the war, and when the British flag is firmly planted at Bloemfontein and Pretoria, I shall hasten to fill the gap in the narrative.

Barely twelve hours after he had escaped, his absence was discovered and the alarm was given:

Telegrams with my description at great length were dispatched along all the railways. Three thousand photographs were printed. A warrant was issued for my immediate arrest. Every train was strictly searched. Every one was on the watch. The worthy Boshoff, who knew my face well, was hurried off in Knaiat Poort to examine all and sundry people "with red hair" traveling toward the frontier. The newspapers made so much of the affair that my humble fortunes and my whereabouts were discussed in long columns of print, and even in the crash of the war I became to the Boers a topic all to myself. The rumors in part amused me. It was certain, said the *Standard* and *Digger's News*, that I had escaped disguised as a woman. The next day I was reported captured at Knaiat Poort dressed as a Transvaal policeman. There was great delight at this, which was only changed to doubt when other telegrams said that I had been arrested at Brugsbank, at Middelburg, and at Bronkhorstspuit. But the captives proved to be harmless people after all. Finally it was agreed that I had never left Pretoria. I had, it appeared, changed clothes with a waiter, and was now in hiding at the house of some British sympathizer in the capital. On the strength of this all the houses of suspected persons were searched from top to bottom, and these unfortunate people were, I fear, put to a great deal of inconvenience. A special commission was also appointed to investigate "stringently" the causes "which had rendered it possible for the war-correspondent of the *Morning Post* to escape." The *Volkstem* noticed as a significant fact that I had recently become a subscriber to the State Library, and had selected Mill's essay "On Liberty." It apparently desired to gravely deprecate prisoners having access to such inflammatory literature. The idea will, perhaps, amuse those who have read the work in question.

Immediately after his safe arrival at Durban was made known, Mr. Churchill was the recipient of a great number of telegrams and messages from all kinds of people and from all countries of the earth:

One gentleman invited me to shoot with him in Central Asia. Another favored me with a poem which he had written in my honor, and desired me to have it set to music and published. A third—an American—wanted me to plan a raid into Transvaal territory along the Delagoa Bay line, to arm the prisoners, and seize the president. Five Liberal electors of the borough of Oldham wrote to say that they would give me their votes on a future occasion "irrespective of politics." Young ladies sent me their comforters. Old ladies forwarded their photographs, and hundreds of people wrote kind letters, many of which the states of events I have not yet been able to answer. The correspondence varied vastly in tone as well as in character, and I can not help quoting a couple of telegrams as specimens. The first was from a worthy gentleman who, besides being a substantial farmer, is also a member of the Natal Parliament. He wrote: "My heartiest congratulations on your wonderful and glorious deeds, which will send such a thrill of pride and enthusiasm through Great Britain and the United States of America that the Anglo-Saxon race will be irresistible." The intention of the other, although the message was shorter, was equally plain: "LONDON, December 30th—Best friends here hope you won't go making further fuss of yourself. NELL." This shows how widely human judgment may differ even in regard to ascertained facts.

With the aid of several admirable maps, Mr. Churchill describes in a masterly manner Buller's successive efforts at Potgieter's and Spion Kop, at Vaal Krantz, and at Monte Cristo and Pieter's, with which our readers are doubtless more or less familiar by this time.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Love and Labor of an Actor.

There are unlimited opportunities for the novelist who chooses to begin with the childhood of his characters and follow them through their youth into the battle of life. The development of their dominant traits is a study as suggestive as it is fascinating, but the plan has its difficulties, and many authors have been unable to overcome them. The happy middle way between tediousness and uninspiring terseness of description where a succession of dramatic situations can not be looked for; the steadfast pursuit of the central theme, with no turning aside or development of issues that proceed from connected interests discovered in the progress of the story; the preservation of identities and personal charms through a recorded term of years—these are not easily mastered.

In "The Immortal Garland: A Story of American Life," by Anna Robeson Brown, the biographic motive is strong. Gilbert and Alice Carne and Richard Cushing are young people in a New Jersey town when they are first introduced, and they grow up, adopt their calling in life, and go on to success or disappointment before the record closes. Gilbert becomes an actor, and after years of study and persistence in discouraging circumstances his gifts are acknowledged. His sister Alice goes abroad and develops her aptitude for art, and her pictures show her patience, loyalty, and industry. Dick, the boy poet, fickle, irresponsible, over-sensitive, yet winning in every mood, falls before the end of the race.

There are two others whose influence has much to do with the careers of the actor and the poet, and their inclinations are strikingly contrasted. Philippa, who has been educated in a quiet German home, and who comes into possession of her wealth at an age when the allurements of society seem strongest, and soon forgets her plans for doing good in the world, is the cousin of the poet and might have saved him. Val Leighton is an unrecognized cousin of the Carnes, and her life is shadowed from the beginning. A childhood of poverty and youth of little sunshine, an unhappy marriage, a separation, a brief yet blissful mating with the poet, and then a return to the stage which had been her only education, and which promises her only recompense, make up her story.

The "immortal garland" is the fame for which four of these people struggle. Two win it, but at great cost. To the actor it takes the place of the love he loses. To his sister, the artist, it is denied because her life has known no great love and no great loss. The story is not a perfect piece of work, yet its faults are not obtrusive. There is more of disappointment in the unavoidable, realistic conclusion than in any shortcoming of the author.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

## A Comedy of Boston Society.

Arlo Bates writes the comedy of society very well. His latest novel, "Love in a Cloud," would require little in the way of re-arrangement to fit it for the stage; its plot is sufficient, and there is no forbidding lack of sparkle in its dialogue. The scenes presented are drawings of Boston homes and a Boston club-house, and the personages are Boston people, with the exception of three—a foreign count and two Chicago irrepressibles—but the literary atmosphere is not overpowering. Interest centres about the identity of the author of a novel published anonymously, but there is no critical discussion, and few hints are given of the usual difficulties surrounding novelists and publishers.

A correspondence which has grown out of a note from an impressionable young lady to the unknown author, in which she had expressed her admiration for his art and appreciation of his sympathies, leads to complications, the letter which is to open the way to a meeting of the novelist and his admirer falling into unworthy hands, and the first act is taken up with the play of cross purposes. Feminine friends try to shield the young lady from the consequences of her indiscretion and make matters worse, while innocent parties are involved in the misunderstanding, to their great distress.

The second act discovers the identity of the novelist and the mutual regard of the correspondents who had been unknown to each other, but an engagement without affection on either side, which had resulted from the efforts to recover the letter that went astray, keeps the lovers apart. The handsome and debonaire young society man who has been drawn into the trouble and engagement against his will, is the real hero of the story. He is poor, but keeps up his social position through general favor for his mother and himself. The penniless niece of a wealthy and ambitious spinster has his heart, but the suit of the fortune-hunting count disturbs the course of their love. The letter of the imprudent young lady is recovered from the count, and the challenge which the pseudo-author has received from a Chicago man who considers himself injured by the veiled personal allusions in the book is answered.

There are other interests beside the misunderstanding: between the two pairs of lovers. The mother of the handsome young society man is an attractive widow, whose lack of a fortune does not prevent her receiving serious attention. Her skill as a match-maker for her son and for herself is demon-

strated in a convincing way. The enmity of a jealous admirer brings her into difficulty, but her escape is not long delayed. The curtain goes down at the end on the happiness of all except the discomfited count and the baffled pursuer of the widow.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

## Feathered Songsters and Their Nests.

A book that will commend itself to all lovers of outdoor life is A. Radclyffe Dugmore's volume, "Bird Homes." It is devoted to the subject of nests, eggs, and breeding habits of the land birds breeding in the Eastern States, with hints on the rearing and photographing of young birds, but these do not suggest all the value of its contents. Its introductory chapter is a plea for the feathered songsters, and an argument against the despoiling of their nests by collectors. After this comes the studies of "what the eggs are in, and what is in the egg." Odd nests are described, and the peculiar habits of many birds illustrated. Notes for egg-collectors make up the third chapter, and the instructions are practical and clear.

In the second division of the volume are descriptions of hundreds of birds, their plumage and size, their eggs, and their nests. There are many illustrations from life-like photographs, and a number of the engravings are printed in natural colors. A complete index adds to the value of the book for reference.

Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"Wounds in the Rain," a volume of short stories about the Cuban war by the late Stephen Crane, will be issued soon. Still a later work from the pen of this novelist is a long Irish tale, entitled "The O'Ruddy," which he completed some time before his death. This volume may not be expected to appear in book-form for some months, as it will have first to run its course as a serial.

"The Life and Letters of Thomas H. Huxley," edited by his son, Leonard Huxley, which promises to be as important a contribution to biographical literature in its field as the life of Tennyson, is to be published in the autumn by D. Appleton & Co.

News comes from London that Richard Whiteing, author of "No. 5 John Street," after a serious attack of pleurisy and pneumonia is at length convalescent. It will probably be some time, however, before he can return to his literary labors.

The demand in Great Britain and her colonies for James Lane Allen's new novel, "The Reign of Law: A Tale of the Kentucky Hemp-Fields," has been so great that the final date for publication has been fixed for July 5th.

"The Fourth Generation" is the title of Sir Walter Besant's forthcoming novel. It will appear in book-form as a much longer story than it has been as a serial.

Booth Tarkington is collaborating with Mrs. E. L. Sutherland, of Boston, on a dramatization of his novel, "Monsieur Beaucaire." Mrs. Sutherland, who was for many years a writer on the Boston Transcript, has already had several short plays of her own produced.

Sidney Lee suggests that a government fund should be placed at the disposal of the British Museum for the purpose of buying any Shakespearean treasure which may come into the market. He laments the passage of "invaluable Shakespeareana" to America.

J. A. Altscheler, whose novels of the Revolution and the War of 1812 have gained so large an audience here and in England, has been engaged for a long time upon a romance of the Civil War, which has just been published by D. Appleton & Co. under the title of "In Circling Camps."

Paul Leicester Ford, author of "Janice Meredith," is collaborating with Edward E. Rose in dramatizing the novel for the use of Mary Manning, who will become a star at the head of her own company next season.

Catharine the Second of Russia left five complete and six fragmentary plays, and various historical and geographical notes and essays. Parts of the plays are in her own handwriting and some of them are translations from Shakespeare. All have been discovered lately, and are to be published soon.

Frankfort Moore, who takes a great interest in the figures of the past belonging to the English stage, has written a novel with Nell Gwynn for heroine. At an early date it will be published simultaneously in this country and in England.

The new English novelist, Isabel Smith, whose story, "The Minister's Guest," which has just been brought out by D. Appleton & Co., has aroused much interest among English literary critics. Like Miss Fowler, she has a talent for picturing the lives of a non-conformist community.

The "Lounger," in the current number of the Critic, tells a very good story about Henry Van Dyke's "The Other Wise Man," as follows: "Some one had translated the little book into Turkish, and went to the censor for permission to publish it. 'No objection to the book itself,' said

that autocratic individual, 'but the title must be changed. There are no wise men except the followers of Mohammed.' The translator suggested other titles, none of which was satisfactory. Then he asked the censor himself to give it a name, and that man of wisdom, after much cogitating, declared that the best title would be 'The Scientist That Got Left,' or the Turkish equivalent for the Americanism!"

## FINIS.

[A subscriber of the Argonaut, Mr. C. W. S. Shoober, of Madera, Cal., kindly furnishes a copy of the following poem, inquired for recently by a correspondent.—Ens.]

Writ on a ruined palace in Kashmir:  
"The end is nothing, and the end is near."

Where are the voices kings were glad to hear?  
Where now the feast, the song, the hayadere?  
The end is nothing, and the end is near.

And yonder lovely rose; alas! my dear!  
See the November garden, rank and drear;  
The end is nothing, and the end is near.

See! how the rain-drop mingles with the mere.  
Mark! how the age devours each passing year;  
The end is nothing, and the end is near.

Forms rise and grow and wane and disappear,  
The life allotted thee is now and here;  
The end is nothing, and the end is near.

The death shroud waits thee, and the dark-palld hier,  
Alas! sweet eyes and bosom tender, dear;  
The tolling bell, the dropping earth I hear;  
The end is nothing, and the end is near.

Then vex thyself no more with thought austere;  
Take what thou canst while thou abidest here.  
Seek finer pleasures each returning year;  
The end is nothing, and the end is near.

Bind not thyself too much to earthly gear,  
But eat the bread of life and take good cheer,  
And drink the wine of life and have no fear;  
The end is vision, and the end is near.

Joy is the Lord, and Love His charioteer;  
Be tranquil and rejoicing; oh, my dear!  
Shun the wild seas, far from the breakers steer;  
The end is vision, and the end is near.

Ah! banish hope and doubt, regret and fear,  
Check the gay laugh, but dry the idle tear.  
Search! is the light within thee burning clear?  
The end is vision, and the end is near.

List to the wisdom learned of saint and seer!  
The living Lord is joy, and peace His sphere;  
Rebel no more! throw down thy shield and spear,  
Surrender all thyself; true life is here;  
The end is vision, and the end is near.

Forget not this, forget not that, my dear!  
'Tis all and nothing, and the end is near.  
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Mr. J. A. Altscheler has earned a reputation by his novels of the French Wars, the Revolution, and the War of 1812, and in his new romance, to which he has devoted himself for a long time, he tells a thrilling story of the civil war. The scene opens in Washington just before the arrival of Lincoln, whose coming and inauguration are graphically described. Later in the story the leading characters are united in the South, and the love story with its dramatic interruptions and suspended interest runs through the book. There are vivid pictures of Shiloh and Gettysburg, with adventures inside the Confederate lines. In this strong, well-studied, and absorbing romance the author has produced his most important work.

## The Minister's Guest

A Novel. By ISABEL SMITH. No. 286, Appleton's Town and Country Library. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

This clearly drawn picture of life among the Independents of an English country town shows a power of characterization and a vivid realization of atmosphere which invest the author's work with especial distinction. It is safe to say that the thoroughness of the character drawing, the development of dramatic power in the love story, and the sustained interest, will be conceded to stamp the author as a force to be reckoned with in contemporary fiction.

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This volume of well-chosen selections from one of the most famous of historical chronicles places the life of the fourteenth century in convenient form before readers young and old of our time. The wars with the Scotch, the siege of Calais, the battles of Cressy and Poitiers, and other great historical events, are pictured in Froissart's words, with desirable explanations and with numerous reproductions of contemporary pictures.

D. Appleton & Company,  
PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

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Striking pictures of rural Missouri late in the 'sixties, when a wave of debate on denominational differences swept the whole region, affecting the local politics and dividing friends and families with a bitterness not even yet forgotten.

Mr. Herrick's "Gospel of Freedom," said the Boston Herald, is "witty, original, and thoroughly modern . . . full of fresh ideas." The Inter-Ocean called it "The great novel of American social life" with "big ideas behind it," said The Bookman.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, Publishers, N. Y.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Discovery of the Duchess.

Peter Marchdale, novelist, of England, saw a young and beautiful woman at the play in Paris, and lost his heart. A week later he saw her again at the opera; the next spring he saw her driving in the park in London, and then, once more, he saw her driving in the Bois in Paris. But he could not forget her; and while he thought of her he wrote a novel, and in its heroine pictured the perfect loveliness he had seen, and endowed her with all the graces and enduring charms his imagination and experience could suggest. And when his book came out he went away to Italy to rest, and leased a little cottage by a tiny river in a beautiful valley, smiled down upon by snow-capped Monte Sforio. During all this time, in his unimpassioned, English way, he lived in the memory of the vision he had seen in Paris and in London, and dreamed that some day he would meet her, and that she would accept him for life. And his dream came true, in the little Italian cottage, or, at least, in the castle just across the river.

This is the story Henry Harland tells in "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," but the outline gives no suggestion of its art, its delicacy, its beauty of expression, its pastel-portraits, or its romantic reality. Peter Marchdale's virtues are not insisted upon, though his humor and his kindness with old Marietta, his Italian serving-woman, are pleasingly recorded. But the Duchess di Santangio is a radiant creature, and a woman. And the cardinal, uncle to the duchess, is a figure worthy of any romance. These four hold the stage, singly or in group, with rare exceptions, but the incidental appearances of visitors, peasants, and children serve when a chorus seems necessary.

There has been no more delightful story this summer. There are no strong lights or deep shadows in its pictures, but all the scenes are finished and in harmony. Some of Mr. Harland's earlier stories have motives of greater power, but none is more charming. With each new volume the evidence of his refinement, his sureness, his originality, accumulates.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

## Stories of Stanford University Life.

The volume produced in collaboration by Charles K. Field and Will H. Irwin, and entitled "Stanford Stories," contains thirteen sketches of college life that will repay the attention of readers even who have passed beyond sentimental regard for school-days. These "tales of a young university" are tersely told, with bits of humor here and there, and much oftener touches of pathos that have no blur of affectation. There is a manly interest in every story, and in only one or two is the conclusion impotent. As a whole the book makes a good impression, and it deserves a place among the best collections of college tales.

Among the portraits there are many too full of life and action to be wholly imaginative. They speak the impulses of youth and good-fellowship, and move in the studied eccentricities of gregarious existence. And some of them are of the gentler sex. The side-lights on co-education thrown by scattered paragraphs reveal no detail of practical value, but the feminine portraiture is pleasing. "Pocahontas, Freshman," is one that will not fade quickly.

"An Alumni Dinner," which tells how two Stanford men fared after they met the realities of the workaday world, is perhaps the strongest of these stories; but "Crossroads" is as earnest and searching in its method and conclusion. The latter chronicle describes a serious young fellow who debates the question whether his duty requires him to give up the college course, which he has painfully earned, and go back to care for the old father who has once again fallen into the clutches of a degrading vice. The answer comes suddenly as he sits with a noisy crowd of merry-makers and the father, unkempt and drunken, is dragged in to add to the sport.

In "Two Pioneers and an Audience" and "In the Dark Days" there are some reminiscences that bear an added tenderness to those who will ever look back with gratitude and loving regard to the founders of the university. The sketches are not conventional expressions of respect and thankfulness, but they are filled with the sentiment that is dear to Stanford men and women. "For the Sake of Argument" and "A Midwinter Madness" are stories in a lighter vein, that show how students find something more delightful than lectures and examinations in their college days, and "One Commencement" ends the volume in a fitting way with a vivid presentation of a young sergeant's experiences as he marched down to the wharf, boarded the army transport, and sailed away to the Philippines, while many of his classmates were enjoying the triumphs and pleasures of that May day and night in the college halls.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

## The Household of the Lafayettes.

Among the studies of Paris at the time of the French Revolution few have so great an interest as "The Household of the Lafayettes," by Edith Sichel. The work is historical as well as biograph-

ical, and its pictures of society in the days immediately preceding the great struggle, and in the succeeding stages, are drawn with skill and power. Lafayette and his wife are the central figures, but there are many scenes in which they do not appear, necessary to a perfect understanding of the conditions which surrounded them. The volume is not a hasty sketch or compilation of anecdotes and descriptions, but bears on every page the evidence of careful research and judicious selection. Its plan is orderly, and the progress of events leading up to the Terror is sketched with precision. The prisons, the émigrés and captives, are described with vivid strength. Lafayette's latest interviews with Napoleon, and the lessons he learned from the emperor are set down in detail, and the conclusion which sums the achievements of the patriot statesman is a scholarly presentation.

A fine portrait of Lafayette forms the frontispiece of the volume. The index is especially notable for its completeness. The work is now in its second edition, and is growing in popular favor.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

## New Publications.

Late issues in Cassell's National Library Series are Plutarch's "Alexander and Caesar," Walton's "The Complete Angler," and "Eudymion," by John Keats. Published in paper covers by Cassell & Co., New York; price, 10 cents each.

The latest issue in the Beacon Biography Series is "Stephen Decatur," by Cyrus Townsend Brady. The striking events of the naval commander's life are told briefly yet with impressiveness in this little volume. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; price, 75 cents.

Still another historical text-book is offered in "A Short History of the United States for School Use," by Edward Channing. It is arranged on the topical plan, in chronological order, and profusely illustrated. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 90 cents.

"His Lordship's Leopard," by David Dwight Wells, author of "Her Ladyship's Elephant," is asserted to be "a truthful narration of some impossible facts." It is intended to be amusing, but is so obviously built to hold up its title and continue the success of the whimsical work that preceded it, that its most striking features fail to be impressive. It is labored in spite of its smartness. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

The seventh volume in the new library edition of Edward Everett Hale's works contains thirty-one essays on what the genial author entitles "Practical Ethics," selected from his contributions to periodicals and his lectures. "How to" talk, write, read, go into society, travel, sleep, exercise, think, study, dress, and choose one's calling, are among the topics discussed in these plain yet attractive papers. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

In the Heroes of the Nations Series the latest issue is "Bismarck, and the Foundation of the German Empire," by James Wycliffe Headlam. It is a frank, clear, unpartisan biography, notable in several ways. No truthful story of the great chancellor could be uninteresting, but there is a choice in styles, and Mr. Headlam is artistic as well as comprehensive. The volume is handsomely illustrated and the index is complete. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Wings of Silence," by George Cossins, is a well-written story of gold-hunting in Australia and domestic entanglements in England. A strange resemblance, noted by two strangers who meet in the gold country, and that nearly leads to the undoing of one, is the foundation of the novel. The development of the plot is not altogether on original lines, but the interest is well sustained and the ending what might be wished. The pictures of Australian life are especially vivid. Published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

With intention so serious that it will amuse unsympathetic readers, Alfred Austin, the poet laureate, has reprinted two essays first published five years ago, entitled the thin but attractive volume "Spring and Autumn in Ireland," dedicated the work to "the brave and gifted Irish people," and dated his effort St. Patrick's Day, 1900. The essays are gracefully written, and some of the descriptions of particular interest. A poem of one hundred and twenty lines concludes the work. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

A practical essay dealing with possibilities as wonderful as can be found in any tale of magic, and as rich as all the mines, is offered in "The Conquest of Arid America," by William E. Smythe. The author spent ten years collecting materials for his work, and it may be accepted as authoritative. "The Better Half of the United States," "The Blessing of Aridity," "The Miracle of Irrigation," "Real Utopias of the Arid West," "Potential Greatness of Undeveloped America," "Plans and Institutions"—these are the headings of some of his chapters. The volume should be studied by all progressive Americans. It is illustrated with engravings and maps. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

## MARY CHOLMONDELEY.

## Her Education and Literary Work.

A new edition of "Diana Tempest," Mary Cholmondeley's clever novel, has just been brought out, supplemented with a portrait of the author and an interesting biographical sketch. Miss Cholmondeley, we learn, belongs to the younger branch of the Marquis of Cholmondeley's family, which has been established at Cholmondeley Castle in Cheshire since the Conquest. She is the grandniece of Bishop Reginald Heber, whom Thackeray instances in his well-known lectures on the "Four Georges," delivered in America, as "one of the best of English gentlemen—the charming poet, the happy possessor of all sorts of gifts and accomplishments, birth, wit, fame, high character, competence—he was the beloved parish priest in his own home of Hodnet."

No trouble was spared in the careful education of the large family of eight children, of which Miss Cholmondeley was the eldest daughter:

"As the children grew old enough to understand them, their father read to them in the evenings, first, nearly the whole of Scott's novels and Miss Edgeworth's, and later on part of Shakespeare and the principal works of Thackeray, Dickens, Jane Austen, Bulwer Lytton, and George Eliot. Never at that or at any later period did Mr. and Mrs. Cholmondeley give their daughters a single draught from that flood of so-called 'pure literature' which generally encircles young English girls. In the morning before lessons the children went into their father's study (the same that Bishop Heber used), and he read with them works of a more serious nature, including Paley's 'Evidences,' Butler's 'Analogy,' Farrar's 'Life of Christ,' and most of the works of Dean Stanley. There is no doubt that this reading, when Miss Cholmondeley was between twelve and fifteen years of age, increased her strong natural bias toward theological literature of all kinds, which she read with increasing earnestness during the following ten years, and has only lately abandoned as her literary labors and duties at home and in her father's large parish became more arduous."

After she left the school-room she spent a part of every year in London with her maternal grandmother, Mrs. Legard, daughter of Sir George Cayley, of Brompton, York:

"Mrs. Legard, a beautiful and witty woman, had known all the distinguished men of her day, and had frequented in her youth the *salon* of her cousins, the celebrated Misses Berry. Mrs. Legard had a great influence over her granddaughter—took her out with her into society, obliged her to overcome her extreme shyness, encouraged her to express her ideas, however crude, never ridiculed them, firmly believed in her ability, of which there was no outward sign whatever, introduced her to new lines of thought, and, most important of all, to the works of that author who for many years exercised a paramount influence upon her mind—namely, Emerson. Of the many happy moments in Miss Cholmondeley's life none has probably been happier than that when, as a young girl, she had saved sufficient money out of her glove and shoe allowance to buy an entire edition of Emerson's works."

She had been fond of writing stories from childhood, a habit which had been encouraged by much ill health during youth:

"The first story of hers which was published was written when she was nineteen, and appeared anonymously in a summer number of the *Graphic*. It was not till several years later that 'The Danvers Jewels' appeared anonymously, and at once made its mark. It was confidently asserted to be the work of a middle-aged man, Miss Cholmondeley being twenty-six at the time. It was subsequently published in America, also as an illustrated serial, in an American journal, and was translated into German. The scene was laid at Candover Hall on the occasion of some private theatricals, in which Miss Cholmondeley took a part. The warmest congratulations which she received were from America. One of the books which she values most is a beautiful edition of 'Margaret Fuller,' sent to her from America by a lady who is mentioned in that memoir, and who had derived pleasure from Sir Charles Danvers. 'Diana Tempest,' Miss Cholmondeley's third book, and one of much more importance than its predecessors, took three and a half years to write, and was the result of so much mental labor that her health gave way entirely shortly after the book was finished."

Mr. Payn's humorous article upon "The Critic on the Heath" was exemplified at this time in Miss Cholmondeley's family. Her two sisters, Diana and Victoria, were her most appreciative and at the same time her severest critics:

"To them, sitting in solemn judgment in the old school-room, 'Diana Tempest' was read aloud in much trepidation by the writer, and alterations and omissions were made in deference to their judgment. Her sisters have also aided her by giving graphic accounts of the entertainments to which Miss Cholmondeley had not been strong enough to go herself. Their keen observation and sense of the ridiculous have often furnished a chapter which she could not otherwise have written, it being her rule to describe only what she herself or one of her sisters has personally observed."

Miss Cholmondeley's latest book, "Red Pottage," has drawn from reviewers many comparisons with "Diana Tempest." This new edition of the latter book will doubtless be welcomed by the admirers of Miss Cholmondeley's fine talent, since they will naturally prefer to make comparisons for themselves.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

## WOMANLY BEAUTY.

## How to Gain It. How to Retain It.

JOHN V. SHOEMAKER A. M., M. D.,

Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Clinical Medicine and Diseases of the Skin in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia; Physician to the Hospital; Member of the American and British Medical Associations; Fellow of the Medical Society of London, etc.

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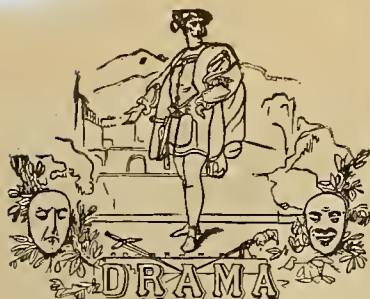
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## STAGE GOSSIP.

## The Return of Henry Miller.

Kellar will be seen at the Columbia Theatre for the last time on Sunday evening, and next week Henry Miller will inaugurate his ten weeks' engagement with an elaborate production of Jerome K. Jerome's brilliant comedy success, "Miss Hobbs," in which Annie Russell has been starring in the East this season. Mr. Miller is sure of a warm welcome on Monday night, for he is personally very popular here, and has displayed great wisdom in surrounding himself with a company of favorites which can not be duplicated in this country. It includes Margaret Anglin, who completely captured San Franciscans last year by her dainty femininity, her refinement of manner and temperament, her especially clear enunciation, and her excellent taste in dressing, and who this season has established herself firmly in the affections of New York theatre-goers by her charming creations of Mimi in Mr. Miller's production of "The Only Way" and Lady Roydeo in "Brother Officers" at the Empire Theatre; Sadie Martinot, the chic comedienne, who has not been seen here for several years; Mrs. Thomas Whiffo, to whom all the elderly women roles will fall; Margaret Dale, who did excellent work in Miller's company last year; Grace Elliston, Lillian Thurgate, and Millie Day, new recruits; E. J. Morgan, who, owing to illness, was forced to leave the company after a few weeks last season and who has added to his laurels this year by his strong impersonations of Ben Hur, in the dramatization of General Lew Wallace's novel of that name, and Petronius, in Jeannette Gilder's dramatization of Henryk Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis"; Frank Worthing, who until recently has been appearing in Belasco's much-discussed comedy, "Naughty Anthony"; Earle Brown and Frank E. Lamb, who were here last year; Charles Walcott and William Courtney, who have made names for themselves in the Lyceum Theatre and Empire Theatre companies; and John Findley, Ely Backus, and George S. Cristie.

Mr. Jerome's comedy, which is in four acts, possesses the uncommon merit of being a play of many good parts, as is evidenced by the fact that during its two hundred nights' run at the Lyceum Theatre in New York, not only did Miss Russell score in the title-role, but Charles Richman in a sort of Petruccio part, dear old Mrs. Gilbert as a charming spinster, and Mrs. Jack Bloodgood as a quarrelsome wife, also made distinct hits. The plot revolves about an orphan, Miss Hohbs—to be impersonated by Miss Anglin—who has been brought up to believe that marriage is a failure. She strives to rescue all her woman friends from marriage, and after causing a newly married couple to separate, and a pair of young lovers to break off their engagement, adds to the complications by falling desperately in love herself.

As for the scenic effects, costumes, stage management, and general details, we know what to expect in this line from the excellent manner in which "The Liars," "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," "Lord and Lady Algy," "Hamlet," "Heartsease," and "Brother Officers" were produced last year.

On Monday night, July 2d, Mr. Miller will produce Carton's original play, "The Tree of Knowledge," which has not yet been seen in this city.

## Second Week of "A Milk White Flag."

"A Milk White Flag" is by far the best of the Hoyt plays which the Dunne and Ryley all-star comedians have revived at the California Theatre, and it has proved such a strong drawing card that the management have decided to continue it another week. Bulger as the foxy undertaker, and Matthews as the exceedingly agile corpse, appear to excellent advantage and keep the audience in an amiable frame of mind throughout the three lively acts. John W. Dunne repeats his clever performance of the Napoleonic colonel; Bessie Tannehill makes a ravishing widow, Maude Courtney a charming friend, and Mary Marble a dainty little daughter of the regiment; Walter Jones introduced some clever ome stage business in his droll impersonation of the lone private of the Raosome Guards; and Tooy Hart was in his element as the Dutch handmaster. In short, there is not one weak spot in the cast. Hoyt's latest farce-comedy, "A Day and a Night," follows.

## Revival of "The Geisha."

"Madeleine" is to give way to a pretty revival of "The Geisha" at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday evening. It has always been a favorite with the

patrons of this popular opera-house, and should draw crowded houses again, in view of the excellent cast which will interpret it. Edwin Stevens will sing his original rôle of the all-powerful Marquis Imari; Ferris Hartman will have a character part to his liking in the Chinese owner of the tea-house; Helen Merrill will be the O Mimosas San; Tom Greene the naval officer, Fairfax; Annie Myers the English girl, Molly Seamore, who disguises herself as a geisha; Georgie Cooper, who makes her re-appearance with the Tivoli company, will again be the plotting French maid; and Helen Davenport and Master C. Montgomery, who make their debut, and Harry Cashman, Arthur Boyce, Grace Orr, Harry Richards, and Fred Kavanagh will have the minor rôles.

Before the grand-opera season opens on July 30th, "Wang," "The Sea King," and "The Wedding Day" will be revived.

## The Four Cohans at the Orpheum.

An interesting announcement for next week's programme at the Orpheum is the appearance of the Four Cohans in their latest success, "The Governor's Son." It was written by George Cohan, who has won quite a name as a writer of skits for the vaudeville stage. Among the other newcomers will be the Todd-Judge family of acrobats, whose act is described as "clever, novel, and full of real excitement and thrills"; Carrington, Holland, and Galpen, a comedy and operatic trio; and Gilbert and Goldie, who have a host of friends and admirers in this city, and come well supplied with a budget of new songs, stories, and witty repartee.

The hold-overs include Grapewin and Chance, Musical Dale, Sydney Deane, and the American Biograph with new pictures.

## The Burton Holmes Lectures.

Henry Miller has arranged with the management of the Burton Holmes Lectures for a double course of lectures to be given during his ten weeks' engagement at the Columbia Theatre. These two courses will be exactly alike, the first being given on six Thursday afternoons, beginning July 19th, and the second course, identical in every way, being given on Sunday evenings, beginning July 22d. The subjects will be "Manila," "Japan Revisited," "Round About Paris," "The Grand Cañon of Arizona," "Moki Land," and "The Hawaiian Islands." The Burton Holmes Lectures are an immense success in the East, having succeeded to those for so many years given by John L. Stoddard. For the last three seasons the Holmes Lectures have formed an annual event during Lent at Daly's Theatre, New York, and throughout the balance of the season at the larger theatres and halls in Philadelphia, Boston, Brooklyn, Chicago, and other Eastern cities. Pictorially, these lectures have never been equaled, the illustrations being not only provided by wonderfully beautiful-colored lantern slides, but also having the added interest of a large number of motion pictures taken by Mr. Holmes and his assistants in the countries forming the topic of each lecture.

## Mark Twain as a Playwright.

Mark Twain made a characteristic speech at the banquet given in London on June 9th, in honor of Sir Henry Irving, who had just returned to England after his most successful tour in the East. In proposing the toast, "The Drama," the humorist said:

"I find my task a very easy one, as I have been a dramatist for thirty years. I have had an ambition all that time to overdo the work of the Spaniard who said he left behind him four hundred dramas when he died. I have behind me four hundred and fifteen, and I am not yet dead.

"The greatest of all arts is to write dramas. It is a most difficult thing. It requires the highest talent possible and the rarest gifts. No, there is another talent that ranks it, for anybody can write dramas. I had four hundred of them, but to get one accepted requires real ability, and I have never had that felicity yet. But human nature is so constructed, we are so persistent, that when we know we are born to a thing we do not care what the world thinks about it, we go on exploiting that talent year after year as I have done. I shall go on writing dramas, and some day the impossible may happen, but I am not looking for it in writing plays. The chief thing is novelty. The world grows tired of solid forms in all the arts.

"I struck a new idea myself years ago. I was not surprised at it. I was always expecting it would happen. A person who has suffered disappointment for many years loses confidence, and I thought I had better make inquiries before I exploited my new idea of doing a drama in the form of a dream.

"So I wrote to a great authority on knowledge of all kinds, and asked him whether it was new. I could depend upon him, for he lived in my dear home in America. That dear home—dearer to me through taxes. He sent to me a list of the plays in which that old device had been used, and said there was also a modern list. He traveled back to China and to a play dated twenty-six hundred years before the Christian era, and said he would follow it up with a list of previous plays of that kind. That was the most discouraging thing that ever happened to me in my dramatic career.

"I have done a world of good in a silent, private way, and have furnished Sir Henry Irving with plays and plays and plays. And what has he achieved through that influence! See where he stands now—on the summit of his art in two worlds. His posi-

tion is unchallenged, and it was I who put him there—that partly put him there.

"I am to be followed by Mr. Finero. I conceive that we stand at the head of the profession. He has not written as many plays as I have, but he has had that God-given talent, which I lack, of working them off on managers."

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Danger.

Soft music is beguiling,  
But so are girls when smiling.  
A smile, a muslin gown, a curl—  
Take care! a snare—the Summer Girl.  
—Life.

## A Varied Assortment.

A sail-in-a-yacht young man,  
A dog-eared collar young man,  
A jockey-club, nautical,  
Mother-in-lawtical,  
Live-on-your-dad young man.

A play-from-the-French young man,  
A carriage-at-two young man,  
A soul-eyed demoniac,  
Cocktail-and-cognac,  
Tra-la-la young man.

A four-cent cigar young man,  
A ride-on-the-stage young man,  
An aogular, serpentine,  
Drummer of turpentine,  
Free-lunch-all-day young man.

A cut-away-coat young man,  
A very-sore-throat young man,  
A smoke-cigareet-ery,  
Get into debt-ery,  
Two-for-a-cent young man.—Ex.

## Bill Johnson's Opinions.

I've allus notissed, fellers,  
Hit's a risky thing to do  
To kalkulate accordin'  
To how things looks to you.

The man 't talks the oicest  
Don't help you uphili;  
The one 'at prays the loudest  
Don't allus pay his bill.

Sometimes the biggest fishes  
Bites the smallest kinds o' haitis;  
An' mighty ugly wimmin  
Can make the best o' mates.

The smartest-lookin' feller  
May be a reg'lar fool,  
You're allus kicked the highest  
By the meekest-lookin' mule.  
—Lee County (Ga.) Journal.

## The Boy with the Spade.

No weight of ages haws him down,  
That bare-foot boy with fingers brown.  
There's nothing empty in his face,  
No burdens of the human race  
Are on his back, oor is he dead  
To joy or sorrow, hope or dread,  
For he can grieve, and he can hope,  
Can shrink with all his soul from soap.  
No brother to the ox is he,  
He's second cousin to the bee;  
He loosoes and lets down his jaw—  
And hriogs it up—his gum to "chaw."  
There's naught but sweat upoo his brow,  
'Tis slanted somewhat forward oow.  
His eyes are bright with eager light,  
He's working with an appetite.  
Ah, no! That hoy is not afraid  
To wield with all his strength his spade!  
Nor has he any spite at fate—  
He's digging angleworms for bait.  
—Chicago Tribune.

## The Suburbanite.

He rises if it rains or blows,  
Submissive to the clock's loud call;  
He plunges through the winter snows,  
Or through the mud of spring doth crawl;  
One thought, one feeling over all  
(For this he rises over night),  
"Miss not the train whate'er hefall,"  
The cry of the Suburbanite.  
With bundles strange he comes and goes—  
Canned goods he eats from spring to fall;  
Discourses learnedly on "boes"  
And "training ivy up a wall";  
Domestics short and lean and tall  
He briogs from tow, both black and white,  
"Oh, stay! Work's light and wash is small!"  
The cry of the Suburbanite.

His furnace and himself are foes—  
The oil-stove shivers in his hall—  
The joy of steam he never knows;  
He breakfasts in a cap and shawl;  
He knows not theatre or ball—  
His Euchre Club's his sole delight,  
"Who holds both jacks can naught appall,"  
The cry of the Suburbanite.

## L'ENVOI.

Oh, Janitor, of girth and gall,  
Rule me and mine—I give the right  
And hug my chains when I recall  
The cry of the Suburbanite.  
—Theodora P. Garrison in Atlanta Journal.

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Eccentricities of Musical Genius on the Road—  
Emma Nevada's Triumph in Austin, Nev.—  
"Faust" under Difficulties.

"A successful maoager of musical stars must have unlimited tact, a genius for expedients, a silver tongue, absolute self-control, iron nerve, and a capacity for colossal bullying," said a prominent New York manager to a New York Sun reporter, the other day. "Some one said that all genius is a form of insanity, and I believe it. Managing concert tours through the country is like running a traveling Bloomingdale asylum. If the artists don't end in an asylum the manager does. Of course there are exceptions to the rule. Some of the most charming men and women I have ever met were great musicians. In fact, the greater they are the less obstreperous they are. I don't pretend to know the psychological reason for that. Perhaps success smooths them the right way. They are as full of whims as ever, but less violent—sort of mellow insanity, you know.

"One used to have queer experiences in Western concert tours; but everything is very conventional out there now, and the hotels and opera houses in all towns of any size are very fair. The funniest Western stand I ever made was in Austin, Nev. I was with Mme. Emma Nevada, and Austin was her native town. Mr. Mackay had found her, up there in the mountains, and had sent her abroad for a musical education. She succeeded, made a name for herself in Europe, and Austin was bursting with pride. She came back to America, sang in the East with great success, but didn't go West. The Austin people didn't like that, it seems—said she was stuck up and had forgotten her old friends. Nevada heard about this feeling, and one day she came to me. We were in Chicago, and she was to go back to Europe almost immediately.

"I want to give a concert in Austin, Nev.," she said.

"I almost fell out of my chair. 'It isn't possible,' I gasped.

"I'll make it possible."

"The expense would be enormous. We could never stand it."

"I don't ask you to stand it. I will pay everything—any amount—only take me there. They say I am ashamed of them. I will show them."

"Well, she got her way. I thought it was sheer lunacy; but Nevada was willing to pay the bills; so we went. We had to leave our private car several hundred miles from Austin, and take common coaches on a narrow-gauge road that climbed over the mountains and walked with its head down, like a fly. About four or five stations before we struck Austin, people began to board the train.

"Did Emma come?" they'd ask the conductor, and he'd point out our crowd. They would go back and tell the people on the platform, and everybody would howl for Emma until Nevada would go out and talk to them and shake hands with everybody she didn't kiss. A good share of the crowd went to Austin with us, but it wasn't anything to the crowd that met us at the station. Everybody in the town and all the country round had turned out, and they were the queerest crowd I ever saw. Miners, and cowboys, and Indians, and ordinary conventional people, all shaken up together, and all wild with excitement. By that time I was glad we had come. I was having the time of my life—at somebody else's expense. Talk about enthusiasm! I never knew what it was before, and I never heard anything like the shout that went up when that young woman stepped off the car. Everybody yelled her name, and cheered and cheered, and she stood and threw kisses and laughed and cried. There wasn't any fake about it. I wouldn't have believed there could be so much genuine feeling anywhere in the world—it gave me, a well-seasoned manager, a brand-new thrill up and down my back.

"There was only one carriage in Austin then; and we had to drive quite a distance to the town. Nevada and I had the carriage, and the rest of the company went along in big wagons. Then came the crowd on horseback, in wagons, and on foot. We drove along a ticklish mountain road at a gallop, and every little distance along the way there were bonfires burning. Say, it was great! Nevada didn't get any rest before evening. The crowd wanted her and it would have her. She must have kissed all the children in Austin and a good percentage of the grown people; and by Joe, she acted as if she liked it. I had thought I knew her; but she was a different woman, up there in the mountains. We gave the concert in the church. The minister and I, with the assistance of the whole population, numbered the seats and made out tickets. Tickets sold at two dollars, but the house wouldn't begin to hold the crowd, and almost any old price was offered for seats. When the doors opened there was a stampede. There were fifty men in the crowd to every woman. Most of them kept on big felt hats and wore their trousers tucked into high boots. They didn't pay any attention to the aisles—just walked over the high-backed seats. I stood in the pulpit, and it was funny to see that mob playing leap-frog over the seats and making for front pews, regardless of the numbers on their tickets.

"Nevada had some of her swellest clothes with her, and came out blazing with jewels and wearing

a Paris gown that had cost her two thousand dollars. I never expect to hear anything again like the greeting they gave her; and I know she'll never again sing as she did that night—she sang and sang, until her voice literally gave out and the crowd saw that she couldn't keep it up any longer. Then they cheered and started for the stage in a bunch. Nevada spread out her hands and told them that if they'd wait until she went and put on a heavier, high-necked gown, she'd come back and kiss them all and give every one of them a piece of her wedding cake. She had just married Dr. Palmer, and she had packed a trunk full of wedding cake to take to Austin. She ran off to the dressing-room, and in a little while came back in a dark gown. We brought the cake in in big pans, and she fulfilled both her promises. The crowd was wild with delight and would have whooped it up all night if their Emma hadn't told them she was worn out.

"The next morning the whole town turned out to take us to the station, and, though that was fifteen years ago, I believe the mountains must be echoing yet with their 'Good-by, Emma!' Nevada said she wouldn't have missed that visit for all the money she would make that season, and it was, by long odds, the most entertaining experience I've had in my career as a manager.

"I wish I had a record of the different situations in which I've had to call concerts off and refund money to the audiences. That would throw light on the eccentricities of genius. When I think of the apologies I've been forced to make to the public, it makes me break into a cold perspiration. Nothing short of inspiration pulled me through sometimes. There's one thing about an American audience though. It's the best-natured lump of humanity on earth. I've tested it often enough to know. What will make an American audience simply angry would burn the building and raise a street-riot anywhere else. Why, one time, I had Campanini and De Vere in a concert quartet up through New England. Things hadn't been going so very well and the exchequer wasn't in a state to make me willing to see a full house lost. I had an Italian in charge of the luggage, and, naturally, he wasn't in the private car with us. We were billed for Springfield one night and I had advertised an act of 'Faust'—new scenery and gorgeous new costumes just from Paris. We came down from western Massachusetts and our car was switched off from the Boston division to the through train. At Worcester we had to change again, and I strolled out to look for my Dago. No Dago; no luggage. The man had been fast asleep at the last change and he and our baggage were in Boston. I raved around and kept the telegraph wires hot, until finally it was arranged that the luggage and the man should come through on the next train without checks. That would bring them in time for a late concert. To make a long story short they never showed up until twelve o'clock that night. I was desperate. The house was all sold out and we wanted the money.

"There's nothing for it," I said to the quartet; 'you must sing.'

"But eet ees impossible. We haf not ze costumes."

"Can't help it. Sing in evening-dress."

"Campanini ran his eyebrows into his hair, took hold of the corners of his tight sack-coat, and whirled around.

"Eet is all I haf," he said.

"No evening clothes?"

"Een my trunk."

"Well, you'll sing in those."

"He absolutely wailed, 'No, nevaire!' he declared.

"Yes, you will," I said.

"Then I hunted up De Vere. She had on a shabby black skirt, low shoes, white stockings, and a loose sack under a seal-skin coat. All her other clothes were with the luggage. She said 'nevaire!' too; but my blood was up. The big basso was the only one that had saved anything from the wreck. He had a frock-coat that he could put on with his plaid trousers. I had a tussle; but I persuaded them that the concert must go on, if the audience would stay by us. After that I wiped my forehead and went out to tackle the public. I explained the situation. I assured them that, personally, I would prefer returning their money. Only consideration for them prevented my insisting. Campanini would sail for Europe immediately. This was probably their only chance to hear the greatest living tenor. Campanini had refused to sing, but I had pleaded with him, and, if the audience insisted, we would go on. The audience was good-natured, as usual, and insisted.

"Oh, ye gods! I wish you could have seen that 'Faust' outfit, when the curtain went up. There wasn't any scenery; so the poor singers were just seated on chairs. Faust looked like a little German sausage in a checked cover; Marguerite showed white stockings and kept on her sealskin coat, because she couldn't show her waist; and Mephistopheles literally looked like the devil. The audience was deadly still for a moment, and I held my breath. Then there was a howl of laughter, and I knew it was all right. When the singers began to grow dramatic and settle down to conventional 'Faust,' it was enough to make a wooden Indian laugh. I wake up in the night sometimes, even yet, and chuckle over it. Campanini's pride was hurt. He cried; but the rest of the singers were

blessed with an American sense of humor, and said if the audience could stand it, they could.

"I never put a concert through under circumstances more unpropitious than those; but there was another night of 'Faust' that was almost as bad. Campanini was the victim again. We were down South, and Campanini had been having bronchitis, and the prima donna had been laid up with sore throat. We had been obliged to cancel five dates for full houses, and had reached the limit. Then Campanini sprained his ankle. I had gone on ahead, but received a telegram saying: 'Sprained ankle; can't sing.' I telegraphed: 'Meet me at Jacksonville.' The answer came: 'Impossible.' I telegraphed again: 'Meet me whether possible or not.' He met me, and I told him he must sing.

"But I can not step," he said.

"You'll have to slog some way or other," I said.

"He turned to his wife. 'Ah! Eet has come,' he said, 'I haf often said it. He's gone in ze head, at last; ze pauvre Gottschalk.'

"I had my way about it in the end. I made another apology to the audience. Oh, those apologies! When I have nightmare, I am always apologizing to audiences that are not good-natured. Campanini gave two acts of 'Faust' on crutches. It was side-splitting. Even Marguerite couldn't take him seriously, and nobody else tried to do it.

"But poor Campanini was a good fellow in comparison with some stars I've managed. I started West with a great violinist, some time ago; and, for economical reasons, went over a road that is rather rough and full of curves. Every one on the train was sleeping peacefully, when there was a yell in the sleeping-car. I recognized the voice, and grabbed my clothes. The noise went on, increasing in volume, and using German 'langwidge wich was horful.' Then I heard my name shrieked *fortissimo* at high C. I tumbled into the aisle. So did every one else. There was my genius, sitting on the edge of his berth, and letting off fire and smoke at the porter and two trainmen. When he saw me, he seized me.

"I can not sleep."

"What's the matter?"

"My brain ees mad."

"I believe you, but what's the special matter?"

"I can not stay een my bed."

"Why not?"

"Ach Himmel—doze cooers! I am broke in my hack. I vill not it haf. You vill stop der enginemann. He moost not around der corner go so. Go to him now. Say I haf it said."

"I promised I'd go wrestle with the engineer; but I had a terrible time quieting the old man. Everybody thought he was a lunatic and seemed relieved when I told them he was just a musician. The conductor wanted to put him off; but I promised I would sit up with him the rest of the night and see that he didn't break out again.

"You never can tell when a crank is going to break loose. I was going to San Francisco with a very excitable pianist once, and he behaved like a cherub until the last afternoon. We were to have reached San Francisco at twelve o'clock, but were four hours late. About twelve-thirty, my man sat up very straight, took out his watch and looked at it. Then he began to talk, in a very deliberate, quiet way. I knew the symptoms and braced.

"It is good weather," he said, with a long pause between the words. 'There is no snow on the track. There is no excuse—and we are four hours late. A-a-h!' He was off. He raved at the road, and the country, and the conductor, and the reporter, and me. The more we reasoned with him the wilder he got. He told me I must do something. He wouldn't stand it.

"Poosh the train! poosh the train!" he screamed, and we all promised we'd push the train if he'd keep quiet. Just then a boy came through with a San Francisco paper, and there was a big cut of my man on the first page. It saved us. He quieted down like a lamb—was as pleased as Punch, called the porter his dear friend, and embraced the conductor, said I was 'the pearl among managers,' and his heart's solace."

According to German statisticians, there are nine cities with more than 400,000 German inhabitants, though the term German seems to be pretty well stretched. They are: Berlin, 1,650,000; Vienna, 1,145,000; Hamburg, 626,000; New York, 583,000; Amsterdam, 513,000; Brussels, 458,000; Munich, 411,000; Chicago, 407,000; Leipzig, 400,000. Forty-four others have over 100,000, including, in the United States, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Cleveland, and Baltimore. The percentage of Germans is given as 38 in New York, 37 in Chicago and St. Louis, and 18 in Philadelphia.

## An Excursion

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## The Argonaut in Paris

Persons visiting the Exposition at Paris, and desiring copies of the Argonaut during their stay in that city, may obtain the same at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera. It will also be found at the California Head-quarters, No. 1 Place de l'Opera, and on the tables of the Southern Pacific reading rooms, 29 Boulevard des Italiens. The Argonaut will be sent direct from this office to those sending us their subscriptions.

Argonaut Publishing Co.,  
246 Sutter Street.

## Dividend Notices.

**MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN** Francisco, 33 Post Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1900, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1900. GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

**SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532** California Street, corner Webb.—For the half-year ending with the 30th of June, 1900, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and six-tenths (3.6-10) per cent. on term deposits and three (3) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1900. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

**THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN** Society, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending with June 30, 1900, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1900. GEORGE TOWNY, Secretary.

**THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN** ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA,  
222 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

Has declared for the six months ending June 30, 1900, a dividend of twelve (12) per cent. per annum to class "A" stock, ten (10) per cent. per annum to class "E" stock, six (6) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and five (5) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits. CAPT. OLIVER ELDREDGE, President. WM. CORBIN, Secretary.



## VANITY FAIR.

The rich Americans who have identified themselves with fashionable English life are at present the victims of sharp words of criticism in London, while in our own metropolis "the new element which prizes the possession of much money rather than the quality of personal distinction" is the class which is now the target for caustic remarks and anonymous letters to the press. In the many letters and articles contributed to the discussion in the London daily and weekly journals, the names of the American women who have married Englishmen are mentioned only in the most pleasant manner. "The millionaire invasion," as the London *Daily Mail* puts it, is however, bitterly resented. That paper quotes Lady Warwick's remark: "We are not a rich aristocracy. We are, many of us, deadly poor, little better than splendid paupers," and asks: "Are these splendid paupers, long owners of rural England, and worthy sustainers of the traditions of a noble race, giving way to American manufacturers, to South African speculators, to German merchant princes? Our old aristocracy absorbed the Rothschilds and Bentincks of previous generations, and made them part of itself. The new millionaires threaten to absorb it. From Skibo Castle, near Dornoch Firth, down to Norres, by Cowes, the cosmopolitans of capital are seizing some of the fairest spots of our land." This is a slap at William Waldorf Astor, Andrew Carnegie, Anthony J. Drexel, Bradley Martin, James R. Keene, Marshall Field, and many other Americans of wealth. "These millionaire invaders are so enormously rich," continues the *Daily Mail*, "that they are indifferent to the fancy prices asked for great estates. At least one of them, Mr. Astor, has an income of \$5,000,000 a year, secured in ground rents and railway bonds. When he wanted Cliveden he could afford to bid high enough to tempt even the multi-millionaire Duke of Westminster. The \$1,000,000 he is said to have paid for that estate represented only about a fifth of his yearly profits. Mr. Carnegie's income equals that of Mr. Astor. Quite half a dozen of the invaders count their yearly gains at from \$1,000,000 to \$2,500,000. The men who make \$1,000 a day are quite a host. It must be a very extraordinary English estate which can now be rented for from \$70,000 to \$15,000 a year. The upkeep of such a place will cost from \$30,000 to \$50,000 a year more. Even the poorest millionaire, the man who is not making more than \$250,000 a year, can afford this. Meanwhile, in at least one case, the man with a family history of eight hundred years behind him has to bury himself in a \$300 a year semi-detached villa in some quiet town near London. The rent of his old mansion goes to satisfy mortgages, leaving him perhaps \$2,500 a year for himself. This is no fancy picture."

The lavish display of jewels, silver, and flowers on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Katharine Clark to Dr. Louis Rutherford Morris, a few weeks ago, moved "an old New Yorker" to write a letter charging the father of the bride with having "extraordinarily bad taste," and with making "a wantonly extravagant display." On the other hand, simplicity has been the keynote of several of the most notable recent weddings, but the yellow journals, by gross fabrications, exaggerations, and distortions, have nevertheless succeeded in making the families of the bride appear ridiculous before the public. Only a short time ago a wedding took place in a family supposed to represent the conservative and strict element in New York society. As a rebuke to the other set—those who seek notoriety in the papers through their costly entertainments—the names of certain persons very conspicuous were purposely left off the list of invitations and also from the list of guests distributed for publication. But these persons had no idea of being left out in this significant fashion. They knew what it would mean to be ignored by this hostess, so some of those whom it was her particular purpose to exclude went to the wedding at the church, were recognized by the reporters, and had their names duly recorded among the lists of guests. It was useless to struggle against this miscarriage of their plans, although a little bit trying to the hostess to find at the head of her list some of those she had deliberately left out.

The social criticism of Cora Urquhart Potter, the actress, which recently came out in connection with the letters offered in evidence in the divorce suit won by James Brown Potter at Newport, R. I., prompted "An Old-Timer" to use some very pungent adjectives in a sharp arraignment of modern New York society in the New York *Sun*. When Mrs. Potter made her debut in London in 1887, against the wishes of her husband and his family, she justified her course by saying, among other things, that her life at Tuxedo was too "narrow," the people too "stiff-backed," and the place "morally unfit for children." Commenting on these letters, "An Old-Timer" says: "They are amusing in their spitefulness, but they have also in them an element of penetrating truth which bears witness to the keenness of her discrimination, and will gain for her much sympathy even in quarters which view her career only with disapproval. It is true that Philistinism rules in the society of New York of which she speaks. That it rules in the correspond-

ing society throughout the world is not less truthful; but in New York it is less relieved than it used to be by distinction, discovered and recruited by its intelligent discernment. Of superficial elegance there is more than formerly, for until the generation which came up after the Civil War there was really no wealth in New York society, as measured by the standard of to day, and accordingly the former social trappings were comparatively plain and humble. Now men and women who were looked on as social impossibilities then have become social dictators, if not exemplars, but they do not seem to be endowed with the old quality. Mrs. Brown Potter I have no intention to celebrate, but there is something in the contempt her letters express for smug bourgeois respectability which I am glad has been said and published; for however respectable such social factors may be, however praiseworthy their counting-house virtues, and however scrupulously correct their social deportment, they can not be said to be the material out of which truly gracious and really distinguished society can be built. The society of such respectability is exemplary, but is flavorless. Its studious conformity to only the most approved social standards, commendable as it may be, is tiresome. We feel the need of a breath of originality, even of audacity, even of spontaneous wickedness, to save us from suffocating in its conventional atmosphere. I can understand what Mrs. Potter meant and why she flung away every title to the consideration of such exemplary respectability. The society of this time, which is less afraid of propriety and of itself, is not much better, for its frivolity is childish and its display is barbaric. O for simplicity!"

The Yale *Alumni Weekly*, in accordance with its annual custom, prints the "social pedigree" of the juniors just elected to senior societies there. From this it appears that of the forty-five boys elected for sophomore societies during their freshman year, thirty-five were taken into the senior societies. Assuming that the senior elections are given to the juniors who are most deserving of selection, it follows that it was possible from school acquaintance, family name, tailor's name, fit of clothes, pull, and other advance-agent methods to select seven-ninths of the best fellows of the class previous to any college opportunity for the boys to prove themselves. Obviously such foresight is not possible, and consequently there must be, among those left out, a fair number who would have been taken if they had had equal chance to be known and considered. The great advantage that came with the sophomore opportunity did as much harm to those passed during the gladiatorial show as it gave help to those who by reason of it maintained the lead that they got before they had demonstrated what sort of stuff they were made of. This is the injustice that disturbs the college world, and reasonably so (points out the Hartford *Courant*). It has only to be pointed out to be plain to all. In a democratic college, among three hundred boys, it is physically impossible at the end of their second term to pick out forty-five of whom thirty-five are going, two or three years later, to be real leaders, preeminent among their associates. That is the trouble with the sophomore society system at Yale. None but the blind can fail to see it.

Just what market price can be fixed on social functions is a question that will have to be decided by a jury in the civil district court of New Orleans if a case that was filed a fortnight ago ever goes to trial. It is a suit for twenty-one hundred dollars damages, and the major part of the amount sued for is alleged as due from the fact that the defendant in the suit was responsible for the inability of the plaintiff's daughter to attend certain social functions. It is a suit instituted by Mrs. Anna M. Lewis against the firm of D. H. Holmes & Co., of New Orleans. Briefly, the complaint in the petition is that Holmes was to furnish five dresses to a daughter of the plaintiff, and that, owing to the fact that the dresses were not ready at the time agreed on, the daughter was unable to attend the many social functions. To make matters worse, it was the occasion of the marriage of the daughter, and in the order of dresses was a wedding-gown. This gown, the petition alleged, arrived just on the eve of the wedding, and was found to be four inches too short. Mrs. Lewis thinks she is entitled to damages because her daughter, Miss Lulu Lewis, now Mrs. Frank Eiseeman, "was deprived of the intellectual and social enjoyment which she and her husband would have experienced had she been able to accept the invitations to social festivities, which, among people in their class in life, always follow a wedding." She claims that "they received numerous invitations to all sorts of social enjoyments within the thirty days immediately following the wedding, which occurred on the nineteenth of April, which they were unable to accept and enjoy and were deprived of, by reason of the willful violation of the contract on the part of the defendants, who did not even attempt to finish the four dresses which were intended to enable the said Lulu Lewis to be properly arrayed on such social occasions, greatly to her mortification and to her deprivation of the enjoyment of which she had a right to anticipate, and did anticipate, on such an occasion." There is the usual concluding paragraph asking for judgment for twenty-one hundred

dollars, and that the Holmes firm be condemned to receive back the wedding-gown and return the seventy-eight dollars paid for it. A demand is made for a trial by jury.

A Paris correspondent, writing under date of June 9th, says: "The King of Sweden is installed in the famous Hôtel des Rois, which has been leased by the French Government for the sovereigns who will come to visit the exposition. He was cheered on his arrival last Thursday by more than two hundred thousand republicans, who cried, 'Vive le Roi!' with an enthusiasm which proves that the French temperament is not so republican at bottom. There is, therefore, always a hope for pretenders in France. At present, except for his visit to M. Loubet, he is, so to say, *incognito*, and in consequence in plain clothes, but there will be often official times when he will be in uniform as a sovereign. The famous Hôtel of Sovereigns in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne already proves too limited in accommodation. There is only one sovereign, and he is very badly lodged. There are apartments for only two persons, and the want of room became so plain that a second hôtel was leased at 43 Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. Here the chamberlains, secretaries, etc., are to be installed. As to the King of Portugal, who will come to Paris for the month of July, he has intimated that he would prefer not to live in the Hôtel of Sovereigns, and will himself rent a mansion." King Alphonso the Thirteenth of Spain and the Shah of Persia are among the other sovereigns who will accept the hospitality of the French Government in the near future.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions for the week ending Wednesday, June 20th, on the Stock and Bond Exchange were as follows:

As follows.		BONDS.		Closed.	
	Shares.			Bid.	Asked.
Hawaiian C. & S. 5%	4,000	@ 101	101 3/4	101 3/4	
Los An. Ry. 5%	1,000	@ 105			
N. R. of Cal. 5%	7,000	@ 107			
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%	3,000	@ 108 1/2		108	108 1/2
Oceanic S. Co. 5%	4,000	@ 105		105	
Oakland Transit 6%	6,000	@ 119		118 1/2	119
S. P. R. of Ariz. 6%	15,000	@ 114 1/2			
S. V. Water 6%	10,000	@ 115 1/2-115 3/4		115	115 1/2
S. V. Water 4% 3d.	14,000	@ 101 1/2		101 1/2	
		STOCKS.		Closed.	
Water.	Shares.			Bid.	Asked.
Contra Costa Water..	670	@ 68 1/2	70 1/2	68	69
Spring Valley Water.	145	@ 94 1/2	95 1/2	94 1/2	95
		Gas and Electric.		Closed.	
Equitable Gaslight ..	600	@ 3 1/2	3 3/4	3 1/2	3 3/4
Mutual Electric .....	20	@ 10 1/2	11	10 1/2	11 1/2
Oakland G. L. & H. ..	40	@ 47		46 1/2	47 1/2
S. F. Gas & Electric.	800	@ 47 1/2	49	48 1/2	49 1/2
		Banks.		Closed.	
Cal. S. D. & T. Co. ..	50	@ 105			
		Street R. R.		Closed.	
Market St. ....	35	@ 63 1/2		63	
Oakland S. & L. Ry. ..	10	@ 46		.....	47 1/2
		Powders.		Closed.	
Giant Con. ....	95	@ 86 1/2	87 1/2	86 1/2	
Vigorit .....	150	@ 3		2 1/2	3 1/2
		Sugars.		Closed.	
Hana P. Co. ....	200	@ 8 3/8	8 1/2	8	8 1/2
Honokaa S. Co. ....	730	@ 33 1/2	33 3/4	33 1/2	
Hutchinson .....	105	@ 25 1/2		25 1/2	25 3/4
Kilauea S. Co. ....	255	@ 20 1/2	20 3/4	20	20 1/4
Makaweli S. Co. ....	377	@ 47 1/2	47 3/4	47	47 1/2
Onomea S. Co. ....	40	@ 27 1/2		27 1/2	28
Pauahau S. P. Co. ..	505	@ 31 1/2	31 3/4	31 1/2	
		Miscellaneous.		Closed.	
Alaska Packers .....	75	@ 117 1/2	117 3/4	117 1/2	117 3/4
Cal. Fruit C. Assn. ....	10	@ 99		.....	99 1/2
Oceanic S. Co. ....	45	@ 93		92 1/2	95
Pac. C. Borax .....	15	@ 147		150	

Another week has dragged its weary length along and no business to mark its passage. Outside of the few transactions in bonds, there has not been business enough done to keep one broker awake. The sugars have hardly varied a fraction. Equitable Gas has advanced a point on few purchases, and San Francisco Gas and Electric two points on small transactions, while Contra Costa Water fell off two points, owing probably to the question of denying to Judge Hart the right to try the case now pending between the company and the Alameda County officials.

Spring Valley Water and Giant Powder shaded off a half point, the lack of orders being the only apparent cause. When the Fourth of July has passed and the Presidential nominations have been made, the board of brokers should, and probably will, settle down to business, and prices resume their wonted activity.

## INVESTMENTS.

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Sold by all druggists. Refuse Substitutes. Mariani & Co., 52 W. 15th St., New York, publish a handsome book of endorsements of Emperors, Emperess, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops, and other distinguished personages. It is sent gratis and postpaid to all who write for it.

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526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$2,213,146.59  
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits December 30, 1899.....28,463,655.41

OFFICERS—President, B. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOWN; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODEFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—Ign. Steinbart, Emil Rohde, D. N. Walter, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, and John Lloyd.

**SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION.**

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1900.....\$26,110,681  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve Fund.....2,000,000  
Contingent Fund.....407,391

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERV, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
Directors—George W. Beaver, Robert Watt, Thomas Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Daniel E. Martin, Albert Miller, Geo. Tasheira, E. B. Pond.

**THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,**

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000  
SURPLUS.....1,000,000  
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.....2,321,212  
January 1, 1900.

WILLIAM ALVORO.....President  
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier  
IRVING F. MOUTON.....2d Assistant Cashier  
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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000  
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H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst-Cashier;  
H. L. MILLER, Second Asst-Cashier.  
Directors—John J. Valentine, Andrew Christensen, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, John Birmingham, Dudley Evans.  
Branches at New York, Salt Lake, and Portland.

**CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.**

OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,869,461.75; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$2,068,839.71.

BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Manager.

COLIN M. ROYD, Agent for San Francisco.  
411 California Street.



## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Here is a gem from the *Oxford Magazine*: "A few days ago the rector of Oxford University received from a gentleman the following: 'How much would I have to pay for the education of my son in your university? Let me know if I shall have to pay more in case my son, besides rowing, should wish to learn to read and write.'"

Dean Dickinson, the dean of the Chapel Royal, Dublin, who preached before the queen on Good Friday, at the Viceregal Lodge, during her recent visit to the Emerald Isle, is well known for his witty repartee. Once when he heard that Mr. Fitzgerald, surgeon-oculist to the queen in Ireland, was paying a holiday visit to Niagara, he promptly remarked: "He'll find a cataract there that he can't remove."

There is no German town in which anti-British feeling is so strong as in Catholic Munich. The other day a priest, walking along one of the principal streets, noticed some hats exposed in the shop-window of an English hatter. He entered and exclaimed, indignantly: "Take away those hats!" "Why, pray?" inquired the hatter. "They are blasphemous!" replied the priest, seizing one of them and exhibiting the name of Christie to the amazed hatter.

Colonel W. O. Tolford tells a good story of a light-colored mulatto who wandered into one of the restaurants of Washington, D. C., the other day. When a waiter intimated to him in the gentlest way that he could not be served there, this conversation ensued: "Wha' can't I be served heah?" "It is against the rules." "Guess you tek me foh a colored man." "Aren't you?" "Me colored? No, suh, I use uh Malay." "Malay, eh. Let's see; where do the Malays come from?" "Why, uh, from Malaria, oh course."

When recently asked to write in a certain lady's album, the Prince of Wales playfully declined, saying: "A little while ago I spent nearly an hour one evening writing verses in several albums. I even made up a verse so badly put together that only a royal prince, or a duke at the best, could have had the shame to write such stuff. Now, madam, what do you think happened to my verses? Well, they were all sold at a good stiff price a week later to provide funds to support the Society for the Restoration of the Stuarts. Perhaps, Lady —, and the prince laughed heartily, "if I write in your album, you will sell the book to provide funds for the abolition of the monarchy in England."

A discharged soldier, lately returned from the Philippines, tells a tale of a shirt which is too good to be lost. His company was returning from a long and tiresome scouting trip, in which most of the men had parted with the greater part of their wearing apparel, when he saw on a clothes-line in the grounds of a residence adjoining a big stone church two very good shirts, hung out to dry. As he had at the time only half a shirt to his back, he proceeded to help himself to a whole one. Whereupon a woman came out of the house and said to him, in passable English: "You will pay for that on the judgment day." "Madam," he replied, "if you give such long credit, I will take both shirts," which he proceeded to do.

Thomas Sheridan, the Irish clergyman and grandfather of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the dramatist, had a great distaste for metaphysical discussions, whereas his son Tom, the actor, had a great liking for them. Tom one day tried to discuss with his father the doctrine of necessity. "Pray, father," said he, "did you ever do anything in a state of perfect indifference—without motive, I mean, of some kind or other?" Sheridan, who saw what was coming, said, "Yes, certainly." "Indeed?" "Yes, indeed." "What, total indifference—total, entire, thorough indifference?" "Yes, total, entire, thorough indifference." "My dear father," said Tom, "tell me what it is that you can do with (mind!) total, entire, thorough indifference?" "Why, listen to you, Tom," said Sheridan.

Robert Toombs, who was a leading member of the Confederate Congress in 1861, always tried to impress people with the belief that his genius made him equal to any emergency. Even when he studied hard, or availed himself of the labor of others, he encouraged the idea that his most splendid efforts were the result of the inspiration of the moment, entirely offhand, without any special preparation for the occasion. Once, when a very important debate was going on in the Federal Congress, Toombs made a magnificent speech which attracted everybody's attention. It was not only an eloquent speech, but it was remarkable for its masterly array of facts and figures and its convincing arguments. "You must have devoted considerable time to its preparation," said one of the statesmen's admirers. "Well, I gave about two hours to it," Toombs replied, with a careless, indifferent air. Some one repeated this to Alexander Hamilton Stephens, who

was at that time vice-president of the Confederacy, in the presence of several congressmen, and he exclaimed, somewhat irritably: "Two hours? Prepared that speech in two hours, did he? Why I spent two weeks on it myself." Stephens had patiently and laboriously collected the statistics, and Toombs had merely added the flourishes.

## Sate.

Sender tale I now rel8  
In figure5ive speech. As f8  
Gave me no power to corn88  
In metaphor and trope orn8,  
I'll use my lowlier gifts, and s18  
My facts in humble figure 8.

Young, beautiful, and lissome K8  
Was loved and wooed by William W8,  
Daily as they together s8,  
And nightly at the garden g8;  
Yet when he'd ask her if she'd m8,  
She ever answered, "William, w8!"

He showed her all his love so gr8,  
He argued every night till l8,  
And would at length expati8  
Upon his cheerless, lonesome s18.  
He plead with her to fix the d8;  
But she would not particip8  
In his long, amorous deb8,  
But would her forehead corrug8,  
And coyly answer, "William, w8!"

"At least," he cried, "O maid sed8,  
Though it my woe may aggrav8,  
Tell, oh, I pray thee, tell me str8,  
Lov'st thou another? Oh, rel8  
His h8ful name, and seal my f8!"  
She blushing murmured, "William W8!"

"I see!" he did ejacul8;  
"Tis I! 'Tis I! I'm William W8!"  
He clasps the maiden rose8;  
Their hearts in rapturous joy puls8.  
"And may I kiss thee once, dear K8?  
Just one sweet kiss? Say yes, oh, s8!"  
The shy maid whispered softly "8."

They kissed; 'twas spring in '88.  
By fall they'd scored 8,000,008.

But now—alas that I must s8!  
When she pleads for a kiss, the gr8  
Big brute does thus retali8,  
"W8, K8; w8, Mrs. K8 W8, w8!"

—Frank Crane in the Century Magazine.

## Turning the Joke on Herrmann.

When Bill Nye, in collaboration with James Whitcomb Riley, was touring the country as a lecturer (says *Success*), he stopped at a well-known Chicago hostelry one evening, and was escorted to a place in the big dining-room directly across the table from a dark man with heavy, black mustachios and a Mephistophelian goatee. Nye recognized his *vis-à-vis* as Herrmann, the magician, but beyond a quizzical stare gave no sign that he knew the eminent prestidigitator. Herrmann was very well aware that the bald man opposite him was Bill Nye, but did not indicate his recognition by word or manner. Herrmann had, in fact, prepared a little surprise for the humorist, and several others seated at the table were in the secret.

Nye was about to lance a leaf from his salad, when he espied, lying beneath it, a superb and scintillant diamond set in a very fine gold ring. Without showing the least surprise, he lifted the ring from the salad bowl, slipped it on his finger, conscious all the while that every eye was upon him, and, turning to Riley, who sat next to him, remarked, with his dry, inimitable drawl:

"Strange how careless I am getting to be in my old age, James. I am forever leaving my jewelry in unlikely places."

Herrmann was dumfounded at the sudden manner in which the trick had miscarried, but he was destined for a still greater shock, for when the dark waiter who presided over the table brought on the next course Nye turned to him and, soberly handing him the gem-set ring, said:

"You are a very good waiter, Joe."

"Yes, sah; I guess I is, sah."

"And you always will be a real good waiter, Joe?"

"Yes, sah; I'm houn' ter do ma best, sah."

"I believe you, Joe, I believe you, and as an evidence of my faith in you, I want you to accept this little trifle. Wear it, and always remember the man who most appreciated your services."

The dark's eyes bulged. Herrmann's fork rattled to the floor, and he tugged at his great mustachios, but was far too clever to cut in with an explanation at such an inopportune moment. There were half-suppressed titters all around the board during the rest of the meal, which the professor of occult art did not appear to enjoy.

At a late hour that night Herrmann was heard in loud argument with the dusky recipient of the diamond ring, trying in two languages to convince him that it was all a joke on the part of Mr. Nye. Finally, after discharging a tip of more than customary liberality, Herrmann got back his ring. He afterward avowed that the stone alone was worth two thousand dollars, and that Bill Nye's nonchalant presentation of it to a grinning menial had spoiled a whole evening's performance in legerdemain.

He—"My idea of a good story-teller is one that can hold you from start to finish." She—"Tell me a good one, and don't let me fall."—*Town Topics*.

## AN ASSISTED ORDER.

When Mr. Meddlar tried to use his telephone, a few days ago, the "hello girl," probably dreaming of her social triumphs, instead of giving him the number he called for, connected him with a line over which a conversation already raged. Mr. Meddlar had listened for only a moment before he discovered that the line had a very irascible female at one end of it and a not over-bright grocer's clerk at the other, and that the lady's order was being given somewhat tempestuously. He therefore decided to facilitate the proceedings, and the wires began to heat up in about this fashion:

WOMAN'S VOICE—And I want a dozen eggs, a dozen eggs—understand?

MR. MEDDLAR—Yes, mum. Do you want them fresh, mum?

WOMAN'S VOICE—Of course, stupid! Do you take us for cheap folks?

CLERK'S VOICE—Yes mum; a dozen eggs.

MR. MEDDLAR—Did you say a dozen or a hushel, mum?

WOMAN'S VOICE—A dozen—a dozen—a dozen, idiot! And I want a bottle of pickles. Got that?

MR. MEDDLAR—Yes, mum; a barrel of olives.

CLERK'S VOICE—Yes, mum; all right, mum.

WOMAN'S VOICE—No, no, no. Oh, sugar! A bottle of pickles, I said.

MR. MEDDLAR—Oh, yes, mum. Excuse me, mum, I was out with the boys last night an' am kinder twisted to-day. But you know how it is, mum. A barrel of sugar, you said? All right, mum.

WOMAN'S VOICE—No-o-o-o-o! Can't you hear, you drunken booby? I say a bottle of pickles.

MR. MEDDLAR—You said sugar, mum.

WOMAN'S VOICE—I didn't. And if—

CLERK'S VOICE—What did you say that last was, mum?

WOMAN'S VOICE—A bottle—bottle—bottle of pickles—pickles—pickles.

MR. MEDDLAR—All right, mum; three bottles of pickles.

WOMAN'S VOICE—Oh, you fool! Well let it go at that. And I want two quarts of vinegar.

MR. MEDDLAR—You don't need it, mum.

WOMAN'S VOICE—What's that?

MR. MEDDLAR—Sugar's what you need, mum, and lots of it.

WOMAN'S VOICE—Oh, if I only had you here, you—you—you—

MR. MEDDLAR—That's right, mum. U—u—use lots of it.

WOMAN'S VOICE—Gurgle! Gasp! Choke! Choke! Gasp! Gurgle!

CLERK'S VOICE—Beg pardon, mum, but I didn't catch that last. Please repeat it, mum.

WOMAN'S VOICE—You impudent imp! You tadpole! You shrimp!

MR. MEDDLAR—Fresh or canned, mum?

WOMAN'S VOICE—Oh, wait till I get my hands on you! I'm coming round there this instant. You just wait!

MR. MEDDLAR—All right, mum. How are all the folks?

Then the 'phone was furiously rung off—it sounded to Mr. Meddlar as if it had been wrung off the wall entirely—and, with a beatific smile gambling over his countenance, he resumed his seat at his desk and began drafting his report as president of the local Christian Endeavorers.—*Alex. Ricketts in the Smart Set.*

## The Type-Writer Invention.

A statistician has proved that the invention of the type-writer has given employment to 500,000 people, but he fails to state how many cases of weak stomachs and dyspepsia it has induced. All people of sedentary occupation need Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It helps nature to bear the strain which ensues from confinement, and it is a wonderful medicine. No one realizes this more keenly than the man or woman who has been cured of stomach trouble by its use.

## Moore's Poison Oak Remedy.

Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

WM. WILLIAMS & SONS  
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Domestic Economy  
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Armour's  
Extract  
of  
Beef

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CHICAGO.

## ANNUAL MEETING.

The adjourned annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 18, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the seventh day of August, 1900, at the hour of one o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

E. K. COLE, Asst. Secretary.

Office—Room 20, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

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STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets,

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,  
Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1900.  
Doric. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, June 30  
Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Thursday, July 26  
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu). Tuesday, August 21  
Doric. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, September 15

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha

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U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1900.

Nippon Maru. Tuesday, July 10  
America Maru. Friday, August 3  
Hongkong Maru. Wednesday, August 29

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
421 Market Street, cor. First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

S. S. Australia, for Honolulu only, Wednesday, June 27, 2 p.m.

S. S. Moana sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Wednesday, July 11, at 8 p. m.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, S. F.:  
For Alaskan ports, 11 A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5, change to company's steamers at Seattle.

For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, 11 A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, July 5, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Eureka (Humboldt Bay), 2 P. M., June 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, July 2, and every fifth day thereafter.

For Newport (Los Angeles) and way ports, 9 A. M., June 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, July 2, and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, and Redondo (Los Angeles), 11 A. M., June 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, July 4, and every 4th day thereafter. For further information see folder.

For Mexican ports, 10 A. M. Seventh of each month. The company reserves the right to change steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

Ticket Office—New Montgomery St. (Palace Hotel)  
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., 10 Market St. S. F.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.  
New York and Southampton (London, Paris), from New York every Wednesday, 10 A. M.

St. Louis. July 4. St. Paul. July 18  
New York. July 11. St. Louis. July 25

RED STAR LINE.  
New York and Antwerp. From New York every Wednesday, 12 noon.

Kensington. July 4. Friesland. July 18  
Nordland. July 11. Southark. July 25

EMPIRE LINE.  
To Alaska and Gold Fields.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 30 Montgomery Street.



## SOCIETY.

## The Merrill-Snider Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Olive Irene Snider, daughter of Mrs. Andrew Snider, to Mr. John Sroufe Merrill, son of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill, took place at the First Congregational Church on Tuesday, June 19th. The ceremony was performed at high noon by the Rev. G. W. Sweeney, of the Christian Church, assisted by Rev. George C. Adams. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her mother, Mrs. Andrew Snider; Miss Gladys Merrill, the groom's sister, was the maid of honor; Mr. H. M. Holbrook was the best man, and Mr. Ralph D. Merrill, the groom's brother, Mr. Frank King, Mr. William Hazelton, Mr. Orlo Eastwood, Mr. Clarence Doane, and Mr. D. Searles, served as ushers.

After the church ceremony an elaborate wedding breakfast was served at the home of the groom's parents, 1732 Washington Street, to which only relatives and intimate friends were invited. Those who sat at the bride's table were Mr. and Mrs. Orlo Eastwood, Miss Gladys Merrill, Miss Ethel Dean, Miss Edith Bull, Miss Zella Tiffany, cousin of the groom, Miss May Snider, of Oregon, cousin of the bride, Mr. H. M. Holbrook, Mr. Ralph D. Merrill, Mr. Frank King, Mr. William Hazelton, Mr. Clarence Doane, and Mr. D. Searles. When the bride's cake was cut the ring fell to Miss Gladys Merrill, who later also caught the bride's bouquet of Bermuda lilies.

Mr. and Mrs. Merrill left for the East in the evening, and expect to be away at least three months.

## The Fletcher-Tay Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Harriet B. Tay, daughter of the late George H. Tay, to Mr. Peter Fletcher, of New York, took place at Grace Church on Wednesday evening, June 20th. The ceremony was performed at eight o'clock by the Right Rev. William Ford Nichols, D. D., assisted by the Rev. R. C. Foute. The bride was given into the groom's keeping by her brother, Mr. Charles Fox Tay; Miss Irene M. Tay, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor; and Mr. John P. Jackson, Mr. Andrew Jackson, Mr. Bush Finnell, Dr. Walter Thorne, Mr. George S. Wheaton, and Mr. Walter Parker Treat acted as ushers.

The church ceremony was followed by a reception at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fox Tay, on Pine Street, at which a limited number of relatives and friends were present. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher left for the East on Thursday, en route to the groom's former home in Scotland. Several months will be spent in Europe, and late in the fall the young couple will return to New York, where they will reside.

## The Pritchett-McAllister Wedding.

Miss Eva McAllister, daughter of Mr. Hall McAllister, of this city, and a niece of the late Ward McAllister, was married to Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, on Saturday, June 9th, in the Protestant Episcopal church at Chevy Chase, Washington, D. C. The ceremony was performed at 11:30 A. M. by the Rev. T. S. Childs, rector of the church. The bride was given into the groom's keeping by her brother-in-law, Senator Francis G. Newlands; Miss Susie Pritchett, sister of the bridegroom, was the maid of honor; and Mr. James Bartlett, of St. Louis, was the best man.

A wedding breakfast followed at the home of Senator and Mrs. Newlands. Among other guests present were Secretary of the Treasury Lyman J. Gage and Mrs. Gage, Assistant-Secretary Frank A. Vandellip, Secretary of the Interior Ethan A. Hitchcock and Mrs. Hitchcock, Senator and Mrs. George Peabody Wetmore, Senator and Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins, Senator and Mrs. George F. Hoar, Justice and Mrs. Joseph McKenna, Sir Julian Pauncefoot, the British ambassador, and the Misses Pauncefoot, and Professor Charles Clinton Levisser, the French ambassador.

Dr. and Mrs. Pritchett, who are traveling in Canada, will, in the autumn, make their home in Boston. Mrs. Pritchett for the last two years has made her home with her sister, Mrs. Newlands.

## The Macchi-Woolworth Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Mary Woolworth, daughter of the late R. C. Woolworth, to Count Pietro Macchi, took place at Rome on June 1st. An American who was present thus describes the ceremony:

"The early hour of 9 A. M. is the one chosen for Roman Catholic marriages, and the wedding invitations having been sent by the Cardinal Macchi, uncle of the bridegroom, all the guests arrived punctually. Up a fine staircase lined with flowering shrubs and plants, through antechambers lined with servants in gorgeous livery of blue and red and gold, past the *gentiluomo d'onore* in his mediæval costume, with sword and silver chains, we were ushered into a dimly lighted *salon*, where we found assembled all the prominent members of the American colony now in Rome. Among these were the American ambassador, who was witness for the bride, and Mrs. Draper, Mr. and Mrs. Wurts, Mr. Lee, Mrs. and Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. Hulbert, and Mrs. Chandler. Among the relatives and intimate friends of the bridegroom were, besides his own immediate

family, the Marchese and Marchesa Teodoli, the Princesses Odescalchi, Sonnino Colonna, and San Faustino, the Baron von Schönberg, the Duca Massimo, and many others. The bridal procession was preceded by His Eminence Cardinal Macchi, in his red robes, supported by his two assistants, then came the bride and groom, her train carried by little Miss Hester Chanler, followed by Mrs. R. C. Woolworth, and the parents, brothers, and sister of the groom.

"The invited guests followed them into the private chapel of the cardinal, which was beautifully decorated with white flowers, and there the mass was performed. After the ceremony there was a sit-down collation, and the hospitality and good taste of all the arrangements were most enthusiastically admired by the guests, many of whom for the first time enjoyed the hospitality of a cardinal."

## The Green Dinners.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Green gave a dinner at Pastor's Fairfax Villa on Thursday last, at which they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, Miss Katharine Dillon, Miss Cosgrave, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, and Mr. Fred A. Greenwood.

Mrs. Green also gave a dinner at the Hotel Rafael on Sunday, June 17th, her guests being Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCreary, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, and Mr. Edward M. Greenway.

## Notes and Gossip.

Hon. and Mrs. Valentine Goldsmith Hush, of Fruitvale, announce the engagement of their third daughter, Miss Jean Mary Hush, to Mr. Frank Richardson Wells, of Burlington, Vt., son of the late Major-General William Wells. No date has yet been set for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lillian Mosely to Captain William F. Lewis, assistant-surgeon, U. S. A., both of whom are at present in Manila. Miss Mosely is the second daughter of Major E. B. Mosely, surgeon, U. S. A., who was stationed at the Presidio for some time last year.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison (née Crocker), who have been spending their honeymoon at "The Urchins," the summer home of the groom's parents at Bar Harbor, will sail for Europe about the end of June. They intend to spend the greater part of the summer traveling in Norway, and Sweden, and upon their return to New York in the autumn will occupy the house of Mr. and Mrs. Seivits Condé, 6 West Fifty-Sixth Street, which they have taken for the winter.

Mr. George A. Newhall gave an elaborate dinner to the directors of the Burlingame Country Club at the club-house on Wednesday evening, June 20th, at eight o'clock. Those at table were Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Ford, Prince and Princess A. Poniatowski, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mrs. F. A. Frank, Mr. Henry W. Poett, and Miss Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckhee gave a luncheon at the San Rafael Golf Club on Sunday, June 17th, at which they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCreary, Mrs. Fred H. Green, Miss Katharine Dillon, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, and Mr. William M. O'Connor.

Mr. Charles Fox Tay gave a dinner in honor of Miss Harriet Tay and Mr. Peter Fletcher on Saturday evening, June 16th, in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club. Among others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Danforth, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Morrow, Miss Danforth, Miss Alice Hastings, Miss Irene Tay, Mr. George Wheaton, Mr. Clarence T. Wendell, and Mr. Foster, of New York.

Mrs. Gladstone, widow of the late William E. Gladstone, the English statesman, died June 14th. Mrs. Gladstone, although her place in the public eye was due chiefly to the fame of her illustrious husband, was a woman of uncommon ability and force of character. She was the eldest daughter of Sir Stephen Glynne, and in her youth was noted for her personal beauty, her distinction of manner, and her accomplishments. It was in 1839 that she was married to W. E. Gladstone, then a rising young statesman, and from that hour to the day of his death she was a pattern of wifely devotion, the constant companion, guardian, assistant, and ally of the great leader. Her life, fine as it was, was too essentially private to be the subject of long newspaper comment. It was only in works of charity that she ever assumed a public position, although her face and figure were necessarily almost as familiar to the people of England as those of Mr. Gladstone himself. Her home life was rarely happy and dignified, and her acquaintance included almost all the most eminent English men and women of the time. She will rest beside her illustrious husband in Westminster Abbey.

A useful addition to the dietary of invalids in England has been made in the shape of Siberian partridges, which are killed when in prime condition and conveyed frozen by sleigh, rail, and boat to London. They are said to be remarkably tender and delicate eating.

## LATE VERSE.

## The Recluse.

Winds of the World, to-night I hear  
Your bugles blowing shrill and clear;  
Calling, still calling. 'Tis in vain,  
I ride not at your call again.  
Ay me, and would you stir me yet  
To the old hope, the old regret,  
The passions and the pains of youth?  
Once like the knights of old I went  
Riding to tilt and tournament  
With shield of Faith and sword of Truth,  
Joy sang before me, I was blind  
To the grim car that rode behind.  
But now within my cloistered heart  
Far from the world I dwell apart,  
Hearing but what I choose to hear,  
Shut out alike are Love and Fear,  
The two great brother-gods who go  
About the dim world working woe.  
Here the sweet air is all unstirred  
Even by the far-felt, distant heat  
Of their strong wings, of their white feet,  
Their strange, mad music dies unheard  
Ere ever it can pass the bound  
That fences this my temple round.

Here would I dwell alone, as far  
From the fierce world as is the star  
That turns upon the brow of Eve;  
No more to joy, no more to grieve  
For aught that moves the lives of men.  
Ah, heart of mine, what thrills thee then  
In that faint call that rings afar?  
Music and laughter rise and fall,  
And ever more the bugles call  
To Life and Love, and Glorious War.  
Hark to the thunder of the drum,  
Winds of the World, I come, I come!  
—D. J. Robertson in *Longman's Magazine*.

## To a Lover.

Friend, if I had but Joshua's skill,  
By my benign decree  
I'd make the summer sun stand still  
I'd the skies of Arcadee,  
O'er gardens where Menalcas walks  
Alone with Amariyllis,  
And jasmine bowers where Strephon talks  
(As you do now) with Phyllis.

Think what a pleasant land were this,  
A land where time and tide  
Waited upon young lovers' bliss,  
Where roses never died;  
No withering flowers, no autumn rains,  
No evenings closing colder;  
A fairyland where neither swains  
Nor sentiments grow older.

But were it one long afternoon  
In yonder favored spot,  
I wonder would it be a boon  
To Corydon, or not?  
One long geranium, aster, stock,  
Rose, heliotrope, sweet-pea-time,  
That always stayed at four o'clock,  
And never moved to tea-time.

Nay, this were scarcely to your mind,  
A sun that stood above,  
And would not, sloping westward, find  
The shepherd more in love;  
A clock whose apathy would show  
A state of things alarming,  
In which no shepherdess could grow  
Hour after hour more charming.

Better, I think, is time that flies,  
With halcyon days and nights,  
That bids you love and sleep and rise  
Each morn to new delights;  
That when the sunset fades away  
Brings you no thought of sorrow,  
Happier to-day than yesterday,  
And happier still to-morrow.

—London Vanity Fair.

## Sundered.

O love, since you and I must walk apart,  
Spare me one little corner of your heart—  
A shrine  
That shall be wholly mine!

Others may claim, and rightfully, the rest;  
If there I know I am not dispossessed,  
All bliss  
I, eager, shall not miss.

And if so he sometimes offer there,  
Though but in thought, the fragment of a prayer,  
No more  
Can I, alas I implore.

But that is much, and shall, forsooth, avail  
To make my footsteps falter not nor fail,  
Though far  
Our pathways sundered are.

Then, love, since you and I must walk apart,  
Spare me one little corner of your heart—  
A shrine  
That shall be wholly mine!

—Clinton Scollard in the Bazar.

The golden rose of virtue which the Pope occasionally presents to those who work for the church was originally a single simple flower of wrought gold, stained or tinted with red, in imitation of the natural color. Afterward the golden petals were adorned with rubies and other gems, and finally the form adopted was that of a thorny branch with several flowers and leaves, and one chief flower at the top, all of pure gold, with the exception of the precious stones with which the principal parts are embellished.

## ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

A Powder for the Feet.



"Oh, What Rest and Comfort!"

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Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet and instantly takes the itching out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It's a certain cure for growing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TODAY. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Do not accept an imitation. Send by mail for 25c. in stamps.

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(Mention this paper).

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San Francisco, Cal.

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First-class quiet Family Hotel,  
D. W. JAMES, Proprietor,  
Late of Paso Robles Hotel.



## SOCIETY.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, who sailed from New York for England on Wednesday, June 13th, intend to remain abroad until about September 1st. While in London they will be the guests of Mr. Mackay's mother, Mrs. John W. Mackay. Later they will go to Inverness-shire, Scotland, where Mr. Mackay has leased a large game and deer preserve.

Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, the Misses Grace and Lillie Spreckels, Master J. D. Spreckels, Jr., and Master Claus Spreckels, Jr., sailed from New York for Europe on Thursday, June 14th. They expect to remain abroad for six months, most of which time will be spent in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and the Misses Harriet, Janetta, and Mary Alexander sailed from New York for Europe on Wednesday, June 13th. They will remain abroad until August.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Dean left San Rafael on Thursday for a visit to Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Haggin have closed their town house, 537 Fifth Avenue, New York, for the season, and are now sojourning at their country home in Kentucky. Late this month they will sail for Europe for a visit to the Paris Exposition.

Miss Florence B. Ives is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, at her country home near Cloverdale.

Miss Cadwalader has been spending the past week with Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall at her cottage in Ross Valley.

Mrs. Easton, who went East for the Harrison-Crocker wedding at Tuxedo, and has been the guest of her brother, Mr. D. O. Mills, and Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Alexander, has returned to this city, accompanied by her granddaughter, Miss Jennie Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter C. Allen (née Sharon) are settled for the summer months in Seattle, Wash.

Mr. Homer S. King left for Portland, Or., on Sunday, June 17th. Miss Genevieve King returns from Smith College to-morrow (Sunday) to spend her vacation with her parents.

Mrs. Pebe A. Hearst and her niece, Miss Lane, are in Washington, D. C.

Miss Pearl Landers has returned from Monterey and is now with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Landers, at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Miss Maylita Pease, and Master Dick Pease leave for Portland, Or., this (Saturday) evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baldwin (née Kittredge) have returned to Oakland from their wedding-trip East.

Mrs. W. C. Clark and Miss Laura Clark have returned from Sacramento, where they were the guests of Mrs. Charles McCreary. Miss Elsie Clark will remain some time longer.

Miss Minnie Houghton has been passing the week with Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker at their cottage in San Rafael.

Mrs. John J. Valentine and Miss Ethel Valentine will spend some time at Wawona on their return from their trip to Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Remi Chabot and the Misses Chabot will spend the summer at "Villaremi," their country home near St. Helena. A large house-party will be given during the Fourth of July holidays.

Miss Bernice Drown was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman at their home in San Rafael last week.

Mrs. R. H. Warfield and Mr. Emerson Warfield have returned from a fortnight's visit to Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. J. L. Martel and Miss Adèle Martel have gone to spend the summer at their country-place at Mountain View. Mrs. J. M. Masten has recovered from her serious illness, and is also with her mother.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt will spend the coming month at the Moffitt residence in Oakland.

Dr. H. J. Stewart and Miss Frances Stewart, who are in British Columbia, will return to San Francisco about July 25th.

Mr. Clarence Follis spent last Sunday at San Rafael.

Mr. Rolla V. Watt has returned from his visit to the East.

Judge and Mrs. Edward A. Belcher are at the Tavern of Castle Crag for the summer.

Mrs. Maurice Casey, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Katharine Dillon, and Miss Cosgrave made up a pleasant party who visited the Tavern of Tamalpais early in the week.

Dr. and Mrs. John Gallwey have returned from an extended European tour and are registered at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. George S. Sperry, of Stockton, was at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean and Miss Edith McBean are guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. J. W. Allen, of Portland, Or., late manager of the Portland Hotel, is at the California Hotel en route to Honolulu, where he will take charge of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

Ex-Senator Stephen M. White came up from Los Angeles early in the week and was a guest at the Palace Hotel. He is en route to Kansas City as a delegate at large to the Democratic National Convention.

Mr. Henry Waterhouse, of Honolulu, registered at the Occidental Hotel on Tuesday. He has just returned from the East.

Mrs. J. A. Fillmore, Miss Fillmore, and Miss McClure enjoyed a pleasant visit to the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Rev. and Mrs. A. A. Fulton arrived from the Orient on Tuesday on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Doric* and were at the Occidental Hotel for a few days prior to their departure for the East.

Mrs. William Gershel, who arrived from New York on Thursday, is visiting her parents, Mr. and

Mrs. J. Eppinger, at the Palace Hotel. She will probably remain here during the summer months.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mrs. J. W. Bowers and son, of Los Angeles, Mr. E. T. Perkins, Jr., of Washington, D. C., Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker, Mr. G. W. Beer, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Lowry, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Dusenberry, Mrs. A. G. Fry, Mr. Leon L. Roos, Mr. and Mrs. E. X. Rolker, Mr. C. E. Worden, and Mrs. F. G. Nichols.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Mr. E. A. Gerst, of Livermore, Mr. J. P. O'Brien, of Sonoma, Mr. J. D. Wheeler, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Arndt, of Stockton, Mr. J. G. Scott, of Agnews, Dr. C. H. Stocking, of Los Angeles, Mrs. H. C. Short and Miss M. Short, of Topeka, Kas., Mr. V. S. McClatchy, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Garney, of Los Angeles, and Mr. R. G. Morrison, of Bakersfield.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Davis and Mr. and Mrs. J. Adams, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Roberts, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. George Schafer, of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Fenton, of Redlands, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Cline, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Wolfe, of Paris, Mr. L. M. Hyde and Mr. J. N. Hyde, of Fresno, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Briggs, of Sacramento, Mr. W. S. Wood, Mr. R. H. Pease, Jr., Mr. J. H. Neff, Mr. G. A. Christiansen and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Christiansen, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Cambron, and Mr. Eugene Wilson.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major Edward B. Cassatt, Twenty-Seventh Regiment, U. S. V., who recently arrived from Manila after a year's active service in the Philippines, will proceed to Paris, after spending a short time visiting his family at Haverford, Pa., having been assigned to duty there in connection with the Paris Exposition.

Captain J. G. Green, U. S. N., has been detached from duty in charge of the naval recruiting rendezvous, Philadelphia, Pa., and ordered to command the *New Orleans*, to relieve Captain G. E. Ide, U. S. N. He will proceed to the Asiatic station on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Doric*, sailing on Saturday, June 30th.

Mrs. Bent has joined her husband, Lieutenant Charles Lyman Bent, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., at Camp Osborne, Ida., where she will remain during the summer months.

Lieutenant W. H. Carpenter, U. S. M. C., who has been in charge of the corps of engineers at Guam, arrived on the Occidental and Oriental steamer *Doric* on Tuesday. Early in March the accidental explosion of a small quantity of powder destroyed the sight of his right eye, although it might have been saved had he not been compelled to travel under the glare of a hot sun for several hours immediately after the accident. Lieutenant Carpenter is now at Mare Island, and expects to receive orders in a few days to proceed to Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Smith, wife of Captain Sehree Smith, Third Artillery, U. S. A., accompanied by her daughters, the Misses Smith, and Mrs. Ketcham, wife of Lieutenant D. W. Ketcham, Sixth Artillery, U. S. A., left Vancouver Barracks last week for Washington, D. C., where they will spend the summer.

Lieutenant Colonel J. B. Babcock, U. S. A., adjutant-general of the Department of California, has been spending part of his fifteen days' leave of absence with Mrs. Babcock at the Hotel Paso Robles.

Lieutenant Malcolm Graham, U. S. V., who has been invalided home from the Philippines, is with Mrs. Graham at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Kent, on Jackson Street, Oakland.

Lieutenant Edgar T. Conley, Twenty-First Infantry, U. S. A., was a visitor at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mrs. Wallace, wife of Lieutenant William Wallace, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., has returned to Vancouver Barracks after a visit to relatives in this city.

Surgeon F. A. Hesler, U. S. N., has been detached from the naval hospital, Chelsea, Mass., and ordered to the *Yosemite*, to relieve Surgeon P. Leach, U. S. N., and Assistant Paymaster V. S. Jackson, U. S. N., has been detached from the New York Navy Yard and ordered to the Cavite Naval Station, as assistant to the general store-keeper. They will both sail on the *Doric* on Saturday next.

A son was born to the wife of Captain John J. Bradley, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., at Vancouver Barracks, on Monday, June 14th.

Mr. David McDougal LeBreton, formerly of San Francisco, has been appointed to the Naval Academy at Annapolis by the President. He is the son of Mr. Albert J. LeBreton, who practiced law in this city for many years. His mother, before her marriage, was Miss Nopie McDougal, daughter of the late Rear-Admiral David McDougal, U. S. N. Mr. and Mrs. LeBreton removed a number of years ago to Washington, D. C., where they are now residing. Mr. David LeBreton is at present on a visit here to his brother, Mr. E. J. LeBreton, the president of the French Savings Bank.

Not in many years (says the *Army and Navy Journal*) has so large a colony of navy women been assembled in Yokohama as during the month of May last. The presence of the *Oregon*, *New Orleans*, *Newark*, *Brooklyn*, *Bennington*, and *Concord* brought a large feminine contingent both from Manila and from the States, for Yokohama is a favorite camping ground with wives of officers. Among the number who have been for some little time at the Grand Hotel are Mesdames Victor Blue, Hoff, Cooley, Jewett, and Dixon. Early in May a party was made up which made the trip to Wyanoshita, a near-by mountain resort, under charming conditions. Paymaster and Mrs. Jewett,

Mrs. Dixon, Lieutenant-Commanders Bull and Barton, and Mr. Ennis made up the number, and spent several delightful days at the Fugiya, the hotel at Myanshita, which took the place of the old one which was burned some two years ago.

## Death of Mrs. Nahl.

Mrs. Annie J. Nahl, widow of California's eminent pioneer painter, Arthur Nahl, died Tuesday in Alameda. She had been troubled with heart disease since April, and it was this malady that caused her death.

Mrs. Nahl had the distinction of being the only woman who was ever a member of the Olympic Club. Her husband was the founder of the club, and its original gymnasium was in the Nahl backyard. Soon after her marriage Mrs. Nahl presented to the club a handsome silk banner, and the club reciprocated by electing her an honorary life member, a distinction that has never been conferred on any other woman.

Arthur Nahl and his brother Charles were the most prominent artists of early San Francisco, and their paintings—including some now owned by the State, the Park Museum, and the Crocker Art Gallery at Sacramento—are of great value in California history. On June 9th, Mrs. Nahl's Alameda home, on Central Avenue and Paru Street, was burned, when a large collection of original sketches was lost, but all the paintings owned by the family were saved.

The new Tavern of Tamalpais is the finest and best-appointed resort in California. Parties desiring a night of perfect rest away from the noise and turmoil of city life can leave San Francisco as late as 5:15 P. M., arriving at the Tavern in time for dinner, view the sunset, witness the night scene and magnificent cloud effects, enjoy the sunrise, and arrive back in the city at 8:45 A. M., in time for business.

Belle Boyd, famous as a Southern spy, died June 17th of heart disease at Kilbourn, Wis., where she had a lecture engagement.

## Books Worth Reading.

"The Sword of the King," a stirring novel of adventure by Ronald McDonald; "Problems of Expansion," by Whitelaw Reid. For sale at Cooper's, 746 Market Street.

—DO NOT GO TO THE COUNTRY WITHOUT A jar of California Strawberry Cream for the skin. Made from the fruit juice, at Greenbaum's, 200 Post.

—After 24 years under Palace Hotel, Marsh's Japanese Fine Art Store has moved to 214 Post St.

—THEY KNOW YOU ARE A JUDGE OF GOOD whisky when you call for Jesse Moore at the bar.

## SHREVE &amp; COMPANY

Will close their store at 3 P. M. on Saturdays, and other business days at 5 P. M. June 30th to September 1st, inclusive.

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MOUNTAIN INTERIOR AND SEASHORE OF CENTRAL CALIFORNIA  
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Magnificent Surroundings—Warm Salt Water Bathing—Fine Service—Moderate Charges.  
Now Conducted on the American Plan.

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MILDER THAN EVER  
**ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT**  
CLEAR HAVANA CIGARS

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White Seal (Grande Cuvée), of exceptional bouquet and dryness.—*Court Journal*.

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The tourist, pleasure-seeker, and the business man will find the location particularly desirable, being in close proximity to places of amusement, wholesale and shopping districts, and with the further advantage of having street-cars to all parts of the city pass the entrance.

American plan. European plan.

## Vacation Shoes FOR THIS WEEK.

Ladies' Tan Lace and Button Shoes, mostly narrow toes and widths.....\$1.15  
Ladies' Kangaroo and Calf (Laird, Schober & Co) Shoes......65  
Ladies' Tan Golf Shoes.....\$2.50  
Ladies' French Kid (Herbert's) Shoes, what are left......25  
Ladies' Tan Oxfords, LXV, heel......95  
Men's Tan Hand Welt Lace Shoe, pointed toes, narrow widths; sizes, 9, 10, 11.....\$1.00  
Men's Calf Button and Congress, full plain toe, small sizes, narrow widths......75  
Children's Patent Leather and Kid Shoes, odd lot......25

Most all of above small sizes. No mail orders filled. We will not exchange or return money on these goods. See prices in windows and bargain counter. We also have full lines of new Summer Footwear. Popular prices.



## \*FINE SHOES\*

830-832-834 Market Street, San Francisco

A sad story is told of Ernest Groult, the waiter who in 1867 probably saved the life of Alexander the Second, Emperor of Russia, and who is in a condition almost of destitution. The Pole, Berezowski, it will be remembered, fired two shots from a revolver at the emperor at the Grand Prix race, to which he had accompanied Napoleon the Third. Groult was near the would-be assassin, and threw himself on him, thus spoiling his aim. He received five hundred francs and a gold watch next day from the emperor's aid-de-camp, and was asked to come and live in Russia. Recently he sent a petition for assistance to St. Petersburg, and two days ago was informed that a registered letter awaited him at Rouen. He borrowed the railway fare from Havre, but when he obtained possession of the letter he found it was only an intimation that his petition had been rejected by the chamber of petitions. Groult is about to go into a hospital, and it is unlikely he will ever come out alive.



# 4<sup>th</sup> of JULY

## Excursion Rates

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FOR ROUND TRIP TICKETS  
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BETWEEN ITS LINES, AS FOLLOWS

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For Stations within 125 miles distance

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To Stations distant 201 to 300 miles

TICKETS WILL BE ON SALE ABOUT  
JULY 1st TO 4th inclusive, and good for  
return till about July 5th. For exact dates  
and rates, go and see the nearest S. P. Co.  
Agent.

#### SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, (PACIFIC SYSTEM.) Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO. (Main Line, Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE	FROM MAY 13, 1900.	ARRIVE
*7.00 A	Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Vacaville, Rumsey, and Sacramento.....	*7.45 P
*7.00 A	Shasta Express—Davis, Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Red Bluff, Portland.....	*7.45 P
*7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*6.15 P
*8.00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville.....	*7.45 P
*8.00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	*11.45 A
*8.30 A	San José, Livermore, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Placerville, Marysville, Chico, and Red Bluff.....	*4.15 P
*8.30 A	Oakdale, Chinese (for Yosemite), Sonoma, Carleton.....	*4.15 P
*9.00 A	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*11.45 A
*9.00 A	Los Angeles Express—Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	*6.45 P
*9.30 A	Vallejo, Martinez, and Way Stations The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*6.45 P
*11.00 A	Niles, Livermore, Stockton, Sacramento, Mendota, Hanford, Visalia, and Porterville.....	*5.15 P
*12.00 M	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations Sacramento River Steamers.....	*4.15 P
*12.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and Way Stations.....	*15.00 A
*4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	*5.45 P
*4.00 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, and Oroville.....	*9.15 A
*4.30 P	Niles, San José, and Stockton.....	*10.45 A
*5.00 P	The Owl Limited. Tracy, Fresno, Bakersfield, Saugus for Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	*7.15 P
*5.00 P	Fresno Passenger—Martinez, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Berenda (Raymond for Yosemite), Fresno.....	*9.45 A
*5.30 P	New Orleans Express—Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	*12.15 P
*5.30 P	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	*8.45 A
*6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	*6.45 P
*6.00 P	Vallejo.....	*6.45 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago.....	*12.15 P
*6.00 P	Oriental Mail—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago.....	*11.45 A
*7.00 P	Vallejo, Port Costa, and Way Stations.....	*4.15 P
*8.05 P	Oregon and California Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	*19.55 P
		*8.15 A

#### COAST DIVISION (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)

*7.45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion for Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	*18.05 P
*8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	*6.30 P
*12.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*10.50 A
*4.15 P	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	*8.50 A
*4.15 P	Glenwood, Felton, Santa Cruz.....	*8.50 A

#### CREEK ROUTE FERRY. From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—

*7.15	9.00	11.00 A. M.	12.00	*2.00	13.00
*4.00	15.00	*6.00 P. M.			

#### From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—

10.00 A. M.	12.00	*1.00	12.00	*3.00	14.00	*5.00 P. M.
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#### COAST DIVISION (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)

*6.10 A	Ocean View, South San Francisco.....	*6.30 P
*7.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	*1.30 P
*7.30 A	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	*18.35 P
*9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Surf, Lompoc, and Principal Way Stations.....	*4.10 P
*10.40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*6.35 A
*11.30 A	San José, Los Gatos and Way Stations.....	*5.30 P
*12.45 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10.36 A
*13.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P
*14.15 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*9.45 A
*15.00 P	San José, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations.....	*19.00 A
*5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	*18.35 A
*6.30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*18.00 A
*6.15 A	San José and Way Stations.....	*7.30 P

a For Morning. f For Afternoon.  
s Saturday. d Sunday excepted. t Sunday only.  
a Saturday and Sunday. c Sunday and Monday.

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#### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"She said I might kiss her on either cheek."  
"What did you do?" "I hesitated a long time between them."—*Life*.

"I don't see what you like about this flat, Clara."  
"Well, Clarence, it is the only one we've looked at that fits our Navajo rug."—*Chicago Record*.

Teacher (suspiciously)—"Who wrote your composition, Johnny?" "Johnny—" "My father." Teacher—"What, all of it?" "Johnny—" "No'm; I helped him."—*Truth*.

"Sure, Pat, and why are ye wearin' yer coat buttoned up loike that on a warm day loike this?"  
"Faith, yer reverence to hoide the shirt Oi haven't got on."—*Punch*.

Auntie—"What are you doing, Tommy?"  
Tommy—"We're besieged. We've run short of horses and cows, and so we have to fall back on macaroons."—*Punch*.

Real cruelty; "Oh, mummy, do come and speak to Johnny; he's tweeding on all the worms in the garden." "How unkind!" "Yes, and he won't let me tweed on any."—*The King*.

Evidence: Friend—"I suppose the baby is fond of you?" Papa—"Fond of me? Why, he sleeps all day when I'm not at home, and stays up all night just to enjoy my society!"—*Brooklyn Life*.

A boarding-house joke: First boarder—"I see they have just burned a spiritualistic medium at the stake down in Georgia." Second boarder—"Yes; that is what you call a stake-done medium."—*Judge*.

At the summer hotel: "Who is that good-looking young waiter who is tossing the plates across the room? Is he a student, too?" "Yes. He holds the record in Harvale for discus-throwing."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Hewitt—"What did your wife say when she caught you kissing the cook?" Jewett—"Oh, she said it was all right; that we must do all we could to keep her, and that she knew I was acting from a purely unselfish standpoint."—*Bazar*.

A natural reaction: Hi Tragerdy—"I understand the audience last night was very cold?" Lowe Comerdy—"They were at first, but when they began to recollect that they had paid good money to see the show they got hot."—*Philadelphia Press*.

A crying need: "Oh, yes, her father is rich. He got his money through an invention that was designed to obliterate one of the crying needs of the time." "What was it?" "An improved nozzle for a nursing-bottle."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

Earmarks of literary ability: "Did that critic write any favorable comment on your novel, Belinda?" "Oh, yes; he said my father had once met the Prince of Wales and that we had always moved in the best society."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

A feminine butter: "And now, children," said the teacher, who had been talking about military fortifications, "can any of you tell me what is a buttress?" "Please, ma'am," cried little Willie, snapping his fingers, "it's a nanny-goat!"—*Philadelphia Press*.

Mrs. Brown—"I must be going back to the city at once; I've had three letters from my husband in two days." Mrs. Gray—"Why, you poor dear! I know just how you feel; two would be suspiciously attentive—but three! I really am afraid he has been doing something very reprehensible."—*Brooklyn Life*.

The following birth-notice recently appeared in the columns of a Kansas paper: "Born, to the wife of Jim Jones, a boy. The boy favors his old dad in several ways, viz.: He is bald, has a red nose, takes to a bottle like a bumblebee to a lump of sugar, and makes a lot of noise about nothing. Selah!"—*Ex*.

The virtuous clerk: "Sign your name here," said the chief conspirator, "and the money will be paid you at once." "Sooner than let my good right hand sign that iniquitous document," said the virtuous government clerk, "I would cut it off! But, fortunately, I am left-handed." And he signed it. —*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Easily explained: Court (to prosecutor)—"Then you recognize this handkerchief as the one that was stolen from you?" Prosecutor—"Yes, your honor." Court—"And yet it isn't the only handkerchief of the sort in the world. See this one I have in my pocket is precisely like it." Prosecutor—"Very likely, your honor; I had two stolen."—*Tit-Bits*.

After teething is finished, Steedman's Soothing Powders will be found useful to correct the minor disorders of children, up to ten years.

A false front: "Pa, our new dog is awful d'ceitful." "How, Tommy?" "Why, when he barks at people he wags his tail."—*Chicago Record*.

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